This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

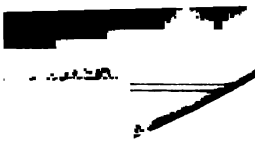
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

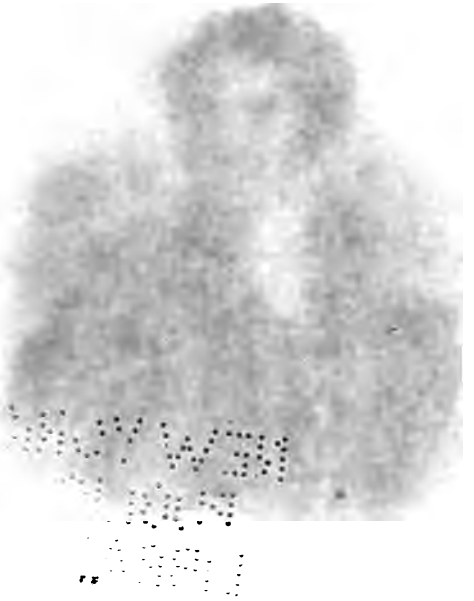
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08173857 1

T. Campbell, Esqr.



(Near Somerset-House.)

1829.



THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; SKETCHES OF SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS;

&c. &c. &c.

ASTOR LIBRARY

VOL. XIV.

London:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND,
(Near Somerset-House.)

1829.

LIBRARY
OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS
AGRICULTURAL
COLLEGE

PREFACE.

WASSAILING, prefaces, and waits, are nearly at a stand-still; and in these days of universality and everything, we almost resolved to leave this page blank, and every reader to write his own preface, had we not questioned whether the custom would be more honoured in the breach than the observance.

My Public—that is, our readers—we have served you seven years, through fourteen volumes; in each renewing our professions of gratitude, and study for your gratification; and we hope we shall not presume on your liberal disposition by calculating on your continued patronage. We have endeavoured to keep our engagements with you—*to the letter**—as they say in weightier matters; and, as every man is bound to speak of the fair as he has found his market in it, we ought to acknowledge the superabundant and quick succession of literary novelties for the present volume. There is little of our own; because we have uniformly taken Dr. Johnson's advice in life—"to play for much, and stake little." This will extenuate our assuming that "from castle to cottage we are regularly taken in:" indeed, it would be worse than vanity to suppose that price or humble pretensions should exclude us; it would be against the very economy of life to imagine this: and we are still willing to abide by such chances of success.

Cheap Books, we hope, will never be an evil; for as "the same care and toil that raise a dish of peas at Christmas, would give bread to a whole family during six months;" so the expense of a gay volume at this season will furnish a moderate circle with amusive reading for a twelvemonth. We do not draw this comparison invidiously, but merely to illustrate the advantages of literary economy.

The number *Seven*—the favourite of Swift, (and how could it be otherwise than odd?) has, perhaps, led us into this rambling monologue on our merits; but we agree with Yorick in thinking gravity an errant scoundrel.

* This is not intended exclusively for the *new type* of the present volume.

A proportionate Index will guide our accustomed readers to any particular article in the present volume; but for those of shorter acquaintance, a slight reference to its principal points may be useful. Besides, a few of its delights may have been choked by weeds and crosses, and their recollection lost amidst the lights and shadows of busy life.

The zeal of our Correspondents is first entitled to honourable mention; and many of their contributions to these pages must have cost them much time and research; for which we beg them to accept our best thanks.

Of the Selections, generally, we shall only observe, that our aim has been to convey information and improvement in the most amusing form. When we sit down to the pleasant task of cutting open—not cutting *up*—a book, we say, "If this won't turn out something, another will; no matter—'tis an essay upon human nature. (We) get (our) labour for (our) pains—'tis enough—the pleasure of the experiment has kept (our) senses, and the best part of (our) blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep." In this way we find many good things, and banish the rest; we attempt to "boke something new," and revive others. Thus we have described the Siamese Twins in a single number; and in others we have brought to light many almost forgotten antiquarian rarities.

Of Engravings, Paper, and Print, we need say but little: each speaks *primâ facie*, for itself. Improvement has been studied in all of them; and in the Cuts, both interest and execution have been cardinal points. Milan Cathedral; Old Tunbridge Wells and its Old Visiters; Clifton; Gurney's Steam Carriage; and the Bologna Towers; are perhaps the best specimens: and by way of varying architectural embellishments, a few of the Wonders of Nature have been occasionally introduced.

Owen Feltham would call this "a cart-rope" Preface: therefore, with promises of future exertion, we hope our next Seven Years may be as successful as the past.

143, *Strand, Dec.* 24, 1829.

MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Of the subject of this memoir, it has been remarked, "that he has not, that we know of, written one line, which, dying, he could wish to blot." These few words will better illustrate the fitness of Mr. Campbell's portrait for our volume, than a laudatory memoir of many pages. He has not inaptly been styled the Tyrtæus of modern English poetry, and one of the most chaste and tender as well as original of poets. He owes less than any other British poet to his predecessors and contemporaries. He has lived to see his lines quoted like those of earlier poets in the literature of his day, lisped by children, and sung at public festivals. The war-odes of Campbell have scarcely anything to match them in the English language for energy and fire, while their condensation and the felicitous selection of their versification are in remarkable harmony. Campbell, in allusion to Cymon, has been said to have "conquered both on land and sea," from his Naval Odes and "Hohenlinden" embracing both scenes of warfare.

Scotland gave birth to Thomas Campbell. He is the son of a second marriage, and was born at Glasgow, in 1777 His father was born in 1710, and was consequently nearly seventy years of age when the poet, his son, was ushered into the world. He was sent early to school, in his native place, and his instructor was Dr. David Alison, a man of great celebrity in the practice of education. He had a method of instruction in the classics purely his own, by which he taught with great facility, and at the same time rejected all harsh discipline, substituting kindness for terror, and alluring rather than compelling the pupil to his duty. Campbell began to write verse when young; and some of his earliest attempts at poetry are yet extant among his friends in Scotland. For his place of education he had a great respect, as well as for the memory of his masters, of whom he always spoke in terms of great affection. He was twelve years old when he quitted school for the University of Glasgow. There he was considered an excellent Latin scholar, and gained high honour by a contest with a candidate twice as old as himself, by which he obtained a bursary. He constantly bore away the prizes, and every fresh success only seemed to stimulate him to more ambitious exertions. In Greek he was considered the foremost student of his age; and some of his translations are said to be superior to any before offered for competition in the University. While there he made poetical paraphrases of the most celebrated Greek poets; of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes, which were thought efforts of extraordinary promise. Dr. Millar at that time gave philosophical lectures in Glasgow. He was a highly gifted teacher, and excellent man. His lectures attracted the attention of young Campbell, who became his pupil, and studied with eagerness the principles of sound philosophy; the poet was favoured with the confidence of his teacher, and partook much of his society.

Campbell quitted Glasgow to remove into Argyleshire, where a situation in a family of some note was offered and accepted by him. It was in Argyleshire,* among the romantic mountains of the north, that his poetical spirit increased, and the charms of verse took entire possession of his mind. Many persons now alive remember him wandering there alone by the torrent, or over the rugged heights of that wild country, reciting the strains of other poets aloud, or silently composing his own. Several of his pieces which he has rejected in his collected works, are handed about in manuscript in Scotland. We quote one of these wild compositions which has hitherto appeared only in periodical publications.

DIRGE OF WALLACE.

They lighted a taper at the dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright
Her eye was all sleepless and dim!
And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord;
And the raven had flapp'd at her window-board,
To tell of her warrior's doom!

Now sing you the death-song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear;
And call me a widow this wretched day,
Since the warning of God is here!
For night-mare rides on my strangled sleep:—
The lord of my bosom is doomed to die:
His valorous heart they have wounded deep;
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep,
For Wallace of Elderslie!

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an English tower
Had the dirge of her champion sung!
When his dungeon light look'd dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed;
No weeping was there when his bosom bled—
And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh, it was not thus when his oaken spear
Was true to that knight forlorn;
And the hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
At the blast of the hunter's horn;
When he strode on the wreck of each well-fought field
With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shiver'd on helmet or shield—
And the sword that seem'd fit for Archangel to wield,
Was light in his terrible hand!

Yet bleeding and bound, though her Wallace wight
For his long-lov'd country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
Than Wallace of Elderslie!
But the day of his glory shall never depart,
His head unentomb'd shall with glory be balm'd,
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalm'd!

From Argyleshire, where his residence was not a protracted one, Campbell removed to Edinburgh. There he soon became introduced to some of

* For a view of this retreat, see the Mirror No. 337.

the first men of the age, whose friendship and kindness could not fail to stimulate a mind like that of Campbell. He became intimate with the late Dugald Stewart; and almost every other leading professor of the University of Edinburgh was his friend. While in Edinburgh, he brought out his celebrated "Pleasures of Hope," at the age of twenty-one. It is perhaps not too much to say of this work, that no poet of this country ever produced, at so early an age, a more elaborate and finished performance. For this work, which for twenty years produced the publishers between two and three hundred pounds a year, the author received at first but £10. which was afterwards increased by an additional sum, and by the profits of a quarto edition of the work. By a subsequent act of the legislature, extending the term of copyright, it reverted again to the author; but with no proportional increase of profit. Campbell's pecuniary circumstances are said to have been by no means easy at this time, and a pleasant anecdote is recorded of him, in allusion to the hardships of an author's case, somewhat similar to his own: he was desired to give a toast at a festive moment when the character of Napoleon was at its utmost point of disesteem in England. He gave "Bonaparte." The company started with astonishment. "Gentlemen," said he, "here is Bonaparte in his character of executioner of the booksellers." Palm, the bookseller, had just been executed in Germany, by the orders of the French.

After residing nearly three years in Edinburgh, Campbell quitted his native country for the Continent. He sailed for Hamburgh, and there made many acquaintances among the more enlightened circles, both of that city and Altona. At that time there were numerous Irish exiles in the neighbourhood of Hamburgh, and some of them fell in the way of the poet, who afterwards related many curious anecdotes of them. There were sincere and honest men among them, who, with the energy of their national character, and enthusiasm for liberty, had plunged into the desperate cause of the rebellion two years before, and did not, even then, despair of freedom and equality in Ireland. Some of them were in private life most amiable persons, and their fate was altogether entitled to sympathy. The poet, from that compassionate feeling which is an amiable characteristic of his nature, wrote *The Exile of Erin*, from the impression their situation and circumstances made upon his mind. It was set to an old Irish air, of the most touching pathos, and will perish only with the language.

Campbell travelled over a great part of Germany and Prussia—visiting the Universities, and storing his mind with German literature. From the walls of a convent he commanded a view of part of the field of Hohenlinden during that sanguinary contest, and proceeded afterwards in the track of Moreau's army over the scene of combat. This impressive sight produced the *Battle of Hohenlinden*—an ode which is as original as it is spirited, and stands by itself in British literature. The poet tells a story of the phlegm of a German postilion at this time, who was driving him post by a place where a skirmish of cavalry had happened, and who alighted and disappeared, leaving the carriage and the traveller alone in the cold (for the ground was covered with snow) for a considerable space of time. At length he came back; and it was found that he had been employing himself in cutting off the long tails of the slain horses, which he coolly placed on the vehicle, and drove on his route. Campbell was also in Ratisbon when the French and Austrian treaty saved it from bombardment.

In Germany Campbell made the friendship of the two Schlegels, of many of the first literary and political characters, and was fortunate enough to pass an entire day with the venerable Klopstock, who died just two years afterwards. The proficiency of Campbell in the German language was rendered very considerable by this tour, and his own indefatigable perseverance in study. His travels in Germany occupied him thirteen months; when he returned to England, and, for the first time, visited London. He soon afterwards composed those two noble marine odes, *The Battle of the Baltic*, and

Ye Mariners of England, which, with his *Hohenlinden*, stand unrivalled in the English tongue; and though, as Byron lamented, Campbell has written so little, these odes alone are enough to place him unforgotten in the shrine of the Muses.

In 1803 the poet married Miss Sinclair, a lady of Scottish descent, and considerable personal beauty, but of whom he was deprived by death in 1828. He resided at Sydenham, and the entire neighbourhood of that pleasant village reckoned itself in the circle of his friends; nor did he quit his suburban retreat until, in 1821, literary pursuits demanded his residence in the metropolis. It was at Sydenham, in a house nearly facing the reservoir, that the poet produced his greatest work, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, written in the Spenserian stanza. About the same time Campbell was appointed Professor of Poetry in the Royal Institution, where he delivered lectures which have since been published. He also undertook the editorship of *Selections from the British Poets*, intended as specimens of each, and accompanied with critical remarks.*

Soon after the publication of his "Specimens," he revisited Germany, and passed some time in Vienna, where he acquired a considerable knowledge of the Austrian court and its manners. He remained long at Bonn, where his friend, W. A. Schlegel, resides. Campbell returned to England in 1820, to undertake the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and coupled with his name, it has risen to a very extensive circulation. In 1824, Campbell published his "Theodric, a Domestic Tale," the least popular of his works.

By his marriage Campbell had two sons. One of them died before attaining his twentieth year; the other, while in the University of Bonn, where he was placed for his education, exhibited symptoms of an erring mind, which, on his return to England soon afterwards, ripened into mental derangement of the milder species. After several years passed in this way, during which the mental disease considerably relaxed, so that young Campbell became wholly inoffensive, and his father received him into his house. The effect of this upon a mind of the most exquisite sensibility like the poet's, may be readily imagined: it was, at times, a source of the keenest suffering.

We must now allude to an event in Campbell's life, which will ensure him the gratitude of ages to come: we mean as the originator of the London University. Four years before it was made public, the idea occurred to him, from his habit of visiting the Universities of Germany, and studying their regulations. He communicated it at first to two or three friends, until his ideas upon the subject became matured, when they were made public, and a meeting upon the business convened in London, which Mr. Campbell addressed, and where the establishment of such an institution met the most zealous support. Once in operation, several public men of high talent, headed by Mr. Brougham, lost not a moment in forwarding the great and useful object in view. The undertaking was divided into shares, which were rapidly taken; but Mr. Campbell left the active arrangements to others, and contented himself with attending the committees. With unexampled rapidity the London University has been completed, or nearly so, and Campbell has had the satisfaction of seeing his projected instrument of education almost in full operation in less than three years after he made the scheme public. Although one of the most important,† this is not the only public-spirited event of this description, in Mr. Campbell's life; for he was instrumental in the establishment of the Western Literary Institution, in Leicester Square; and at the present time he is, we believe, in conjunction with other eminent literary men, organizing a club to be entitled the Literary Union, whose lists already contain upwards of 300 men of talent, including Sir Walter Scott and all the principal periodical writers of the day.

* This work is in seven handsome library volumes; a new edition was announced two or three years since, but has not yet appeared.

† Still, Mr. Campbell's name does not occur in the List of Council or Professors of the University, in the British Almanac for the present year.

Campbell, as has already been observed, was educated at Glasgow, and received the honour of election as Lord Rector, three successive years, notwithstanding the opposition of the professors, and the excellent individuals who were placed against him; among whom were the late minister Canning, and Sir Walter Scott. The students of Glasgow College considered that the celebrity of the poet, his liberal principles, his being a fellow-townsman, and his attention to their interests, entitled him to the preference.

In person, Mr. Campbell is below the middle stature, well made, but slender. His features indicate great sensibility; his eyes are particularly striking, and of a deep blue colour; his nose aquiline; his expression generally saturnine. His step is light, but firm; and he appears to possess much more energy of constitution than men of fifty-two who have been studious in their habits, exhibit in general. His time for study is mostly during the stillness of night, when he can be wholly abstracted from external objects. He is remarkable for absence of mind; is charitable and kind in his disposition, but of quick temper. His amusements are few; the friend and conversation only; and in the "flow of soul" there are few men possessing more companionable qualities. His heart is perhaps one of the best that beats in a human bosom: "it is," observes a biographer, "that which should belong to the poet of *Gertrude*, his favourite personification."

To exhibit the poet in the social circle, as well as to introduce a very piquant portrait, drawn by a friend, we subjoin a leaf or two from Leigh Hunt's *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries**—displaying all the graphic ease for which Mr. Hunt is almost without a rival:—

"I forget how I became acquainted with Mr. Hill, proprietor of the *Monthly Mirror;* but at his house at Sydenham I used to meet his editor, Mr. Dubois, Mr. Campbell, who was his neighbour, and the two Smiths, authors of *The Rejected Addresses*. Once or twice I saw also Mr. Theodore Hook, and Mr. Mathews, the comedian. Our host (and I thought him no older the other day than he was then) was a jovial bachelor, plump and rosy as an abbot: and no abbot could have presided over a more festive Sunday. The wine flowed merrily and long; the discourse kept pace with it; and next morning, in returning to town, we felt ourselves very thirsty. A pump by the road side, with a plash round it, was a bewitching sight.

"They who know Mr. Campbell only as the author of *Gertrude of Wyoming* and the *Pleasures of Hope*, would not suspect him to be a merry companion, overflowing with humour and anecdote, and any thing but fastidious. These Scotch poets have always something in reserve: it is the only point in which the major part of them resemble their countrymen. The mistaken character which the lady formed of Thomson from his *Seasons* is well known. He let part of the secret out in his *Castle of Indolence;* and the more he let out, the more honour he did to the simplicity and cordiality of the poet's nature, though not always to the elegance of it. Allan Ramsay knew his friends Gay and Somerville as well in their writings, as he did when he came to be personally acquainted with them; but Allan, who had bustled up from a barber's shop into a bookseller's, was 'a cunning shaver;' and nobody would have guessed the author of the *Gentle Shepherd* to be penurious. Let none suppose that any insinuation to that effect is intended against Mr. Campbell: he is one of the few men whom I could at any time walk half-a-dozen miles through the snow to spend an afternoon with; and I could no more do this with a penurious man than I could with a sulky one. I know but of one fault he has, besides an extreme cautiousness in his writings; and that one is national, a matter of words, and amply overpaid by a stream of conversation, lively, piquant, and liberal—not the less interesting for occasionally betraying an intimacy with pain, and for a high and somewhat strained tone of voice,

* We are aware of part of the subsequent extract having appeared in vol. xi. of THE MIRROR, but the additional interest which it bears in juxtaposition with this Memoir, induces us to repeat it here.

like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings. No man, I should guess, feels more kindly towards his fellow-creatures, or takes less credit for it. When he indulges in doubt and sarcasm, and speaks contemptuously of things in general, he does it, partly, no doubt, out of actual dissatisfaction, but more perhaps than he suspects, out of a fear of being thought weak and sensitive—which is a blind that the best men very commonly practise. Mr. Campbell professes to be hopeless and sarcastic, and takes pains all the while to set up an university.

"When I first saw this eminent person, he gave me the idea of a French Virgil: not that he is like a Frenchman, much less the French translator of Virgil. I found him as handsome as the Abbé Delille is said to have been ugly. But he seemed to me to embody a Frenchman's ideal notion of the Latin poet; something a little more cut and dry than I had looked for; compact and elegant, critical and acute, with a consciousness of authorship upon him; a taste over-anxious not to commit itself, and refining and diminishing nature as in a drawing-room mirror. This fancy was strengthened in the course of conversation, by his expatiating on the greatness of Racine. I think he had a volume of the French Tragedian in his hand. His skull was sharply cut and fine; with plenty, according to the phrenologists, both of the reflective and amative organs; and his poetry will bear them out. For a lettered solitude and a bridal properly got up, both according to law and luxury, commend us to the lovely *Gertrude of Wyoming*. His face and person were rather on a small scale; his features regular; his eye lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth, which nevertheless had something restrained and close in it. Some gentle puritan seemed to have crossed the breed, and to have left a stamp on his face, such as we often see in the female Scotch face rather than the male. But he appeared not at all grateful for this; and when his critiques and his Virgilianism were over, very unlike a puritan he talked! He seemed to spite his restrictions; and out of the natural largeness of his sympathy with things high and low, to break at once out of Delille's Virgil into Cotton's, like a boy let loose from school. When I have the pleasure of hearing him now, I forget his Virgilianisms, and think only of the delightful companion, the unaffected philanthropist, and the creator of a beauty worth all the heroines in Racine.

"Mr. Campbell has tasted pretty sharply of the good and ill of the present state of society, and for a book-man has beheld strange sights. He witnessed a battle in Germany from the top of a convent (on which battle he has written a noble ode); and he saw the French cavalry enter a town, wiping their bloody swords on the horses' manes. Not long ago he was in Germany again, I believe to purchase books; for in addition to his classical scholarship, and his other languages, he is a reader of German. The readers there, among whom he is popular, both for his poetry and his love of freedom, crowded about him with affectionate zeal; and they gave him, what he does not dislike, a good dinner. There is one of our writers who has more fame than he; but not one who enjoys a fame equally wide, and without drawback. Like many of the great men in Germany, Schiller, Wieland, and others, he has not scrupled to become editor of a magazine; and his name alone has given it among all circles a recommendation of the greatest value, and such as makes it a grace to write under him.

"I have since been unable to help wishing, perhaps not very wisely, that Mr. Campbell would be a little less careful and fastidious in what he did for the public; for, after all, an author may reasonably be supposed to do best that which he is most inclined to do. It is our business to be grateful for what a poet sets before us, rather than to be wishing that his peaches were nectarines, or his Falernian Champagne. Mr. Campbell, as an author, is all for refinement and classicality, not, however without a great deal of pathos and luxurious fancy."

Mr. Campbell's literary labours are perhaps too well known and estimated to require from us any thing more than a rapid enumeration of the most popular, as supplementary to this brief memoir. In his studies he exhibits great fondness for recondite subjects; and will frequently spend days in minute investigations into languages, which, in the result, are of little moment. But his ever-delightful theme is Greece, her arts, and literature. There he is at home: it was his earliest, and will, probably, be his latest study. There is no branch of poetry or history which has reached us from the "mother of arts" with which he is not familiar. He has severely criticised Mitford for his singular praise of the Lacedæmonians at the expense of the Athenians, and his preference of their barbarous laws to the legislation of the latter people. His lectures on Greek Poetry have appeared, in parts, in the *New Monthly Magazine*. He has also published *Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens;* and is the author of several articles on Poetry and Belles Lettres in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*.

Among his poetical works, the minor pieces display considerably more energy than those of greater length. The *Pleasures of Hope* is entitled to rank as a British classic; and his *Gertrude* is perhaps one of the most chaste and delicate poems in the language. His fugitive pieces are more extensively known. Some of them rouse us like the notes of a war trumpet, and have become exceedingly popular; which every one who has heard the deep rolling voice of Braham or Phillips in *Hohenlinden*, will attest. Neither can we forget the beautiful *Valedictory Stanzas* to John Kemble, at the farewell dinner to that illustrious actor. Another piece, *the Last Man*, is indeed fine —and worthy of Byron. Of Campbell's attachment to his native country we have already spoken, but as a finely-wrought specimen of this amiable passion we subjoin a brief poem:

LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower,
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree:
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew,
From each wandering sun-beam, a lonely embrace
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the place,
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart!
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul, like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore!
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!
Yea! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again:
To bear is to conquer our fate.

Of a similar description are his "Lines on revisiting a Scottish River."*

Mr. Campbell contributes but little to the pages of the New Monthly Magazine: still, what he writes is excellent, and as we uniformly transfer his pieces to *the Mirror*, we need not recapitulate them. The fame of Campbell, however, rests on his early productions, which, though not numerous, are so correct, and have been so fastidiously revised, that while they remain as standards of purity in the English tongue, they sufficiently explain why their author's compositions are so limited in number, "since he who wrote so correctly could not be expected to write much." His Poetical pieces have lately been collected, and published in two elegant library volumes, with a portrait esteemed as an extremely good likeness.

A contemporary critic, speaking of the superiority of Campbell's minor effusions, when compared with his larger efforts, observes, "His genius, like the beautiful rays of light that illumine our atmosphere, genial and delightful as they are when expanded, are yet without power in producing any active or immediate effect. In their natural expansions they sparkle to be sure, and sweetly shine; but it is only when condensed, and brought to bear upon a limited space or solitary object, that they acquire the power to melt, to burn, or to communicate their fire to the object they are in contact with." Another writer says, "In common with every lover of poetry, we regret that his works are so few, though, when a man has written enough to achieve immortality, he cannot be said to have trifled away his life. Mr. Campbell's poetry will find its way wherever the English language shall be spoken, and will be admired wherever it is known"

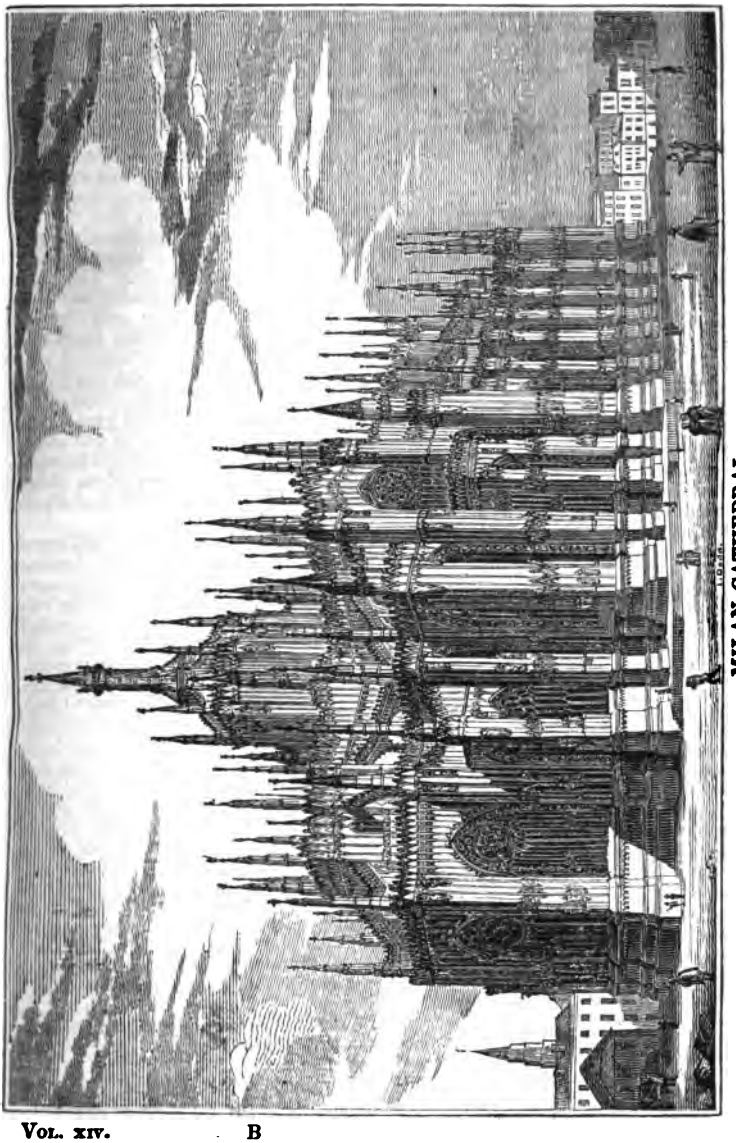
* See MIRROR, No. 297.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 379.] SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1829. [PRICE 2d.



MILAN CATHEDRAL.

"SHOW the motley-minded gentleman in;"—the old friend with a new face, or, in plain words, THE MIRROR *in a new type*. Tasteful reader, examine the symmetry, the sharp cut and finish of this our new fount of type, and tell us whether it accords not with the beauty, pungency, and polish of the notings and selections of this our first sheet. For some days this type has been glittering in the printing-office boxes, like nestling fire-flies, and these pages at first resembled so many pools or tanks of molten metal, or the windows of a fine old mansion—Hatfield House for instance, —lit up by the refulgent rays of a rising sun. The sight "inspires us, and fires us;" and we count upon *new* letter bringing us *new* friends, and thus commence our Fourteenth Volume with *new* hopes and invigorating prospects. But what subject can be more appropriate for such a commencement, than so splendid a triumph of art as

MILAN CATHEDRAL;

situate almost in the centre, and occupying part of the great square of the city. It is of Gothic architecture, and its materials are white marble. In magnitude this edifice yields to few in the universe. Inferior only to the Vatican, it equals in length, and in breadth surpasses, the cathedral of Florence and St. Paul's; in the interior elevation it yields to both; in exterior it exceeds both; in fretwork, carving, and statues, it goes beyond all churches in the world, St. Peter's itself not excepted. Its double aisles, its clustered pillars, its lofty arches; the lustre of its walls; its numberless niches all filled with marble figures, give it an appearance novel even in Italy, and singularly majestic. The admirer of English Gothic will observe one peculiarity, which is, that in the cathedral of Milan there is no screen, and that the chancel is entirely open, and separated from the nave only by its elevation.

The pillars of the cathedral of Milan are more than ninety feet in height, and about eight in diameter. The dimensions of the church at large are as follow:—In length four hundred and ninety feet, in breadth two hundred and ninety-eight, in interior elevation under the dome two hundred and fifty-eight, and four hundred in exterior, that is to the summit of the tower. The pavement is formed of marble of different colours, disposed in various patterns and figures. The number of niches is great, and every niche has its statue, which, with those placed on the ballustrade of the roof, are reported to amount to more than four thousand. Many among them are said to be of great merit.

Over the dome rises a tower or spire, or rather obelisk, for its singular shape renders it difficult to ascertain its appellation, which, whatever may be its intrinsic merit, adds little either to the beauty or to the magnificence of the structure which it surmounts. This obelisk was erected about the middle of the last century, contrary to the opinion of the best architects. Though misplaced, its form is not in itself inelegant, while its architecture and mechanism are extremely ingenious, and deserve minute examination. In ascending the traveller will observe, that the roof of the church is covered with blocks of marble, connected together by a cement, that has not only its hardness and durability, but its colour, so that the eye scarcely perceives the juncture, and the whole roof appears one immense piece of white shining marble. The view from the summit is extensive and even novel, as it includes not only the city and the rich plain of Milan, intersected with rivers and canals, covered with gardens, orchards, vineyards, and groves, and thickly studded with villages and towns; but it extends to the grand frame of this picture, and takes in the neighbouring Alps, forming a magnificent semicircle and uniting their bleak ridges with the milder and more distant Apennines.

The traveller, says Eustace, will regret as he descends, that instead of heaping this useless and cumbersome quarry upon the dome, the trustees of the edifice did not employ the money expended upon it in erecting a front, (for that essential part is still wanting,) corresponding with the style and stateliness of this superb temple. A front has indeed been begun, but in a taste so dissimilar to that of the main building, and made up of such a medley of Roman orders and Gothic decorations, that the total suspension of such a work might be considered as an advantage, if a more appropriate portal were to be erected in its place. But unfortunately the funds destined for the completion and repair of this cathedral are now swallowed up in the general confiscation. Had it been finished, and the western front built in a style corresponding with the other parts, the admirers of the Gothic style would have possessed one specimen perfect in its kind, and accompanied with all the advantages of the best materials, set off by a fine climate.

In materials, the cathedral of Milan surpasses all the churches of the uni-

verse, the noblest of which are only lined and coated with marble, while this is entirely built, paved, vaulted, and roofed with the same substance, and that of the whitest and most resplendent kind.

The most remarkable object in the interior of this church is the subterranean chapel, in which the body of St. Charles Borromeo reposes. It is immediately under the dome, in form octangular, and lined with silver, divided into panels representing the different actions of the life of the saint. The body is in a shrine of rock crystal, on, or rather behind the altar; it is stretched at full length, drest in pontifical robes, with the crosier and mitre. The face is exposed, very improperly, because much disfigured by decay, a deformity increased and rendered more hideous by its contrast with the splendour of the vestments which cover the body, and by the pale *ghastly light* that gleams from the aperture above. The inscription over this chapel or mausoleum, was dictated by St. Charles himself, and breathes that modesty and piety which so peculiarly marked his character. It is as follows:

CAROLUS CARDINALIS
TITULI S. PRAXEDIS
ARCHIEP. MEDIOLAN.
FREQUENTIORIBUS
CLERI POPULIQ. AC
DEVOTI FŒMINEI SEXUS
PRECIBUS SE COMMENDATUM
CUPIENS HOC LOCO SIBI
MONUMENTUM VIVENS ELEGIT.

Of the statues crowded in and around this edifice many are esteemed, and some admired. Of the latter, that of St. Bartholomew is the first; it stands in the church, and represents the apostle as holding his own skin, which had been drawn off like drapery over his shoulders. The play of the muscles is represented with an accuracy, that rather disgusts and terrifies than pleases the spectator.* The exterior of the chancel is lined with marble divided into panels, each of which has its *basso relievo*; the interior is wainscoted, and carved in a very masterly style. The whole of the chancel was erected by St. Charles Borromeo.

In describing this magnificent cathedral, we have availed ourselves of abridging the description in Eustace's "Classical Tour," a work of high authority and sterling value on all subjects connected with the Fine Arts.

* The following lines are inscribed on its pedestal, in Latin, and in English:—

Lest at the sculptor doubtfully you guess,
'Tis Marc Agrati, not Praxiteles.
This statue is reckoned worth its weight in gold.

RUSTIC AMUSEMENTS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THREE years ago you gave a pleasing illustration of "*the Amusements of May*," and at the same time lamented the decrease of village festivity and rural merriment, which in days langsyne cheered the honest hearts and lightened the daily toil of our rustic ancestors. From the sentiments you express on that occasion, I am led to fancy that it will afford you pleasure to hear that the song, the dance, and innocent revelry are not quite forgotten in some part of our land, and that the sweet and smiling spring is not suffered to make his lovely appearance without one welcome shout from the sons and daughters of our happy island; and, therefore, I will recount to you (and by your permission to the readers of the MIRROR) a village fête which I lately witnessed and enjoyed. On the 9th inst. (Whit-Tuesday), after a few miles' walk, I arrived in the village of Shillingston *(Dorsetshire)*, whose inhabitants annually dedicate this day to those pastimes which (as one of your correspondents has observed) seem a sort of first offering to gentle skies, and are consecrated by the smiles of the tender year. Attracted by musical sounds, and following my ears instead of my nose, I soon found my way to the vicarage-house, where the company were just arriving in procession, preceded by a pink and white silken banner, while a pipe and tabor regulated their march. Next after the music were four men each bearing a large garland of flowers, and after them followed the merry lads and smiling lasses in good order and arrayed in their holiday kirtles. The vicar's house stands on a fine lawn commanding a most enchanting view. On this verdant carpet, after a promenade and general salute to their worthy pastor and his numerous guests, dancing took place; for the time all distinctions were laid aside, and the greatest gentry in the neighbourhood, taking the hand of their more humble neighbours, led them through the mazy dance with a feeling of kindness, friendship, and good humour such as I have seldom witnessed. Two or three hours of as beautiful an evening as ever zephyr kissed were thus spent, after which, drawing up before the house "the King" was given, with three times three; next came "God save the King," and then "*Hurrah for the Bonnets o' Blue*" led the party off in the order they came to witness the ceremony of "*dressing*" the May-Pole. About five hundred yards

brought us to the elevated object on which was placed, with all due solemnity, the before-mentioned garlands, and the pole being considered fully dressed, we all adjourned to a large barn, where dancing was kept up with great spirit, until night drew her sable curtain over the scene, and the company retired with light hearts and weary feet to their peaceful homes.

Such, sir, is the Dorsetshire way of hailing the return of gentle skies and genial seasons; a custom of the olden time, which is productive of good feeling among all classes, and is at present conducted with good order and respectability.

Sturminster. RURIS.

Old Poets.

CUPID'S ARROWS.

AT Venus' entreaty for Cupid, her son,
These arrows by Vulcan were cunningly done:
The first is Love, as here you may behold
His feathers, head, and body, are of gold.
The second shaft is Hate, a foe to Love,
And bitter are his torments for to prove.
The third is Hope, from whence our comfort springs,
His feathers are pull'd from Fortune's wings.
Fourth, Jealousy in basest minds doth dwell,
This metal Vulcan's Cyclops sent from Hell.
G. PEELE.

MIND.

IT is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That makes a wretch, or happy, rich or poor,
For some that have abundance at their will,
Have not enough but want in greatest store,
Another that hath little asks no more,
But, in that little is both rich and wise.
SPENSER.

THE WORLD.

THE first and riper world of men and skill,
Yields to our later time for three inventions,
Miraculously we write, we sail, we kill,
As neither ancient scroll nor story mentions.
Print. The first hath opened learning, old concealed
And obscure arts restored to the light,
Loadstone. The second hidden countries hath revealed,
And sends Christ's Gospel to each living wight.
These we commend, but oh! what needeth more.
Guns. To teach Death more skill than he had before.
J. BASTARD.

KINGS.

KINGS are the Gods' vicegerents on the earth
The Gods have power, Kings from that power have might,
Kings should excell in virtue and in birth;
Gods punish wrongs, and Kings should maintain right,
They be the suns from which we borrow light.
And they as Kings, should still in justice strive
With Gods, from whom their beings they derive.
DRAYTON.

COMPANY.

REMAIN upright yet some will quarrel pike,
And common bruit will deem them all alike.
For look, how your companions you elect
For good or ill, so shall you be suspect.
T. HUDSON.

POESIE.

ALL art is learned by art this art alone
It is a heavenly gift, no flesh nor bone
Can praise the honey we from *Pind* distill,
Except with holy fire his breast we fill.
From that spring flows, that men of special chose
Consum'd in learning and perfect in prose;
For to make verse in vain does travel take,
When as a prentice fairer words will make.
KING OF SCOTS.

TWELVE FOUL FAULTS.

A WISE man living like a drone, an old man not devout,
Youth disobedient, rich men that are charity without,
A shameless woman, vicious lords, a poor man proudly stout,
Contentious Christians, pastors that their functions do neglect
A wicked king, no discipline, no laws men to direct,
Are twelve the foulest faults that most common-wealths infect.
W. WARNER.

RIVERS.

FAIR *Danubie* is praised for being wide,
Nilus commended for the seven-fold head;
Euphrates for the swiftness of the tide,
And for the garden whence his course is led,
And banks of *Rhine* with vines o'erspread.
TAKE *Loire* and *Po*, yet all may not compare
With English *Thames* for buildings rare.
STOREB.

The Naturalist.

QUADRUPEDS AND BIRDS FEEDING ON SHELL-FISH.

IT is nothing surprising that the different species of walrus, inhabitants of the ocean, should feed partly on shell-fish, but perhaps you would not expect to find among their enemies animals strictly terrestrial. Yet the oran otang and the preacher monkey often descend to the sea to devour what shell-fish they may find strewed upon the shores. The former, according to Carreri Gemelli, feed in particular upon a large species of oyster, and fearful of inserting their paws between the open valves, lest the oyster should close and crush them, they first place a tolerably large stone within the shell, and then drag out their victim with safety. The latter are no less ingenious. Dampier saw several of them take up oysters from the beach, lay them on a stone, and beat them with another till they demolished the shells. Wafer observed the monkeys in the island of Gorgonia to proceed in a similar manner; and those of the Cape of Good Hope, if we are to credit La Loubere,

perpetually amuse themselves by transporting shells from the shore to the tops of mountains, with the intention undoubtedly of devouring them at leisure. Even the fox, when pressed by hunger, will deign to eat muscles and other bivalves; and the racoon, whose fur is esteemed by hatters next in value to that of the beaver, when near the shore lives much on them, more particularly on oysters. We are told that it will watch the opening of the shells, dexterously put in its paw, and tear out the contents. Not, however, without danger, for sometimes, we are assured, by a sudden closure, the oyster will catch the thief, and detain him until he is drowned by the return of the tide. The story, I regret to say, appears somewhat apocryphal.

These are amusing facts; the following, to the epicure at least, may be equally interesting. In some parts of England it is a prevalent and probably a correct opinion, that the shelled-snails contribute much to the fattening of their sheep. On the hill above Whitsand Bay in Cornwall, and in the south of Devonshire, the *Bùlimus acùtus* and the *Hèlix virgàta*, which are found there in vast profusion, are considered to have this good effect; and it is indeed impossible that the sheep can browse on the short grass of the places just mentioned, without devouring a prodigious quantity of them, especially in the night, or after rain, when the Bùlimi and Hèlices ascend the stunted blades. "The sweetest mutton," says Borlase, "is reckoned to be that of the smallest sheep, which feed on the commons where the sands are scarce covered with the green sod, and the grass exceedingly short; such are the towens or sand hillocks in Piran Sand, Gwythien, Philac, and Senangreen, near the Land's End, and elsewhere in like situations. From these sands come forth snails of the turbinated kind, but of different species, and all sizes from the adult to the smallest just from the egg; these spread themselves over the plains early in the morning, and, whilst they are in quest of their own food among the dews, yield a most fattening nourishment to the sheep." *(Hist. of Cornwall.)*

Among birds the shell-fish have many enemies. Several of the duck and gull tribes, as you might anticipate, derive at least a portion of their subsistence from them. The pied oyster-catcher receives its name from the circumstance of feeding on oysters and limpets, and its bill is so well adapted to the purpose of forcing asunder the valves of the one, and of raising the other from the rock, that "the Author of Nature," as Derham says, "seems to have framed it purely for that use." Several kinds of crows likewise prey upon shell-fish, and the manner in which they force the strong hold of their victims is very remarkable. A friend of Dr. Darwin's saw above a hundred crows on the northern coast of Ireland, at once, preying upon muscles. Each crow took a muscle up in the air twenty or forty yards high, and let it fall on the stones, and thus broke the shell. Many authorities might be adduced in corroboration of this statement. In Southern Africa so many of the Testàcea are consumed by these and other birds, as to have given rise to an opinion that the marine shells found buried in the distant plains, or in the sides of the mountains, have been carried there by their agency, and not, as generally supposed, by eruptions of the sea. Mr. Barrow, who is of this opinion, tells us, in confirmation of it, that "there is scarcely a sheltered cavern in the sides of the mountains that arise immediately from the sea, where living shell-fish may not be found any day of the year. Crows even, and vultures, as well as aquatic birds, detach the shell-fish from the rocks, and mount with them into the air: shells thus carried are said to be frequently found on the very summit even of the Table Mountain. In one cavern at the point of Mussel Bay," he adds, "I disturbed some thousands of birds, and found as many thousands of living shell-fish scattered on the surface of a heap of shells, that for aught I know, would have filled as many thousand wagons." The story, therefore, of the ancient philosopher whose bald pate one of these unlucky birds mistook for a stone, and dropped a shell upon it, thereby killing at once both, is not so tramontane as to stumble all belief.

Land shells furnish a few birds with part of their sustenance, and the principal of these are two well known songsters, the blackbird and the thrush. They,

> —— "whose notes
> Nice finger'd Art must emulate in vain."

depend in great measure, when winter has destroyed their summer food, on the more common species of Hèlices (snails.) These they break very dexterously by reiterated strokes against some stone; and it is not uncommon to find a great quantity of fragments of shells together, as if brought to one particular stone for this very purpose.—*Loudon's Magazine.*

Notes of a Reader.

SUSSEX COTTAGES.

We have been delighted with the following admirable sketch of English comfort from the pen of Mr. Cobbett:

"I never had, that I recollect, a more pleasant journey or ride, than this into Sussex. The weather was pleasant, the elder-trees in full bloom, and they make a fine show; the woods just in their greatest beauty; the grass-fields generally uncut; and the little gardens of the labourers full of flowers; the roses and honeysuckles perfuming the air at every cottage-door. Throughout all England these cottages and gardens are the most interesting objects that the country presents, and they are particularly so in Kent and Sussex. This part of these counties have the great blessing of numerous woods: these furnish fuel, nice sweet fuel, for the heating of ovens and for all other purposes: they afford materials for the making of pretty pigsties, hurdles, and dead fences of various sorts; they afford materials for making little cow-sheds; for the sticking of peas and beans in the gardens; and for giving to every thing a neat and substantial appearance. These gardens, and the look of the cottages, the little flower-gardens, which you every where see, and the beautiful hedges of thorn and of privet; these are the objects to delight the eyes, to gladden the heart, and to fill it with gratitude to God, and with love for the people; and, as far as my observation has gone, they are objects to be seen in no other country in the world. The cattle in Sussex are of a pale red colour, and very fine. I used to think that the Devonshire were the handsomest cows and oxen, but I have changed my mind; those of Sussex, of which I never took so much notice before, are handsomer as well as larger; and the oxen are almost universally used as working cattle.

"Throughout this county I did not observe, in my late ride, one single instance of want of neatness about a poor man's house. It is the same with regard to the middle ranks: all is neat and beautiful, and particularly the hedges, of which I saw the handsomest white thorn hedge at Seddlescomb, that ever I saw in my life. It formed the inclosure of a garden in front of a pretty good house. It was about five feet high, about fifteen inches through; it came close to the ground, and it was sloped a little towards the top on each side, leaving a flat about four inches wide on the top of all. It had just been clipped; and it was as perpendicular and as smooth as a wall: I put my eye and looked along the sides of the several lines near the top, and if it had been built of stone, it could not have been truer. I lament that I did not ask the name of the owner, for it does him infinite credit. Those who see nothing but the nasty slovenly places in which labourers live, round London, know nothing of England. The fruit-trees are all kept in the nicest order; every bit of paling or wall is made use of, for the training of some sort or other. At *Lamberhurst*, which is one of the most beautiful villages that man ever sat his eyes on, I saw what I never saw before; namely, a *gooseberry tree trained against a house.* The house was one of those ancient buildings, consisting of a frame of oak wood, the internal filled up with brick, plastered over. The tree had been planted at the foot of one of the perpendicular pieces of wood; from the stem which, mounted up this piece of wood, were taken side limbs to run along the horizontal pieces. There were two windows, round the frame of each of which the limbs had been trained. The height of the highest shoot was abont ten feet from the ground, and the horizontal shoots on each side were from eight to ten feet in length. The tree had been judiciously pruned, and all the limbs were full of very large gooseberries, considering the age of the fruit. This is only one instance out of thousands that I saw of extraordinary pains taken with the gardens."

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

How beautiful this night! The balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome walls, whence icicles depend
So stainless, that their white and glittering spears
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that wrapt Fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of Peace—all form a scene
Where musing Solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone
So cold, so bright, so still. P. B. SHELLEY.

HACKNEY COACHES.

NOTHING in nature or art can be so abominable as those vehicles at this hour. We are quite satisfied that, except an

Englishman, who will endure any thing, no native of any climate under the sky would endure a London hackney coach; that an Ashantee gentleman would scoff at it; and that an aboriginal of New South Wales would refuse to be inhumed within its shattered and infinite squalidness. It is true, that the vehicle has its merits, if variety of uses can establish them. The hackney coach conveys alike the living and the dead. It carries the dying man to the hospital, and when doctors and tax-gatherers can tantalize no more, it carries him to Surgeons' Hall, and qualifies him to assist the "march of mind" by the section of body. If the midnight thief find his plunder too ponderous for his hands, the hackney coach offers its services, and is one of the most expert conveyances. Its other employments are many, and equally meritorious, and doubtless society would find a vacuum in its loss. Yet we cordially wish that the Maberley brain were set at work upon this subject, and some substitute contrived. The French have led the way, and that too by the most obvious and simple arrangement possible. The "*Omnibus*,"—for they still have Latin enough in France for the name of this travelling collection of all sorts of human beings—the Omnibus is a long coach, carrying fifteen or eighteen people, all inside. For two-pence halfpenny it carries the individual the length of the Boulevard, or the whole diameter of Paris. Of those carriages there were about half-a-dozen some months ago, and they have been augmented since; their profits were said to have repaid the outlay within the first year: the proprietors, among whom is Lafitte, the banker, are making a large revenue out of Parisian sous, and speculation is still alive.—*Monthly Mag.*

FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

Captain Basil Hall, in his *Travels in North America*, just published, says,

"On the 12th of December, we made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Franklin—dear old Franklin! It consists of a large marble slab, laid flat on the ground, with nothing carved upon it but these words:—

BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH } FRANKLIN. 1790.

Franklin, it will be recollected, wrote a humorous epitaph for himself; but his good taste and good sense showed him how unsuitable to his living character it would have been to jest in such a place. After all, his literary works, scientific fame, and his undoubted patriotism, form his best epitaph. Still, it may be thought, he might have been distinguished in his own land by a more honourable resting-place than the obscure corner of an obscure burying-ground, where his bones lie indiscriminately along with those of ordinary mortals; and his tomb, already wellnigh hid in the rubbish, may soon be altogether lost. One little circumstance, however, about this spot is very striking. No regular path has been made to the grave, which lies considerably out of the road; but the frequent tread of visiters having pressed down the rank grass which grows in such places, the way to the tombstone is readily found without any guide."

AN INDIAN SULTANA IN PARIS.

It is known to very few even in France that an Indian Sultana, a descendant of Tamerlane, named Aline of Eldir, has been living in Paris, poor and forgotten, for above forty years. This heiress to a great kingdom was stolen almost out of her cradle, and deserted by the robbers on the coast of France. She was presented to the princesses of the old court, and conceived a particular attachment for the Princess de Lamballe; but when, at the age of only nine or ten years, her beauty had attracted too much notice, and nothing but a *lettre de cachet* could secure her from the persecutions of an exalted personage, she exchanged a convent for a prison. The revolution set Aline at liberty. At the time of the Egyptian campaign, the man who was destined to rule France, and almost all Europe, and who had probably thus early turned his attention to India, is said to have thought of the heiress of Tamerlane, and to have formed the plan of restoring the illustrious stranger to her native land. Josephine interested herself on this occasion for the Sultana; but this had no influence upon her condition. Unhappy, surrounded only by a few pious nuns, and urged by her confessor, she renounced the religion of Mahomet, and became a Christian. At length, in December, 1818, an Indian Sheik, named Goolam, arrived in Paris, with instructions to claim the Princess Aline from the Court of France. The Envoy sought out the Sultana: he informed her, that her relations were desirous of her return; that she should be reinstated in the rank which was her right, and again behold the bright sun and the beautiful face of her own Asia, upon the sole condition that she would forsake Christ for Mahomet. No per-

suasions, however, could prevail upon the convert to comply with this requisition; Goolam went back to India without accomplishing the object of his mission, which produced no improvement in her straitened circumstances. Two years afterwards, she learned that an Indian Prince had landed in England with a splendid retinue, including three females, but that he had been obliged by the English government to embark again immediately for India. Aline had no doubt that this event had some connexion with her history, but she heard no more of the matter.

These particulars are chiefly extracted from the preface to the books of the Princess, written by the Marquess de Fortia. This nobleman generously took upon himself the charge of supporting Aline, who has now attained the age of sixty years in a foreign land.—*Court Journal.*

MAKING PUNCH.

(From the Noctes—Blackwood.)

Shepherd.—I hae mony a time thocht it took as muckle natural genius to mak a jug of punch as an epic poem, sic as Paradise Lost, or even Queen Hynde hersell.

Odoherty.—More, my friend, more. I think an ingenious comparison between these works of intellect could be easily made by a man of a metaphysical turn of mind.

North.—A more interesting consideration would be, the effect produced upon the national character, by the mere circumstance of the modes of preparing the different beverages of different countries. Much of the acknowledged inferiority of the inhabitants of wine countries, arises from the circumstance of having their liquor prepared to their hand. There is no stretch of imagination in pouring wine ready made from carafe, or barochio, or flask, into a glass—the operation is merely mechanical; whereas, among us punch drinkers, the necessity of a nightly manufacture of a most intricate kind, calls forth habits of industry and forethought—induces a taste for chemical experiment—improves us in hygrometry, and many other sciences—to say nothing of the geographical reflections drawn forth by the pressure of the lemon, or the colonial questions, which press upon every meditative mind on the appearance of white sugar.

LION-EATING AND HANGING.

North.—When I was at Timbuctoo—

Shepherd (aside.)—A lang yarn is beginning the noo—

Moses Edrehi.—Sind sie geweson, sare, dans l'Afrique?

North.—Many years—I was Sultan of Bello for a long period, until dethroned by an act of the grossest injustice; but I intend to expose the traitorous conspirators to the indignation of an outraged world.

Tickler (aside to Shepherd.)—He's raving.

Shepherd (to Tickler.)—Dementit.

Odoherty (to both.)—Mad as a hatter. Hand me a segar.

Moses Edrehi.—Yo suis of Madoc.

North (aside.)—Zounds! *(to Edrehi)* I never chanced to pass that way—the emperor and I were not on good terms.

Moses Edrehi.—Then, sare, you was good luck to no pass, for the emperor was a man ver disagreeable ven no gut humours. Gott keep ush! He hat lions in cage—and him gab peoples zu de lions—dey roarsh—oh, mucho, mucho!—and eats de poor peoples—Gott keep ush! a ver disagreeable man dat emperor.

Shepherd.—Nae doot—it canna be a pleasant thing to be gobbled by a lion. Oh, sirs, imagine yoursell daundering out to Canaan, to take your kail wi' our frien' James, and as ye're passing the Links, out jumps a lion, and at you!

Odoherty.—The Links—oh! James, you are no Polyglott.

Tickler.—I don't wish to insinuate that I should like to be eaten, either by lion or shepherd, but I confess that I consider that the new drop would be a worse fate than either.

North.—Quite mistaken—the drop's a trifle.

Moses Edrehi.—Ja wöhl, Milord.

Shepherd.—As to being hangit, why, that's a matter that happens to mony a deacent man, and it's but a spurl or tway, and a gaspin gurble, an' ae stour heave, and a's ower; ye're dead ere a body's weel certified that the board's awa' from behind you—and the night-cap's a great blessing, baith to you and the company. The gilliteen again, I'm tauld its just perfectly ridiculous how soon that does it's turn. Up ye come, and tway chiels ram your head into a shottle in a door like, and your hands are clasped ahint ye, and swee gangs the door, and you upset headforemost, and in below the axe, and hangie just taps you on the neck to see that it's in the richt nick, and whirr, whirr, whirr, touch the spring, and down comes the thundering edge, loaded with at least a hunder weight o' lead—your head's aff like a sybo—Tuts, that's naething—ony-

body might mak up their mind to be justified on the gilliteen.

Odoherty.—The old Dutch way—the broadsword—is, after all, the best; by much the easiest and the genteelest. You are seated in a most comfortable arm-chair with a silk handkerchief over your eyes—they read a prayer if you are so inclined—you call for a glass of wine, or a cup of coffee—an iced cream—a dram—any thing you please, in fact, and your desires are instantly complied with—you put the cup to the lip, and just at that moment swap comes the whistling sabre.

Shepherd.—Preserve us! keep your hand to yoursell, Captain.

Odoherty.—Sweep he comes—the basket is ready, they put a clean towel over it—pack off the cold meat to the hospital—scrub the scaffold—take it to pieces—all within five minutes.

Shepherd.—That's capital. In fact a' these are civilized exits—but oh! man, man, to think of a lion on the Burntsfield Links—what would your gowfers say to that, Mr. Tickler?

Tickler.—A rum customer certainly.

Shepherd.—Oh! the een, the red, fiery, fixit, unwinkin' een, I think I see them—and the laigh, deep, dour growl, like the purring o' ten hundred cats—and the muckle white sharp teeth girnin' and grundin'—and the lang rough tongue, and the yirnest slaver running outour the chaps o' the brute—and the cauld shiver—minutes may be—and than the loup like lightning, and your backbane broken wi' a thud, like a rotten rash—and then the creature begins to lick your face wi' his tongue, and snifle and snort over owre you, and now a snap at your nose, and than a rive out o' your breast, and then a crunch at your knee—and you're a' the time quite sensible, particularly sensible.

Odoherty.—Give him a dig in the muzzle, and he'll tip you the *coup-de-grace.*

North.—What a vivid imagination the Shepherd has—well, cowardice is an inspiring principle.

HEAD WAGER.

THE following is a story from a MS., copied by Gaillard, in his Life of Francis I.:—

Duprat said in one of the conversations with the emperor's minister, that he would consent to lose his head if his sovereign had aided Robert de la Mark against Charles. The Spanish chancellor claimed du Prat's head as forfeited, for, he said he had in his possession letters which proved Francis's connivance with Robert de la Mark. "My head is my own yet," replied Du Prat, "for I have the originals of the letters you allude to, and they in no manner justify the scorn you would put upon them." "If I had won your head," replied the imperial chancellor, "you might keep it still. I protest I would rather have a pig's head, for that would be more eatable." *Monthly Mag.*

The Novelist.

FAIR FANARIOTE.

IN consequence of the numerous revolutions that have accompanied the fall of the Greek empire in Byzantium, most of the inhabitants of Fanari, near Constantinople, boast of being descendants of the dethroned imperial families; a circumstance which is probable enough, and which nobody takes the trouble to dispute, any more than the alleged nobility of the Castilian peasantry, or the absurd genealogies of certain great families.

In a retired street in Pera, (one of the suburbs of Constantinople,) a descendant of the Cantacuzenes followed the humble calling of a butcher; but, in spite of industry and activity, he had great difficulty in earning a sufficiency to pay his way, and maintain his wife and his only daughter, Sophia. The latter had just entered her fourteenth year, and her growing beauty was the admiration of the whole neighbourhood.

Fate, or, if you please so to call it, Providence, ordained that the poor butcher should suffer repeated losses, which reduced him to a condition bordering on beggary. His wife unfolded her distressed circumstances to a Greek, one of her relations, who was Dragoman to the French embassy, and who, in his turn, related the story to the Marquess de Vauban, the ambassador. This nobleman became interested for the unfortunate family, and especially for Sophia, whom the officious Dragoman described as being likely to fall into the snares that were laid for her, and to become an inmate of the haram of some Pasha, or even of a Turk of inferior rank. Prompted by pity, curiosity, or perhaps by some other motive, the ambassador paid a visit to the distressed family. He saw Sophia, was charmed by her beauty and intelligence, and he proposed that her parents should place her under his care, and allow him to convey her to France. The misery to which the poor people were reduced, may perhaps palliate the shame of acceding to this extraordinary proposition; but, be this as it may, they consented to surrender up their daughter

for the sum of 1,500 piastres, and Sophia was that same day conducted to the ambassador's palace. She found in the Marquess de Vauban a kind and liberal benefactor. He engaged masters to instruct her in every branch of education; and elegant accomplishments, added to her natural charms, rendered her an object of irresistible attraction.

In the course of a few months the ambassador was called home, and he set out, accompanied by his Oriental treasure, to travel to France by land. To diminish as far as possible the fatigue of the long journey, they proceeded by short stages, and having passed through European Turkey, they arrived at Kaminieck in Podolia, which is the first fortress belonging to Russia. Here the Marquess determined to rest for a short time, before undertaking the remainder of his tedious journey.

Count de Witt, a descendant of the Grand Pensionary of Holland, who was governor of the place, received his noble visiter with every mark of attention. The Count, however, no sooner beheld Sophia, than he became deeply enamoured of her; and on learning the equivocal situation in which she stood, being neither a slave nor a mistress, but, as it were, a piece of merchandize purchased for 1,500 piastres, he wound up his declaration of love by an offer of marriage. The Count was a handsome man, scarcely thirty years of age, a lieutenant-general in the Russian service, and enjoying the high favour of his sovereign Catherine II. The fair Greek, as may well be imagined, did not reject this favour of fortune, but accepted the offer of her suitor without hesitation.

It was easy to foresee that the Marquis de Vauban would not be very willing to part with a prize which he regarded as lawfully acquired, and to which he attached no small value. The Count therefore found it advisable to resort to stratagem. Accordingly, his Excellency having one day taken a ride beyond the ramparts, the draw-bridges were raised, and the lovers repaired to church, where their hands were joined by a *papa*. When the Marquess appeared at the gates of the fortress and demanded admittance, a messenger was sent out to inform him of what had happened; and, to complete the denouement of the comedy, the marriage contract was exhibited to him in due form.

To save Sophia from the reproaches which her precipitancy, it may perhaps be said her ingratitude, would have fully justified, the Count directed the ambassador's suite to pack up their baggage, and join his Excellency *extra muros*. The poor Marquess soon discovered that it was quite useless to stay where he was, for the purpose of venting threats and complaints; and he had no hope that the Court of France would think it worth while to go to war, for the sake of avenging his affront. He therefore prudently took a hint from one of the French poets, who says:—

"Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte pour le sot,
L'honnête homme trompé, s'éloigne, et ne dit mot;"

and he set off, doubtless with the secret determination never again to traffic in merchandize which possesses no value when it can be either bought or sold.

About two years after his marriage, the Count de Witt obtained leave of absence, and, accompanied by his wife, he visited the different courts of Europe. Sophia's beauty, which derived piquancy from a certain Oriental languishment of manner, was every where the theme of admiration. The Prince de Ligne, who saw her at the Court of France, mentions her in his Memoirs, in terms of eulogy, which I cannot think exaggerated; for when I knew her at Tulczin, though she was then upwards of forty, her charms retained all their lustre, and she outshone the young beauties of the court, amidst whom she appeared like Calypso surrounded by her nymphs.

I now arrive at the second period of Sophia's life, which forms a sequel perfectly in unison with the commencement. Count Felix Patocka, at the commencement of the troubles in Poland, raised a considerable party by the influence of his rank and vast fortune. During a temporary absence from the Court of Poland, he made a tour through Italy, and on his return, he met the Count and Countess de Witt at Hamburgh, when he fell deeply in love with Sophia. Not to weary you with the details of the romance, I will come to the *dénouement* at once.

Nothing is so easy as to obtain a divorce in Poland. The law extends so far on this point, that I knew a gentleman, M. Wortrel, who had no less than four wives, all living, and bearing his name. Count Patocka, therefore, availing himself of this advantage, and having previously made every necessary arrangement, one morning called on Count de Witt, and, without further ceremony, said—"Count, I love your wife, and cannot live without her. I know that I am not indifferent to her; and I might immediately carry her off; but I wish to owe my happiness to you, and to retain for ever a grateful sense of your genero-

sity. Here are two papers: one is an act of divorce, which only wants your signature, for you see the Countess has already affixed hers to it;—the other is a bond for two millions of florins, payable at my banker's, in this city. We may, therefore, settle the business amicably or otherwise, just as you please." The husband doubtless thought of his adventure at the fortress of Kaminieck, and, like the French ambassador, he resigned himself to his fate, and signed the paper. The fair Sophia became, the same day, Countess Patocka; and to the charms of beauty and talent, were now added the attractions of a fortune, the extent of which was at that time unequalled in Europe.—*Court Journal.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

JOHN LOCKE.

LORD KING has just done the state of literature some service, by the publication of the *Life of John Locke:* with Extracts from his Journals, &c. In this task his lordship has drawn largely on some valuable papers of Locke, preserved by their having gone into the possession of Sir Peter King, the ancestor of Lord King, his near relation and sole executor. Among these treasures are Locke's correspondence, a journal of his travels in France and Holland, his common-place book, and many miscellaneous papers; all of which have been preserved in the same scrutoire in which they had been deposited by their author, and which was probably removed to Oakham, (Lord King's seat,) in 1710. From the latter portion of Lord King's valuable work, we select a few notes, illustrative of Manners and Customs in

ENGLAND, 1679.

THE sports of England, which, perhaps, a curious stranger would be glad to see, are horse-racing, hawking, and hunting; bowling,—at Marebone and Putney he may see several persons of quality bowling, two or three times a week all the summer; wrestling, in Lincoln's Inne Field every evening all the summer; bear and bull-baiting, and sometimes prizes, at the Bear-Garden; shooting in the long-bow and stob-ball, in Tothil Fields; cudgel-playing, in several places in the country; and hurling, in Cornwall. *London.*—See the East India House, and their magazines; the Custom House; the Thames, by water, from London Bridge to Deptford; and the King's Yard at Deptford; the sawing-windmill; Tradescant's garden and closet; Sir James Morland's closet and water-works; the iron mills at Wandsworth, four miles above London, upon the Thames; or rather those in Sussex; Paradise by Hatton Garden; the glass-house at the Savoy, and at Vauxhall. Eat fish in Fish Street, especially lobsters, Colchester oysters, and a fresh cod's head. The veal and beef are excellent good in London; the mutton better in several counties in England. A venison pasty and a chine of beef are good every where; and so are crammed capons and fat chickens. Railes and heathpolts, ruffs, and reeves, are excellent meat wherever they can be met with. Puddings of several sorts, and creams of several fashions, both excellent; but they are seldom to be found, at least in their perfection, at common eating-houses. Mango and saio are two sorts of sauces brought from the East Indies. Bermuda oranges and potatoes, both exceeding good in their kind. Chedder and Cheshire cheese. Men excellent in their arts. Mr. Cox, in Long Acre, for all sorts of dioptical glasses. Mr. Opheel, near the Savoy, for all sorts of machines. Mr. ——, for a new invention he has, and teaches to copy all sorts of pictures, plans, or to take prospects of places. The King's gunsmith, at the Yard by Whitehall. Mr. Not, in the Pall Mall, for binding of books. The Fire-eater. At an ironmonger's, near the May-pole, in the Strand, is to be found a great variety of iron instruments, and utensils of all kinds. At Bristol see the Hot-well; St. George's Cave, where the Bristol diamonds are found; Ratcliff Church; and at Kingwood, the coal-pits. Taste there Milford oysters, marrow-puddings, cock-ale, metheglin, white and red-muggets, elvers, sherry, sack (which, with sugar, is called Bristol milk,) and some other wines, which, perhaps you will not drink so good at London. At Gloucester observe the whispering place in the cathedral. At Oxford see all the colleges, and their libraries; the schools and public library, and the physic-garden. Buy there knives and gloves, especially white kid-skin; and the cuts of all the colleges graved by Loggins. If you go into the North, see the Peak in Derbyshire, described by Hobbes, in a Latin poem, called "Mirabilia Pecci." Home-made drinks of England are beer and ale, strong and small; those of most note, that are to be sold, are Lambeth ale, Margaret ale, and Derby ale; Herefordshire cider, perry, mede. There are also several sorts of compounded ales, as cock-ale, wormwood-ale, lemon-

his manner, and a most gentlemanly appearance, completed the illusion.

Few men had made a better début than Winter. Thrown early into the career of arms, he obtained very rapid promotion; but when an officer he soon lost the esteem of his superiors; who, to punish his misconduct, sent him to the Isle of Ré, to one of the colonial battalions. There he so conducted himself as to inspire a belief that he had entirely reformed. But no sooner was he raised a step, than committing some fresh peccadillo, he was compelled to desert in order to avoid punishment. He came thence to Paris, where his exploits as swindler and pickpocket procured him the unenviable distinction of being pointed out to the police as one of the most skilful in his twofold profession.

Winter, who was what is termed a *downy one*, plucked a multitude of *gulpins* even in the most elevated classes of society. He visited princes, dukes, the sons of ancient senators, and it was on them or the ladies of their circle that he made the experiments of his misapplied talents. The females, particularly, however squeamish they were, were never sufficiently so to prevent themselves from being plundered by him. For several months the police were on the look out for this seducing young man, who, changing his dress and abode incessantly, escaped from their clutch at the moment when they thought they had him securely, when I received orders to commence the chase after him, to attempt his capture.

Winter was one of those Lovelaces who never deceive a woman without robbing her. I thought that amongst his victims I could find at least one, who, from a spirit of revenge, would be disposed to put me on the scent of this monster. By dint of searching, I thought I had met with a willing auxiliary, but as these Ariadnes, however ill used or forsaken they may be, yet shrink from the immolation of their betrayer, I determined to accost the damsel I met with cautiously. It was necessary, before I ventured my bark, to take soundings, and I took care not to manifest any hostility towards Winter, and not to alarm that residue of tenderness, which, despite of ill usage, always remains in a sensitive heart. I made my appearance in the character of almoner of the regiment of which he was thought to command, and as such introduced to the ci-devant mistress of the pretended colonel. The costume, the language, the manner I assumed were in perfect unison with the character I was about to play, and I obtained to my wish the confidence of the fair forsaken one, who gave me unwittingly all the information I required. She pointed out to me her favoured rival, who, already ill-treated by Winter, had still the weakness to see him, and could not forbear making fresh sacrifices for him.

I became acquainted with this charming lady, and to obtain favour in her eyes, announced myself as a friend of her lover's family. The relatives of the young giddy pate had empowered me to pay his debts; and if she could contrive an interview with him for me, she might rely on being satisfied with the result of the first. Madame * * * was not sorry to have an opportunity of repairing the dilapidations made on her property, and one morning sent me a note, stating that she was going to dine with her lover the next day at the Boulevard du Temple, at La Galiote. At four o'clock I went, disguised as a messenger, and stationed myself at the door of the restaurant's; and after two hours' watch, I saw a colonel of hussars approach. It was Winter, attended by two servants. I went up to him, and offered to take care of the horses, which proffer was accepted. Winter alighted, he could not escape me, but his eyes met mine, and with one jump he flung himself on his horse, spurred him, and disappeared.

I thought I had him, and my disappointment was great; but I did not despair of catching my gentleman. Some time afterwards I learnt that he was to be at the Café Hardi, in the Boulevard des Italiens. I went thither with some of my agents, and when he arrived all was so well arranged, that he had only to get into a hackney coach, of which I paid the fare. Led before a commissary of police, he asserted that he was not Winter; but, despite the insignia of the rank he had conferred on himself, and the long string of orders hanging on his breast, he was properly and officially identified as the individual mentioned in the warrant which I had for his apprehension.

Winter was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment, and would now be at liberty but for a forgery which he committed while at Bicêtre, which, bringing on him a fresh sentence of eight years at the galleys, he was conducted to the Bagne at the expiration of his original sentence, and is there at present.

This adventurer does not want wit: he is, I am told, the author of a vast many songs, much in fashion with the galley slaves, who consider him as their Anacreon.

ANCIENT TYRE.

The Tyrians, although not so early celebrated either in sacred or profane history, had yet attained greater renown than their Sidonian kinsmen. It is useless to conjecture at what period or under what circumstances these eastern colonists had quitted the shores of the Persian gulf, and fixed their seat on the narrow belt between the mountains of Lebanon and the sea. Probably at first they were only factories, established for connecting the trade between the eastern and western world. If so, their origin must be sought among the natives to the east of the Assyrians, as that race of industrious cultivators possessed no shipping, and was hostile to commerce. The colonists took root on this shore, became prosperous and wealthy, covered the Mediterranean with their fleets, and its shores with their factories. Tyre in the course of time became the dominant city, and under her supremacy were founded the Phœnician colonies in Greece, Sicily, Africa, and Spain. The wealth of her merchant princes had often tempted the cupidity of the despots of Asia. Salmanassar, the Assyrian conqueror of Israel, directed his attacks against Tyre, and continued them for five years, but was finally compelled to raise the siege. Nabuchadonosor was more persevering, and succeeded in capturing the city, after a siege that lasted thirteen years. The old town, situated on the continent was never rebuilt; but a new Tyre rose from its ruins. This occupied the area of a small island, described by Pliny as two miles and a half in circumference. On this confined space a large population existed, and remedied the want of extent by raising story upon story, on the plan followed by the ancient inhabitants of Edinburgh. It was separated from the main land by an armlet of the sea, about half a mile in breadth and about eighteen feet deep. The city was encircled by walls and fortifications of great strength and height, and scarcely pregnable even if accessible.

Family Library, No. 3.

SIR WILLIAM DEVEREUX,

A Portrait—by the Author of Pelham.

My uncle did as his ancestors had done before him; and, cheap as the dignity had grown, went up to court to be knighted by Charles II. He was so delighted with what he saw of the metropolis, that he foreswore all intention of leading it, took to Sedley and champagne, flirted with Nell Gwynne, lost double the value of his brother's portion at one sitting to the chivalrous Grammont, wrote a comedy corrected by Etherege, and took a wife recommended by Rochester. The wife brought him a child six months after marriage, and the infant was born on the same day the comedy was acted. Luckily for the honour of the house, my uncle shared the fate of Plimneus, king of Sicyon, and all the offspring he ever had (that is to say, the child and the play,) "died as soon as they were born." My uncle was now only at a loss to know what to do with his wife, that remaining treasure, whose readiness to oblige him had been so miraculously evinced. She saved him the trouble of long cogitation,—an exercise of intellect to which he was never too ardently inclined. There was a gentleman of the court celebrated for his sedateness and solemnity; my aunt was piqued into emulating Orpheus, and six weeks after her confinement she put this rock into motion,—they eloped. Poor gentleman! it must have been a severe trial of patience to a man never known before to transgress the very slowest of all possible walks, to have had two events of the most rapid nature happen to him in the same week. Scarcely had he recovered the shock of being ran away with by my aunt, before, terminating for ever his vagrancies, he was ran through by my uncle. The wits made an epigram upon the event; and my uncle, who was as bold as a lion at the point of a sword, was, to speak frankly, terribly disconcerted by the point of a jest. He retired to the country in a fit of disgust and gout. Here his own *bon naturel* rose from the layers of art which had long oppressed it, and he solaced himself by righteously governing domains worthy of a prince, for the mortifications he had experienced in the dishonourable career of a courtier. Hitherto I have spoken somewhat slightingly of my uncle; and in his dissipation he deserved it, for he was both too honest and too simple to shine in that galaxy of prostitute genius of which Charles II. was the centre. But in retirement he was no longer the same person, and I do not think that the elements of human nature could have furnished forth a more amiable character than Sir William Devereux, presiding at Christmas over the merriment of his great hall. Good old man! his very defects were what we loved best in him; vanity was so mingled with good nature that it became graceful, and we reverenced one the most, while we most smiled at the other. One peculiarity had he, which the age he had lived in, and his domestic history,

rendered natural enough, viz. an exceeding distaste to the matrimonial state: early marriages were misery; imprudent marriages idiotism; and marriage at the best he was wont to say, with a kindling eye and a heightened colour, marriage at the best—was the devil. Yet it must not be supposed that Sir William Devereux was an ungallant man. On the contrary, never did the *beau sexe* have a humbler or more devoted servant. As nothing in his estimation was less becoming to a wise man than matrimony, so nothing was more ornamental than flirtation. He had the old man's weakness, garrulity, and he told the wittiest stories in the world, without omitting any thing in them but the point. This omission did not arise from the want either of memory or of humour, but solely from a deficiency in the malice natural to all jesters. He could not persuade his lips to repeat a sarcasm hurting even the dead or the ungrateful; and when he came to the drop of gall which should have given zest to the story, the milk of human kindness broke its barrier despite himself, and washed it away. He was a fine wreck, a little prematurely broken by dissipation, but not perhaps the less interesting on that account; tall, and somewhat of the jovial old English girth, with a face where good nature and good living mingled their smiles and glow. He wore the garb of twenty years back, and was curiously particular in the choice of his silk stockings. He was not a little vain of his leg, and a compliment on that score was always sure of a gracious reception.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKSPEARE.

LORD SUNDON was one of the commissioners of the treasury in the reign of George II. The celebrated Bob Doddington was a colleague of the noble lord, and was always complaining of his slowness of comprehension. One day that lord Sundon laughed at something which Doddington had said, Winnington, another member of the board, said to him, in a whisper, "You are very ungrateful: you see lord Sundon takes your joke." "No, no," replied Doddington, "he is laughing now at what I said last board day."—*Monthly Mag.*

STINGING MISTAKE.

A CERTAIN person, who shall be nameless, filled the situation of Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. He was a great stickler for decorum, and all due respect to his office. One day he received a letter by the post, directed to himself, as the *Plumbian* Professor. He shook with indignation. What an insult! *Plumbian* professor! Leaden professor! Was it meant to insinuate that there was any thing of a leaden quality in his lectures or writings! While thus irate, a friend of the professor happened to drop in. He showed him the letter, and expatiated upon the indignity of the superscription. His friend undeavoured to convince him that it must be merely a slip of the pen. In vain. The professor would not be pacified. "Well," said his friend, "at any rate it is evident the *b* has stung you."—*Ibid.*

AN Irish barrister had the failing of Goldsmith, in an eminent degree: that of believing he could do every thing better than any other person. This propensity exhibited itself ludicrously enough on one occasion, when a violent influenza prevailed in Dublin. A friend who happened to meet him, mentioned a particular acquaintance, and observed that he had had the influenza very bad. "Bad!" exclaimed the other, "I don't know how bad *he* has had it, but I am sure I have had it quite as bad as he, or any one else."—"Not quite, I think," replied his friend, "for poor Mr. Gillicuddy is dead."—"Well," rejoined our tenacious optimist, "and what of that? I could have died too, if I had liked it."—*Ibid.*

EYES AND NOSE.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, the poet, who had no *nose*, going along the Mews one day, a beggar-woman followed him, crying, "Ah! God preserve your eyesight, sir; the Lord preserve your eyesight."—"Why, good woman," said he, "dost thou pray so much for my *eye-sight?*"—"Ah! dear sir," answered the woman, "if it should please God that you grow dim sighted, you have no place to hang your spectacles on."

JUSTIFICATION.

A DOG flying open-mouthed at a sergeant upon a march, he ran the spear of his halbert into his throat and killed him. The owner was quite indignant that his dog was killed, and asked the sergeant why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt end of his halbert? "So I would," said he, "if he had run at me with his tail."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 380.] SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1829. [PRICE 2*d*.

Mercers' Hall, and Cheapside.

THE engraving is an interesting illustration of the architecture of the metropolis in the seventeenth century, independent of its local association with names illustrious in historical record.

In former times, when persons of the same trade congregated together in some particular street, the mercers principally assembled in West Cheap, now called Cheapside, near where the above hall stands, and thence called by the name of "the Mercery." In Lydgate's *London Lyckpenny*, are the following lines alluding to this custom :—

> Then to Chepe I began me drawne,
> Where much people I saw for to stand;
> One offered me velvet, silk and lawne,
> And another he taketh me by the hand,
> Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land.

Pennant thus describes the principal historical data of the spot :—

"On the north side of Cheapside, (between Ironmonger Lane and Old Jewry,) stood the Hospital of St. Thomas of Acon, founded by Thomas Fitz-Theobald de Helles, and his wife Agnes, sister to the turbulent Thomas Becket, who was born in the house of his father, Gilbert, situated on this spot. The mother of our meek saint was a fair Saracen, whom his father had married in the Holy Land. On the site of this house rose the hospital, built within twenty years after the murder of Thomas; yet such was the repute of his sanctity, that it was dedicated to him, in conjunction with the blessed Virgin, without waiting for his canonization. The hospital consisted of a master and several brethren, professing the rule of St. Austin. The church, cloisters, &c. were granted by Henry VIII. to the Mercers' Company, who had the gift of the mastership.*

"In the old church were several monuments; among others, one to James Butler, Earl of Ormond, and Joan his wife, living in the beginning of the reign of Henry VI. The whole pile was destroyed in the great fire, but was very handsomely rebuilt by the Mercers' Company, who have their Hall here.

"In this chapel the celebrated, but unsteady, archbishop of Spalato, preached his first sermon in 1617, in Italian, before the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a splendid audience; and continued his discourses in the same place several

* Tanner.

times, after he had embraced our religion; but having the folly to return to his ancient faith, and trust himself among his old friends at Rome, he was shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo, where he died in 1625."

"The Mercers' Company is the first of the twelve. The name by no means implied, originally, a dealer in silks: for *mercery* included all sorts of small wares, toys, and haberdashery; but, as several of this opulent company were merchants, and imported great quantities of rich silks from Italy, the name became applied to the Company, and all dealers in silk. Not fewer than sixty-two mayors were of this Company, between the years 1214 and 1762; among which were Sir John Coventry, Sir Richard Whittington, and Sir Richard and Sir John Gresham."

The front in Cheapside, which alone can be seen, is narrow, but floridly adorned with carvings and architectural ornaments. The door is enriched with the figures of two cupids, mantling the arms, festoons, &c. and above the balcony, it is adorned with two pilasters, entablature, and pediment of the Ionic order; the intercolumns are the figures of Faith and Hope, and that of Charity, in a niche under the cornice of the pediment, with other enrichments. The interior is very handsome. The hall and great parlour are wainscoted with oak, and adorned with Ionic pilasters. The ceiling is of fret-work, and the stately piazzas are constituted by large columns, and their entablature of the Doric order.

The arms of the Mercers, as they are sculptured over the gateway, present for their distinguishing feature a demi-virgin with dishevelled hair: it was in allusion to this circumstance, that in the days of pageantry, at the election of Lord Mayor, a richly ornamented chariot was produced, in which was seated a young and beautiful virgin, most sumptuously arrayed, her hair flowing in ringlets over her neck and shoulders, and a crown upon her head. When the day's diversions were over, she was liberally rewarded and dismissed, claiming as her own the rich attire she had worn.

From this place likewise was formerly a solemn procession by the Lord Mayor, who, in the afternoon of the day he was sworn at the Exchequer, met the Aldermen; whence they repaired together to St. Paul's, and there prayed for the soul of their benefactor, William, Bishop of London, in the time of William the Conqueror, at his tomb. They then went to the churchyard to a place where lay the parents of Thomas à Becket, and prayed for all souls departed. They then returned to the chapel, and both Mayor and Aldermen offered each a penny.

Attached to the original foundation or hospital was a grammar-school, which has been subsequently continued at the expense of the Mercers' Company, though not on the same spot. It was for some time kept in the Old Jewry, whence it has been removed to College Hill, Upper Thames Street. Among the masters may be mentioned William Baxter, nephew to the non-conformist, Richard Baxter, and author of two Dictionaries of British and Roman Antiquities.

Nearly opposite the entrance to Mercers' Hall, is a handsome stone-fronted house, built by Sir Christopher Wren. The houses adjoining the Hall were of similar ornamental character; although the unenclosed shop-fronts present a strange contrast with some of the improvements and superfluities of modern times. The Hall front has lately been renovated, and presents a rich display of architectural ornament.

THE LONE GRAVES.

(For the Mirror.)

WHY should their sleep thus silent be, from streams and flow'rs away,
While wanders thro' the sunny air the cuckoo's mellow lay;
Those forms, whose eyes reflected heaven in their mild depth of blue,
Whose hair was like the wave that shines o'er sands of golden hue?

Are these the altars of their rest, the pure and sacred shrines;
Where Memory, rapt o'er visions fled, her holy spell combines?
The sire, the child, shall waft them back to their delightful dell,
When, like a voice from heavenly lands, awakes the curfew bell.

And have they no remembrance here, the cheeks that softly glow'd,
The amber hair, that, on the breeze, in gleaming tresses flow'd,
The hymn which hail'd the Sabbath morn,—the fix'd and fervid eye;
Must these sweet treasures of the heart in shade and silence lie?

Oh, no! thou place of sanctities! a ray has from thee gone,
Dearer than noontide's gorgeous light, or Sabbath's music tone;
A spirit! whose bright ark is far beyond the clouds and waves,
Albeit there is a sunless gloom on these, their lonely graves!

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

BAGLEY WOOD.

(For the Mirror.)

BAGLEY is situated about two miles and a half from Oxford, on the Abingdon-road, and affords an agreeable excursion to the Oxonians, who, leaving the city of learning, pass over the old bridge, where the observatory of the celebrated Friar Bacon was formerly standing. The wood is large, extending itself to the summit of a hill, which commands a charming panoramic view of Oxford, and of the adjacent country. The scene is richly diversified with hill and dale, while the spires, turrets, and towers of the university, rise high above the clustering trees, filling the beholder with the utmost awe and veneration. During the summer, this rustic spot presents many cool retreats, and love-embowering shades; and here many an amour is carried on, free from suspicion's eye, beneath the wide umbrageous canopy of nature.

Gipsies, or *fortune-tellers*, are constantly to be found in Bagley Wood; and many a gay Oxonian may be seen in the company of some wandering Egyptian beauty. So partial, indeed, are several of the young men of the university to the tawny tribe, that they are frequently observed in their *academicals*, lounging round the picturesque tents, having *their* fortunes told; though, it must be remarked, their countenances usually evince a waggish incredulity on those occasions, and they appear much more amused with the novel scene around them than gratified with the favourable predictions of the wily Egyptians.

The merry gipsies of Bagley Wood might well sing with *Herrick*—

> Here we securely live, and eat
> The cream of meat;
> And keep eternal fires
> By which we sit, *and do divine.*"

G. W. N.

EATING "MUTTON COLD."

(For the Mirror.)

A CORRESPONDENT in a late number asks for a solution of the expression, "eating mutton cold." If the following one is worth printing, it is much at your service and that of the readers of the MIRROR.

I consider then that it has simply the same meaning as that of "coming a day after the fair." To come at the end of a feast when the various viands (always including mutton as being easy of digestion for dyspeptic people) were still warm, though cut pretty near to the bone, would, by most persons, particularly aldermanic "bodies," be considered sufficiently vexatious; how doubly annoying then must it be to come so late as to find the meats more than half cold, and, perhaps, but little of them left even in that anti-epicurean state! Whoever has been unfortunate enough to miss a fine fat haunch either of venison or mutton, which, smoking on the board, even Dr. Kitchiner would have pronounced fit for an emperor, cannot but enter deeply and feelingly into the disappointment of that guest who, arriving, through some misdate of the invitation card, on the day subsequent to the feast, finds but, *horribile dictu*, cold lean ham, cold pea-soup, cold potatoes, and finally, *cold mutton*. Goldsmith's idea certainly was that Burke was never able to say, in the words of the Roman adage, *in tempore veni quod rerum omnium est primum*; but rather in plain English, "confound my ill luck, I never yet was invited to a feast but I either missed it in toto, or came so late as to be obliged to eat my mutton cold, a thing, which of all others, I most abhor."

HEN. B.

POOL'S HOLE, DERBYSHIRE.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS cave is said to have taken its title from a notorious robber of that name, who being declared an outlaw, found in this hole a refuge from justice, where he carried on his nocturnal depredations with impunity. Others insist that this dismal hole was the habitation of a hermit or anchorite, of the name of Pool. Of the two traditions, I prefer the former. It is situated at the bottom of *Coitmos*, a lofty mountain near Buxton. The entrance is by a small arch, so low that you are forced to creep on hands and knees to gain admission; but it gradually opens into a vault above a quarter of a mile in length, and as some assert, a quarter of a mile high. It is certainly very lofty, and resembles the roof of a Gothic edifice. In a cavern to the right called Pool's Chamber, there is a fine echo, and the dashing of a current of water, which flows along the middle of the great vault, very much heightens the wonder.

On the floor are great ridges of stone — water is perpetually distilling from the roof and sides of this vault, and the drops before they fall produce a very pleasing effect, by reflecting numberless rays from the candles carried by

the guides. They also form their quality from crystallizations of various flakes like figures of fret work, and in some places, having long accumulated upon one another, into large masses, bearing a rude resemblance to various animals.

In the same cavity is a column as clear as alabaster, called *Mary Queen of Scots'* column, because it is said she reached so far; beyond which is a steep ascent for nearly a quarter of a mile, which terminates in a hollow in the roof, called the Needle's-eye, in which, when the guide places his candle, it looks like a star in the firmament. You only wonder when you get out how you attained such an achievement. W. H. H.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

HAPPENING to look at No. 229, of your valuable Miscellany, in which you have given rather a lengthy account of Canterbury Cathedral, I was surprised to find no notice taken of the beautiful STONE SCREEN in the interior of the cathedral, which is considered by many, one of the finest specimens of florid Gothic in the kingdom. The following is a brief description of this ancient specimen of architecture:—

This fine piece of Gothic carved work was built by Prior Hen. de Estria, in 1304. It is rich in flutings, pyramids, and canopied niches, in which stand six statues crowned, five of which hold globes in their hands, and the sixth a church. Various have been the conjectures as to the individuals intended by these statues. That holding the church is supposed to represent King Ethelbert, being a very ancient man with a long beard. The next figure appears more feminine, and may probably intend his queen, Bertha.

Before the havoc made in Charles's reign, there were thirteen figures representing Christ and his Apostles in the niches which are round the arch-door way, and also twelve mitred Saints aloft along the stone work, where is now placed an organ.

At the National Repository, Charing Cross, there is exhibited a very correct model of this screen, in which the likenesses of the ancient kings are admirably imitated. P. T.

ANCIENT STONE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE RE formerly stood about three miles from Carmarthen, at a place called New Church, a stone about eight feet long and two broad. The only distinguishable words upon it were "*Severus filius Severi.*" The remainder of the inscription, by dilapidation and time, was defaced. It is supposed that there had been a battle fought here, and that Severus fell. About a quarter of a mile from this was another with the name of some other individual. The above stone was removed by the owner of the land on which it stood, and is now used instead of a gate-post by him. I should imagine it was the son of Severus the Roman, who founded the great wall and ditch called after him, Severus' Wall and Ditch, and as there was a Roman road from St. David's, in Wales, to Southampton, it is not improbable that the Romans should come from thence to Carmarthen. W. H.

The Cosmopolite.

DIET OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

To the artist, the amateur, the traveller, and man of taste in general, the following gleanings respecting the diet of various nations, are, in the spirit of English hospitality, cordially inscribed. The breakfast of the *Icelanders* consists of *skyr*, a kind of sour, coagulated milk, sometimes mixed with fresh milk or cream, and flavoured with the juice of certain berries; their usual dinner is dried fish, skyr, and rancid butter; and skyr, cheese, or porridge, made of Iceland moss, forms their supper; bread is rarely tasted by many of the Icelanders, but appears as a dainty at their rural feasts with mutton, and milk-porridge. They commonly drink a kind of whey mixed with water. As the cattle of this people are frequently, during winter, reduced to the miserable necessity of subsisting on dried fish, we can scarcely conceive their fresh meat to be so great a luxury as it is there esteemed. The poor of *Sweden* live on hard bread, salted or dried fish, water-gruel, and beer. The *Norwegian* nobility and merchants fare sumptuously, but the lower classes chiefly subsist on the following articles:—oatmeal-bread, made in thin cakes (strongly resembling the havver-bread of Scotland) and baked only twice a-year. The oatmeal for this bread is, in times of scarcity, which in Norway frequently occur, mixed with the bark of elm or fir tree, ground, after boiling and drying, into a sort of flour; sometimes in the vicinity of fisheries, the roes of cod kneaded with the meal

of oats or barley, are made into a kind of hasty-pudding, and soup, which is enriched with a pickled herring or mackerel. The flesh of the shark, and thin slices of meat salted and dried in the wind, are much esteemed. Fresh fish are plentiful on the coasts, but for lack of conveyances, unknown in the interior; the deficiency however, is there amply supplied by an abundance of game. The flesh of cattle pickled, smoked, or dry-salted, is laid by for winter store; and after making cheese, the sour whey is converted into a liquor called *syre*, which, mixed with water, constitutes the ordinary beverage of the Norwegians; but for festive occasions they brew strong beer, and with it intoxicate themselves, as also with brandy, when procurable. The maritime *Laplanders* feed on fish of every description, even to that of sea-dog, fish-livers, and train-oil, and of these obtaining but a scanty provision; they are even aspiring to the rank of the interior inhabitants, whose nutriment is of a more delicate description, being the flesh of all kinds of wild animals, herbaceous and carnivorous, and birds of prey; but bear's flesh is their greatest dainty. Rein-deer flesh is commonly boiled in a large iron kettle, and when done, torn to pieces by the fingers of the *major domo*, and by him portioned out to his family and friends; the broth remaining in the kettle is boiled into soup with rye or oat-meal, and sometimes seasoned with salt. Rein-deer blood is also a viand with these people, and being boiled, either by itself or mixed with wild berries, in the stomach of the animal from whence it was taken, forms a kind of black-pudding. The beverage of the Laplanders is milk and water, broths, and fish-soups; brandy, of which they are extremely fond, is a great rarity, and a glass of it will warm their hearts towards the weary sojourner, who, but for the precious gift, might ask hospitality at their huts in vain. The diet of the *Samoides*, resembles that of the Laplanders, save that they devour *raw* the flesh of fish and rein-deer. For this people, all animals taken in the chase, and even those found dead, afford food, with the exception of dogs, cats, ermines, and squirrels. They have no regular time for meals, but the members of a family help themselves when they please from the boiler which always hangs over the fire. It is scarcely possible to name the variety of diet to be found among the *Russian* tribes; but even in cities, and at the tables of the opulent and civilized, late accounts mention the appearance of several strange and disgusting dishes, compounded of pastry, grain, pulse, vinegar, honey, fish, flesh, fruits, &c., not at all creditable to Russian gastronomic science. The diet of the *Polish* peasantry is meagre in the extreme; they seldom taste animal food, and both sexes swallow a prodigious quantity of *schnaps*, an ardent spirit resembling whiskey. The *Dutch* of all ranks are fond of butter, and seldom is a journey taken without a butter-box in the pocket. The boors feed on roots, pulse, herbs, sour milk, and water-souchie, a kind of fish-broth. In *England*, the edible produce of the world appears at the tables of the nobility, gentry, and opulent commercial classes; and upon comparison with that of other nations, it will be seen that the diet of English artisans, peasantry, and even paupers, is far superior in variety and nourishment; bread, (white and brown) vegetables, meat, broth, soup, fish, fruit, roots, herbs, cheese, milk, butter, and, not rarely, sugar and tea, with fermented liquors and ardent spirits, are all, or most of them, procured as articles of daily subsistence by the English inferior classes. In Scotland, the higher ranks, live abstemiously, save on festive occasions; but animal food and wheaten bread is seldom tasted by the lower orders, who chiefly subsist on rye, barley, and oatmeal, prepared in bread, thin cakes, and porridge; this last termed *stirabout*, is simply oatmeal mixed with water and boiled (being stirred about with a wooden skether or spoon when on the fire) to the consistency of flour-paste, not very stiff; this, eaten with milk, forms the chief diet of the Scottish artisans and peasantry, and, indeed, many of superior stations prefer it for breakfast to bread of the finest flour which can be procured. Both high and low are partial to the following national dishes. The *haggis*, a kind of pudding, made of the offals or interior of a sheep, and boiled in the integument of its stomach; this dish, both in odour and flavour, is usually excessively offensive to the stranger; the singed sheep's head, water-souchie, Scotch soup, (an *olla podrida* of meats and vegetables,) chicken-broth and sowens. *Laver*, a sauce made from a peculiar kind of seaweed, and *caviar*, introduced from Russia, appear at the tables of the opulent, and by many are much esteemed. The diet of the higher ranks of *Irish* varies but little from that of the same classes in England and Scotland. Amongst national dishes appear the *staggering bob*, a calf only two days old, delicately dressed; hodge-podge, a soup answering to

that of Scotland; colcannon, a mixture of potatoes and greens, seasoned with onions, salt, and pepper, finely braided together after boiling; and a sea-weed sauce, either laver or some other, the name of which we do not happen to remember. Potatoes, fish, (fresh and salted) eggs, milk, and butter-milk, form the principal support of the inferior class, of Irish; and whiskey the national ardent spirit of Ireland and Scotland, is but too often, as is gin in England, the sole support of a host of besotted beings, who drop into untimely graves, from the *habit of intoxication.*

(To be continued.)

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

NUPTIALS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

At Susa, Alexander collected all the nobles of the empire, and celebrated the most magnificent nuptials recorded in history. He married Barcinè, or Stateira, the daughter of the late king, and thus, in the eyes of his Persian subjects, confirmed his title to the throne. His father, Philip, was a polygamist in practice, although it would be very difficult to prove that the Macedonians in general were allowed a plurality of wives; but Alexander was now the King of Kings, and is more likely to have been guided by Persian than Greek opinions upon the subject. Eighty of his principal officers followed his example, and were united to the daughters of the chief nobility of Persia.

The marriages, in compliment to the brides, were celebrated after the Persian fashion, and during the vernal equinox. For at no other period, by the ancient laws of Persia, could nuptials be legally celebrated. Such an institution is redolent of the poetry and freshness of the new world, and of an attention to the voice of nature, and the analogies of physical life. The young couple would marry in time to sow their field, to reap the harvest, and gather their stores, before the season of cold and scarcity overtook them. It is difficult to say how far this custom prevailed among primitive nations, but it can scarcely be doubted that we still retain lingering traces of it in the harmless amusements of St. Valentine's day.

On the wedding-day Alexander feasted the eighty bridegrooms in a magnificent hall prepared for the purpose. Eighty separate couches were placed for the guests, and on each a magnificent wedding-robe for every individual. At the conclusion of the banquet, and while the wine and the dessert were on the table, the eighty brides were introduced; Alexander first rose, received the princess, took her by the hand, kissed her, and placed her on the couch close to himself. This example was followed by all, till every lady was seated by her betrothed. This formed the whole of the Persian ceremony—the salute being regarded as the seal of appropriation. The Macedonian form was still more simple and symbolical. The bridegroom, dividing a small loaf with his sword, presented one-half to the bride; wine was then poured as a libation on both portions, and the contracting parties tasted of the bread. Cake and wine, as nuptial refreshments, may thus claim a venerable antiquity. In due time the bridegrooms conducted their respective brides to chambers prepared for them within the precincts of the royal palace.

The festivities continued for five days, and all the amusements of the age were put into requisition for the entertainment of the company. Athenæus has quoted from Charas, a list of the chief performers, which I transcribe more for the sake of the performances and of the states where these lighter arts were brought to the greatest perfection, than of the names, which are now unmeaning sounds. Scymnus from Tarentum, Philistides from Syracuse, and Heracleitus from Mytylenè, were the great jugglers, or as the Greek word intimates, the wonder-workers of the day. After them, Alexis, the Tarentine, displayed his excellence as a rhapsodist, or repeater, to appropriate music, of the soul-stirring poetry of Homer. Cratinus the Methymnæan, Aristonymus the Athenian, Athenodorus the Teian, played on the harp—without being accompanied by the voice. On the contrary, Heracleitus the Tarentine, and Aristocrates the Theban, accompanied their harps with lyric songs. The performers on wind instruments were divided on a similar, although it could not be on the same principle. Dionysius from Heracleia, and Hyperbolus from Cyzicum, sang to the flute, or some such instrument; while Timotheus, Phrynichus, Scaphisius, Diophantus, and Evius, the Chalcidian, first performed the Pythian overture, and then, accompanied by choruses, displayed the full power of wind instruments in masterly hands. There was also a peculiar class called eulogists of Bacchus; these acquitted themselves so well on this occasion, applying to Alex-

under those praises which in their extemporaneous effusions had hitherto been confined to the god, that they acquired the name of Eulogists of Alexander. Nor did their reward fail them. The stage, of course, was not without its representatives:— Thessalus, Athenodorus, Aristocritus, in tragedy—Lycon, Phormion, and Ariston, in comedy—exerted their utmost skill, and contended for the prize of superior excellence. Phasimelus, the dancer was also present.

It is yet undecided whether the Persians admitted their matrons to their public banquets and private parties;—but if we can believe the positive testimony of Herodotus, such was the case; and the summons of Vashti to the annual festival, and the admission of Haman to the queen's table, are facts which support the affirmation of that historian. The doubts upon the subject appear to have arisen from confounding the manners of Assyrians, Medes, and Parthians, with those of the more Scythian tribes of Persis. We read in Xenophon that the Persian women were so well made and beautiful, that their attractions might easily have seduced the affections of the Ten Thousand, and have caused them, like the lotus-eating companions of Ulysses, to forget their native land. Some little hints as to the mode in which their beauty was enhanced and their persons decorated, may be expected in the Life of Alexander, who, victorious over their fathers and brothers, yet submitted to their charms.

The Persian ladies wore the tiara or turban richly adorned with jewels. They wore their hair long, and both plaited and curled it; nor, if the natural failed, did they scruple to use false locks. They pencilled the eyebrows, and tinged the eyelid, with a dye that was supposed to add a peculiar brilliancy to the eyes. They were fond of perfumes, and their delightful ottar was the principal favourite. Their tunic and drawers were of fine linen, the robe or gown of silk—the train of this was long, and on state occasions required a supporter. Round the waist they wore a broad zone or cincture, flounced on both edges, and embroidered and jewelled in the centre. They also wore stockings and gloves, but history has not recorded their materials. They used no sandals; a light and ornamented shoe was worn in the house; and for walking they had a kind of coarse half boot. They used shawls and wrappers for the person, and veils for the head; the veil was large and square, and when thrown over the head descended low on all sides. They were fond of glowing colours, especially of purple, scarlet, and light-blue dresses. Their favourite ornaments were pearls; they wreathed these in their hair, wore them as necklaces, ear-drops, armlets, bracelets, anklets, and worked them into conspicuous parts of their dresses. Of the precious stones they preferred emeralds, rubies, and turquoises, which were set in gold and worn like the pearls.

Alexander did not limit his liberality to the wedding festivities, but presented every bride with a handsome marriage portion. He also ordered the names of all the soldiers who had married Asiatic wives to be registered; their number exceeded 10,000; and each received a handsome present, under the name of marriage gift.—*Williams's Life of Alexander, Family Library, No. 3.*

POEMS, BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.

THIS is a pretty little volume of graceful poems, printed "at the author's private press, for private distribution only." They are, however, entitled by their merits, to more extensive, or public circulation; for many of them evince the good taste and pure feelings of the writer. Some of the pieces relate to domestic circumstances, others are calculated to cheat "sorrow of a smile," whilst all are, to use a set phrase, highly honourable to the head and heart of the author. In proof of this, we could detach several pages; but we have only space for a few:—

SONG.

As flowers, that seem the light to shun
At evening's dusk and morning's haze,
Expand beneath the noon-tide sun,
And bloom to beauty in his rays,—
So maidens, in a lover's eyes,
A thousand times more lovely grow,
Yield added sweetness to his sighs,
And with unwonted graces glow.

As gems from light their brilliance gain,
And brightest shine when shone upon,
Nor half their orient rays retain,
When light wanes dim and day is gone:
So Beauty beams, for one dear one!
Acquires fresh splendour in his sight,
Her life—her light—her day—her sun—
Her harbinger of all that's bright!*

* "There is nothing new under the sun;" Solomon was right. I had written these lines from experiencing the truth of them, and really imagined I had been the first to express, what so many must have felt; but on looking over Rogers's delicious little volume of Poems, some time after this was penned, I find he has, with his usual felicity, noted the same effect I give his Text and Commentary; they occur in his beautiful poem, "Human Life," speaking of a girl in love, he says—

"—— soon her looks the rapturous truth avow,
Lovely before, oh, say how lovely now!"

On which he afterwards remarks:

"Is it not true that the young not only appear to be, but really are, most beautiful in the pre-

ANECDOTE VERSIFIED.

Lord Albemarle to Mademoiselle Gaucher, on seeing her look very earnestly at the Evening Star.

Oh! do not gaze upon that star,
That distant star, so earnestly,
If thou would'st not my pleasure mar,—
For ah! I cannot give it thee.*

And, such is my unbounded love,
Thou should'st not gaze upon a thing
I would not make thee mistress of.
And prove in love, at least, a *King!*

STANZAS TO THE SHADE OF ——

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men,—an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice— Job iv. 13.

Reproach me not, beloved shade!
Nor think thy memory less I prize;
The smiles, that o'er my features play'd,
But hid my pangs from vulgar eyes.
I acted like the worldling boy,
With heart to every feeling vain:
I smil'd with all, yet felt no joy;
I wept with all, yet felt no pain.

No—though, to veil thoughts of gloom,
I seem'd to twine Joy's rosy wreath,
'Twas but as flowerets o'er a tomb,
Which only hide the woe beneath.
I lose no portion of my woes,
Although my tears in secret flow;
More green and fresh the verdure grows,
Where the cold streams run hid below.

A MODEST ODE TO FORTUNE

"*Et genus et formam regina pecunia dotat.*" Hor.

O goddess Fortune, hear my prayer,
And make a bard for once thy care!
I do not ask, in houses splendid,
To be by liveried slaves attended;
I ask not for estates, nor land,
Nor host of vassals at command;
I ask not for a handsome wife—
Though I dislike a single life;
I ask not friends, nor fame, nor power,
Nor courtly rank, nor leisure's hour;
I ask not books, nor wine, nor plate,
Nor yet acquaintance with the great:
Nor dance, nor song, nor mirth, nor jest,
Nor treasures of the East or West;
I ask not beauty, wit, nor ease,
Nor qualities more blest than these—
Learning nor genius, skill nor art,
Nor valour for the hero's part.
These, though I much desire to have,
I do not, dearest goddess, crave.—
I modestly for money call—
For *money* will procure them *all!*

ANACREONTIC.

Come fill the bowl!—one summer's day,
Some hearts, that had been wreck'd and sever'd,
Again to tempt the liquid way,
And join their former mates endeavour'd;
But then arose this serious question,
Which best to kindred hearts would guide?
Water, was Prudence' pure suggestion,
But that they thought too cool a tide!

Peace bade them try the milky way,
But they were fearful 'twould becalm them;
Cried Love, on dews of morning stray,—
They deem'd 'twould from their purpose charm them.
Cried Friendship, try the ruby tide,—
They did—each obstacle departs;
'Tis still with wine 'reft hearts will glide
Most surely unto kindred hearts.

THE PILGRIM PRINCE.—BALLAD.

At blush of morn, the silver horn
Was loudly blown at the castle gate;
And, from the wall, the Seneschal
Saw there a weary pilgrim wait.
"What news—what news, thou stranger bold?
Thy looks are rough, thy raiment old!
And little does Lady Isabel care
To know how want and poverty fare."
"Ah let me straight that lady see,
For far I come from the North Country!"

"And who art thou, bold wight, I trow,
That would to Lady Isabel speak!"
"One who, long since shone as a prince,
And kiss'd her damask cheek!
But oh, my trusty sword has fail'd,
The cruel Paynim has prevail'd,
My lands are lost, my friends are few,
Trifles all, if my lady's true!"
"Poor prince! ah when did woman's truth,
Outlive the loss of lands and youth!"

The Sketch-Book.

THE SPLENDID ANNUAL.

By the Author of "Sayings and Doings."

Literature, even in this literary age, is not the ordinary pursuit of the citizens of London, although every merchant is necessarily a man of letters, and underwriters are as common as cucumbers. Notwithstanding, however, my being a citizen, I am tempted to disclose the miseries and misfortunes of my life in these pages, because having heard the "Anniversary" called a splendid annual, I hope for sympathy from its readers, seeing that I have been a "*splendid annual*" myself.

My name is Scropps—I *am* an Alderman—I *was* Sheriff—I *have been* Lord Mayor—and the three great eras of my existence were the year of my shrievalty, the year of my mayoralty, and the year after it. Until I had passed through this ordeal I had no conception of the extremes of happiness and wretchedness to which a human being may be carried, nor ever believed that society presented to its members an eminence so exalted as that which I once touched, or imagined a fall so great as that which I experienced.

I came originally from that place to which persons of bad character are said to be sent—I mean Coventry, where my

sence of those they love? It calls forth all their beauty."

Such a coincidence might almost induce me to exclaim with the plagiarising pedant of antiquity, "*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!*"

* Lord Albemarle, when advanced in years was the lover and protector of Mademoiselle Gaucher. Her name of infancy, and that by which she was more endeared to her admirer was Lolotte. One evening, as they were walking together, perceiving her eyes fixed on a star, he said to her, "Do not look at it so earnestly, my dear. I cannot *give* it you!"—Never, says Marmontel, did love express itself more delicately.

father for many years contributed his share to the success of parliamentary candidates, the happiness of new married couples, and even the gratification of ambitious courtiers, by taking part in the manufacture of ribands for election cockades, wedding favours, and cordons of chivalry; but trade failed, and, like his betters, he became bankrupt, but, unlike his betters, without any consequent advantage to himself; and I, at the age of fifteen, was thrown upon the world with nothing but a strong constitution, a moderate education, and fifteen shillings and eleven pence threo farthings in my pocket.

With these qualifications I started from my native town on a pedestrian excursion to London; and although I fell into none of those romantic adventures of which I had read at school, I met with more kindness than the world generally gets credit for, and on the fourth day after my departure, having slept soundly, if not magnificently, every night, and eaten with an appetite which my mode of travelling was admirably calculated to stimulate, reached the great metropolis, having preserved of my patrimony, no less a sum than nine shillings and seven pence.

The bells of one of the churches in the city were ringing merrily as I descended the heights of Islington; and were it not that my patronymic Scropps never could, under the most improved system of campanology, be jingled into any thing harmonious, I have no doubt I, like my great predecessor Whittington, might have heard in that peal a prediction of my future exaltation; certain it is I did not; and, wearied with my journey, I took up my lodging for the night at a very humble house near Smithfield, to which I had been kindly recommended by the driver of a return postchaise, of whose liberal offer of the moiety of his bar to town I had availed myself at Barnet.

As it is not my intention to deduce a moral from my progress in the world at this period of my life, I need not here dilate upon the good policy of honesty, or the advantages of temperance and perseverance, by which I worked my way upwards, until after meriting the confidence of an excellent master, I found myself enjoying it fully. To his business I succeeded at his death, having several years before, with his sanction, married a young and deserving woman, about my own age, of whose prudence and skill in household matters I had long had a daily experience.

To be brief, Providence blessed my efforts and increased my means; I became a wholesale dealer in every thing, from barrels of gunpowder down to pickled herrings; in the civic acceptation of the word I was a merchant, amongst the vulgar I am called a drysalter. I accumulated wealth; with my fortune my family also grew, and one male Scropps, and four female ditto, grace my board at least once in every week.

Passing over the minor gradations of my life, the removal from one residence to another, the enlargement of this warehouse, the rebuilding of that, the anxiety of a canvass for common council man, activity in the company of which I am liveryman, inquests, and vestries, and ward meetings, and all the other pleasing toils to which an active citizen is subject, let us come at once to the first marked epoch of my life—the year of my Shrievalty. The announcement of my nomination and election filled Mrs. S. with delight; and when I took my children to Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, to look at the gay chariot brushing up for me, I confess I felt proud and happy to be able to show my progeny the arms of London, those of the Spectacle Makers' Company, and those of the Scroppses (recently found at a trivial expense) all figuring upon the same panels. They looked magnificent upon the pea-green ground, and the wheels, "white picked out crimson," looked so chaste, and the hammercloth, and the fringe, and the festoons, and the Scropps' crests all looked so rich, and the silk linings and white tassels, and the squabs and the yellow cushions, and the crimson carpet looked so comfortable, that, as I stood contemplating the equipage, I said to myself, "What have I done to deserve *this*?—O that my poor father were alive to see his boy Jack going down to Westminster, to chop sticks and count hobnails, in a carriage like this!" My children were like mad things: and in the afternoon, when I put on my first new brown court suit (lined, like my chariot, with white silk) and fitted up with cut steel buttons, just to try the effect, it all appeared like a dream; the sword, which I tried on every night for half an hour after I went up to bed, to practise walking with it, was very inconvenient at first; but use is second nature; and so by rehearsing and rehearsing, I made myself perfect before that auspicious day when Sheriffs flourish and geese prevail—namely, the twenty-ninth of September.

The twelve months which followed were very delightful; for independently

of the *positive* honour and *éclat* they produced, I had the Mayoralty in *prospect* (having attained my aldermanic gown by an immense majority the preceding year), and as I used during the sessions to sit in my box at the Old Bailey, with my bag at my back and my bouquet on my book, my thoughts were wholly devoted to one object of contemplation; culprits stood trembling to hear the verdict of a jury, and I regarded them not; convicts knelt to receive the fatal fiat of the Recorder, and I heeded not their sufferings, as I watched the Lord Mayor seated in the centre of the bench, with the sword of justice stuck up in a goblet over his head—there, thought I, if I live two years, shall *I* sit—however, even as it was, it was very agreeable. When executions, the chief drawbacks to my delight, happened, I found, after a little seasoning, I took the thing coolly, and enjoyed my toast and tea after the patients were turned off, just as if nothing had happened; for, in *my* time, we hanged at eight and breakfasted at a quarter after, so that without much hurry we were able to finish our muffins just in time for the cutting down at nine. I had to go to the House of Commons with a petition, and to Court with an address—trying situations for one of the Scroppses—however, the want of state in parliament, and the very little attention paid to us by the members, put me quite at my ease at Westminster; while the gracious urbanity of our accomplished monarch on his throne made me equally comfortable at St. James's. Still I was but a secondary person, or rather only one of two secondary persons—the chief of bailiffs and principal Jack Ketch; there *was* a step to gain—and, as I often mentioned in confidence to Mrs. Scropps, I was sure my heart would never be still until I had reached the pinnacle.

Behold at length the time arrived!—Guildhall crowded to excess—the hustings thronged—the aldermen retire—they return—their choice is announced to the people—it has fallen upon John Ebenezer Scropps, Esq., Alderman and spectacle maker—a sudden shout is heard—"Scropps for ever!" resounds—the whole assembly seems to vanish from my sight—I come forward—am invested with the chain—I bow—make a speech—tumble over the train of the Recorder, and tread upon the tenderest toe of Mr. Deputy Pod—leave the hall in ecstasy, and drive home to Mrs. Scropps in a state of mind bordering upon insanity.

The days wore on, each one seemed as long as a week, until at length the eighth of November arrived, and then did it seem certain that I should be Lord Mayor—I was sworn in—the civic insignia were delivered to me—I returned them to the proper officers—my chaplain was near me—the esquires of my household were behind me—the thing was done—never shall I forget the tingling sensation I felt in my ear when I was first called "My Lord"—I even doubted if it were addressed to me, and hesitated to answer—but it *was* so—the reign of splendour had begun, and, after going through the accustomed ceremonies, I got home and retired to bed early, in order to be fresh for the fatigues of the ensuing day.

Sleep I did not—how was it to be expected?—Some part of the night I was in consultation with Mrs. Scropps upon the different arrangements; settling about the girls, their places at the banquet, and their partners at the ball; the wind down the chimney sounded like the shouts of the people; the cocks crowing in the mews at the back of the house I took for trumpets sounding my approach; and the ordinary incidental noises in the family I fancied the popguns at Stangate, announcing my disembarkation at Westminster—thus I tossed and tumbled until the long wished-for day dawned, and I jumped up anxiously to realize the visions of the night. I was not long at my toilet—I was soon shaved and dressed—but just as I was settling myself comfortably into my beautiful brown broadcloth inexpressibles, crack went something, and I discovered that a seam had ripped half a foot long. Had it been consistent with the dignity of a Lord Mayor to swear, I should, I believe, at that moment, have anathematized the offending tailor;—as it was, what was to be done?—I heard trumpets in earnest, carriages drawing up and setting down; sheriffs, and chaplains, mace bearers, train bearers, sword bearers, water bailiffs, remembrancers, Mr. Common Hunt, the town clerk, and the deputy town clerk, all bustling about—the bells ringing—and *I* late, with a hole in my inexpressibles! There was but one remedy—my wife's maid, kind, intelligent creature, civil and obliging, and ready to turn her hand to any thing, came to my aid, and in less than fifteen minutes her activity, exerted in the midst of the confusion, repaired the injury, and turned me out fit to be seen by the whole corporation of London.

When I was dressed, I tapped at Mrs. Scropps's door, went in, and asked her if she thought I should do; the dear

soul, after settling my point lace frill (which she had been good enough to pick off her own petticoat on purpose) and putting my bag straight, gave me the sweetest salute imaginable.

"I wish your lordship health and happiness," said she.

"Sally," said I, "your ladyship is an angel;" and so, having kissed each of my daughters, who were in progress of dressing, I descended the stairs, to begin the auspicious day in which I reached the apex of my greatness.—Never shall I forget the bows—the civilities—the congratulations—sheriffs bending before me—the Recorder smiling—the Common Sergeant at my feet—the pageant was intoxicating; and when, after having breakfasted, I stepped into that glazed and gilded house upon wheels, called the state coach, and saw my sword bearer pop himself into one of the boots, with the sword of state in his hand, I was lost in ecstasy, I threw myself back upon the seat of the vehicle with all imaginable dignity, but not without damage, for in the midst of my ease and elegance I snapped off the cut steel hilt of my sword, by accidentally bumping the whole weight of my body right, or rather wrong, directly upon the top of it.

But what was a sword hilt or a bruise to *me?* I was *the* Lord Mayor—the greatest man of the greatest city of the greatest nation in the world. The people realized my anticipations, and "Bravo, Scropps!" and "Scropps for ever!" again resounded, as we proceeded slowly and majestically towards the river, through a fog, which prevented our being advantageously seen, and which got down the throat of the sword bearer, who coughed incessantly during our progress, much to my annoyance, not to speak of the ungraceful movements which his convulsive barkings gave to the red velvet scabbard of the official glave as it stuck out of the window of the coach.

We embarked in *my* barge; a new scene of splendour awaited me, guns, shouts, music, flags, banners, in short, every thing that fancy could paint or a water bailiff provide; there, in the gilded bark, was prepared a cold collation—I ate, but tasted nothing—fowls, *patés*, tongue, game, beef, ham, all had the same flavour; champagne, hock, and Madeira were all alike to *me*—Lord Mayor was all I saw, all I heard, all I swallowed; every thing was pervaded by the one captivating word, and the repeated appeal to "my lordship" was sweeter than nectar.

At Westminster, having been presented and received, I desired—I—John Ebenezer Scropps, of Coventry—I desired the Recorder to invite the judges to dine with me—I—who remember when two of the oldest and most innocent of the twelve, came the circuit, trembling at the sight of them, and believing them some extraordinary creatures upon whom all the hair and fur I saw, grew naturally—I, not only to ask these formidable beings to dine with me, but, as if I thought it beneath my dignity to do so in my proper person, deputing a judge of my own to do it for me; I never shall forget their bows in return—Chinese mandarins on a chimney-piece are fools to them.

Then came the return—we landed once more in the scene of my dignity—at the corner of Fleet Street we found the Lady Mayoress waiting for the procession—there she was—Sally Scropps (her maiden name was Snob)—there was my own Sally, with a plume of feathers that half filled the coach, and Jenny and Maria and young Sally, all with their backs to *my* horses, which were pawing the mud and snorting and smoking like steam engines, with nostrils like safety valves, and four of *my* footmen hanging behind the coach, like bees in a swarm. There had not been so much riband in my family since my poor father's failure at Coventry—and yet how often, over and over again, although he had been dead more than twenty years, did I, during that morning, in the midst of my splendour, think of *him*, and wish that he could see me in my greatness—yes, even in the midst of my triumph I seemed to defer to my good, kind parent—in heaven, as I hope and trust—as if I were anxious for *his* judgment and *his* opinion as to how I should perform the arduous and manifold duties of the day.

Up Ludgate Hill we moved—the fog grew thicker and thicker—but then the beautiful women at the windows—those up high could only see my knees and the paste buckles in my shoes; every now and then, I bowed condescendingly to people I had never seen before, in order to show my courtesy and my chain and collar, which I had discovered during the morning shone the better for being shaken.

At length we reached Guildhall—as I crossed the beautiful building, lighted splendidly, and filled with well dressed company, and heard the deafening shouts which rent the fane as I entered it, I really was overcome—I retired to a private room—refreshed my dress, rubbed up my chain, which the damp had tarnished, and prepared to receive my

guests. They came, and—shall I ever forget it?—dinner was announced; the bands played "O the roast beef of Old England." Onwards we went, a Prince of the blood, of the blood royal of my country, led out *my* Sally—my own Sally—the Lady Mayoress! the Lord High Chancellor handed out young Sally—I saw it done—I thought I should have choked; the Prime Minister took Maria; the Lord Privy Seal gave his arm to Jenny; and my wife's mother, Mrs. Snob, was honoured by the protection of the Right Honourable the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.—Oh, if my poor father could have but seen *that!*

It would be tiresome to dwell upon the pleasures of the happy year, thus auspiciously begun, in detail; each month brought its delights, each week its festival; public meetings under the sanction of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor; concerts and balls under the patronage of the Lady Mayoress; Easter and its dinner, Blue-coat boys and buns; processions here, excursions there.—Summer came, and then we had swan-hopping *up* the river, and white-baiting *down* the river; Yantlet Creek below, the navigation barge above; music, flags, streamers, guns, and company; turtle every day in the week; peas at a pound a pint, and grapes at a guinea a pound; dabbling in rosewater served in gold, not to speak of the loving cup, with Mr. Common Hunt, in full dress, at my elbow; my dinners were talked of, Ude grew jealous, and I was idolized.

The days, which before seemed like weeks, were now turned to minutes: scarcely had I swallowed my breakfast before I was in my justice-room; and before I had mittimused half a dozen paupers for beggary, I was called away to luncheon; this barely over, in comes a deputation or a dispatch, and so on till dinner, which was barely ended before supper was announced. We all became enchanted with the Mansion House; my girls grew graceful by the confidence their high station gave them; Maria refused a good offer because her lover chanced to have an ill sounding name; we had all got settled in our rooms, the establishment had begun to know and appreciate us; we had just become in fact easy in our dignity and happy in our position, when lo and behold! the ninth of November came again—the anniversary of my exaltation, the consummation of my downfall.

Again did we go in state to Guildhall, again were we toasted and addressed, again were we handed in, and led out, again flirted with cabinet ministers and danced with ambassadors, and at two o'clock in the morning drove home from the scene of gaiety to our old residence in Budge Row.—Never in this world did pickled herrings and turpentine smell so powerfully as on that night when we entered the house; and although my wife and the young ones stuck to the drinkables at Guildhall, their natural feelings would have way, and a sort of shuddering disgust seemed to fill their minds on their return home—the passage looked so narrow—the drawing-rooms looked so small—the staircase seemed so dark—our apartments appeared so low—however, being tired, we all slept well, at least I did, for I was in no humour to talk to Sally, and the only topic I could think upon before I dropped into my slumber, was a calculation of the amount of expense which I had incurred during the just expired year of my greatness.

In the morning we assembled at breakfast—a note lay on the table, addressed—"Mrs. Scropps, Budge Row." The girls, one after the other, took it up, read the superscription, and laid it down again. A visiter was announced—a neighbour and kind friend, a man of wealth and importance—what were his first words?—they were the first I had heard from a stranger since my job,—"How are you, Scropps, done up, eh?"

Scropps! no obsequiousness, no deference, no respect;—no "my lord, I hope your lordship passed an agreeable night—and how is her ladyship and your lordship's amiable daughters?"—not a bit of it—"How's Mrs. S. and the *gals?*" This was quite natural, all as it *had* been, all perhaps as it should be—but how unlike what it *was*, only one day before! The very servants, who, when amidst the strapping, stall-fed, gold-laced lacqueys of the Mansion House, (transferred with the chairs and tables from one Lord Mayor to another) dared not speak nor look, nor say their lives were their own, strutted about the house, and banged the doors, and talked of their "*Missis*," as if she had been an apple woman.

So much for domestic miseries;—I went out—I was shoved about in Cheapside in the most remorseless manner; my right eye had a narrow escape of being poked out by the tray of a brawny butcher's boy, who, when I civilly remonstrated, turned round, and said, "Vy, I say, who are *you*, I vonder, as is so partiklar about your *hysight*." I felt an involuntary shudder—to-day, thought I, I *am* John Ebenezer Scropps

—two days ago I *was* Lord Mayor; and so the rencontre ended, evidently to the advantage of the bristly brute. It was however too much for me—the effect of contrast was too powerful, the change was too sudden—and I determined to go to Brighton for a few weeks to refresh myself, and be weaned from my dignity.

We went—we drove to the Royal Hotel; in the hall stood one of his Majesty's ministers, one of my former guests, speaking to his lady and daughter: my girls passed close to him—he had handed one of them to dinner the year before, but he appeared entirely to have forgotten her. By and by, when we were going out in a fly to take the air, one of the waiters desired the fly man to pull off, because Sir Something Somebody's carriage could not come up—it was clear that the name of Scropps had lost its influence.

We secluded ourselves in a private house, where we did nothing but sigh and look at the sea. We had been totally spoiled for our proper sphere, and could not get into a better; the indifference of our inferiors mortified us, and the familiarity of our equals disgusted us—our potentiality was gone, and we were so much degraded that a puppy of a fellow had the impertinence to ask Jenny if she was going to one of the Old Ship balls. "Of course," said the coxcomb, "I don't mean the 'Almacks,' for they are uncommonly select."

In short, do what we would, go where we might, we were outraged and annoyed, or at least thought ourselves so; and beyond all bitterness was the reflection, that the days of our dignity and delight never might return. There were at Brighton no less than three men who called me Jack, and *that*, out of flies or in libraries, and one of these, chose occasionally, by way of making himself particularly agreeable, to address me by the familiar appellation of Jacky. At length, and that only three weeks after my fall, an overgrown tallow-chandler met us on the Steyne, and stopped our party to observe, "as how he thought he owed me for two barrels of coal tar, for doing over his pigsties." This settled it—we departed from Brighton, and made a tour of the coast; but we never rallied; and business, which must be minded, drove us before Christmas to Budge Row, where we are again settled down.

Maria has grown thin—Sarah has turned methodist—and Jenny, who danced with his Excellency the Portuguese Ambassador, who was called angelic by the Right Honourable the Lord Privy Seal, and who moreover refused a man of fortune because he had an ugly name, is going to be married to Lieutenant Stodge, on the half pay of the Royal Marines—and what then?—I am sure if it were not for the females of my family I should be perfectly at my ease in my proper sphere, out of which the course of our civic constitution raised me. It was unpleasant at first:—but I have toiled long and laboured hard; I have done my duty, and Providence has blessed my works. If we were discomposed at the sudden change in our station, I it is who was to blame for having aspired to honours which I knew were not to last. However the ambition was not dishonourable, nor did I disgrace the station while I held it; and when I see, as in the present year, *that* station filled by a man of education and talent, of high character and ample fortune, I discover no cause to repent of having been one of his predecessors. Indeed I ought to apologize for making public the weakness by which we were all affected; especially as I have myself already learned to laugh at what we all severely felt at first—the miseries of a SPLENDID ANNUAL.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A CHAPTER ON HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY

"Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo."
Latin Grammar.

Din you ever look
In Mr. Tooke,
For Homer's gods and goddesses?
The males in the air,
So big and so bare,
And the girls without their bodices.

There was Jupiter Zeus,
Who play'd the deuce,
A rampant blade and a tough one;
But Denis bold,
Stole his coat of gold,
And rigg'd him out in a stuff one.

Juno, when old,
Was a bit of a scold,
And rul'd Jove *jure divino;*
When he went gallivaunting,
His steps she kept haunting,*
And she play'd, too, the devil with Ino.

Minerva bright
Was a blue-stocking wight,
Who lodg'd among the Attics;
And, like Lady V.
From the men did flee,
To study the mathematics.

Great Mars, we're told,
Was a grenadier bold,
Who Vulcan sorely cuckold;
When to Rome he went,
He his children sent
To a she-wolf to be suckled.

* "I'll search out the haunts
Of your fav'rite gallants,
And into cows metamorphose 'em."
Midas.

Sol, the rat-catcher,*
Was a great body-snatcher,
And with his bow and arrows
He *Barked*, through the trees,
Master Niobes,
As though they had been cock sparrows.

Diana, his sister,
When nobody kiss'd her,
Was a saint, (at least a semi-one,)
Yet the vixen Scandal
Made a terrible handle
Of her friendship for Endymion.

Full many a feat
Did Hercules neat,
The least our credit draws on;
Jesting Momus, so sly,
Said, "'Tis all my eye,"
And he call'd him Baron Munchausen.

Fair Bacchus's face
Many signs did grace,
(They were not painted by Zeuxis:)
Of his brewing trade
He a mystery made,†
Like our Calverts and our Meuxes.

There was Mistress Venus,
(I say it between us,)
For virtue cared not a farden:
There never was seen
Such a drabbish queen
In the parish of Covent Garden.

Hermes cunning
Poor Argus funning,
He made him drink like a buffer;
To his great surprise
Sew'd up all his eyes,
And stole away his heifer.

A bar-maid's place
Was Hebe's grace,
Till Jupiter did trick her;
He turn'd her away,
And made Ganimede stay
To pour him out his liquor.

Ceres in life
Was a farmer's wife,
But she doubtless kept a jolly house;
For Rumour speaks,
She was had by the Beaks
To swear her son Triptolemus.‡

Miss Proserpine
She thought herself fine,
But when all her plans miscarried,
She the Devil did wed,
And took him to bed,
Sooner than not be married.

But the worst of the gods,
Beyond all odds,
It cannot be denied, eh!
Is that first of matchmakers,
That prince of housebreakers,
The urchin, Dan Cupido.

New Monthly Magazine.

* Apollo Smintheus. He destroyed a great many rats in Phrygia, and was probably the first "rat-catcher to the King."—*Vet. Schol.*

† "Mystica vannus Isacchi."
This was either a porter-brewer's dray, or more probably the *Van* of his druggist.—*Scriblerus.*

‡ There is some difference of opinion concerning this fact: the lady, like so many others in her interesting situation, passed through the adventure under an *alias*. But that Ceres and Terra were the same, no reasonable person will doubt: and there can be no *serious* objection to the little *trip* being thus ascribed to the goddess in question.—*Scriblerus.*

"THE SEASON" IN TOWN.

Theodore.—I don't know how you could prevent people from living half the year in town.

Tickler.—I have no objection to their living half the year in town, as you call it, if they can live in such a hell upon earth, of dust, noise, and misery. Only think of the Dolphin water in the solar microscope!

Theodore.—I know nothing of the water of London personally.

Odoherty.—Nor I; but I take it, we both have a notion of its brandy and water.

Tickler.—'Tis, in fact, their duty to be a good deal in London. But I'll tell you what I do object to, and what I rather think are evils of modern date, or at any rate, of very rapid recent growth. First, I object to their living those months of the year in which it is *contra bonos mores* to be in London, not in their paternal mansions, but at those little bastardly abortions, which they call watering-places — their Leamingtons, their Cheltenhams, their Brighthelmstones.

Theodore.—Brighton, my dear rustic Brighton!

Odoherty.—Synopicé.

Shepherd.—What's your wull, Sir Morgan? It does no staun' wi' me.

Theodore.—A horrid spot, certainly—but possessing large conveniences, sir, for particular purposes. For example, sir, the balcony on the drawing-room floor commonly runs on the same level all round the square—which in the Brighthelmstonic dialect, sir, means a three-sided figure. The advantage is obvious.

Shepherd.—Och, sirs! och, sirs! what wull this world come to!

Theodore.—The truth is, sir, that people *comme il faut* cannot well submit to the total change of society and manners implied in a removal from Whitehall or Mayfair to some absurd old antediluvian chateau, sir, boxed up among beeches and rooks. Sir, only think of the small Squires with the red faces, sir, and the grand white waistcoats down to their hips—and the dames, sir, with their wigs, and their simpers, and their visible pockets—and the damsels, blushing things in white muslin, with sky-blue sashes and ribbons, and mufflers and things—and the sons, sir, the promising young gentlemen, sir—and the doctor, and the lawyer—and the parson. So you disapprove of Brighton, Mr. Tickler?

Tickler.—Brighthelmstone, when I knew it, was a pleasant fishing village—what like it is now, I know not; but

what I detest in the great folks of your time, is, that insane selfishness which makes them prefer any place, however abominable, where they can herd together in their little exquisite coteries, to the noblest mansions surrounded with the noblest domains, where they cannot exist without being more or less exposed to the company of people not exactly belonging to their own particular sect. How can society hang together long in a country where the Corinthian capital takes so much pains to unrift itself from the pillar? Now-a-day, sir, your great lord, commonly speaking, spends but a month or six weeks in his ancestral abode; and even when he is there, he surrounds himself studiously with a cursed town-crew, a pack of St. James's Street fops, and Mayfair chatterers and intriguers, who give themselves airs enough to turn the stomachs of the plain squirearchy and their womankind, and render a visit to the castle a perfect nuisance.

Theodore (aside to Mullion.)—A prejudiced old prig!

Tickler.—They seem to spare no pains to show that they consider the country as valuable merely for rent and game—the duties of the magistracy are a bore—county meetings are a bore—a farce, I believe, was the word—the assizes are a cursed bore—fox-hunting itself is a bore, unless in Leicestershire, where the noble sportsmen, from all the winds of heaven cluster together, and think with ineffable contempt of the old-fashioned chase, in which the great man mingled with gentle and simple, and all comers—sporting is a bore, unless in a regular *battue*, when a dozen lordlings murder pheasants by the thousand, without hearing the cock of one impatrician fowling-piece — except indeed some dandy poet, or philosopher, or punster, has been admitted to make sport to the Philistines. In short, every thing is a bore that brings the dons into personal, collision of any kind with people that don't belong to the world.

Odoherty.—The world is getting pretty distinct from the nation, I admit, and I doubt if much love is lost between them.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE HOPKINSONIAN JOKE.

My friend Hertford, walking one day near his own shop in Piccadilly, happened to meet one Mr. Hopkinson, an eminent brewer, I believe—and the conversation naturally enough turned upon some late dinner at the Albion, Aldersgate Street—nobody appreciates a real city dinner better than Monsieur le Marquess—and so on, till the old brewer mentioned, *par hazard*, that he had just received a noble specimen of wild pig from a friend in Frankfort, adding, that he had a very particular party, God knows how many aldermen, to dinner—half the East India direction, I believe—and that he was something puzzled touching the cookery. "Pooh!" says Hertford, "send in your porker to my man, and he'll do it for you *à merveille.*" The brewer was a grateful man—the pork came and went back again. Well, a week after my lord met his friend, and, by the way, "Hopkinson," says he, "how did the boar concern go off?—"O, beautifully," says the brewer; "I can never sufficiently thank your lordship; nothing could do better. We should never have got on at all without your lordship's kind assistance."—"The thing gave satisfaction then, Hopkinson?"—"O, great satisfaction, my lord marquess.—To be sure we did think it rather queer at first—in fact, not being up to them there things, we considered it as deucedly stringy—to say the truth, we should never have thought of eating it cold."—"Cold!" says Hertford; "did you eat the ham cold?"—"O dear, yes, my lord, to be sure we did—we eat it just as your lordship's gentleman sent it."—"Why, my dear Mr. Alderman," says Hertford, "my cook only prepared it for the spit." Well, I shall never forget how the poor dear Duke of York laughed!—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SEALING WAX AND WAFERS.

Francis Rousseau, a native of Auxerres, who travelled a long time in Persia, Pegu, and other parts of the East Indies, and who, in 1692, resided at St. Domingo, was the inventer of sealing-wax. A lady, of the name of Longueville, made this wax known at court, and caused Louis XIII. to use it; after which it was purchased and used throughout Paris. By this article Rousseau, before the expiration of a year, gained 50,000 livres. The oldest seal with a red wafer ever yet found, is on a letter written by Dr. Krapf, at Spires, in the year 1624, to the government at Bareuth.

I was in company some time since with George Colman, "the younger," as the old fellow still styles himself. It was

shortly after the death of Mrs. ———, the wife of a popular actor, and at that time an unpopular manager. Some one at table observed that, "Mr. ——— had suffered a loss in the death of his wife, which he would not soon be able to *make up*."—"I don't know how that may be," replied George, drily, "but to tell you the truth, I don't think he has *quarrelled* with his loss yet."—*Monthly Mag.*

SHERIDAN.

Bob Mitchell, one of Sheridan's intimate friends, and once in great prosperity, became—like a great many other people, Sheridan's creditor — in fact Sheridan owed Bob nearly three thousand pounds—this circumstance amongst others contributed so very much to reduce Bob's finances, that he was driven to great straits, and in the course of his uncomfortable wanderings he called upon Sheridan; the conversation turned upon his financial difficulties, but not upon the principal cause of them, which was Sheridan's debt; but which of course, as an able tactician, he contrived to keep out of the discussion; at last, Bob, in a sort of agony, exclaimed—"I have not a guinea left, and by heaven I don't know where to get one." Sheridan jumped up, and thrusting a piece of gold into his hand, exclaimed with tears in his eyes—"It never shall be said that Bob Mitchell wanted a guinea while his friend Sheridan had one to *give him.*"—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

LINES

On the window of Thorny Down Inn, about seven miles from Blandford, on the Salisbury road.

Death, reader, pallid death!! with woe or bliss
Will shortly be thy lot. Think then, my friend,
Ere yet it be too late—what are thy hopes
And what thy anxious fears—when the thin veil
That keeps thy soul from seeing Israel's God
Shall drop. (Signed) παρεπίδημος.
Ruris.

When Lord Ellenborough was Lord Chief Justice, a labouring bricklayer was called as a witness; when he came up to be sworn his lordship said to him—

"Really, witness, when you have to appear before this court, it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance."

"Upon my life," said the witness, "if your lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship."

"How do you mean, sir," said his lordship, angrily.

"Why, faith," said the labourer, "*you* come here in *your* working clothes, and *I'm* come in *mine.*"—*Sharpe's Mag.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Dr. Johnson most beautifully remarks, that "When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favours unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish for his return, not so much that we may receive as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood."

HOT TUESDAY?

Derham, in his *Physico-Theology*, says, "July 8th, 1707, (called for some time after the *hot Tuesday*,) was so excessively hot and suffocating, by reason there was no wind stirring, that divers persons died, or were in great danger of death, in their harvest work. Particularly one who had formerly been my servant, a healthy, lusty young man, was killed by the heat; and several horses on the road dropped down and died the same day."

P. T. W.

THE SENATOR.

A senator, who was not esteemed the wisest man in the house, had a custom of shaking his head when another spoke; which giving offence to a particular person, he complained of the indignity. Hereupon, one who had been acquainted with the first gentleman from a child, as he told the house, assured them it was only the effect of an ill-habit, "for," said he, "though he often shakes his head, there is nothing in it."

GRATITUDE.

Sir Robert Walpole, during his long administration, was always averse to motions (though many were made) against the publishers of parliamentary debates, "because," said he, good naturedly, they make better speeches for us than we do for ourselves."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

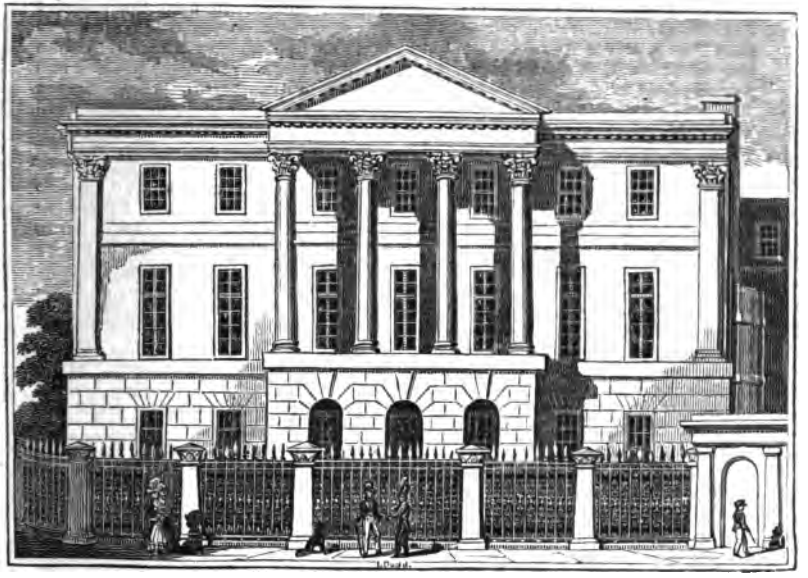
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 381.] SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1829. [Price 2d.

Apsley House.



THE MANSION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The town mansions of our nobility are generally beneath all architectural criticism; and it has been pertinently observed that "an educated foreigner is quite astonished when shown the residences of our higher nobility and gentry in the British capital. He has heard speak of some great nobleman, with a revenue equal to that of a principality. He feels a curiosity to look at his palace, and he is shown a plain, common, brick house of forty or fifty feet in extent." These observations were made about three years ago, since which period, the spirit of architectural improvement has been fast extending from public buildings to individual mansions. Among the latter, the renovation or encasement of Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner, with a fine stone front, is entitled to foremost notice.

This splendid improvement is from the designs of Benjamin Wyatt, Esq. and is of the Palladian style. The basement story is rusticated, and the principal front has a handsome pediment supported by four columns of the Corinthian order. A bold cornice extends on all sides, which are decorated at the angles with Corinthian pilasters. The whole has an air of substantial elegance, and is in extremely good taste, if we except the door and window cases, which we are disposed to think rather too small. The Piccadilly front is enclosed with a rich bronzed palisade between leaved pillars, being in continuation of the classical taste of the entrance gates to Hyde Park, and the superb entrance to the Royal Gardens on the opposite side of the road. Throughout the whole, the chaste Grecian honey-suckle is introduced with very pleasing effect.

Besides the new frontage, Apsley House has been considerably enlarged, and a slip of ground from Hyde Park added to the gardens. The ball-room, extending the whole depth of the mansion, is one of the most magnificent *salons* in the metropolis; and a picture gallery is in progress. Altogether, the improvement is equally honourable to the genius of the architect, and the taste of the illustrious proprietor of the mansion; for no foreigner can gainsay that Apsley House has the befitting splendour of a ducal, nay even of a royal palace.

WATLING STREET.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THERE has been much discussion among antiquaries respecting the etymology of an ancient Roman road, called the Watling Street Way, which commencing from Dover, traces its course to London, St. Alban's, Weedon, over *Benesford Bridge*,* High Cross, Atherstone, Wall, Wroxeter, and Chester, from which last place a branch appears to point in nearly a straight direction through St. Asaph to Segontium, or Caer Seiont, Carnarvonshire. Another branch directs its course from Wroxeter to Manchester, York, Lancaster, Kendal, and Cockermouth.

Hoveden thinks it was called the Watling Street from Wathe, or Wathla, a British king. Spelman fancies it was called Werlam Street, from its passing through Verulam. Somner derives the name from the Belgic Wentelen, *volvere, versare se, a sinuosis flexibus*. Baxter contends that it was made by the original Britons, Weteling, or Oedeling signifying in their language, *originarius civis vel ingenuus*. Stukeley's opinion, in which he is joined by Whitaker, the Manchester historian, is, that it was the Guetheling road—Sarn Guethelin, or the road of the Irish, the G being pronounced as a W. Dr. Wilkes says, that it is more indented and crooked than other Roman Roads usually are, and supposes that it was formed of *Wattles*, which was the idea also of Pointer. Mr. Duff is not pleased with the opinion of Camden, that it derives its name from an unknown *Vitellianus*, but conjectures that its etymology is from the Saxon *Wadla*, a poor man, a beggar, because such people resorted to this road for the charity of travellers.

Among so many crude and discordant opinions, I shall endeavour to substitute another more consistent with the true etymology of the word. I agree with the historian of Manchester, that the Roman stations were prior to the roads, and that the latter were only the channels of communication to the former. The stations commenced during the conquest of the country, and all of them were completed at the conclusion of it. The roads therefore could not be constructed till the first or second summer after the stations were established. Whoever has attentively observed the line or direction of the Watling Street, must be convinced of the truth of the foregoing observations; and the deviation from a straight line, which in many parts is so apparent, and so evidently made to enable the Romans to pass from one station to another, may be considered conclusive upon this point. I therefore have no hesitation in asserting, that the Watling Street Way is a Roman road, and probably planned and formed by Vespasian, the celebrated Roman general in Britain, who named this road in compliment to the emperor, *Vitellius, Vitellii Strata Via*, Watling Street Way. Suetonius, in his *Life of Vespasian*, says, (chapter 4,) "*Claudio principe, Narcissi gratiâ, legatus in Germaniam missus est (Vespasianus;) inde in Britanniam translatus, tricies cum hoste conflixit. Duas validissimas gentes, superq viginti oppida, et insulam Vectam Britanniæ proximam, in deditionem redegit, partim Auli Plautii legati, partim Claudii ipsius ductu. Quare triumphalia ornamenta, et in spatio brevi, duplex sacerdotium accepit, præterea consulatum, quem gessit per duos novissimos anni menses.*" Or, "In the reign of Claudius, by the interest of Narcissus,† he (Vespasian) was sent lieutenant general of a legion into Germany, from whence being removed into Britain, he engaged the enemy in thirty distinct battles, and subjected to the power of the Romans two very strong nations, and above twenty great towns, and the Isle of Wight, upon the coast of Britain, partly under the command of Aulus Plautius, and partly under that of Claudius himself. In reward for these noble services he received the triumphal ornaments, and in a short time after, two priest's offices, besides the consulship, which he held for the two last months of the year."

The same author, in his *Life of Vitellius*, seems to strengthen or rather establish the conjecture of its being the *Vitellii Strata Via*, for he says, (chapter 1,) "*indicia stirpis (Vitelliorum) diu mansisse, Viam Vitelliam ab Janiculo ad mare usque, item coloniam ejusdem nominis.*" Or, "Some monuments of the family continued a long time, as the *Vitellian Way*, reaching from the Janiculum to the sea, and likewise a colony of that name. From the abovementioned extracts, it seems not improbable that one of the thirty battles mentioned by Suetonius, might have been fought during the time the Romans were forming this road through the Forest of Arden,

* Probably a corruption of Benones Bridge, as it is within four miles of the Roman station, Benones, now High Cross.

† Vitellius had great weight and influence in the reign of Claudius; Vespasian at that time paid his court to the favourite, and also to Narcissus, the emperor's freedman.

which extended from Henley, in Warwickshire, to Market Harborough, in Leicestershire; and that it was called in compliment to Vitellius, the *Vitellian Way*, afterwards corrupted to the *Watling Way*.

This road from the Avon, which it passes at Dove Bridge, to the Anker, near Atherstone, forms the boundary between the counties of Leicester and Warwick. In the month of June, 1824, numerous skulls and bones were discovered in a line from the intersection of the road that leads from Rugby to Lutterworth, with the Watling Street to Benones or Bensford Bridge, the distance not being more than half a mile. These bones were lying about two feet below the surface of the ground. Many fragments of shields, spear heads, knives, and a sword,* placed by the side of a skeleton, and at one end touching a funereal urn,† and likewise several drinking cups, or small vessels, apparently formed of half-baked clay, with clasps both of silver and brass, were found within the abovementioned distance. On the contrary side of the road were discovered beads, glass, and amber, but neither urns, spear-heads, or fragments of shields; these relics, therefore, probably belonged to the Britons, who fell encountering the Romans, to prevent their forming a road through the Forest of Arden. There can be little doubt of a battle having been here fought, from the bones, urns, and tumuli discovered here and in the adjacent neighbourhood. "In this parish (Church Over,") says Dugdale, "upon the old Roman Way, called Watling Strete, is to be seen a very great tumulus, which is of that magnitude, that it puts travellers beside the usual road," and a *Letter* from Elias Ashmole to Sir Wm. Dugdale,‡ states, "that about a mile from hence (that is from Holywell Abbey, now the site of Caves Inn,) there is a tumulus raised in the very middle of the high way, which methought was worth observing." This tumulus, in an ancient deed, is called the Pilgrim's Low. It was removed in making the turnpike-road from Banbury to Lutterworth, about the year 1770. In the plantations of Abraham Grimes, Esq., within half a mile of the site of the former, is another tumulus of smaller dimensions, adjoining the road which leads from Rugby to Lutterworth. These were probably raised in honour of some military chiefs who were slain in the battle.

Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.
R. R. B.

* Now in the possession of the Rev. P. Homer, of Rugby.

† In the possession of Mr. Matthew Bloxam, of the same place.

‡ Edited by that distinguished and learned antiquary, Wm Hamper, of Birmingham, Esq., in his *Life of Dugdale*.

THE PENDRILLS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I BEG to correct the statement of *W. W.* in vol. xiii. page 419, respecting this family. It is true that the pension did not expire at Richard Pendrill's death—and it is also true that Dr. Pendrill died about the time as therein stated—but his son, John Pendrill, died at his own residence, near the Seahouses, Eastbourne, last year only, (1828,) leaving issue, one son by his first wife, (named John,) and one son and three daughters by his second wife; his first son, John, now enjoys the pension of 100 marks, and is residing at the Gloucester Hotel, Old Steine, Brighton, in sound health. The privilege granted to this family under the title of "Free Warren," is the liberty of shooting, hunting, fishing, &c. upon any of the King's manors, and upon the manor on which the party enjoying this pension might reside; and I am informed that a certain noble lord made some yearly payment or gift to the deceased, John, not to exercise that privilege on his manor in Sussex. The pension is payable out of, or secured upon, lands in four different counties, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, and Warwickshire, and entitles the party enjoying it to a vote in each of these counties; but whether this has been acted upon, I cannot possibly say. I have seen in the possession of a branch of this loyal family, only a few days ago, a scarce print of the arms, &c. published in 1756, under the regulation of the act of parliament; besides other prints on the subject. This family, *being commoners*, is I believe, the only one which have supporters.*

C. C.

* Another correspondent, *Amicus*, states that the grant of the Pension was in the possession of the Rector of Cheriton, in Hampshire, and was "lost by him to Government, a short time before his death, in the year 1820."

THE FRIENDS OF THE DEAD.

(For the Mirror.)

They've had him laid, all cold and low;
They've flung the flat stone o'er his breast:
And Summer's sun, and Winter's snow
May never mar his dreamless rest!
They've left him to his long decay;
The banner waves above his head;
Funereal is their rich array,
But hark! how speak they of the dead.

In his own hall, they've pledg'd to him
'Mid mirth, and minstrelsy divine;
When, at the crystal goblet's brim
Hath flash'd, the odorous rosy wine;
When viands from all lands afar
Have grac'd the shining, sumptuous board,
And *now*, they'd prove their vaunted star,
The Cobbold, of his priceless hoard.*

Hark! how they scandalize the *dead!*
They spake not thus.—(their patron *here*)
When they were proud to break his bread,
To watch his faintest smile, and fear
His latent frown; they did not speak
Of vices, follies, meanness: *then*
A *crime* in him, had been, "the freak
Of youth," and "worthiest *he*, of men!"

Off with those garbs of woe, *false* friends!
Those sadden'd visages, all feign'd!
Or have ye yet, some golden ends
To be, by Death's own livories gain'd?
Ye mourn the dead forsooth! who say
That which should shame the lordly hall
His late ancestral home! Away!
And dream that he hath *heard* it all!

M. L. B.

The Cosmopolite.

FOOD OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

(Concluded from page 22.)

THE diet of the *Frenchman*, is chiefly vegetable, and his *frogs* are rarities reserved for the delectation of the opulent, and answering, in some degree, to the brains and tongues of singing-birds amongst ancient epicures; since, after being subjected to a peculiar process of fattening and purifying, only the legs of these animals are eaten. Light wines, beer, sugar and water, strong coffee, and a variety of delicious liqueurs, are drunk by the French, but they have shown themselves capable of conforming to the English taste in a relish for stronger potations. *Spaniards* of all ranks, use fruit, vegetables, fish, and olives, for their principal diet, and oil and garlic are used plentifully in their culinary operations; chocolate is their chief beverage, but at dinner ladies drink nothing but water, and gentlemen a little wine. The fare of the *Portuguese* peasantry is meagre in the extreme, although, they are, in fact, surrounded with the abundant luxuries of nature; a piece of black bread and a pickled pilchard, or head of garlic, is their usual subsistence, but a salted cod is a feast. In *Italy*, ice-water and lemonade are luxuries essential to the existence of all classes, and the inferior ones, who never inebriate themselves with spirituous liquors, can procure them at a cheap rate; macaroni and fruit are chief articles of food, but the Italians are great gourmands, and delight in dishes swimming in oil, which, to an English ear, sounds very disgustingly; however, it must be remembered, that oil in Italy is so pure and fresh, that it answers every purpose of our newest butter. A gentleman who had resided some time in this country, informs us, that by the Italians, *puppy-broth* was reckoned a sovereign remedy in some slight indispositions, and that he has constantly seen in the markets young dogs skinned for sale. Of the *Turks*, the ordinary food is rice, sometimes boiled with gravy, and sometimes made into *pilan;* a kind of curry composed of mutton and fowl stewed to rags, and highly seasoned gravy. This is eaten with their fingers, since they have neither knives nor forks, and the Koran prohibits the use of gold and silver spoons. Coffee and sherbet are their ordinary beverages, and by the higher classes of "the faithful," wine is drunk in private, but an intoxication of a singular and destructive description, is produced by opium, which the Turks chew in immoderate quantities. The food of the *Circassians* consists of a little meat, millet-paste, and a kind of beer fermented from millet. The *Tartars* are not fond of beef and veal, but admire horse-flesh; they prefer to drink, before any thing else, mare's milk, and produce from it, by keeping it in sour skins, a strong spirit termed *koumiss*. The *Jakutians* (a Tartar tribe) esteem horse-flesh as the greatest possible dainty; they eat raw the fat of horses and oxen, and drink melted butter with avidity; but bread is rare. The favourite food of the *Kalmuc Tartars* is horse-flesh, eaten raw sometimes, but commonly dried in the sun; dogs, cats, rats, marmots, and other small animals and vermin are also eaten by them; but neither vegetables, bread nor fruits; and they drink koumiss; than which, scarcely any thing can be more disgusting, except, perhaps, that beverage of the South Sea islanders, prepared by means of leaves being masticated by a large company, and spit into a bowl of water. The diet of the *Kamtschatdales*, is chiefly fish, variously prepared; *huigal*, which is neither more nor less than fish laid in a pit until *putrid*, is a *luxury* with this people! They are fond of caviar, made of roes of fish, and scarcely less disgusting than huigal. A pound of dry caviar will last a Kamtschatdale

* *Cobbold*, in mining countries, especially Cornwall, is the legendary guardian spirit of the mine, and severe master of its treasures. In Germany, Sweden, &c. the Cobbold may be traced under various modifications and titles.

on a journey for a considerable time, since he finds bread to eat with it in the bark of every birch and elder he meets with. These people boil the fat of the whale and walrus with roots of *setuge*. A principal dish at their feasts, consists of various roots and berries pounded with caviar, and mixed with the melted fat of whale and seal. They are fond of spirits, but commonly drink water. For the *Arabs*, lizards and locusts, afford food, but with better articles. The *Persians* live like the Turks, or nearly so, but for the want of spoons, knives, and forks, their feasts, if the provisions are good in themselves, are disgusting; besides which, the *sofera*, or cloth on which the dinner is spread, is, from a superstitious notion that changing is unlucky, so intolerably dirty and offensive in odour, that the stranger can scarcely endure to sit beside it. With the *Chinese*, rice is the "staff of life," but all kinds of animal food are eagerly devoured; and pedlars offering for sale rats, cats, and dogs, may be seen in the streets of Chinese towns. It is uncertain whether a depraved taste or lack of superior animal food, induces a really civilized people to devour such flesh. Weak tea, without sugar, or milk, is the common beverage of the Chinese; in the use of ardent spirits they are moderate. The *Peguese*, worshipping crocodiles, will drink no water but from the ditches wherein those creatures abound, and consequently are frequently devoured by them. The *Siamese*, besides a variety of superior food, eat rats, lizards, and some kinds of insects. The *Battas* of Sumatra, prefer *human flesh* to all other, and speak with rapture of the soles of the feet and palms of the hands. Warm water is the usual beverage of the *Manilla* islanders. The *Japanese*, amongst other things, drink a kind of beer distilled from rice, and called *sacki;* it is kept constantly warm, and drunk after every morsel they eat. Cocoa-nut milk and water, is the common beverage of the natives of the *New Hebrides*. In *New Caledonia* so great is the scarcity of food, that the natives make constant war for the sake of eating their prisoners, and sometimes, to assuage the cravings of hunger, they bind ligatures tightly round their bodies and swallow oleaginous earth. The *New Zealanders* are cannibals sometimes in a dearth, and to gratify a spirit of vengeance against their enemies. The *New Hollanders*, near the sea, subsist on fish eaten raw, or nearly so; should a whale be cast ashore, it is never abandoned until its bones are picked; their substitute for bread, and that which forms their chief subsistence, is a species of fern roasted, pounded between stones, and mixed with fish. The general beverage of the negro tribes is palm-wine. No disgust is evinced by the *Bosjesman Hottentots* at the most nauseous food, and having shot an animal with a poisoned arrow, their only precaution, previous to tearing it in pieces and devouring it raw, is to cut out the envenomed part. Half a dozen Bosjesmans, will eat a fat sheep in an hour; they use no salt, and seldom drink anything, probably from the succulent nature of their food. The *Caffres* live chiefly on milk; they have no poultry, nor do they eat eggs. When flesh is boiled, each member of a family helps himself from the kettle with a pointed stick, and eats it in his hand. Their substitute for bread, which is made of Caffre-corn, a sort of millet, is the pith of a palm, indigenous to the country.

The *Lattakoos* eat, with equal zest, the flesh of elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, giraffes, quaggas, &c.; and sometimes, under an idea that it confers valour, human flesh, of which they have otherwise great abhorrence. They are very disgusting in their manner of preparing food. The *Abyssinians* usually eat the flesh of cattle raw, and sometimes, although we believe the fact has been much controverted, immediately as it is cut from the living animals. The *Bisharye*, a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, eat raw flesh, drink raw sheep's blood, and esteem the raw marrow of camels their greatest dainty.

The *Patagonians* eat raw flesh with no regard to cleanliness. The *Greenlanders* subsist on fish, seals, and sea-fowls, prepared and devoured in manners truly disgusting; train-oil is their sauce, and the blood of seals, their favourite beverage! Some of the *North American Indians* diet on the flesh of the sea-dog, parts of the whale and its fat, and an oil made of the blubber of both of these animals. Whilst, singular is the contrast, some of the *South American* tribes, are able to digest monkeys, blackened in, and dried by fire, to such a degree of wood-like hardness, as to be rendered capable of keeping, we dare not say how long.

Chacun à son gout, says one proverb, but we trust that the readers of this paper will, whenever they feel themselves inclined to quarrel with *English* fare, pause, and remember, another viz.:—"A man may go further and fare worse."

M. L. B.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

SINGULAR TENURE.

AMONG the records in the Tower of London, is one to the following effect:—King John gave several lands at Kipperton and Alterton, in Kent, to Solomon Atlefield to be held by this service:—"That as often as the King should please to cross the sea, the said Solomon or his heirs, should be obliged to go with him, to hold his majesty's head if there be occasion for it;" that is, should his majesty be sea-sick. And it appears by the record, that this same office of head-holding was accordingly performed afterwards, in the reign of Edward the First. R. S.

BOROUGH-ENGLISH.

(For the Mirror.)

THE custom of the manor of Woodford, Essex, is *Borough-English*, by which the youngest son inherits.

The origin of this custom has been a subject of much dispute; but it appears to have prevailed greatly among the East Saxons. Dr. Plot conjectured, that it was introduced by the lord of the manor's claiming the right of enjoying the bride, daughter of his tenant, on the wedding-night; therefore the villain or slave, doubting whether the eldest son was his own, made the youngest his heir. This custom prevailed among the Ancient Britons before there were either Saxons or villains.

By the laws of succession among the Ancient Britons, a man's land at his death did not descend to his eldest son, but was equally divided among all his sons; and when any dispute arose, it was determined by the Druids. The youngest son, it appears, was more favoured than the eldest or any of his brothers. "When the brothers have divided their father's estate, the youngest shall have the best house, with all the office-houses, the implements of husbandry, his father's kettle, his axe for cutting wood, and his knife. These three last things the father cannot give away by gift, nor leave by his last will to any but his youngest son, and if they are pledged they shall be redeemed."

To account for this law is not very difficult. The elder brothers of a family were supposed to have left their father's house before his death, and obtained a house and necessaries of their own; but the youngest, by reason o. his tender age, was considered as more helpless, and not so well provided.

HALBERT H.

STORM RAISING.

THE dread of storm raisers is universally prevalent amongst the Italian peasantry, and especially in mountainous districts. A Danish botanist, journeying alone upon an ass through the mountains of Abruzzi, was involved in several perilous adventures by this superstitious terror of the peasantry. They had for some time seen him collecting plants amongst the unfrequented cliffs and ravines, and watched his proceedings with suspicious curiosity. A few days later their district was ravaged by a succession of storms, their suspicions grew into certainty, and, assembling in considerable numbers, they attacked the unconscious botanist with a volley of stones, and cursed him as a storm-raising enchanter. He made vehement protestations of his innocence, but the enraged peasants took forcible possession of his collection, which they minutely examined. Finding only some harmless leaves and blossoms, and no roots, their fury abated, and, although it was suggested by some that he had probably used the roots in his incantations, the unfortunate herbalist was at length dismissed with fierce menaces, that if he dared to take a single root from the ground, it would cost him his life. In the mountains near Rome, the peasants regard with suspicion a singular costume, a stern cast of countenance, or any striking personal formation, in the strangers who arrive there. All travellers, thus peculiarly marked, are supposed to be enchanters and treasure-seekers, and the young Germans, in their black dresses, untrimmed beards, and long hair, are especial objects of suspicion.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

NEAPOLITAN SUPERSTITION.

THE Neapolitan sailors never go to sea without a box of small images or puppets, some of which are patron saints, inherited from their progenitors, while others are more modern, but of tried efficacy in the hour of peril. When a storm overtakes the vessel, the sailors leave her to her fate, and bring upon deck the box of saints, one of which is held up, and loudly prayed to for assistance. The storm, however, increases, and the obstinate or powerless saint is vehemently abused, and thrown upon the deck. Others are held up, prayed to, abused, and thrown down in succession, until the heavens become more propitious. The storm abates, all danger disappears, the saint last prayed to

acquires the reputation of miraculous efficacy, and, after their return to Naples, is honoured with prayers.—*Ibid.*

The Naturalist.

LENGTH AND FINENESS OF THE SILK-WORM'S WEB, &c.

BAKER in *The Microscope made Easy*, says, "A silkworm's web being examined, appeared perfectly smooth and shining, every where equal, and much finer than any thread the best spinster in the world can make, as the smallest twine is finer than the thickest cable. A pod of this silk being wound off, was found to contain 930 yards; but it is proper to take notice, that as two threads are glewed together by the worm through its whole length, it makes double the above number, or 1,860 yards; which being weighed with the utmost exactness, were found no heavier than two grains and a half. What an exquisite fineness is here! and yet, this is nothing when compared with the web of a small spider, or even with the silk that issued from the mouth of this very worm, when but newly hatched from the egg."

Under the article *Silk*, in *Rees's Cyclopædia*, the writer says, "that those who have examined it attentively, think they speak within compass, when they affirm that each ball contains silk enough to reach the length of *six* English miles."

Baker tells us, "not to neglect the *skins* these animals cast off three times before they begin to spin; for the eyes, mouth, teeth, ornaments of the head, and many other parts may be discovered better in the *cast*-off skins than in the real animal." P. T. W.

CUCKOO.

MR. JERDAN, editor of the *Literary Gazette*, in a letter to Mr. Loudon, says, "about fifteen years ago I obtained a cuckoo from the nest of (I think) a hedge sparrow, at Old Brompton, where I then resided. It was rather curious, as being within ten yards of my house, Cromwell Cottage, and in a narrow and much frequented lane, leading from near Gloucester Lodge to Kensington. This bird I reared and kept alive till late in January; when it fell suddenly from its perch, while feeding on a rather large dew worm. It was buried: but I had, long afterwards, strange misgivings, that my poor feathered favourite was only choked by his food, or in a fit of some kind—his apparent death was so extremely unexpected from his health and liveliness at the time. I assure you that I regretted my loss much, my bird being in full plumage and a very handsome creature. He was quite tame, for in autumn I used to set him on a branch of a tree in the garden, while I dug worms for him to dine upon, and he never attempted more than a short friendly flight. During the coldest weather, and it was rather a sharp winter, my only precaution was, nearly to cover his cage with flannel; and when I used to take it off, more or less, on coming into my breakfast room in the morning, I was recognised by him with certainly not all the cry "unpleasant to a married ear," but with its full half "*Cuck! Cuck!*"—the only sounds or notes I ever heard from my bird. Though trifling, these facts may be so far curious as illustrating the natural history of a remarkable genus, and I have great pleasure in offering them for your excellent Journal."

Mag. Nat. Hist.

MUSICAL SNAILS.

As I was sitting in my room, on the first floor, about nine P. M. (4th of October last), I was surprised with what I supposed to be the notes of a bird, under or upon the sill of a window. My impression was, that they somewhat resembled the notes of a wild duck in its nocturnal flight, and, at times, the twitter of a redbreast, in quick succession. To be satisfied on the subject, I carefully removed the shutter, and, to my surprise, found it was a garden snail, which, in drawing itself along the glass, had produced sounds similar to those elicited from the musical glasses.—*Ibid.*

BEWICK.

IN the museum at Newcastle are many of the identical specimens from which the illustrious townsman Bewick drew his figures for the wood-cuts which embellish his unique and celebrated work. This truly amiable man, and, beyond all comparison, greatest genius Newcastle has ever produced, died on the 8th of November last, in the 76th year of his age. He continued to the last in the enjoyment of all his faculties; his single-heartedness and enthusiasm not a jot abated, and his wonder-working pencil still engaged in tracing, with his wonted felicity and fidelity, those objects which had all his life afforded him such delight, and which have charmed, and must continue to charm, all those who have any relish for the pure and simple beauties of nature.—*Ibid.*

The Argonaut, or Paper Nautilus.

Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

This species of shell-fish, (see the cut,) is named from *Argonautes*, the companions of Jason, in the celebrated ship, Argo, and from the Latin *naus*, a ship; the shells of all the Nautili having the appearance of a ship with a very high poop. The shell of this interesting creature is no thicker than paper, and divided into forty compartments or chambers, through every one of which a portion of its body passes, connected as it were, by a thread. In the cut it is represented as sailing, when it expands two of its arms on high, and between these supports a membrane which serves as a sail, hanging the two other arms out of its shell, to serve as oars, the office of steerage being generally served by the tail.

The shell of the Nautilus being exceedingly thin and fragile, the tenant has many enemies, and among others the Trochus who makes war on it with unrelenting fury. Pursued by this cruel foe, it ascends to the top of the water, spreads its little sail to catch the flying breeze, and rowing with all its might, scuds along, like a galley in miniature, and often escapes its more cumbrous pursuer. Sometimes, however, all will not do, the Trochus nears and nears, and escape appears impossible; but when the little animal, with inexplicable ingenuity, suddenly and secretly extricates itself from its tortuous and fragile dwelling, the Trochus immediately turns to other prey. The Nautilus then returns to tenant and repair its little bark; but it too often happens, that before he can regain it, it is by a species of shipwreck, dashed to pieces on the shore. Thus wretchedly situated, this hero of the testaceous tribe seeks some obscure corner "where to die," but which seldom, if ever, happens, until after he has made extraordinary exertions to establish himself anew. What a fine picture of virtue nobly struggling with misfortune.*

When the sea is calm, whole fleets of these Nautili may be seen diverting themselves; but when a storm rises, or they are disturbed, they draw in their legs, take in as much water as makes them specifically heavier, than that in which they float, and then sink to the bottom. When they rise again they void this water by numerous holes, of which their legs are full. The other species of Nautilus, whose shell is thick, never quits that habitation. The shells of both varieties are exceedingly beautiful when polished, and produce high prices among Conchologists.

It is easy to conceive that the ingenious habits of this wonderful creature may have suggested to man the power of sailing upon the sea, and of the various apparatus by which he effects that object. The whole creation abounds with similar instances of Nature ministering to the proud purposes of art: one of them, the origin of the Gothic Arch from the "high o'erarching groves," is mentioned by Warburton, in his *Divine Legation*, and is a sublime lesson for besotted man.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

VIDOCQ.

[We have abridged one of the most striking chapters in the very extraordinary history of Vidocq; premising that the interest of the adventure will compensate for the space it here occupies.]

A short time before the first invasion (1814), M. Senard, one of the richest jewellers of the Palais Royal, having gone to pay a visit to his friend the Curé of Livry, found him in one of those perplexities which are generally caused by the approach of our good friends the enemy. He was anxious to secrete from the rapacity of the cossacks first the consecrated vessels, and then his own little treasures. After much hesitation, although in his situation he must have been used to interments, Monsieur le Curé decided on burying the objects which he was anxious to save, and

* Magazine of Natural History, No. 1.

M. Senard, who, like the other gossips and misers, imagined that Paris would be given over to pillage, determined to cover up, in a similar way, the most precious articles in his shop. It was agreed that the riches of the pastor and those of the jeweller should be deposited in the same hole. But, then, who was to dig the said hole? One of the singers in church was the very pearl of honest fellows, father Moiselet, and in him every confidence could be reposed. He would not touch a penny that did not belong to him. The hole, made with much skill, was soon ready to receive the treasure which it was intended to preserve, and six feet of earth were cast on the specie of the Curè, to which were united diamonds worth 100,000 crowns, belonging to M. Senard, and enclosed in a small box. The hollow filled up, the ground was so well flattened, that one would have betted with the devil that it had not been stirred since the creation. "This good Moiselet," said M. Senard, rubbing his hands, "has done it all admirably. Now, gentlemen cossacks, you must have fine noses if you find it out!" At the end of a few days the allied armies made further progress, and clouds of Kirguiz, Kalmucs, and Tartars, of all hordes and all colours, appeared in the environs of Paris. These unpleasant guests are, it is well known, very greedy for plunder: they made, every where, great ravages; they passed no habitation without exacting tribute: but in their ardour for pillage they did not confine themselves to the surface, all belonged to them to the centre of the globe; and that they might not be frustrated in their pretensions, these intrepid geologists made a thousand excavations, which, to the regret of the naturalists of the country, proved to them, that in France the mines of gold or silver are not so deep as in Peru. Such a discovery was well calculated to give them additional energy; they dug with unparalleled activity, and the spoil they found in many places of concealment threw the Crœsuses of many cantons into perfect despair. The cursed Cossacks! But yet the instinct which so surely led them to the spot where treasure was hidden, did not guide them to the hiding place of the Curè. It was like the blessing of heaven, each morning the sun rose and nothing new; nothing new when it set.

Most decidedly the finger of heaven must be recognised in the impenetrability of the mysterious inhumation performed by Moiselet. M. Senard was so fully convinced of it, that he actually mingled thanksgivings with the prayers which he made for the preservation and repose of his diamonds. Persuaded that his vows would be heard, in growing security he began to sleep more soundly, when one fine day, which was, of all days in the week, a Friday, Moiselet, more dead than alive, ran to the Curè's.

"Ah, sir, I can scarcely speak."

"What's the matter, Moiselet?"

"I dare not tell you. Poor M. le Curè, this affects me deeply, I am paralyzed. If my veins were open not a drop of blood would flow."

"What is the matter? You alarm me."

"The hole."

"Mercy! I want to learn no more. Oh, what a terrible scourge is war! Jeanneton, Jeanneton, come quickly, my shoes and hat."

"But, sir, you have not breakfasted."

"Oh, never mind breakfast."

"You know, sir, when you go out fasting you have such spasms ——."

"My shoes, I tell you."

"And then you complain of your stomach."

"I shall have no want of a stomach again all my life. Never any more—no, never—ruined."

"Ruined—Jesu—Maria! Is it possible? Ah! sir, run then,—run—."

Whilst the Curè dressed himself in haste, and, impatient to buckle the strap, could scarcely put on his shoes, Moiselet, in a most lamentable tone, told him what he had seen.

"Are you sure of it?" said the Curè, perhaps they did not take all."

"Ah, sir, God grant it, but I had not courage enough to look."

They went together towards the old barn, when they found that the spoilation had been complete. Reflecting on the extent of his loss, the Curè nearly fell to the ground. Moiselet was in a most pitiable state; the dear man afflicted himself more than if the loss had been his own. It was terrific to hear his sighs and groans. This was the result of love to one's neighbour. M. Senard little thought how great was the desolation at Livry. What was his despair on receiving the news of the event! In Paris the police is the providence of people who have lost any thing. The first idea, and the most natural one, that occurred to M. Senard was, that the robbery had been committed by the Cossacks, and, in such a case, the police could not avail him materially; but M. Senard took care not to suspect the Cossacks.

One Monday when I was in the office

of M. Henry, I saw one of those little abrupt, brisk men enter, who, at the first glance, we are convinced are interested and distrustful: it was M. Senard, who briefly related his mishap, and concluded by saying, that he had strong suspicions of Moiselet. M. Henry thought also that he was the author of the robbery, and I agreed with both. "It is very well," he said, "but still our opinion is only founded on conjecture, and if Moiselet keeps his own counsel we shall have no chance of convicting him. It will be impossible."

"Impossible!" cried M. Senard, "what will become of me? No, no, I shall not vainly implore your succour. Do not you know all? can you not do all when you choose? My diamonds! my poor diamonds! I will give one hundred thousand francs to get them back again."

[Vidocq promises to recover the jewels, and the jeweller offers him 10,000 francs.]

In spite of successive abatements of M. Senard, in proportion as he believed the discovery probable, I promised to exert every effort in my power to effect the desired result. But before any thing could be undertaken, it was necessary that a formal complaint should be made; and M. Senard and the Curè, thereupon, went to Pontoise, and the declaration being consequently made, and the robbery stated, Moiselet was taken up and interrogated. They tried every means to make him confess his guilt; but he persisted in avowing himself innocent, and, for lack of proof to the contrary, the charge was about to be dropped altogether, when to preserve it for a time, I set an agent of mine to work. He, clothed in a military uniform, with his left arm in a sling, went with a billet to the house where Moiselet's wife lived. He was supposed to have just left the hospital, and was only to stay at Livry for forty-eight hours; but a few moments after his arrival, he had a fall, and a pretended sprain suddenly occurred, which put it out of his power to continue his route. It was then indispensable for him to delay, and the mayor decided that he should remain with the cooper's wife until further orders.

The cooper's wife was charmed with his many little attentions. The soldier could write, and became her secretary; but the letters which she addressed to her dear husband were of a nature not to compromise her—not the least expression that can have a twofold construction—it was innocence corresponding with innocence. At length, after a few day's experience, I was convinced that my agent, in spite of his talent, would draw no profit from his mission. I then resolved to manœuvre in person, and, disguised as a travelling hawker, I began to visit the environs of Livry. I was one of those Jews who deal in every thing,—clothes, jewels, &c. &c.; and I took in exchange gold, silver, jewels, in fact, all that was offered me. An old female robber, who knew the neighbourhood perfectly, accompanied me in my tour: she was the widow of a celebrated thief, Germain Boudier, called Father Latuil, who, after having undergone half-a-dozen sentences, died at last at Saint Pelagie. I flattered myself that Madame Moiselet, seduced by her eloquence, and by our merchandize, would bring out the store of the Curè's crowns, some brilliant of the purest water, nay, even the chalice or paten, in case the bargain should be to her liking. My calculation was not verified; the cooper's wife was in no haste to make a bargain, and her coquetry did not get the better of her.

The Jew hawker was soon metamorphosed into a German servant; and under this disguise I began to ramble about the vicinity of Pontoise, with a design of being apprehended. I sought out the gendarmes, whilst I pretended to avoid them; but they, thinking I wished to get away from them, demanded a sight of my papers. Of course I had none, and they desired me to accompany them to a magistrate, who, knowing nothing of the jargon in which I replied to his questions, desired to know what money I had; and a search was forthwith commenced in his presence. My pockets contained some money and valuables, the possession of which seemed to astonish him. The magistrate, as curious as a commissary, wished to know how they came into my hands; and I sent him to the devil with two or three Teutonic oaths, of the most polished kind; and he, to teach me better manners another time, sent me to prison.

Once more the iron bolts were drawn upon me. At the moment of my arrival, the prisoners were playing in the prison yard, and the jailer introduced me amongst them in these terms, "I bring you a murderer of the parts of speech; understand him if you can."

They immediately flocked about me, and I was accosted with salutations of *Landsman* and *Meinheer* without end. During this reception, I looked out for the cooper of Livry.

[He meets with him.]

"Mossié, Mossié," I said, addressing the prisoner, who seemed to think I said Moiselet, "Mossié Fine Hapit, (not knowing his name, I so designated him, because his coat was the colour of flesh,) sacrement, ter teufle, no tongue to me; yer Francois, I miseraple, I trink vine; faut trink for gelt, plack vine."

I pointed to his hat, which was black; he did not understand me; but on making a gesture that I wanted to drink, he found me perfectly intelligible. All the buttons of my great coat were twenty-franc pieces; I gave him one: he asked if they had brought the wine, and soon afterwards I heard a turnkey say,

"Father Moiselet, I have taken up two bottles for you." The flesh-coloured coat was then Moiselet. I followed him into his room, and we began to drink with all our might. Two other bottles arrived; we only went on in couples. Moiselet, in his capacity of chorister, cooper, sexton, &c. &c. was no less a sot than gossip; he got tipsy with great good-will, and incessantly spoke to me in the jargon I had assumed.

Matters progressed well; after two or three hours such as these I pretended to get stupid. Moiselet, to set me to rights, gave me a cup of coffee without sugar; after coffee came glasses of water. No one can conceive the care which my new friend took of me; but when drunkenness is of such a nature it is like death—all care is useless. Drunkenness overpowered me. I went to bed and slept; at least Moiselet thought so; but I saw him many times fill my glass and his own, and gulp them both down. The next day, when I awoke, he paid me the balance, three francs and fifty centimes, which, according to him, remained from the twenty-franc piece. I was an excellent companion; Moiselet found me so, and never quitted me. I finished the twenty-franc piece with him, and then produced one of forty francs, which vanished as quickly. When he saw it drunk out also he feared it was the last.

"Your button again," said he to me, in a tone of extreme anxiety, and yet very comical.

I showed him another coin. "Ah, your large button again," he shouted out, jumping for joy.

This button went the same way as all the other buttons, until at length, by dint of drinking together, Moiselet understood and spoke my language almost as well as I did myself, and we could then disclose our troubles to each other. Moiselet was very curious to know my history, and that which I trumped up was exactly adapted to inspire the confidence I wished to create.

"My master and I come to France—I was tomestic—master of mein Austrian marechal—Austrian with de gelt in family. Master always roving, always gay, joint regiment at Montreau. Montreau, oh, mein Gott, great, great pattle—many sleep no more but in death. Napoleon coom—poum, poum go gannon. Prusse, Austrian, Rousse all disturb. I, too, much disturb. Go on my ways with master mein, with my havresac on mein horse—poor teufel was I—but there was gelt in it. Master mein say, 'Galop, Fritz.' I called Fritz in home mein. Fritz galop to Pondi—there halt Fritz—place havresac not visible; and if I get again to Yarmany with havresac, me rich becomen, mistress mein rich, father mein rich, you too rich."

Although the narrative was not the cleverest in the world, father Moiselet swallowed it all as gospel: he saw well that during the battle of Montereau, I had fled with my master's portmanteau, and hidden it in the forest of Bondy. The confidence did not astonish him, and had the effect of acquiring for me an increase of his affection. This augmentation of friendship, after a confession which exposed me as a thief, proved to me that he had an accommodating conscience. I thenceforth remained convinced that he knew better than any other person what had become of the diamonds of M. Senard, and that it only depended on him to give me full and accurate information.

One evening, after a good dinner, I was boasting to him of the delicacies of the Rhine: he heaved a deep sigh, and then asked me if there was good wine in that country.

"Yes, yes," I answered, "goot vine and charming girl."

"Charming girl too!"

"Ya, ya."

"Landsman, shall I go with you."

"Ya, ya, me grat content."

"Ah, you content, well! I quit France, yield the old woman, (he showed me by his fingers that Madame Moiselet was three-and-thirty,) and in your land I take little girl no more as fifteen years."

"Ya, bien, a girl no infant: a! you is a brave lad."

Moiselet returned more than once to his project of emigration; he thought seriously of it, but to emigrate liberty was requisite, and they were not inclined to let us go out. I suggested to him

that he should escape with me on the first opportunity—and when he had promised me that we would not separate, not even to take a last adieu of his wife, I was certain that I should soon have him in my toils. This certainly was the result of very simple reasoning. Moiselet, said I to myself, will follow me to Germany: people do not travel or live on air: he relies on living well there: he is old, and, like king Solomon, proposes to tickle his fancy with some little Abishag of Sunem. Oh, father Moiselet has found the *black hen;* here he has no money, therefore his black hen is not here; but where is she? We shall soon learn, for we are to be henceforward inseparable.

As soon as my man had made all his reflections, and that, with his head full of his castles in Germany, he had so soon resolved to expatriate himself, I addressed to the king's attorney-general a letter, in which, making myself known as the superior agent of the Police de Súreté, I begged him to give an order that I should be sent away with Moiselet, he to go to Livry, and I to Paris.

We did not wait long for the order, and the jailer announced it to us, on the eve of its being put into execution; and I had the night before me to fortify Moiselet in his resolutions. He persisted in them more strongly than ever, and acceded with rapture to the propo sition I made him of effecting an escape from our escort as soon as it was feasible.

So anxious was he to commence his journey, that he could not sleep. At daybreak, I gave him to understand that I took him for a thief as well as myself.

"Ah, ah, grip also," said I to him, "deep, deep François, you not spoken, but tief all as von."

He made me no answer; but when, with my fingers squeezed together *à la Normande*, he saw me make a gesture of grasping something, he could not prevent himself from smiling, with that bashful expression of *Yes*, which he had not courage to utter. The hypocrite had some shame about him, the shame of a devotee. I was understood.

At length the wished-for moment of departure came, which was to enable us to accomplish our designs. Moiselet was ready three whole hours beforehand, and to give him courage, I had not neglected to push about the wine and brandy, and he did not leave the prison until after having received all his sacraments.

We were tied with a very thin cord, and on our way he made me a signal that there would be no difficulty in breaking it. He did not think that he should break the charm which had till then preserved him. The further we went the more he testified that he placed his hopes of safety in me: at each minute he reiterated a prayer that I would not abandon him; and I as often replied, "Ya, François, ya, I not leave you." At length the decisive moment came, the cord was broken. I leaped a ditch, which separated us from a thicket. Moiselet, who seemed young again, jumped after me: one of the gendarmes alighted to follow us, but to run and jump in jack-boots and with a heavy sword was difficult; and whilst he made a circuit to join us, we disappeared in a hollow, and were soon lost to view.

A path into which we struck led us to the wood of Vaujours. There Moiselet stopped, and having looked carefully about him, went towards some bushes. I saw him then stoop, plunge his arm into a thick tuft, whence he took out a spade: arising quickly, he went on some paces without saying a word; and when we reached a birch tree, several of the boughs of which I observed were broken, he took off his hat and coat, and began to dig. He went to work with so much good-will, that his labour rapidly advanced. Suddenly he stooped down, and then escaped from him that ha! which betokens satisfaction, and which informed me, without the use of a conjuror's rod, that he had found his treasure. I thought the cooper would have fainted; but recovering himself, he made two or three more strokes with his spade, and the box was exposed to view. I seized on the instrument of his toil, and suddenly changing my language, declared, in very good French, that he was my prisoner.

"No resistance," I said, "or I will cleave your skull in two."

At this threat he seemed in a dream; but when he knew that he was gripped by that iron hand which had subdued the most vigorous malefactors, he was convinced that it was no vision. Moiselet was as quiet as a lamb. I had sworn not to leave him, and kept my word. During the journey to the station of the brigade of gendarmerie, where I deposited him, he frequently cried out,

"I am done—who could have thought it? and he had such a simple look too!"

At the assizes of Versailles, Moiselet was sentenced to six months' solitary confinement.

M. Senard was overpowered with joy at having recovered his hundred thousand crowns worth of diamonds. Faithful to his system of abatement, he reduced the

reward one-half; and still there was difficulty in getting five thousand francs from him, out of which I had been compelled to expend more than two thousand: in fact, at one moment I really thought I should have been compelled to bear the expenses myself.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE TOYMAN IS ABROAD.

"En fait d'inutilités, il ne faut que le nécessaire." CHAMFORT.

THERE is no term in political philosophy more ambiguous and lax in its meaning than Luxury. In Ireland, salt with a potato is, by the peasant, placed in this category. Among the Cossacks, a clean shirt is more than a luxury—it is an effeminacy; and a Scotch nobleman is reported to have declared, that the act of scratching one's self is a luxury too great for any thing under royalty. The Russians (there is no disputing on tastes) hold train-oil to be a prime luxury; and I remember seeing a group of them following an exciseman on the quays at Dover to plunder the oil casks, as they were successively opened for his operations. A poor Finland woman, who for her sins had married an Englishman and followed him to this country, was very glad to avail herself of her husband's death to leave a land where the people were so unhappy as to be without a regular supply of seal's flesh for their dinner. While the good man lived, her affection for him somewhat balanced her hankering after this native luxury; but no sooner was the husband dead, than her lawyer-like propensity re-assumed its full force, and, like Proteus released from his chains, she abandoned civilized life to get back to her favourite shores, to liberty, and the animals of her predilection. "If I were rich," said a poor farmer's boy, "I would eat fat pudding, and ride all day on a gate;" which was evidently his highest idea of human luxury. But it is less with the quality of our indulgences, than their extent, that I have now to treat. Diogenes, who prided himself on cutting his coat according to his cloth, and thought himself a greater man, in proportion as he diminished his wants, placed his luxuries in idleness and sunshine, and seems to have relished these enjoyments with as much sensuality as Plato did his fine house and delicate fare. Even he was more reasonable than those sectarians, who have prevailed in almost all religions, and who, believing that the Deity created man for the express purpose of inflicting upon him every species of torture, have inveighed against the most innocent gratifications, and have erected luxury into a deadly sin. These theologians will not allow a man to eat his breakfast with a relish; and impute it as a vice if he smacks his lips, though it be but after a draught of water. Nay, there have been some who have thought good roots and Adam's ale too great luxuries for a Christian lawfully to indulge in; and they have purposely ill-cooked their vegetables, and mixed them with ashes, and even more disgusting things, to mortify the flesh, as they called it—i. e. to offer a sacrifice of their natural feelings to the demon of which they have made a god.

Of late years, more especially, our ideas on this subject have much enlarged; and all ranks of Englishmen hold an infinity of objects as prime necessaries, which their more modest ancestors ranked as luxuries, fit only for their betters to enjoy. This should be a matter of sincere rejoicing to all true patriots; because it affords indubitable evidence of the progress of civilization. A civilized gentleman differs from a savage, principally in the multiplicity of his wants; and Mandeville, in his fable of the bees, has proved to demonstration that extravagance is the mother of commerce. What, indeed, are steam-engines, macadamized roads, man-traps that break no bones, patent cork-screws, and detonating fowling-pieces, safety coaches and cork legs, but luxuries, at which a cynic would scoff; yet how could a modern Englishman get on without them? It is perfectly true that our Henries and Edwards contrived to beat their enemies unassisted by these inventions. Books, likewise, which were a luxury scarcely known to the wisdom of our ancestors, are a luxury now so indispensable, that there is hardly a mechanic who has not his little library: while a piano forte also has become as necessary to a farm-house as a mangle or a frying-pan; and there are actually more copies printed of "Cherry ripe," than of Tull's husbandry. Is not a silver fork, moreover, an acknowledged necessary in every decent establishment? while the barbarous Mussulman dispenses with knives and forks altogether, and eats his meal, like a savage as he is, with his fingers. Nor can it be deemed an objection to this hypothesis, that the Turk, who rejects all the refinements of European civilization, excepting only gunpowder, esteems four wives to be necessary to a decent establishment; while the most clear-

sighted Englishmen think one more than enough for enjoyment. The difference is more formal than real.

Henry the fourth of France had but one coach between himself and his queen; whereas no respectable person can now dispense at the least with a travelling chariot, a barouche, a cab, and a dennet. Civilization, which received a temporary check during the revolutionary war, has resumed its march in double-quick time since the Continent has been opened. Champaigne and ices have now become absolute necessaries at tables where a bottle of humble port and a supernumerary pudding were esteemed luxuries, fit only for honouring the more solemn rites of hospitality. I say nothing of heads of hair, and false (I beg pardon—artificial) teeth; without which, at a certain age, there is no appearing. A bald head, at the present day, is as great an indecency as Humphrey Clinker's unmentionables; and a dismantled mouth an outrage on well-bred society. Then, again, how necessary is a cigar and a meerschaum to a well-appointed man of fashion, and how can a gentleman possibly show at Melton without at least a dozen hunters, and two or three hacks, to ride to cover! Yet no one in his senses would tax these things as luxuries; or would blame his friend for getting into the King's Bench for their indulgence. Even the most austere judges of the land, and the most jealous juries of tradesmen, have borne ample testimony to the reasonableness of this modern extension of the wants of life, by the liberal allowance of necessaries which they have sanctioned in the tailors' bills of litigating minors. This liberality, indeed, follows, as consequence follows cause. Some one has found, or invented, a story of a shipwrecked traveller's hailing the gallows as the sure token of a civilized community. But the jest is by no means a *ben trovato;* the member of gibbets being inversely as the perfection of social institutions; and if any one object, that England, while it is the best-governed country in Europe—its envy and admiration—is also a hanging community *par excellence*, I must beg to remind him of the intense interest which an English public feels in the victims of capital punishment, in the Thurtells and the Fauntleroys; as also of the universal conviction prevailing in England, that the gallows is a short and sure cut to everlasting happiness. From all this, if there is any force in logic, we must conclude, that hanging, in this country, is only applied *honoris causâ*, as an ovation, in consideration of the great and magnanimous daring of the Alexanders and Cæsars on a small scale, to whom the law adjudges the "palmam qui meruit ferat." The real and true test of a refined polity is not the gallows; but is to be found rather in such well-imagined insolvent laws, as discharge a maximum of debt with a minimum of assets; and rid a gentleman annually of his duns, with the smallest possible quantity of corporeal inconvenience. When luxuries become necessaries, insolvency is the best safety-valve to discharge the surplus dishonesty of the people, which, if pent up, would explode in dangerous overt acts of crime and violence; and it should be encouraged accordingly.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Notes of a Reader.

THE LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS.

THE only notice which occurs of "The Last of the Plantagenets" is, says the author of a Romance with the above name, in Peck's "Desiderata Curiosa," where a letter is inserted from Dr. Brett to Dr. Warren, the president of Trinity Hall, in which he says that, calling on Lord Winchilsea in 1720, his lordship pointed out to him this entry in the register of Eastwell—"Anno 1550, Rycharde Plantagenet was buryed the 22nd daye of December;" beyond this, not a word is known of him excepting what tradition affords, which, with some slight variations, for there are two versions of his history, is as follows:—When Sir Thomas Moyle built Eastwell, he observed that his principal bricklayer, whenever he quitted his work, retired with a book, a circumstance which attracted his attention, and on inquiry he found he was reading Latin: he then told Sir Thomas his secret, which was, that he was boarded with a Latin schoolmaster, without knowing who were his relations, until he was fifteen or sixteen; that he was occasionally visited by a gentleman who provided for his expenses; that this person one day took him to a fine house where he was presented to a gentleman handsomely drest, wearing a "star and garter," who gave him money, and conducted him back to school; that some time afterwards the same gentleman came to him, and took him into Leicestershire and to Bosworth Field, when he was carried to king Richard's tent; that the king embraced him, told him he was his son; adding, "Child, to-morrow, I must fight for my

crown; and assure yourself, if I lose that, I will lose my life too, but I hope to preserve both, do you stand in such a place (pointing to the spot) where you may see the battle, out of danger, and when I have gained the victory come to me. I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you: but if I should lose the battle, then shift as well as you can, and take care to let nobody know that I am your father, for no mercy will be shown to any one so nearly related to me;" that the king gave him a purse of gold and dismissed him; that he followed those directions, and when he saw the battle was lost and the king slain, he hastened to London, sold his horse and his fine clothes, and the better to conceal himself from all suspicion of being the son of a king, and that he might gain a livelihood, he put himself apprentice to a bricklayer, and generally spent his spare time in reading. Sir Thomas, finding him very old, is said to have offered him *the run of his kitchen*, which he declined, on the ground of his patron having a large family; but asked his permission to build a small house in one of his fields, and this being granted, he built a cottage, and continued in it till his death.

ANTIQUITIES BURLESQUED.

We have often been amused with the different wonders of ancient Rome, but seldom more than with the following piece of antiquarianism burlesqued:—

M. Simond, in his Tour in Italy and Sicily, tells us that the Coliseum is too ruinous—that the Egyptian Museum in the Vatican puts him in mind of the five wigs in the barber Figaro's shop-window—that the Apollo Belvidere looks like a broken-backed young gentleman shooting at a target for the amusement of young ladies. Speaking of the Etruscan vases, he says, "As to the alleged elegance of form, I should be inclined to appeal from the present to succeeding generations, when the transformation of every pitcher, milk-pot and butter-pan, into an antique shape, has completely burlesqued away the classical feeling, and restored impartiality to taste."

About six or seven-and-twenty years ago, an effort was made to revive the fashion of ladies visiting the House of Commons. The late Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, upon one or two occasions made her appearance, with a female attendant, in the side-gallery. The royal visit soon became generally known, and several other females were tempted to follow the example. Among these was Mrs. Sheridan, the wife of the late Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan; but this lady, considering herself an intruder, to whose presence, if known, exception might be taken, thought fit to disguise her person in male attire. Her fine dark hair was combed smooth on her forehead, and made to sit close, in good puritanical trim, while a long, loose, brown coat concealed her feminine proportions. Thus prepared, she took her seat in the Strangers' Gallery, anxious to witness a display of her husband's eloquence; but he did not speak, and the debate proved without any interest. The female aspirants whose taste was thus excited, were, however, confined to a few blue-stocking belles, without influence to set the fashion; and the attempt did not succeed.

MOCHA.

The buildings of Mocha are so white, that it seems as if excavated from a quarry of marble; and this whiteness of the town forms a curious contrast with the blueness of the sea. The materials, however, of which Mocha is constructed, are nothing better than unburnt bricks, plastered over, and whitewashed. The coffee bean is cultivated in the interior, and is thence brought to Mocha for exportation. The Arabs themselves use the husks, which make but an inferior infusion. Vegetables are grown round the town, and fruits are brought from Senna; while grain, horses, asses, and sheep, are imported from Abyssinia. There are twelve schools in the town; and, inland, near Senna, there are colleges, in which the twelve branches of Mohomedan sciences are taught, as is usual in Turkey and India. Arab women marry about the age of sixteen; they are allowed great liberty in visiting one another, and can divorce their husbands on very slight grounds. Every lady who pays a visit, carries a small bag of coffee with her, which enables "her to enjoy society without putting her friends to expense." — *Lushington's Journey from Calcutta to Europe.*

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS.

Every one acquainted with the public press of Europe, must have observed the contrast which a London Newspaper forms with the journals of every other capital in Europe. The foreign journals never break in upon the privacy of

domestic life. There the fame of parties and dinners is confined to the rooms which constitute their scene, and the names of the individuals who partake of them never travel out of their own circle. How widely different is the practice of the London Journals! A lady of fashion can find no place so secret where she can hide herself from their search. They follow her from town to country, from the country to the town. They trace her from the breakfast-table to the Park, from the Park to the dinner-table, from thence to the Opera or the ball, and from her boudoir to her bed. They trace her every where. She may make as many doubles as a hare, but they are all in vain; it is impossible to escape pursuit; and yet the introduction of female names into the daily newspapers, now so common, is only of modern date.

The late Sir Henry Dudley Bate, editor of *The Morning Herald*, was the first person who introduced females into the columns of a newspaper. He was at the time editor of *The Morning Post*.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE

REFLECTION IN A FLOWER GARDEN.

I HATE the flower whose wanton breast*
Awaits the sun at morn and noon,
And when he's hid behind the west,
As gaily flaunteth with the moon.

Mine be the flower of virgin leaf,
That when its sire has left the plain,
Wraps up its charms in silent grief,
Nor ope's them till he comes again.

E. K.

A "THIN NIGHT" AT VAUXHALL.

THERE were fewer audience than performers, and those made up of fellows evidently not in the habit of shirt-wearing; of women there were very few—of ladies none; the fireworks were bad and brief, and the waterworks the most absurd affair I ever beheld; the thing was overdone. To the people who would like to go to Vauxhall in fine weather, second-rate Italian singing and broken down English prima donnas are no inducement, a bad ballet in a booth has no attraction, and an attempt at variety mars the whole affair. Vauxhall is a delightful place to go to in fine weather with a pleasant party; give us space to walk, light up that space, and shelter us from the elements, set the military bands to play popular airs, and we ask no more for our four or five shillings, or whatever it is; but the moment tumbling is established in various parts of the garden, and the whole thing is made a sort of Bartholomew Fair, the object of breathing a little fresher air, and hearing ourselves talk is ended; crowds of raffs in boots and white neckcloths attended by their dowdy damsels and waddling wives, rush from one place to another, helter skelter, knocking over the few quiet people to whom the "sights" are a novelty; turning what in the days of the late Lady Castlereagh, the present Duchess of Bedford, the first Duchess of Devonshire, and the last Duchess of Gordon (but one) was a delightful reunion of fashion, into a tea-garden (without tea) or a bear-garden—not without bears.—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

* There be some flowers that do remain quite unclosed, during not only the day, but during also the night. There be others which do likewise open during the day, albeit when night cometh, they close themselves up until the sun do appear, when they again ope their beautifulness.—*Old Botanist.*

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AND LORD NOEL BYRON.

IT is a singular coincidence, not unworthy of remark, that the initials of two of the most singular men of their own, and perhaps of any age, the Emperor Napoleon of France, and Lord Noel Byron of England, used the same letters as an abbreviation of their name, N. B. which likewise denotes *Nota Bene*. It was not the habit of either to affix his name to letters, but merely N. B.

R. W.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND THE DUSTMAN.

As the late beautiful Duchess of Devonshire was one day stepping out of her carriage, a dustman, who was accidentally standing by, and was about to regale himself with his accustomed whiff of tobacco, caught a glance of her countenance, and instantly exclaimed, "Love and bless you, my lady, let me light my pipe in your eyes!" The duchess was so delighted with this compliment, that she frequently afterwards checked the strain of adulation, which was so constantly offered to her charms, by saying, "Oh! after the dustman's compliment, all others are insipid."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 539, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 382.] SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1829. [Price 2d.

Pope's Temple, at Hagley.

Reader! are you going out of town "*in search of the picturesque*"? if so, bend your course to the classic, the consecrated ground of Hagley! think of Lyttleton, Pope, Shenstone, and Thomson, or refresh your memory from the "*Spring*" of the latter, as—

Courting the muse, thro' *Hagley* Park thou strayst,
Thy *British Tempe!* There along the dale,
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace; the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the 'plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear.

Such is the fervid language in which the Poet of the year invoked

"Lyttleton, the friend!"

Yet these lines will kindle the delight and reverence of every lover of Nature, in common with the effect of the *Seasons* on the reader, who "wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses."*

But we quit these nether flights to song to describe the locality of Hagley Park, of whose beauties our Engraving is but a mere vignette, and in comparison like holding a candle to the sun. The village of Hagley is a short distance from Bromsgrove, in Worcestershire, whence the pleasantest route to the park is to turn to the right on the Birmingham road, which cuts the grounds into two unequal parts. The house is a plain and even simple, yet classical edifice. Whately, in his work on Gardening, describes it as surrounded by a lawn, of fine uneven ground, and diversified with large clumps, little groups, and single trees; it is open in front, but covered on one side by the Witchbury hills; on the other side, and behind by the eminences in the park, which are high and steep, and all overspread with a lofty hanging wood. The lawn pressing to the front, or creeping up the slopes of three hills, and sometimes winding along glades

* Johnson's Life of Thomson.

into the depth of the wood, traces a beautiful outline to a sylvan scene, already rich to luxuriance in massive foliage, and stately growth. The present house was built by the first Lord Lyttleton, not on, but near to, the site of the ancient family mansion, a structure of the sixteenth century. Admission may be obtained on application to the housekeeper; and for paintings, carving, and gilding, Hagley is one of the richest show-houses in the kingdom.*

Much as the visiter will admire the refined taste displayed within the mansion, his admiration will be heightened by the classic taste in which the grounds are disposed. A short distance from the house, embosomed in trees, stands the church, built in the time of Henry III.; with a sublime Gothic arch, richly painted windows, and a ceiling fretted with the heraldic fires of the Lyttleton family, whose tombs are placed on all sides; among them, the resting-place of the gay poet is distinguished by the following plain inscription:—

> This unadorned stone was placed here
> By the particular desire and express
> Directions of the Right Honourable
> GEORGE, LORD LYTTLETON,
> Who died August 22, 1773, aged 64

Leaving the church we ascend to the crest of a hill on which stands the Prince of Wales's Pillar. From this point, the view is inexpressibly beautiful, in which may be seen an octagon seat sacred to the memory of Thomson, and erected on the brow of a verdant steep, his favourite spot. In the foreground is a gently winding valley; on the rising hill beyond is a noble wood, [illegible] whilst to the right the open country fades in the distance; on the left the Clent hills appear, and a dusky antique tower stands just below them, at the extremity of the wood; whilst in the midst of it, we can discern the *Doric temple sacred to Pope*. This exquisite gem of the picturesque is represented in our Engraving.

In the adjoining grove of oaks is the antique tower; in a beautiful amphitheatre of wood, an Ionic rotunda; and in an embowering grove a Palladian bridge, with a light airy portico. Here on a fine lawn is the urn inscribed to Pope, mentioned by Shenstone:

> Here Pope! oh, never must that towering mind
> To his loved haunts, or dearer friend return;
> What art, what friendship! oh! what fame resign'd:
> In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

At the end of the valley, in an obscure corner is a hermitage, composed of roots and moss, whence we look down on a piece of water in the hollow, thickly shaded with tall trees, *(see the engraving,)* over which is a fine view of distant landscape. This spot is the extremity of the park, and the Clent hills rise in all their wild irregularity, immediately behind it.

We have not space to describe, or rather to abridge from Whately's beautiful description, a tithe of the classic embellishments of Hagley. Shenstone as well as Pope has here his votive urn. Ivied ruin, temple, grotto, statue, fountain, and bridge; the proud portico and the humble rustic seat, alternate amidst these ornamental charms, and never were [illegible] and art more delightfully blended than in the beauties of Hagley. Here Pope, Shenstone, and Thomson † passed many hours of calm contemplation and poetic ease, amidst the hospitalities of the noble owner of Hagley. To think of their kindred spirits haunting its groves, and their imaginative contrivances of votive temples, urns, and tablets, and to combine them with these enchanting scenes of Nature, is to realize all that Poets have sung of Arcadia of old. Happy! happy life for the man of letters; what a retreat must your bowers have afforded from the common-place perplexities of every-day life: Alas! the picture is almost too sunny for sober contemplation.

---

* *Show-houses* is a very appropriate term for such of the mansions of our nobility and gentry as are open to public inspection. Hagley is extremely rich in treasures of art. A mere catalogue of them would occupy the whole of our sheet; but we must notice two curiously carved mahogany tables, which cost £200.; four exquisitely carved busts of Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, and Dryden, by Scheimaker, and bequeathed to George, Lord Lyttleton, by Pope; the portrait of Pope and his dog, Bounce; a fine Madonna, by Rubens; several pictures by Vandyke, Sir Peter Lely, Le Brun, &c. &c. the Gobelin tapestry of the drawing room; the ceiling painted by Cipriani; and the family pictures, among which is Judge Lyttleton, copied from the painted glass in the Middle Temple Hall.

† Thomson's affectionate letter to his sister, (quoted by Johnson, who received it from Boswell,) is dated "Hatley, in Worcestershire, October the 4th, 1747."

STANZAS.

(For the Mirror.)

> When we pierce the grey mist, the dark mantle of time,
> Enshrouding the scenes, and the deeds of the past—
> What a host in the volume are records of crime!
> How few are the actions of virtue that last;
> In the carnage of conquest see annals of pride,
> Like beacons of glory that shine in the blast,
> Whilst the storm howls around; even t me they deride;
> Whilst honesty's acts in oblivion are cast.
>
> CYMBELINE.

INGRATITUDE.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

(For the Mirror.)

HENCE, faithless wretch! thou hast forgot the hand
That sav'd thee from oppression—from the grasp
Of want. I fed you once—then you was poor:
Even as I am now. Yet from the store
Of your abundance, you refuse to grant
The veriest trifle. May the bounty
Of that great God who gave you what you have
Ne'er from you flow. You have forgot me, sir,
But I remember ere I left this land,
By way of traffic for the western world,
I had a favourite, faithful dog,
Who for the kindnesses I pour'd upon him
Would fawn upon me: not in flattery,
But in a sort that spoke his generous nature.
Lasting as memory,
Faster than friendship—deeper than the wave
Is the affection of a mindless brute.
In a few hours (for I can almost see
The cot wherein these travell'd bones were cradled,)
I shall have ended an untoward enterprize,
And if that honest creature I have told you of
Still breathes this vital air, and will not know me,
May hospitality keep closed her gates
Against me, till I find a home within
The grave. CYMBELINE.

M. BOILEAU TO HIS GARDENER.

IMITATED.

(For the Mirror.)

INDUSTRIOUS man, thou art a prize to me,
The best of masters—surely born for thee;
Thou keeper art of this my rural seat,*
Kept at my charge to keep my garden neat;
To train the woodbine and to crop the yew—
In th' art of gard'ning equall'd p'rhaps by few.
O! could I cultivate my barren soul,
As thou this garden canst so well control;
Pluck up each brier and thorn, by frequent toil,
And clear the mind as thou canst cleanse the soil†

But now, my faithful servant, Anthony,
Just speak, and tell me what you think of me;
When through the day amidst the gard'ning trade
You bear the wat'ring pot, or wield the spade,
And by your labour cause each part to yield,
And make my garden like a fruitful field;
What say you, when you see me musing there
With looks intent as lost in anxious care,
And sending forth my sentiments in words
That oft intimidate the peaceful birds?
Dost thou not then suppose me void of rest,
Or think some demon agitates my breast?
You villagers, you know, are wont to say
Thy master's fam'd for writing many a lay;
'Mongst other matters too he's known to sing
The glorious acts of our victorious king;‡
Whose martial fame resounds thro' every town
Unparallel'd in wisdom and renown.

You know it well—and by this garden wall
P'rhaps Mons and Namur § at this instant fall,
What shouldst thou think if haply some should say
This noted chronicler's employ'd to-day
In writing something new—and thus his time
Devotes to thee—to paint his thoughts in rhyme?
My master, thou wouldst say, can ably teach,
And often tells me more than parsons preach;
But still, methinks, if he was forc'd to toil
Like me each day—to cultivate the soil,
To prune the trees, to keep the fences round,
Reduce the rising to the level ground,
Draw water from the fountains near at hand
To cheer and fertilize the thirsty land,
He would not trade in trifles such as these,
And drive the peaceful linnets from the trees.

Now, Anthony, I plainly see that you
Suppose yourself the busiest of the two;
But ah methinks you'd tell a diff'rent tale
If two whole days beyond the garden pale
You were to leave the mattock and the spade
And all at once take up the poet's trade:
To give a manuscript a fairer face,
And all the beauty of poetic grace;
Or give the most offensive flower that blows
Carnation's sweets, and colours of the rose;
And change the homely language of the clown
To suit the courtly readers of the town—
Just such a work, in fact, I mean to say,
As well might please the critics of the day!

Soon from this work returning tir'd and lean,
More tann'd than though you'd twenty summers seen,
The wonted gard'ning tools again you'd take
Your long-accustom'd shovel and your rake;
And then exclaiming, you would surely say,
'Twere better far to labour many a day
Than e'er attempt to take such useless flights,
And vainly strive to gain poetic heights,
Impossible to reach—I might as soon
Ascend at once and land upon the moon!

Come, Anthony, attend: let me explain
(Although an idler) weariness and pain.
Man's ever rack'd and restless, here below,
And at his best estate must labour know.
Then comes fatigue. The Sisters nine may please
And promise poets happiness and ease:
But e'en amidst those trees, that cooling shade,
That calm retreat for them expressly made,
No rest they find—there rich effusions flow
In all the measures bardic numbers know:
Thus on their way in endless toil they move,
And spend their strength in labours that they love.
Beneath the trees the bards the muses haunt,
And with incessant toil are seen to pant;
But still amidst their pains, they pleasure find
An ample entertainment for the mind.
But, after all, 'tis plain enough to me,
A man unstudious, must unhappy be;
Who deems a dull, inactive life the best,
A life of laziness, a life of rest;
A willing slave to sloth—and well I know,
He suffers much who nothing has to do.
His mind beclouded, he obscurely sees,
And free from busy life imagines ease.
All sinful pleasures reign without control,
And passions unsubdued pollute the soul;

* Antenil, near Paris.
† Horace speaks thus to his steward in the country. Epistle xiv. book I.
‡ Lewis XIV.
§ See Ode sur la prise de Namur.

He thus indulges in impure desires,
Which long have lurk'd within, like latent fires:
At length they kindle—burst into a flame
On him they sport—sad spectacle of shame.
Remorse ensues—with every fierce disease,
The stone and cruel gout upon him seize;
To quell their rage some fam'd physicians come
Who scarce less cruel, crowd the sick man's room;
On him they operate—these learned folk,
Make him saw rocks, and cleave the solid oak;*
And gladly would the man his fate resign
For such an humble, happy state as thine.
Be thankful, Anthony, and think with me,
The poor hardworking man may happier be
If blest with strength, activity, and health,
Than those who roll in luxury and wealth.
Two truths important, I proceed to tell,
One is a truth, you surely know full well;
That labour is essential here below
To man—a source of weal instead of woe:
The other truth, few words suffice to prove,
No blame attaches to the life I love.
So still attend—but I must say no more,
I plainly see, you wish my sermon o'er;
You gape, you close your eyes, you drop your chin,
Again methinks I'd better not begin.
Besides, these melons seem to wish to know
The reason why they are neglected so;
And ask if yonder village holds its feast
And thou awhile art there detained a guest,
While all the flowery tribes make sad complaint,
For want of water they are grown quite faint.

Tipton. T. S. A.

* This metaphor has been considered too bold, and perhaps justly, but *Despréaux* did not think it so. He observed to *M. Dagueseau* that if this line were not good, he might burn the whole production.

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

LIVES OF BRITISH PAINTERS, SCULPTORS, AND ARCHITECTS.

By Allan Cunningham.

This volume is the first of a series of Lives of Artists, and the fourth number of Murray's *Family Library*. The author is a first-rate poet, but it appears that he undertook this task with some diffidence. We have, however, few artists of literary attainments, and they are more profitably employed than in authorship. Little apology was necessary, for of all literary men, poets are best calculated to write on the Fine Arts: and the genius of Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Music, is often associated in one mind, in love of the subjects at least, if not in practice.

Prefixed to the "Lives," is a delightful chapter on British Art before the birth of Hogarth, from which we quote the following:—

"Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Music, are the natural offspring of the heart of man. They are found among the most barbarous nations; they flourish among the most civilized; and springing from nature, and not from necessity or accident, they can never be wholly lost in the most disastrous changes. In this they differ from mere inventions; and, compared with mechanical discoveries, are what a living tree is to a log of wood. It may indeed be said that the tongue of poetry is occasionally silent, and the hand of painting sometimes stayed; but this seems not to affect the ever-living principle which I claim as their characteristic. They are heard and seen again in their season, as the birds and flowers are at the coming of spring; and assert their title to such immortality as the things of earth may claim. It is true that the poetry of barbarous nations is rude, and their attempts at painting uncouth; yet even in these we may recognise the foreshadowings of future excellence, and something of the peculiar character which, in happier days, the genius of the same tribe is to stamp upon worthier productions. The future Scott, or Lawrence, or Chantrey, may be indicated afar-off in the barbarous ballads, drawings, or carvings, of an early nation. Coarse nature and crude simplicity are the commencement, as elevated nature and elegant simplicity are the consummation of art.

"When the Spaniards invaded the palaces of Chili and Peru, they found them filled with works of art. Cook found considerable beauty of drawing and skill of workmanship in the ornamented weapons and war-canoes of the islanders of the South Sea; and in the interior recesses of India, sculptures and paintings, of no common merit, are found in every village. In like manner, when Cæsar landed among the barbarians of Britain, he found them acquainted with arts and arms; and his savage successors, the Saxons, added to unextinguishable ferocity a love of splendour and a rude sense of beauty, still visible in the churches which they built, and the monuments which they erected to their princes and leaders. All those works are of that kind called ornamental: the graces of true art, the truth of action and the dignity of sentiment are wanting; and they seem to have been produced by a sort of mechanical process, similar to that which creates figures in arras. Art is, indeed, of slow and gradual growth; like the

oak, it is long of growing to maturity and strength. Much knowledge of colour, much skill of hand, much experience in human character, and a deep sense of light and shade, have to be acquired, to enable the pencil to embody the conceptions of genius. The artist has to seek for all this in the accumulated mass of professional knowledge: which time has gathered for his instruction, and with his best wisdom, and his happiest fortune, he can only add a little more information to the common stock, for the benefit of his successors. In no country has Painting risen suddenly into eminence. While Poetry takes wing at once, free and unincumbered, she is retarded in her ascent by the very mechanism to which she must at last owe at least half her glory. In Britain, Painting was centuries in throwing off the fetters of mere mechanical skill, and in rising into the region of genius. The original spirit of England had appeared in many a noble poem, while the two sister arts were still servilely employed in preserving incredible legends, in taking the likeness of the last saint whom credulity had added to the calendar, and in confounding the acts of the apostles in the darkness of allegory."

Then follows an outline of early Art in England, in the embellishment of cathedrals, &c.; among which is the following notice of one of the earliest of our attempts at historical portraiture which can be authenticated:—

"It is a Painting on Wood; the figures are less than life, and represent Henry the Fifth and his relations. It measures four feet six inches long, by four feet four inches high, and was in the days of Catholic power the altarpiece of the church of Shene. An angel stands in the centre, holding in his hands the expanding coverings of two tents, out of which the king, with three princes, and the queen, with four princesses, are proceeding to kneel at two altars, where crosses, and sceptres, and books are lying. They wear long and flowing robes, with loose hair, and have crowns on their heads. In the background, St. George appears in the air, combating with the dragon, while Cleodelinda kneels in prayer beside a lamb. It is not, indeed, quite certain that this curious work was made during the reign of Henry the Fifth, but there can be little doubt of its being painted as early as that of his son."

In the next page we have the following character of an English artist of about the same period:—

"He was at once architect, sculptor, carpenter, goldsmith, armourer, jeweller, saddler, tailor, and painter. There is extant, in Dugdale, a curious example of the character of the times, and a scale by which we can measure the public admiration of art. It is a contract between the Earl of Warwick and John Rag, citizen and tailor, London, in which the latter undertakes to execute the emblazonry of the earl's pageant in his situation of ambassador to France. In the tailor's bill, gilded griffins mingle with Virgin Marys; painted streamers for battle or procession, with the twelve apostles; and 'one coat for his grace's body, lute with fine gold,' takes precedence of St. George and the Dragon."

We wish some of the criticism in this chapter had been milder, and a few of the invectives not so highly charged; some of them even out-Herod the fury of an article on Painting, in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*. But we must pass on to pleasanter matters—as the following poetical paragraphs:—

"The art of tapestry as well as the art of illuminating books, aided in diffusing a love of painting over the island. It was carried to a high degree of excellence. The earliest account of its appearance in England is during the reign of Henry the Eighth, but there is no reason to doubt that it was well known and in general esteem much earlier. The traditional account, that we were instructed in it by the Saracens, has probably some foundation. The ladies encouraged this manufacture by working at it with their own hands; and the rich aided by purchasing it in vast quantities whenever regular practitioners appeared in the market. It found its way into church and palace—chamber and hall. It served at once to cover and adorn cold and comfortless walls. It added warmth, and, when snow was on the hill and ice in the stream, gave an air of social snugness which has deserted some of our modern mansions.

"At first the figures and groups, which rendered this manufactnre popular, were copies of favourite paintings; but, as taste improved and skill increased, they showed more of originality in their conceptions, if not more of nature in their forms. They exhibited, in common with all other works of art, the mixed taste of the times—a grotesque union of classical and Hebrew history—of martial life and pastoral repose—of Greek gods and Romish saints. Absurd as such combinations certainly were, and destitute of those beauties of form and delicate gradations and harmony of colour which distinguish paintings worthily

so called—still when the hall was lighted up, and living faces thronged the floor, the silent inhabitants of the walls would seem, in the eyes of our ancestors, something very splendid. As painting rose in fame, tapestry sunk in estimation. The introduction of a lighter and less massive mode of architecture abridged the space for its accommodation, and by degrees the stiff and fanciful creations of the loom vanished from our walls. The art is now neglected. I am sorry for this, because I cannot think meanly of an art which engaged the heads and hands of the ladies of England, and gave to the tapestried hall of elder days fame little inferior to what now waits on a gallery of paintings."

Passing over Holbein, Sir Antonio Moore, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, and Thornhill, we come to the lives of Hogarth—Wilson—Reynolds and Gainsborough—from which we select a few characteristic anecdotes and sketches. In noticing Hogarth's early life, Mr. Cunningham has thrown some discredit on a book, which on its publication, made not a little chat among artists:—

"Of those early days I find this brief notice in Smith's Life of Nollekens the sculptor. 'I have several times heard Mr. Nollekens observe, that he had frequently seen Hogarth, when a young man, saunter round Leicester Fields with his master's sickly child hanging its head over his shoulder.' It is more amusing to read such a book than safe to quote it. Hogarth had ceased to have a master for seventeen years, was married to Jane Thornhill, kept his carriage, and was in the full blaze of his reputation, when Nollekens was born.

Among Hogarth's early labours are his Illustrations of Hudibras, published in 1726. These were seventeen plates; and we have lately seen in the possession of Mr. Britton, the architect, eleven original paintings illustrative of Butler's witty poem, and attributed to Hogarth.

From the notices of Hogarth's portraits we select the following:—

"Hogarth's Portrait of Henry Fielding, executed after death from recollection, is remarkable as being the only likeness extant of the prince of English novelists. It has various histories. According to Murphy, Fielding had made many promises to sit to Hogarth, for whose genius he had a high esteem, but died without fulfilling them; a lady accidentally cut a profile with her scissars, which recalled Fielding's face so completely to Hogarth's memory, that he took up the outline, corrected and finished it and made a capital likeness. The world is seldom satisfied with a common account of any thing that interests it—more especially as a marvellous one is easily manufactured. The following, then, is the second history. Garrick, having dressed himself in a suit of Fielding's clothes, presented himself unexpectedly before the artist, mimicking the step, and assuming the look of their deceased friend. Hogarth was much affected at first, but, on recovering, took his pencil, and drew the portrait. For those who love a soberer history, the third edition is ready. Mrs. Hogarth, when questioned concerning it, said, that she remembered the affair well; her husband began the picture—and finished it—one evening in his own house, and sitting by her side.

"Captain Coram, the projector of the Foundling Hospital, sat for his portrait to Hogarth, and it is one of the best he ever painted. There is a natural dignity and great benevolence expressed in a face which, in the original, was rough and forbidding. This worthy man, having laid out his fortune and impaired his health in acts of charity and mercy, was reduced to poverty in his old age. An annuity of a hundred pounds was privately purchased, and when it was presented to him, he said, 'I did not waste the wealth which I possessed in self-indulgence or vain expense, and am not ashamed to own that in my old age I am poor.'

"The last which I shall notice of this class of productions, is the portrait of the celebrated demagogue John Wilkes. This singular performance originated in a quarrel with that witty libertine, and his associate Churchill the poet: it immediately followed an article, from the pen of Wilkes, in the North Briton, which insulted Hogarth as a man, and traduced him as an artist. It is so little of a caricature, that Wilkes good humouredly observes somewhere in his correspondence, 'I am growing every day more and more like my portrait by Hogarth.' The terrible scourge of the satirist fell bitterly upon the personal and moral deformities of the man. Compared with his chastisement the hangman's whip is but a proverb, and the pillory a post of honour. He might hope oblivion from the infamy of both; but from Hogarth there was no escape. It was little indeed that the artist had to do, to brand and emblazon him with the vices of his nature—but with how much discrimination that little is done! He took up the correct portrait, which Walpole upbraids him with skulking into a court of law to obtain, and in a few

touches the man sank, and the demon of hypocrisy and sensuality sat in his stead. It is a fiend, and yet it is Wilkes still. It is said that when he had finished this remarkable portrait, the former friendship of Wilkes overcame him, and he threw it into the fire, from which it was saved by the interposition of his wife."

All the criticisms on Hogarth's *moral* pictures have an air of originality and freshness of mind, which is so attractive, as to make us regret that we have not room for them. In proof of this, only let the reader turn to Mr. Cunningham's remarks on the Harlot and Rake's Progress, at pages 98 and 99. His descriptions too of the satirical pictures are extremely ludicrous, and in effect second only to painting itself. The following anecdote of the celebrated *March to Finchley* is curious, though well known:—

"The original painting was, on the publication of the print, disposed of by a kind of lottery. Seven shillings and sixpence were fixed as the price of a print; and every purchaser of a print was entitled to a chance in the lottery for the picture. Eighteen hundred and forty-three chances were subscribed for; a hundred and sixty-seven tickets, which remained, were presented to the Foundling Hospital. One of the Hospital's tickets drew the desired prize; and on the same night Hogarth delivered the painting to the governors, not a little pleased that it was to adorn a public place."

After quoting Walpole's description of Hogarth's *Sigismunda*, in which he says—

"To add to the disgust raised by such vulgar expression, her fingers were blooded by her lover's heart, that lay before her like that of a sheep for her dinner;—

Mr. C. observes, "this is very severe, very pointed, and very untrue. The Sigismunda of Hogarth is not tearing off her ornaments, nor are her fingers bloodied by her lover's heart. It is said that the picture resembled Mrs. Hogarth, who was a very handsome woman; and to this circumstance Wilkes maliciously alludes in his unprincipled attack on her husband. 'If the Sigismunda,' says this polite patriot, 'had a resemblance of any thing ever seen on earth, or had the least pretence to either meaning or expression, it was what he had seen, or perhaps made—in real life—his own wife in an agony of passion; but of what passion no connoisseur could guess.' That Mrs. Hogarth sat for the picture of Sigismunda seems to have been known to conscientious John, and this is supported by that lady's conduct to Walpole. This noble biographer sent her a copy of his Anecdotes, accompanied by a courtly and soothing note; but she was so much offended by his description of the Sigismunda, that she took no notice of his present. The widow of the artist was poor—and an opinion so ill-natured—so depreciating—and so untrue, injured the property which she wished to sell: she loved too the memory of her husband, and resented in the dignity of silence the malicious and injurious attack. She considered the present as an insult offered when she had no one to protect her. I love her pride and reverence her affection."

Of Hogarth's house at Chiswick, we have the following slight notice:—

"The time was now approaching when superstition, and folly, and vice, were to be relieved from the satiric pencil which had awed them so long—the health of Hogarth began to decline. He was aware of this, and purchased a small house at Chiswick, to which he retired during the summer, amusing himself with making slight sketches and retouching his plates. This house stood till lately on a very pretty spot; but the demon of building came into the neighbourhood, choked up the garden, and destroyed the secluded beauty of Hogarth's cottage. The garden, well stored with walnut, mulberry, and apple trees, contained a small study, with a head-stone, placed over a favourite bullfinch, on which the artist had etched the bird's head and written an epitaph. The cottage contained many snug rooms, and was but yesterday the residence of a man of learning and genius, Mr. Cary, the translator of Dante. The change of scene, the free fresh air, and exercise on horseback, had for awhile a favourable influence on Hogarth's health; but he complained that he was no longer able to think with the readiness, and work with the elasticity of spirit, of his earlier years. The friends of this artist observed, and lamented, this falling away; his enemies hastened to congratulate Churchill and Wilkes on the success of their malevolence; and these men were capable of rejoicing in the belief that the work of nature was their own."

We are glad to see Mr. Cunningham throwing light on false conclusions drawn from the eccentricities of genius, as in this little anecdote:—

"With Dr. Hoadley, who corrected the manuscript of the Analysis of Beauty for the press, Hogarth was on such

friendly terms that he was admitted into one of the private theatrical exhibitions which the doctor loved, and was appointed to perform along with Garrick and his entertainer, a parody on that scene in Julius Cæsar where the ghost appears to Brutus. Hogarth personated the spectre, but so unretentive—(we are told)—was his memory that though the speech consisted only of two lines he was unable to get them by heart, and his facetious associates wrote them on an illuminated lantern that he might read them when he came upon the stage. Such is the way in which anecdotes are manufactured, and conclusions of absence or imbecility drawn. The speech of the ghost written on the paper lantern formed part of the humour of the burlesque. Men, dull in comprehending the eccentricities of genius, set down what passes their own understanding to the account of the other's stupidity."

Here our notice of the Life of Hogarth would end, did we not feel inclined to venture a word or two respecting the omission of Hogarth's *Tailpiece*, engraved in Ireland's "Life," and there described as his last work. With the superstitious tale attached to it almost every one is familiar; yet some notice ought surely to have been taken of the story, even had it only been to expose its falsehood and absurdity.

We find that we have proceeded but half through the volume, so that Wilson, Reynolds, and Gainsborough must remain for another number.

Spirit of Discovery.

Microscopic Objects.

The most delicate test objects for microscopes are the lines on the feathers of butterflies or moths' wings, of which there are many gradations; some easily demonstrated, and others only to be seen with the most powerful reflectors, and to the best advantage by the simple and uncondensed light of the lamp. The hair of a mouse is a very good test object: it is best seen by daylight; the most difficult parts of which are longitudinal lines in the transparent part of the hair, which require high powers. The hair of the bat and seal are also fine tests. The lines on the scales of the diamond beetle, &c. are excellent opaque proof objects. The feet of flies are likewise very interesting.

New Lilac Dyes.

Dr. Macculloch has lately produced two fine lilac dyes from plants of domestic growth, not hitherto applied to this purpose. One is from the berry of the Portugal laurel, and the other the black currant. The simplest process with alum is all that is required for either; and as far as his trials go, the best tint is produced by the former fruit.

Dirty Windows.

We have frequently remarked small radiant and arborescent crystallizations on dirty windows in London, and have found them to consist of *sulphate of ammonia*. This salt, or at least, sulphite of ammonia (which becomes sulphate by exposure to air), is an abundant product of the combustion of coal.

Brande's Journal.

Indigo.

This valuable plant, which gives rise to as great speculation in India, as hops in England, is much injured by wet weather; although the rapidity of the growth of plants during much rain, in the temperature of the tropics, is extraordinary, yet a proportional deficiency in all that characterizes the vegetable world necessarily follows. This we find to be the case with all forced vegetables; and the mildness of the radish of hastened growth, when contrasted with the highly pungent and almost acrid flavour of the slowly and gradually advanced one, may be adduced as explanatory of this observation. Hence, it is practically well known to manufacturers, that the indigo plant, however fine and luxuriant, as is the natural result of much rain, is very deficient *in produce*, and a similar loss is experienced even if the plant, without the fall of too much rain, has grown up under cloudy weather. Sunshine, much and continued sunshine, is essentially necessary for the proper exercise of those secretory organs by which this peculiar drug is formed and perfected.

Indigo leaves produce two dyes—blue and yellow; but the refuse leaves, when boiled for an hour and a half, will render the water yellow, tinged with green. This water, kept boiling for two hours, (supplying the loss by evaporation), will, when filtered, afford a precipitate, which, when dried, will in colour be a dun-slate, and in quantity perhaps about equal to the blue extract such leaves have produced. This observation, as it can lead to no practical advantage, is made for the man of science, rather than the man of business.—*Mr. C. Weston—in Brande's Journal.*

Chain Bridge.

Mr. Disney has lately erected at his seat the Hyde, Ingatestone, Essex, a

suspension bridge of common chain, which is much cheaper than either wood or brick. It is fifty feet long, and four feet wide. The whole cost of material, and workmanship scarcely exceeded 30*l.* Upon a rough estimate, a wooden bridge of the same span would have cost from 80*l.* to 100*l.*, and a high arch probably from 150*l.* to 200*l.* The piers or posts supporting the chains are of oak, but should they in ten or fifteen years decay, 10*l.* in money, and three days in time would set it up again.—*Brande's Jour.*

Stone Roofs.

The Romans employed *pumice* in building their arched incombustible roofs. This porous material possessed the additional advantage, when combined with good cement, of rendering the arched surface one united petrifaction, opposing (in consequence of its firm union), little lateral pressure, comparatively, against the sustaining walls.

Bonomi, the architect, suggests that the principal cause of the destructiveness of fires in large buildings, is the want of arched surfaces of incombustible materials. This has been disastrously exemplified in the destruction of the choir of York Minster, where the roof of the aisles, which are solidly arched with stone, suffered no injury; while the choir-roof, although much more raised above the action of the fire, has been entirely destroyed by it.

Fossil Saurians.

Several beautiful specimens of fossil saurians, or animals of the lizard tribe, have, as our scientific readers are aware, been found at Lyme, in Dorsetshire; but the world would to this day have remained ignorant of the treasures England possessed, but for the patient labours of three female pioneers in this service, viz. *Mary Anning*, a dealer; *Miss Congrieve*, and *Miss Philpots*, residents, who for years had been collecting and preserving these bodies from the wreck of the coast; the two last without any other view than the gratification of a laudable curiosity, and who, with unequalled liberality, communicated their collections to every man of science that visited the place; and it is to liberal minds like theirs, and Miss Bennet's, of Wiltshire that we owe the first rescuing of these natural gems from the spoilers. We copy this from a communication of Mr. Cumberland to Brande's Journal, and are truly pleased to record such amiable examples of female excellence in scientific pursuits. At Dover, Portsmouth, and other places we could name, we obtained the best information respecting the fossils of the coast, from females resident there, and we need not add that this circumstance imparted additional interest to our inquiries.

The Zoological Society.

We copy the following from the Report of the Zoological Society, just published:

In the Museum in Bruton-street various improvements have taken place. "Additional cases have been erected, wherever space could be obtained, for the exhibition of the different collections; and two persons have been in constant employment in preparing and setting up the more interesting specimens. An assistant has also been lately added, for the arrangement of the shells, insects, and the other smaller subjects of the collection; and much care has been bestowed upon the various departments of comparative anatomy. An instructive as well as an attractive series in every branch of zoology, but more particularly in the groups of mammalia, birds, and insects, has thus been arranged for inspection. A catalogue of the more important objects in the Museum has been published; and a more detailed list, accompanied with scientific notices of all the species, is in preparation.

"The increase in the number of subjects in the collection during the last year has been considerable, and many of the additions have been of the utmost importance to science. The whole of these, with a few exceptions, have been presented by the friends of the society. A detailed list of these donations which are too numerous for insertion in this report, is laid upon the table; a reference to the contents of which will evince that the spirit of liberality, which laid the foundations of this already valuable collection, has not decreased.

"A very extensive correspondence has been established with naturalists of foreign countries, and persons resident in distant parts, who are anxious to promote the objects of the Society. Through these channels many valuable acquisitions have been already received; and it is expected that much of novelty and interest will continually pour in to increase the attractions of the Museum and Menagerie.

"The Garden in the Regent's Park is the principal source of attraction and of expense. The nature of the soil, which consists of a thick ungrateful clay, increases the cost of every work. The health of the animals requires that oak

floors be raised above the surface of the ground; and it is necessary to lay a thick substratum of dry material under every inclosure and every walk. These disadvantages are however amply counterbalanced by its immediate vicinity to the town. The Council have, notwithstanding the nature of the soil, endeavoured to give to the garden all the attractions which good cultivation and an abundance of flowers can afford: and they have to return their thanks for the very liberal supplies for this purpose which they have occasionally received from the Horticultural Society. The resort to the garden has far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the Council; 112,226 persons have visited it during the last year."

The Novelist.

THE SIEGE OF ABYDOS.

A Romantic Tale.

(For the Mirror.)

THE infidel Turks, ever at variance with the Christians, were, in the reign of king Orchanes, extremely ambitious to possess the famous Castle of Abydos; and accordingly vast preparations were made for a close siege. Previous to the arrival of the Turkish army before the castle, the angelic Sophronia, daughter of the governor of Abydos, was visited by a dream. She thought, that while walking out on a beautiful evening, breathing the fragrant air, and gazing on the brilliant stars, she fell into a loathsome ditch, in which she remained an hour, terrified, and unable to move. At length, a handsome youth passed, and she implored him to rescue her. She did not implore in vain; the young man assisted her out, cleaned her clothes, and comforted her with pleasant words. They then proceeded to a delightful bower, put on costly attire, and the youth regaled the rescued lady with delicious fruits, and sang sonnets on her personal beauty. Sophronia awoke, sad and disappointed, to find that her late bliss was only a dream. In a day or two afterwards, the Turkish army appeared, and a vigorous siege commenced; nevertheless, the Christians stoutly defended the place, and would, ultimately, have obliged the enemy to retire, had no intervention taken place. It happened, unfortunately for the garrison, that a gallant Turkish captain, in the prime of youth, called Abdurachman approached so near to the castle gates, as to be plainly observed by the fair Sophronia, from a small turret window, out of which she had viewed the besiegers. The lady imagined this captain to be the person to whom she was so much obliged in her dream, and rejoiced at the supposed discovery; she hoped that the assailants would be successful in taking her father's castle that she might have an opportunity of falling into the hands of the gallant captain she so greatly admired. The siege still raged with much fury, but was continually repulsed by the brave Christians, insomuch that the Turkish general became disconcerted, and in the evening of the third day after the commencement of the siege, retired to his camp, about a league distant from the scene of action. Sophronia, meanwhile, was agitated at the ill success of the Turks, though she did not despair of seeing the captain again.

She made a confidante of her maid Annis, who undertook, daring as the attempt was, to steal from the castle to the enemy's camp, in order to convey a letter from her mistress to Abdurachman. The intrepid Annis commenced her task in the night: she avoided passing the sentinels and wardens of the castle, but found her way to a postern gate, scarcely known to any but herself. She arrived at Abdurachman's tent; the captain was conversing with his friends about what the general intended to do on the morrow. Annis desired to speak with him in private, to which he consented. She then delivered the letter, which was bound with a lock of the fair writer's hair, and the astonished Abdurachman perused the following:—

"Adored Youth,

"I am passionately in love with you, and am sorry that you have been frustrated in your endeavours to take the castle. As I adore you beyond measure, and shall certainly take poison if you do not succeed; I engage to deliver Abydos with all its riches into your hands, provided you follow my instructions. I advise, that in the morning by sunrise, you raise the siege and withdraw your whole army from the castle, and return not again till you hear from *me*. My father will be so rejoiced at your departure, that he will be off his guard, and then I can easily conduct you with secrecy into the castle."

The delighted Turk very politely answered this remarkable *billet doux*, as

during the fair writer that he was at her service, and that he would implicitly follow her directions as to the taking of Abydos. As soon as he had dismissed Annis, he flew with Sophronia's letter to the general, who, upon reading it, expressed great astonishment; he determined to raise the siege the next morning, and resolved to rely fully on the beautiful traitress for the future success of his enterprise. The next day came, and the general raised the siege and departed. The Christians were rejoiced to see it, and in the evening made merry and drunk wine. The governor's daughter took advantage of the garrison at this unguarded moment; and fearing to trust again to the sincerity of her maid, resolved to proceed herself to Abdurachman's tent. Annis led the way. The night was serene, and the light of the moon showed the stately castle of Abydos, dark and majestic. No noise was heard, save the heavy and uniform step of the sentinels, whose bright arms, as they caught the moon's rays, sparkled against the gloomy looking building. Little did the inmates, now as tranquil as the night, dream of being surprised by an enemy; and little did the brave governor imagine that his own beloved daughter, at this moment, was treacherously hastening to a merciless foe, with the intent to conduct him to Abydos! Sophronia reached her lover's tent weary and faint, for she had walked with great haste. She sank into the captain's arms, and then, almost inaudibly, informed him that not a moment was to be lost, and that he must follow her immediately to the castle.

He obeyed, and having formed a litter for the lady, she was borne on the shoulders of four stout Turks. When they arrived at the postern gate, Sophronia told the captain that he, with his men, must first enter the castle, and then kill the sentinels and wardens, after which he would be enabled to give admittance to all his friends. The Turks strictly obeyed the lady, who before the affair began hastened with Annis to her apartment in order to await the issue of her plot. The Turks entered the castle by hundreds, killing all they met, and were soon masters of the place. Meanwhile, Sophronia and Annis, both dreadfully agitated, heard from their chamber the dying groans of the poor Christians. Sometimes the clashing of swords was distinguished, as if a number of persons were engaged in combat; sometimes the loud lamentations of women intervened; and sometimes the voices of the conquerors were alone heard in exultation. At length the door of Sophronia's room burst open, and Abdurachman rushed in to seize her, while Annis, nearly dead with terror, calmly submitted to the grasp of a common soldier who accompanied the captain.

The dreadful scene was acted and over; the Turks were possessors of the famed castle of Abydos, and Sophronia's father, the governor, was hanged. Alas! deluded Sophronia! The faithless Abdurachman, whom she supposed to have seen in a dream, regarded her not; even lots were cast for her, and she fell to the share of one whom she did not know. The beautiful Sophronia took poison and expired.

G. W. N.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

THE LIBERTINE'S CONFESSION.

In Imitation of the Writers of the Sixteenth Century.

I'm sad and sore afraid,
That fickle, and forsworn,
I've sported life away,
And now am left forlorn.

Poor fool! I dreamt the years
Of youth would never fly,
And pleasure's brimming bowl
Methought could ne'er run dry.

That woman's bounteous love
Should e'er wax cold for me!
It seem'd that she must first
A woman cease to be.

Her fondest smiles I thought
My rights by charter were;
Her sighs, her tears, forsooth,—
Whilst I—was free as air.

I've knelt at many a shrine,
Of wit and beauty too;
I've lisp'd light vows to all,
And sworn that all were true.

My pastime was to gain
Their young and grateful love,
Then break the heart I won,
And straight to others rove.

Ah! wild wit, now at last
Thy vagrancies are o'er;
The ear and gazing eye
That you enthrall'd before.

No longer hear or see;
Whilst those you now would woo,
The time-worn truant slight,
Nor dream of love with you.

New Monthly Magazine.

DUBLIN is a great city. Dublin, as the late Lord L—th used to say, is "one of the tay-drinkenest, say-bathinest, car-drivinest places in the world; it flogs for *divarsion*."

THE TOYMAN IS ABROAD.

(Concluded from page 46.)

There is a point at which the inconvenience of superfluities so far exceeds their utility, that luxury becomes converted into a perfect bore. What, for instance, but an annoyance, would be the most splendid feast, to a man whose stomach is already overladen with food? Human ingenuity may effect much; and the Romans, by means of emetics, met this emergency with considerable skill; but on a more enlarged experience of general history, it must be conceded, that it is quite impossible to add one more superfluous meal to those already established by general usage. So also in matters of dress, ladies' hats must not be larger than the actual doorways of the country will admit—not at least until time is allowed for a corresponding increase in our architectural proportions. With respect to personal ornaments also, ear-rings must not be so weighty as to tear the lobes of the ears; nor should a bracelet prevent, by its size, the motions of the arm. "Barbaric pomp and gold" is a fine thing; but a medallion, as heavy and as cumbrous as a shield, appended to a lady's bosom, would be any thing but a luxury. So, in the other extreme, a watch should not be so small as to render the dial-plate illegible; nor should a shoe be so tight as to lame its wearer for life. Beauty, it has been said, should learn to suffer; and there are, I am aware, resources in vanity, that will reconcile man, and woman too, to martyrdom; but these resources should not be exhausted wantonly; and in pleasure, as in economy, there is no benefit in lighting the candle at both ends. The true philosopher extracts the greatest good out of every thing; and fools only, as Horace has it, run into one vice in trying to avoid another. Let not the reader, from these remarks, suppose that their author is a morose censurer of the times; or that the least sneer is intended against that idol of all orthodoxy "things as they are." As a general proposition, nothing can be more true, than that whatever is established, even in the world of fashion, is, for the time being, wisest, discreetest, best; and, woe betide the man that flies too directly in its face.

There is, however, one point upon which I own myself a little sore; and in which, I do think, superfluities are carried to a somewhat vicious excess. The point to which I allude, and I beg the patience of the reader, is the vast increase of superfluities, which of late years have become primary necessaries in the appointment of a well-furnished house. Here, indeed, is a revolution; a revolution more formidable than the French and the American emancipation put together. We all remember the time when one tea-table, two or three card-tables, a pier glass, a small detachment of chairs, with two armed corporals to command them, on either side the fire-place, with a square piece of carpet in the centre of the floor, made a very decent display in the drawing, or (as it was then preposterously called) the dining-room. As yet, rugs for the hearth were not; and twice a day did Betty go upon her knees to scour the marble and uncovered slab. In the bedrooms of those days, a narrow slip of carpet round the bed was the maximum of woollen integument allowed for protecting the feet of the midnight wanderer from his couch; and, in the staircases of the fairest mansions, a like slip meandered down the centre of the flight of steps. At that time, curtains rose and fell in a line parallel to the horizon, after the simple plan of the green siparium of our theatres; and, being strictly confined to the windows, they never dreamed of displaying themselves in front of a door. No golden serpents then twisted their voluminous folds across the entire breadth of the room; nor did richly-carved cods' heads and shoulders, under the denomination of dolphins, or glittering spread eagles, with a brass ring in their mouths, support fenestral draperies, which rival the display of a Waterloo-house calico-vender. Thus far, I admit, the change is an improvement. Nay, I could away with ladders to go to bed withal, though many a time and oft they have broken my shins. I would not either object to sofas and ottomans, in any reasonable proportion; but protest I must, and in the strongest terms too, against such a multiplication and variety of easy chairs, as effectually exclude the possibility of easy sitting; and against the overweening increase of spider-tables, that interferes with rectilinear progression. An harp mounted on a sounding-board, which is a stumbling-block to the feet of the short-sighted, is, I concede, an absolute necessity; and a pianoforte, like a coffin, should occupy the centre even of the smallest given drawing-room—"the court awards it, and the law doth give it,"—but why multiply footstools, till there is no taking a single step in safety? An Indian cabinet also, or a buhl armoire, are, either, or both of them, very fit and becoming; but it cannot be right to make a broker's

shop of your best apartment. An inkstand, as large as a show twelfth-cake, is just and lawful; ditto, an ornamental escrutoire; and a *nécessaire* for the work-table is, if there be meaning in language, perfectly necessary. These, with an adequate contingent of musical snuff-boxes, *or molu* clocks, China figures, alabaster vases and flower-pots, together with a discreet superfluity of cut-paper nondescripts, albums, screens, toys, prints, caricatures, duodecimo classics, new novels and souvenirs, to cut a dash, and litter the tables, must be allowed to the taste and refinement of the times. But surely some space should be left for depositing a coffee-cup, or laying down a useful volume, when the hand may require to be relieved from its weight, or when it is proper to take a pinch of snuff, or agreeable to wipe one's forehead. Josses, beakers, and Sevres' vases have unquestionably the *entrée* into a genteel apartment; but they are not entitled to a monopoly of the *locale;* nor are Roman antiquities, or statues even by Canova, justifiable in usurping the elbow-room of living men and women. Most unfortunately for myself, I have a very small house, and a wife of the most enlarged taste; and the disproportion between these blessings is so great, that I cannot move without the risk of a heavy pecuniary loss by breakage, and a heavier personal affliction in perpetual imputations of awkwardness. Then, again, it is no easy matter to put on a smiling and indifferent countenance, whenever a friend, accustomed to some latitude of motion, runs, as is often the case, his devastating chair against a high-priced work of art, or overturns a table laden with an "infinite thing" in costly *bijouterie*. I have long made it a rule to exclude from my visiting-list, or at least not to let up stairs, ladies who pay their morning calls with a retinue of children: but the thing is not always possible; and one urchin with his whip will destroy more in half an hour, than the worth of a month's average domestic expenditure. Oh! how I hate the little fidgeting, fingering, dislocating imps! A bull in a china-shop is innocuous to the most orderly and amenable of them. Why did Providence make children? and why does not some wise Draconic law banish them for ever to the nursery?

The general merit of nick-nacks is unquestioned. Ornaments, I admit, are ornamental; and works of art afford intellectual amusement of the highest order. But then perfection is their only merit; and a crack or a flaw destroys all the pleasure of a sensible beholder. Yet I have not a statue that is not a torso, nor a Chelsea china shepherdess with her full complement of fingers. I have not a vase with both its handles, a snuff-box that performs its waltz correctly, nor a volume of prints that is not dogs-eared, stained, and ink-spotted. These are serious evils; but they are the least that flow from a neglect of the maxim which stands at the head of my paper. Perpend it well, reader; and bear ever in mind that, in our desires, as in our corporeal structure, it is not given to man to add a cubit to his stature. I am very tired; so "dismiss me—enough."

New Monthly Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. 81, of this truly excellent work had not reached us in time for the close reading which it demands, and our "Notes" from it at present are consequently few. The first in the number is a powerful paper on Dr. Southey's *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*—"a beautiful book," says the reviewer, full of wisdom and devotion—of poetry and feeling; conceived altogether in the spirit of other times, such as the wise men of our own day may scoff at, but such as Evelyn, or Isaak Walton, or Herbert would have delighted to honour." The work is in general too polemical and political for our pages; but we may hereafter be tempted to carve out a few pastoral pictures of the delightful country round Keswick, where Dr. Southey resides. The present Review contains but few extracts to our purpose, and is rather a paper on the spirit of the *Colloquies*, than analytical of their merits. We take, for example, the following admirable passage on the progress of religious indifference; in which we break off somewhat hastily, premising that the reader will be induced to turn to the Review itself for the remainder of the article:—

There was a time, since the worship of images, (and happy would it have been if the religious habits of the country had thenceforth stood fixed,) when appropriate texts adorned the walls of the dwelling-rooms, and children received at night a father's blessing;—and "let us worship God" was said with solemn air, by the head of the household; and churches were resorted to daily; and "the parson in journey" gave notice for prayers in the hall of the inn—"for

prayers and provender," quoth he, "hinder no man;" and the cheerful angler, as he sat under the willow-tree, watching his quill, trolled out a Christian catch. "Here we may sit and pray, before death stops our breath;" and the merchant (like the excellent Sutton, of the Charter House) thought how he could make his merchandize subservient to the good of his fellow-citizens and the glory of his God, and accordingly endowed some charitable, and learned, and religious foundation, worthy of the munificence of a crowned head; and the grave historian (Lord Clarendon himself does so) chose a text in his Bible as a motto for his chapter on politics; and religion, in short, reached unto every place, and, like Elisha stretched on the dead child, (to use one of Jeremy Taylor's characteristic illustrations), gave life and animation to every part of the body politic. But years rolled on; and the original impulse given at the Reformation, and augmented at the Rebellion, to undervalue all outward forms, has silently continued to prevail, till, with the form of godliness, (much of it, no doubt, objectionable, but much of it wholesome), the power in a considerable degree expired too.

Accordingly, our churches are now closed in the week-days, for we are too busy to repair to them; our politicians crying out, with Pharaoh, "Ye are idle, ye are idle; therefore would ye go and do sacrifice to the Lord." Our cathedrals, it is true, are still open; but where are the worshippers? Instead of entering in, the citizen avails himself of the excellent clock which is usually attached to them, sets his watch, and hastens upon 'Change, where the congregation is numerous and punctual, and where the theological speculations are apt to run in Shylock's vein pretty exclusively. If a church will answer, then, indeed, a joint-stock company springs up; and a church is raised with as much alacrity, and upon the same principles, as a play-house. The day when the people brought their gifts is gone by. The "*solid temples*," that heretofore were built as if not to be dissolved till doomsday, have been succeeded by thin emaciated structures, bloated out by coats of flatulent plaster, and supported upon cast-metal pegs, which the courtesy of the times calls pillars of the church. The painted windows, that admitted a dim religious light, have given place to the cheap house-pane and dapper green curtain. The front, with its florid reliefs and capacious crater, has dwindled into a miserable basin.

AN ARTIST'S FAME

Painter. Let none call happy one whose art's deep source
They know not—or what thorny paths he trode
To reach its dazzling goal!
Marquis. What dost thou mean?
Painter. I'll seek a simile—Some gorgeous cloud
Oft towers in wondrous majesty before ye—
It bathes its bosom in pure ether's flood,
Evening twines crowns of roses for its head,
And for its mantle weaves a fringe of gold;
Ye gaze on it admiring and enchanted—
Yet know not whence its airy structure rose!
If it breathe incense from some holy altar,
Or earth-born vapours from the teeming soil,
When rain from Heav'n descends—if fiery breath
Of battle, or the darkly rolling smoke
Of conflagration, thus its giant towers
Pile on the sky—ye care not, but enjoy
Its form and glory,—Thus it is with art!
Whether it were born amid the sunny depths
Of a glad heart entranced in mutual love—
Or, likelier far, alas! the sorrowing child
Of restless anguish, and baptized in tears—
Or wrung from Genius even amid the throes
Of worse than death—Ye gaze and ye admire,
Nor pause to ask what it hath cost the heart
That gave it being!

Blackwood's Magazine.

ROMANCE is ever readier
To make unbidden sacrifice, than rear
The sober edifice of mutual bliss! *Ibid.*

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

PROMOTE religion—protect public morals—repress vice and infidelity—keep the different classes of the community in strict subordination to each other—and cherish the principles, feelings, and habits, which give stability, beauty, and happiness to society.

Descend from the clouds of political economy, and travel in safety on your mother earth; cast away the blinding spectacles of the philosophers, and use the eyes you have received from nature. Practise the vulgar principles, that it is erroneous to ruin immense good markets, to gain petty bad ones—that you cannot carry on losing trade—that you cannot live without profit—and that you cannot eat without income. And pule no more about individual economy, but eat, and drink, and enjoy yourselves, like your fathers. What! in these days of free trade, to tell the hypochondriacal Englishman that the foaming tankard, the honest bottle of port, and the savoury sirloin, must be prohibited articles! You surely wish us to hang and drown ourselves by wholesale.—*Ibid.*

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

THE following account of the origin of the name "Forget-me-not," is extracted from Mill's *History of Chivalry*, and was communicated to that work by Dr. A. T. Thomson:—"Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake on a fine

summer's evening, when the maiden espied some of the flowers of *Myosotis* growing on the water, close to the bank of an island, at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when the knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, cropped the wished for plant, but his strength was unable to fulfill the object of his achievement, and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and casting a last affectionate look upon his lady-love, he cried 'Forget me not!' and was buried in the waters."—*Gardener's Magazine.*

HOME.

Leonhard. See here what spacious halls! how all around
Us breathes magnificence!
Spinarosa. A princely pile!
But ah! how nobler far its darling site!
It rears its tow'rs amid these rocks and glaciers,
As if proud man were in his might resolved
To add *his* rock to those that spurn the vale.
Leon. All here is beautiful! but 'tis not home!
'Tis true I was a child scarce eight years old
When led by Pietro into Italy——
Yet are my home's green lineaments as fresh
As when first painted on my infant soul;
This castle bears them not.—My home lay hid
In the deep bosom of gigantic oaks,
That o'er its roof their guardian shadows flung.
Nor towers, nor gates, nor pinnacles, were there;
With lowly thatch and humble wicket graced,
Smiling, yet solitary, did it stand.
Blackwood's Magazine.

IRISH SONGS.

It is impossible to conceive any trash more despicable than the slang songs which are current amongst the common people in Ireland; and this is the more to be lamented, as the extreme susceptibility of the people makes them liable to be easily moved to either good or evil by their songs. Even the native Irish songs, as we are informed in Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, are sadly interpolated with nonsensical passages, which have been introduced to supply the place of lost or forgotten lines; and of humorous lyrical poetry, she says there was none in the language worth translating. Moore has given to the beautiful airs of Ireland beautiful words; but Moore is a poet for ladies and gentlemen, not for mankind. It may be, that there are not materials in Ireland, for a kindred spirit to that of Burns to work upon; but the fact is but too true, that the *poor* Irishman has no song of even decent ability, to cheer his hours of merriment, or soothe the period of his sadness. Honour and undying praise be upon the memory of Burns, who has left to us those songs which, like the breath of nature, from whose fresh inspiration they were caught, are alike refreshing to the monarch and the clown!—*Ibid.*

A REAL MIRACLE.

The *fable* of Dr. Southey's *Pilgrim of Compostella*, is as follows:—

A family set forth from Aquitaine to visit the shrine of St. James, at Compostella, whither, according to the Catholic faith, the decapitated body of that saint was conveyed from Palestine, (miraculously of course,) in a ship of marble. At a certain small town by the way, their son Pierre is tempted by the innkeeper's daughter. Like a second Joseph, he resists the immodest damsel; like Potiphar's wife, she converts her love to hate, and accuses the virtuous youth of a capital crime. Her false oaths prevail, and he is condemned to the gallows. Rejoicing in his martyred innocence, he exhorts his parents to pursue their pilgrimage, and pray for the peace of his soul. Sorrowing, they proceed, and returning, find their son hanging by the neck alive, and singing psalms—in no actual pain—but naturally desirous to be freed from his extraordinary state of suspended animation. They repair to the chief magistrate of the town, by whose authority the youth was executed—find his worship at dinner—relate the wonderful preservation of their son—and request that he may be restored. The magistrate is incredulous, and declares that he would sooner believe that the fowls on which he was dining would rise again in full feather. The miracle is performed. The cock and hen spring from the ocean of their own gravy, clacking and crowing, with all appurtenances of spur, comb, and feather. Pierre, of course, is liberated, and declared innocent. The cock and hen become objects of veneration—live in a state of chastity—and are finally translated—leaving just two eggs, from which arise another immaculate cock and hen. The breed is perhaps still in existence, and time hath been, that a lucrative trade was carried on in their feathers!!!—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

Of Hogarth's first attempt at satire, the following story is related by Nichols, who had it from one of Hogarth's fellow workmen. 'One summer Sunday, during his apprenticeship, he went with

three companions to Highgate, and the weather being warm and the way dusty, they went into a public house, and called for ale. There happened to be other customers in the house, who to free drinking added fierce talking, and a quarrel ensued. One of them on receiving a blow with the bottom of a quart pot, looked so ludicrously rueful, that Hogarth snatched out a pencil and sketched him as he stood. It was very like and very laughable, and contributed to the restoration of order and good humour.'

THE "GOOD BOY" LOVER.

"WHEN I was a lad," said a facetious gentleman to the recorder of the anecdote, "I was, or rather fancied myself to be, desperately in love with a very charming young lady. Dining at her parents' house one day, I was unfortunately helped to the gizzard of a chicken, attached to one of the wings. Aware, like most '*good boys*' that it was extremely ungenteel to leave anything upon my plate, and being over anxious to act with etiquette and circumspection in this interesting circle, I, as a 'good boy' wished strictly to conform myself to the rules of good breeding. But the *gizzard* of a fowl! Alas! it was impossible! how unfortunate! I *abhorred* it! No, I could not either for *love* or money have swallowed such a thing! So, after blushing, playing with the annoyance, and casting many a side-long glance to see if I was observed, I contrived at length to roll it from my plate into my *mouchoir*, which I had placed on my knees purposely for its reception; the next minute all was safely lodged in my pocket. Conversing with the object of my affections, during the evening, in a state of nervous forgetfulness, I drew forth my handkerchief, and in a superb flourish, out flew the GIZZARD! Good heavens! my fair one stared, coloured, laughed; I was petrified; away flew my ecstatic dreams; and out of the house I flung myself without one '*au revoir*,' but with a consciousness of the truth of that delectable ballad which proclaims, that 'Love *has* EYES!!' I thought no more of love in that quarter, believe me!" M. L. B.

ADMIRAL RODNEY.

DURING the heat of the memorable battles with Count de Grasse, of April 9th and 12th, 1782, the gallant Rodney desired his young aid-de-camp (Mr. Charles Dashwood*) to make him a glass of lemonade, the ingredients for which were at hand. Not having any thing to stir it with but a knife, already discoloured by the cutting of the lemon, Sir George coolly said, on Mr. Dashwood presenting it to him, "Child, that may do for a midshipman, but not for an admiral—take it yourself, and send my servant to me." C. C.

* Afterwards advanced to the rank of post captain, in 1801.

EXPRESSIVE WORDS.

I KNEW very well a French Chevalier, who on coming to England, applied himself with amazing ardour to the study of our language, and his remarks upon it, if not always very acute were at least entertaining. One day, reading aloud an English work, he stopped at the word SPLASH; expressed himself highly delighted with it, as a term which minutely described the thing meant; then repeating it many times with marked pleasure, and a strong sibillation, he added, "No! no! dere is noting at all, noting in *my* language dat de same would be like *splash!*" Perhaps the following sentence from the satire of a notorious wit in Elizabeth's reign, is a fair specimen of those expressive words which *paint*, the object of which they speak:—"To which place, Gabriel came, *ruffling* it out, hufty-tufty, in his new suit of velvet." The man was vain; the writer has made him a *peacock*. M. L. B.

I WOULD no more bring a new work out in summer than I would sell pork in the dog-days.—*Bookseller in Cit. World.*

A CARPENTER having neglected to make a gibbet, which had been ordered by the executioner, on the ground that he had not been paid for the last he had erected, was sent for by the judge. "Fellow," said the latter, in a stern tone, "how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?"—"I humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter, "had I known it had been *for your lordship*, it should have been done immediately."

LORD MANSFIELD being willing to save a man who stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at ten-pence; upon which the prosecutor cried out, "Ten-pence, my lord! why the very *fashion* of it cost me five pounds."—"Oh," said his lordship, "we must not hang a man for *fashion's* sake."

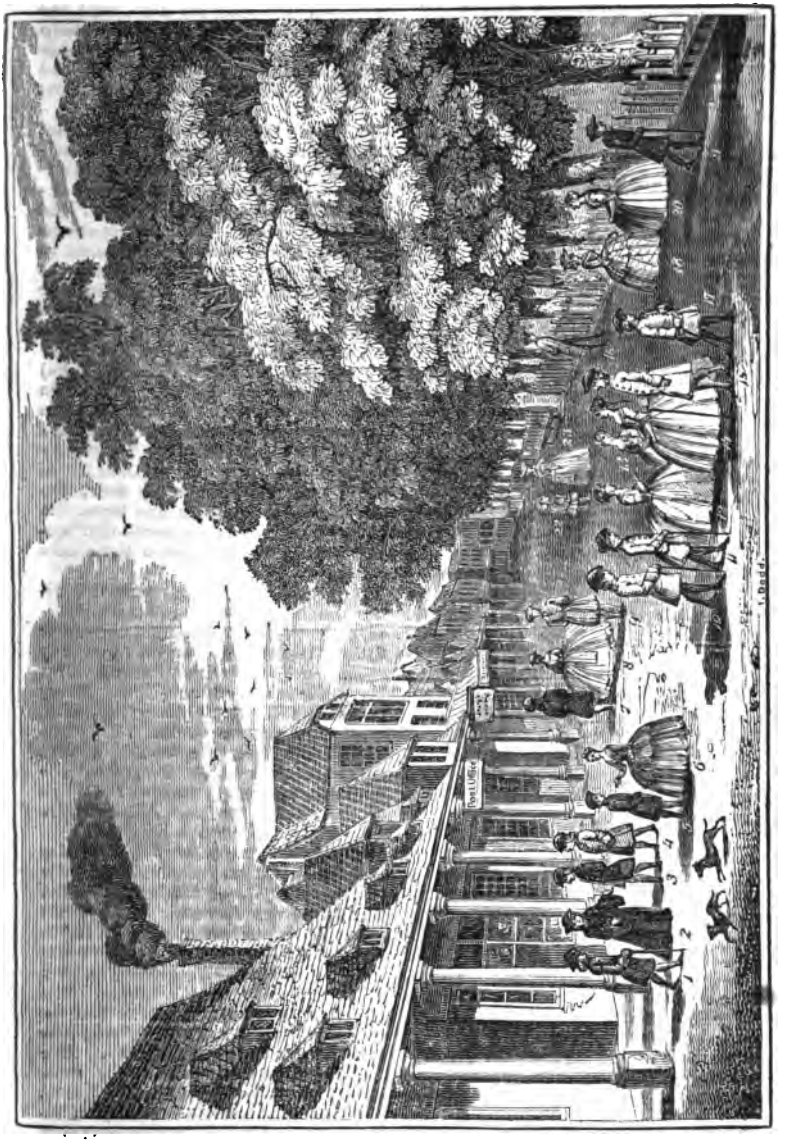
Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 383.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1829. [Price 2d.



TUNBRIDGE WELLS IN 1748.

With Sketches of Dr. Johnson, Cibber, Garrick, Lyttleton, Richardson, &c. &c.

For Explanation, see the annexed page.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

References to the Characters in the Engraving.

1. Dr. Johnson.—2. Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Gilbert.)—3. Lord Harcourt.—4. Colley Cibber.—5. Mr. Garrick.—6. Mrs. Frasi, the singer.—7. Mr. Nash.—8. Miss Chudleigh (Duchess of Kingston.)—9. Mr. Pitt (Earl of Chatham.)—10. A. Onslow, Esq. (the Speaker.)—11. Lord Powis.—12. Duchess of Norfolk.—13. Miss Peggy Banks.—14. Lady Lincoln.—15. Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttleton.—16. The Baron (a German gamester.)—17. Samuel Richardson.—18. Mrs. Onslow.—20. Mrs. Johnson (the Doctor's wife.)—21. Mr. Whitton.—22. Loggan, the artist.—23. Woman of the Wells.

TUNBRIDGE, or as old folks still call it, "the Wells," was a gay, anecdotical resort of the last century, and about as different from the fashionable haunts of the present, as St. James's is to Russel Square, or an old English mansion to the egg-shell architecture of yesterday. In its best days, it was second only to Bath, and little did its belles and beaux dream of the fishified village of Brighthelmstone, in the adjoining county, spreading to a city, and being docked of its syllabic proportions to the *Brighton* of ears polite.

The annexed Engraving represents Tunbridge Wells about 80 years ago, or in the year 1748. It is copied from a drawing which belonged to Samuel Richardson, the novelist, and was found among his papers at his death in 1761. The original is in the possession of Sir Richard Phillips, who published Richardson's *Correspondence*, in 1804; it contains portrait figures of all the celebrated characters who were at Tunbridge Wells, in August, 1748, at which time Richardson was likewise there, and beneath the drawing is the above key, or the names of the characters, in the hand-writing of the novelist.

But the pleasantest illustration that we can supply is the following extract from one of Richardson's Letters to Miss Westcomb, which represents the gaiety and flirtation of the place in very attractive colours. At this time Richardson was at Tunbridge Wells for the benefit of his health; but he says, "I had rather be in a desert, than in a place so public and so giddy, if I may call the place so from its frequenters. But these waters were almost the only thing in medicine that I had not tried; and, as my disorder seemed to increase, I was willing to try them. Hitherto, I must own, without effect is the trial. But people here, who slide in upon me, as I traverse the outermost edges of the walks, that I may stand in nobody's way, nor have my dizziness increased by the swimming triflers, tell me I shall not give them fair play under a month or six weeks; and that I ought neither to read nor write; yet I have all my town concerns upon me here, sent me every post and coach, and cannot help it. Here are great numbers of people got together. A very full season, and more coming every day—Great comfort to me.

"What if I could inform you, that among scores of belles, flatterers, triflers, who swim along these walks, self-satisfied and pleased, and looking defiances to men (and to modesty, I had like to have said; for bashfulness seems to be considered as want of breeding in all I see here); a pretty woman is as rare as a black swan; and when one such starts up, she is nicknamed a Beauty, and old fellows and young fellows are set a-spinning after her.

"*Miss Banks* (Miss Peggy Banks) was the belle when I came first down—yet she had been so many seasons here, that she obtained but a faint and languid attention; so that the smarts began to put her down in their list of had-beens. New faces, my dear, are more sought after than fine faces. A piece of instruction lies here—that women should not make even their faces cheap.

"*Miss Chudleigh* next was the triumphant toast: a lively, sweet-tempered, gay, self-admired, and not altogether without reason, generally-admired lady—she moved not without crowds after her. She smiled at every one. Every one smiled before they saw her, when they heard she was on the walk. She played, she lost, she won—all with equal good-humour. But, alas, she went off, before she was wished to go off. And then the fellows' hearts were almost broken for a new beauty.

"Behold! seasonably, the very day that she went away entered upon the walks Miss L., of Hackney!—Miss Chudleigh was forgotten (who would wish for so transient a dominion in the land of fickledom!)—And have you seen the new beauty?—And have you seen Miss L.? was all the inquiry from smart to smartless. But she had not traversed the walks two days, before she was found to want spirit and life. Miss Chudleigh was remembered by those who wished for the brilliant mistress, and scorned the wifelike quality of sedateness—and Miss L. is now seen with a very silly fellow or two, walking backwards and forwards unmolested—dwindled down from the new beauty to a very

pretty girl; and perhaps glad to come off so. For, upon my word, my dear, there are very few pretty girls here.

"But here, to change the scene, to see Mr. W—sh at eighty (Mr. Cibber calls him papa), and *Mr. Cibber* at seventy-seven, hunting after new faces; and thinking themselves happy if they can obtain the notice and familiarity of a fine woman!—How ridiculous!—If you have not been at Tunbridge, you may nevertheless have heard that here are a parcel of fellows, mean traders, whom they call touters, and their business, touting—riding out miles to meet coaches and company coming hither, to beg their custom while here.

"Mr. Cibber was over head and ears in love with Miss Chudleigh. Her admirers (such was his happiness!) were not jealous of him; but, pleased with that wit in him which they had not, were always for calling him to her. She said pretty things—for she was Miss Chudleigh. He said pretty things—for he was Mr. Cibber; and all the company, men and women, seemed to think they had an interest in what was said, and were half as well pleased as if they had said the sprightly things themselves; and mighty well contented were they to be secondhand repeaters of the pretty things. But once I faced the laureate squatted upon one of the benches, with a face more wrinkled than ordinary with disappointment 'I thought,' said I, 'you were of the party at the tea-treats—Miss Chudleigh has gone into the tea-room.'—'Pshaw!' said he, 'there is no coming at her, she is so surrounded by the toupets.'—And I left him upon the fret—But he was called to soon after; and in he flew, and his face shone again, and looked smooth.

* * * * * * * *

"Another extraordinary old man we have had here, but of a very different turn; the noted *Mr. Whiston*, showing eclipses, and explaining other phænomena of the stars, and preaching the millennium, and anabaptism (for he is now, it seems, of that persuasion) to gay people, who, if they have white teeth, hear him with open mouths, though perhaps shut hearts; and after his lecture is over, not a bit the wiser, run from him, the more eagerly to C——r and W——sh, and to flutter among the loud-laughing young fellows upon the walks, like boys and girls at a breaking-up.

* * * * * * * *

"Your affectionate and paternal friend and servant, S. RICHARDSON."

Richardson has mentioned only a few of the characters introduced in the Engraving. Johnson was at that time but in his fortieth year, and much less portly than afterwards. Cibber is the very picture of an old beau, with laced hat and flowing wig; half-a-dozen of his pleasantries were worth all that is heard from all the playwrights and actors of our day—on or off the stage: Garrick too, probably did not keep all his fine conceits within the theatre. Nos. 7, 8, and 9, in the Engraving, are a pretty group: Miss Chudleigh (afterwards Duchess of Kingston,) between Beau Nash and Mr. Pitt (Earl of Chatham,) both of whom are striving for a side-long glance at the sweet tempered, and as Richardson calls her, "generally-admired" lady. No. 17, Richardson himself is moping along like an invalid beneath the trees, and avoiding the triflers. Mrs. Johnson is widely separated from the Doctor, but is as well dressed as he could wish her; and No. 21, Mr. Whiston is as unexpected among this gay crowd as snow in harvest. What a *coterie* of wits must Tunbridge have possessed at this time: what assemblies and whist parties among scores of spinsters, and ogling, dangling old bachelors; with high-heeled shoes, silken hose, court hoops, embroidery, and point ruffles—only compare the Tunbridge parade of 1748 with that of 1829.

We have room but for a brief sketch of Tunbridge Wells. The Springs, or the place itself, is a short distance from the town of Tunbridge. The discovery of the waters was in the reign of James I. Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. staid here six weeks after the birth of the prince, afterwards Charles II.; but, as no house was near, suitable for so great a personage, she and her suite remained under tents pitched in the neighbourhood. The Wells, hitherto called Frant, were changed to Queen's Mary's Wells: both have given place to Tunbridge Wells; though the springs rise in the parish of Speldhurst.

Waller, in his Lines to Saccharissa,* celebrates the Tunbridge Waters; and Dr. Rowzee† wrote a treatise on their virtues. During the civil wars, the Wells were neglected, but on the Restoration they became more fashionable than ever.‡ Hence may be dated as-

* Saccharissa, or the Lady Dorothy Sydney, resided at Penshurst, near Tunbridge.

† He prescribed eighteen pints of the water for a morning's dose.

‡ Grammont, in his fascinating "Memoirs," thus describes the Wells at this period, 1664, when Catherine, Queen of Charles II. was here

sembly rooms, coffee houses, bowling greens, &c.; about which time, to suit the caprice of their owners, many of the houses were wheeled upon sledges: a chapel* and a school were likewise erected. The accommodations have been progressively augmented; and the population has greatly increased. The trade of the place consists chiefly in the manufacture of the articles known as Tunbridge-ware. The Wells have always been patronized by the royal family; and are still visited by some of their branches.

Our Engraving represents the Upper, or principal walk, where are one of the assembly rooms, the post-office, Tunbridge-ware, milliners, and other shops, with a row of spreading elms on the opposite side. It is not uninteresting to notice the humble style of the shops, and the wooden portico and tiled roofs, in the Engraving, and to contrast them with the ornamental shop-architecture of our days: yet our forefathers, good old souls, thought such accommodations worthy of their patronage, and there was then as much gaiety at Tunbridge Wells as at Brighton in its best days.

for two months, with all the beauties of the court:

"Tunbridge is the same distance from London that Fontainebleau is from Paris, and is, at the season, the general rendezvous of all the gay and handsome of both sexes. The company, though always numerous, is always select; since those who repair thither for diversion, even exceed the number of those who go thither for health. Every thing here breathes mirth and pleasure; constraint is banished; familiarity is established upon the first acquaintance; and joy and pleasure are the sole sovereigns of the place. The company are accommodated with lodgings in little clean and convenient habitations, that lie straggling and separated from each other, a mile and a half round the Wells, where the company meet in the morning. The place consists of a long walk, shaded by pleasant trees, under which they walk while they are drinking the waters. On one side of this walk is a long row of shops, plentifully stocked with all manner of toys, lace, gloves, stockings, and where there is raffling, as at Paris, in the Foire de Saint Germain. On the other side of the Walk is the Market; and as it is the custom here for every person to buy their own provisions, care is taken that nothing offensive appears upon the stalls. Here young, fair, fresh-coloured country girls, with clean linen, small straw hats, and neat shoes and stockings, sell game, vegetables, flowers, and fruit. Here one may live as one pleases. Here is likewise deep play, and no want of amorous intrigues. As soon as the evening comes, every one quits his little palace to assemble on the bowling-green, where, in the open air, those who choose, dance upon a turf more soft and smooth than the finest carpet in the world."

* "This chapel," says Hasted, "stands remarkably in three parishes—the pulpit in Speldhurst, the altar in Tunbridge, and the vestry in Frant. The stream also, which parted the counties of Kent and Sussex, formerly ran underneath it, but is now turned to a greater distance."—*Hist. Kent*, vol. iii.

LOVE.

(For the Mirror.)

Sing ye love? ye sing it not,
It was never sung, I wot.
None can speak the power of love,
Tho' 'tis felt by all that move.
It is known—but not reveal'd,
'Tis a knowledge ever seal'd!
Dwells it in the tearful eye
Of congenial sympathy?
'Tis a radiance of the mind,
'Tis a feeling undefin'd,
'Tis a wonder-working spell,
'Tis a magic none can tell,
'Tis a charm unutterable.

LEAR.

GRAYSTEIL.*

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

(For the Mirror.)

Beneath the Douglas plaid, he wore a grinding shirt of mail:
Yet, spite of pain and weariness, press'd on that gallant Gael:
On, on, beside his regal foe, with eyes which more express'd
Than *words*, expecting favour still, from him who *once* caress'd!

"'Tis," quoth the prince, "my poor Graysteil!" and spurr'd his steed amain,
Striving, ere toiling Kilspindie, the fortalice to gain;
But Douglas, (and his wither'd heart, with hope and dread, beat high)
Stood at proud Stirling's castle-gate, as soon as royalty!

Stood, on his ingrate *friend* to gaze; no answ'ring love-look came;
Then, mortal grief his spirit shook, and bow'd his war-worn frame;
Faith, *innocence*, avail'd not *him!* he suffer'd for his line,
And fainting by the gate he sunk, but feebly call'd for *wine!*

The menials came, "*wine?* up! begone! we marvel who thou art!
Our *monarch* bids to France, Graysteil, his trusty *friend* depart!"
Blood to the Douglas' cheek uprush'd: proud blood! away he hied,
And soon afar, the "poor Graysteil," the *broken hearted*, DIED!

M. L.B

* Archibald, of Kilspindie, a noble Douglas, and until the disgrace of his clan, a personal friend and favourite of James V. of Scotland. For the incidents of this ballad, vide *Tales of a Grandfather*, 1st Series, vol. 3.

Note.—Graysteil (so called after the champions of a romance then popular) had returned from banishment in the hope, as he was perfectly innocuous, of renewing his ancient friendship with the Scottish king; and James declared that he would again have received him into his service, but for his oath, never more to countenance a Douglas. He blamed his servants for refusing refreshment to the veteran, but did not escape censure from our own Henry VIII. for his cruel conduct towards his "poor Graysteil," upon this occasion.

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, BART

(For the Mirror

To this low orb is lost a shining light,
Useful, resplendent, and tho' transient, bright!
For scarce has soaring genius reach'd the blaze
Of fleeting life's meridian hour,
Than Death around the flaming meteor plays,
And spreads its cypress o'er the short liv'd flower.
The great projector of that grand design,*
In time's remotest annals, long will shine;
While sons of toil aloud proclaim his name,
And *life preserv'd* perpetuate his *fame*.

SODA WATER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THE following extract from a medical periodical on *Soda Water*, will not perhaps be deemed *mal-apropos* at the present period of the year, and by being inserted in your widely circulated work may be of some service to those who are not aware of the evil effects produced by a *too free* use of that beverage.

M. M. M.

On this fashionable article, the editor remarks, Dr. Paris makes the following observations:—"The *modern* custom of drinking this inviting beverage during, or immediately after dinner, has been a pregnant source of indigestion. By inflating the stomach at such a period, we inevitably counteract those *muscular* contractions of its coats which are essential to chymification, whilst the quantity of soda thus introduced scarcely deserves notice; with the exception of the carbonic acid gas, it may be regarded as water; more mischievous only in consequence of the *exhilarating* quality, inducing us to take it at a period at which we would not require the more simple fluid."

In all the waters we have obtained from fountains in London and other places, under the names of "Soda Water" and "*double* Soda Water," we have not been able to discover any soda. It is common water mechanically supersaturated with fixed air, which on being disengaged and rarified in the stomach, may, as Dr. Paris observes, so over distend the organ as to interrupt digestion, or diminish the powers of the digestive organs. When acid prevails in the stomach, which is generally the case the day after too free an indulgence in wine, true soda water, taken two or three hours before dinner, or an hour before breakfast, not only neutralizes the acid, but the fixed air, which is disengaged, allays the irritation, and even by distending the organ, invigorates the muscular coat and nerves. As the quantity of soda, ir. the true soda water, is much too small to neutralize the acid, it is a good practice to add fifteen or twenty grains of the carbonate of soda, finely powdered, to each bottle, which may be done by pouring the contents of a bottle on it in a large glass.

Of all the soda water we have examined, we have found that made by Mr. Johnson, to contain the greatest quantity of soda. For the purpose of cooling the body during warm weather, and quieting the stomach, which is generally in a state of increased irritation when the temperature of the air is equal or within a few degrees of that of the body, it is preferable to any of the vegetable or mineral acids.

* The Safety Lamp.

The Cosmopolite.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.*

ALL the world, that is, one out of the two millions of people in this great town, know, that the above is the title of a somewhat romantic drama, in which Miss Kelly is fast monopolizing the tears and sympathies of the public by her impersonation of a *Sister of Charity*. To witness it will do every heart good; and this is the highest aim of a dramatic representation. The performance has had the effect of drawing our attention to the original of the character, which is intensely interesting, though at the same time overtinged with romance.

Every six weeks' tourist has seen or heard of the *Sisters of Charity* on the Continent. They are nurses in the hospitals there, but on a system very different from the hireling attendants in similar institutions in England. Indeed, they may be said to have quitted the world to devote themselves to the relief of those unfortunate persons, who people the abodes of misery and distress. They form, it appears, a numerous body, consisting of several thousand members, who are said to perform

* We give this paper as an illustration of the office of the *Sisters of Charity*. The incidents upon which the Drama is founded are those of the Two Sisters of Ancona, a pretty little tale in the Juvenile Keepsake, by Mrs. Godwin. One sister in an attempt to carry provisions and intelligence to her lover, is taken prisoner by the French, and condemned to die; the other is a nun, who effects her escape by changing dresses, and remains, and actually perishes in her stead. On the stage, the sister is made the daughter of the Sister of Charity, and the fruit of a secret and unhappy connexion with a French officer, who proves to be the commander of the detachment—hence both their lives are saved.

or superintend the administration of 300 hospitals in France. They are united under several denominations, as nuns of those monastic communities which escaped the storms of the revolution. Many of them are in the prime of life, and though not bound by absolute vows, devote the whole of their time, and even die in the act of doing good. In spiritual matters, they are under the jurisdiction of the bishop of the district in which the hospital is situated; in temporal concerns they are subject to the authority of the heads of the establishment to which they belong; but they are chiefly under the guidance of the superior of their order. They are fed and lodged at the expense of the hospital, and receive in addition, a certain stipend for the purchase of clothes. In the hospital at Lyons, (which forty or fifty years ago, was the only hospital in France which was not in a barbarous state), there are about 150 of these *Sisters*, wearing a uniform dress of dark worsted, and remarkably clean. They receive the trifling sum of forty francs a year for pocket-money, and sit up one night in each week; the following is a day of relaxation, and the only one they have. During the siege of Lyons, when cannon-balls passed through the windows, and struck the walls every moment, not one abandoned her post near the sick.

Every one will rejoice at the existence of such offices as *the Sisters of Charity*—benign, nay almost divine; and until this moment, we thought that such had been their real character. Our belief has, however, been somewhat staggered by an article in the last number of *the London Review;* in which the services of the *Sisters* are represented in a much less amiable light than we have been accustomed to view them. This notice occurs in a paper on a work by Dr. David Johnston, of Edinburgh, on the Public Charities of France. The Doctor, whose book abounds with evidence of considerable research, thus speaks of the *Sisters of Charity*:—

"The inmate of an hospital is alone qualified to speak with justice of the blessings which such attendance affords. Possessed of superior education, and from their religious profession placed above many of the worldly considerations which affect nurses in general, the Sisters of Charity act at once as temporal and spiritual comforters, watch over the sick bed, soothe the prisoner in his confinement, and penetrate into the worst abodes of misery, to comfort the distressed, and instruct the ignorant."

Such we also thought had been their portraiture, although we could not so far speak from personal evidence. But the reviewer gainsays all this, and even does more. After drawing a comparison, and not altogether a just one, between the "Sisters of Charity in France," and ladies of fortune who unostentatiously visit the sick poor in England, he says—

"It is matter of fact, generally observable in the instances of the *sœurs de charité*, that in the performance of their duties towards the sick, during the first three or four months, they display all that tender solicitude and devotedness, which romance ascribes to them as constant and habitual. After the first feelings have subsided, the *sœurs* are found to consult, in all their actions, first, their own interests, in ease and comfort; next, those of their order, and of the servants on the establishment personally connected with them; and, last of all, those of the patients. On an unprejudiced examination it will be found, that a body so constituted as the *sœurs*, are extremely unfit for the performance of such functions as are entrusted to them in these establishments. It is essential to the good performance of the duties of a nurse, that she should be responsible to the medical officer for their omission. The *sœurs* are entirely independent of any such control, and their usual answer to any complaint is, '*Je reponds a mon crucifix.*'

"It is a great mistake to suppose that these nuns are enlightened, or well born, or well educated. In general they are ignorant women; too poor and too deficient in personal qualities to find husbands. They are proud, arrogant, and bigoted; and, with a few interesting exceptions, it may be said of them, that they become nuns for want of better occupations; that they are characterized by the ill temper of disappointment, at the world having neglected or rejected them, rather than by any sublime elevation of feeling, which could have led them to reject the world. It is a delusion to suppose that all the more important duties, on the due performance of which the success of medical treatment mainly depends, devolve upon the *sœurs*. The fact is, that it is one of the most serious defects of the French hospitals, that proper persons are not procured to perform these services: such as waiting upon the patients, changing their linen, moving them, and administering to their little wants, in a proper manner. In Paris there is a class of men, the refuse of the working classes, who, when all

means of support fail, apply to the hospitals, and become *infirmières*. It will scarcely be believed, that to these men are entrusted the important duties to which we have adverted, and which the Doctor seems to suppose are chiefly performed by the *sœurs*. These *infirmières* receive for their services only six-and-eightpence per month, besides their board and lodging in the house; and, as they can earn more at any other occupation, they seldom remain long in their situations. The *infirmières*, or female servants, are much of the same description: badly appointed, badly paid, negligent and rapacious, often pilfering a portion of the allowance of provisions and wine prescribed to the patient for his recovery. The general interference of the *sœurs* is prejudicial. Frequently, on the strength of their own medical opinions, they will neglect the prescriptions; frequently they harass a patient about his confession, when a calm state of mind is indispensable for his recovery. They also often exercise their united influence against a medical man, to protect favourite servants. They encumber all exertions for improvement, so that, whenever any change is discussed, one of the first subjects for consideration is, whether the *sœurs* are likely to interfere. Of late, however, their power has been somewhat checked. Under good regulations they might, no doubt, be rendered serviceable; but every alteration of their condition, with regard to the hospitals, to be an improvement, must bring them nearer to the superior condition of responsible nurses, chosen for their aptitude, and remunerated according to their merits.

"We have been compelled to state thus much of these orders. The associations connected with persons of their sex and supposed rank, who have taken the veil; their apparent devotedness to such amiable and pre-eminently serviceable duties; their solemnity of exterior, and other incidents—are so calculated to strike the eye and possess the imagination of the beholder, that we are not surprised to perceive that they have misled the judgment of the Doctor, since they constantly impose on others, who have better opportunities for observation. The *sœur de charité* is too fine an object for the effusion of sentiment and romance, not to be made the most of in these worldly and unpoetic times; and were it not that the illusions thrown around this object might lead to practical errors, we should have refrained from disturbing them."

Feelings similar to those professed by the reviewer, have induced us to present the reader with his new light, which we hope is a just one. Of the little system of plunder carried on in some institutions at home, we can speak of one instance with certainty:—A relative near and dear to us as life's blood, had by money and comforts, (which but for this incident would have been kept secret), for many months relieved an inmate of a London hospital. The patient was a poor, old female, in the last stage of decrepitude, and fast sinking beneath the sorrows of life. She had seen happier days, and the only relic which she possessed of better fortune, was a pair of silver framed spectacles; which, on her death-bed, she bequeathed to her benefactress. The poor old woman's relations were dead, and this guardian-spirit who soothed her path to the grave, was her only friend. Such an act of gratitude was, therefore, extremely affecting, and her benefactress was anxious to possess the legacy—heaven knows, not for its intrinsic value—but as a testimony of rare and unaffected gratitude; yet, will it be believed, that the tempting bit of silver had not escaped the clutches of the nurses of the ward, and the spectacles were not to be found! Our informant related the circumstance with tears of indignation; we threatened to investigate the matter, yet her meek and mild spirit implored us to withhold: she too passed from us a short time after, and is, we hope, gone where her good deeds will not be forgotten.

PHILO.

Notes of a Reader.

MONT BLANC.

THE most interesting night of the late season of the Royal Institution, was the lecture or narrative, given by Dr. Clarke of his ascent of Mont Blanc in 1825. Dr. Clarke led his audience from Geneva to the summit, detailing the enterprise, which, however, he considers not by any means so dangerous as has been represented. At 9,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean the air becomes extremely rarified, and the sky exhibits a blue-black appearance. He does not consider it at all safe for persons to attempt the ascent, having a tendency to apoplexy, for at the height of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, the extremely rarified state of the air, as well as the almost unbearable oppression of the sun's rays, though surrounded with snow, would increase that tendency to an alarming extent. So oppressive is

the sun, that on sitting down in the shade he was asleep instantly. The passage, just above the Grande Plateau (a surface of ice and snow, many acres in extent, 10,000 feet above the level of the sea) is a point of great difficulty. This chink is about seven feet wide and of immeasurable depth. To get over it the guides first proceed to render the passage more easy. He cautions travellers to pay implicit attention to guides, as the accident in 1822, when three persons sunk into the caverns of snow, was occasioned by this want of caution. It is appalling, said Dr. Clarke, to be carried over an abyss of unknown depth, slung upon cords and drawn over. On arriving at the summit of Mont Blanc the toils are amply repaid. Language cannot depict the scene before the traveller. The eye wanders over immeasurable space. The sky appears to recede, and the vision possesses double power. The Alpine scenery here is awfully grand, and the alternate thaw and freezing (for when the sun is down it freezes rapidly) produces the most grotesque figures. The only living creature found on the summit of Mont Blanc is a small white butterfly (the *ansonia*,) which flits over the snow. The chamois is found 10,000 feet above the level of the sea; Mont Blanc is 15,500 feet above the Mediterranean. Specimens were exhibited of the compositions of all the mountains round Mont Blanc. Periodically an immense quantity of snow falls down from the summit of the Mont, enough, as the guide said, to crush all Europe like flies. "On throwing stones down the precipices, thousands of feet deep, the traveller feels an almost irresistible desire to throw himself after them!"—*Monthly Magazine.*

FURIOUS DRIVING.

In going upon the road, in the United States, it is looked upon as a sort of slur on one, if another pass him, going in the same direction; and this folly prevails to as great a degree as amongst our break-neck coachmen; and you will see an old Quaker, whom, to look at, as he sits perched in his wagon, you would think had been cut out of stone a couple of hundred years ago; or hewed out of a log of wood, with the axe of some of the first settlers—if he hear a rattle behind him, you will see him gently turn his head; if he be passing a tavern at the time he pays little attention, and refrains from laying the whip upon the "creatures," seeing that he is morally certain that the rattler will stop to take "a grog" at the tavern; but if no such invitation present itself, and especially if there be a tavern two or three miles a-head, he begins immediately to make provision against the consequences of the impatience of his rival, who, he is aware, will push him hard, and on they go as fast as they can scamper, the successful driver talking of the "*glorious achievement*" for a week.—*Cobbett.*

VILLAGE BELLS.

——'To the heart the solemn sweetness steals,
Like the heart's voice, unfelt by none who feels
That God is love, that man is living dust;
Unfelt by none, whom ties of brotherhood
Link to his kind; by none who puts his trust
In naught of earth that hath surviv'd the flood,
Save those mute charities, by which the good
Strengthen poor worms, and serve their Maker best.
Village Patriarch.

CURIOUS CONTRIVANCE.

In the Pampas, when the natives want a granary, they sew the legs of a whole skin up, and fill it full of corn; it is then tied up to four stakes, with the legs hanging downwards, so that it has the appearance of an elephant hanging up; the top is again covered with hides, which prevent the rats getting in. In stretching a skin to dry, wood is so scarce in many parts of the Pampas, that the rib bones are carefully preserved to supply its place, and used as pegs to fix it in the ground. When a new-born infant is to be cradled, a square sheepskin is laced to a small rude frame of wood, and suspended like a scale to a beam or rail.—*Brand's Peru.*

SOUTH AMERICAN DINNER.

A recent traveller thus describes a dinner party at Mendoza:—The day of days arrived; the carriage was flying about the town with a couple of mules, to bring all the ladies to dinner, in order to meet the foreign gentlemen. We were all seated higgledy-piggledy at table, dish after dish came in; every one helped themselves, no carving was required, being all made dishes. The master of the house was walking round the room with his coat off, very comfortably smoking his cigar, and between every fresh dish, of which there were some thirty or forty, the ladies amused themselves with eating olives soaked in oil, and the colonel, (one of the military pedlars), to prove that he understood foreign manners and customs, got the ladies one after another to ask the foreign gentlemen to drink wine with them, which was no small ordeal for us

to run through. After these half hundred dishes, came the sweets; then the gentlemen's flints and steels were going, the room soon filled with smoke, and the ladies retired to dress for the ball.

EARLY HOURS.

We learn that Mr. Cobbett dines at twelve o'clock on suppawn and butcher's meat, that he sups on bread and milk at six, that he goes to bed at nine, that he rises every morning of his life at four; that before ten o'clock he has finished his writing for the day, and, that though no man has written more than he has, that he never knew any one who enjoyed more leisure than he does, and has done. "Now is there a man on earth who sits at a table, on an average, so many hours in the day as I do? I do not believe that there is: and I say it, not with pride, but with gratitude, that I do not believe that the whole world contains a man who is more constantly blessed with health than I am. In winter I go to bed at nine, and I rise, if I do not oversleep myself, at four, or between four and five. I have always a clear head; I am ready to take the pen, or begin dictating, the moment I have lighted the fire, or it has been lighted for me, and, generally speaking, I am seldom more than five minutes in bed before I am asleep.

AN IRISH VILLAGE INN.

The form and plan in all parts of the country are pretty nearly the same, though the furniture varies; the hospitable door (inns are proverbially hospitable) stands always open, but the guests are sheltered from the thorough air by a screen, composed like the rest of the mansion, of mud; the partition walls which separate it from the adjoining rooms reach no higher than the spring of the roof, so that warmth and air, not to mention the grunting of pigs, and other domestic sounds, are equally diffused through all parts of the tenement; from the rafters, well blackened and polished with smoke, depend sundry flitches of bacon, dried salmon, and so forth, and above them, if you know the ways of the house "may be you couldn't find (maybe you *couldn't* means, maybe you *could*) a horn of malt or a *cag* of poteen, where the gauger couldn't smell it." If you are very ignorant, you must be told, that poteen is the far famed liquor which the Irish, on the faith of the proverb, "stolen bread is sweetest," prefer, in spite of law, and—no—not of lawgivers, they drink it themselves, to its unsuccessful rival, parliament whisky. Beneath the ample chimney, and on each side of the fire-place, run low stone benches, the fire of turf or bog is made on the ground, and the pot for boiling the "mate, or potaties" as the chance may be, suspended over it by an iron chain; so that sitting on the aforesaid stone benches, you may inhale, like the gods, the savour of your dinner, while your frost bitten shins are soothed at the same time by the fire which dresses it.—*Monthly Magazine.*

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

By a gentleman, we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open, loyal, and true; whoever is of humane and affable demeanour; whoever is honourable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement—such a man is a gentleman: and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth. But high birth and distinction, for the most part, insure the high sentiment which is denied to poverty and the lower professions. It is hence, and hence only, that the great claim their superiority; and hence, what has been so beautifully said of honour, the law of kings, is no more than true:—

It aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not.
De Vere.

ROYAL PLANTERS.

Among the earliest and most successful planters was Count Maurice, of Nassau, who flourished in the seventeenth century. This prince had the advantage of operating in the genial clime, and with the fruitful soil of Brazil, of which in the year 1636, he was governor. He was a man of taste and elegance, and adorned his palaces and gardens in that country with a magnificence worthy of the satraps of the east. His residence was upon an island formed by the confluence of two rivers, a place which before he commenced his improvements presented no very promising subject, being a dreary, waste, and uncultivated plain, equally worthless and unattractive. On this spot, however, he erected a splendid palace, laid out gardens around it of extraordinary extent and magnificence; salubrity, seclusion, horticultural ornament were all studiously and tastefully combined in the arrangement of the buildings; the choicest fruits of a tropical climate, the orange,

the citron, the ananas, with many others unknown to us, solicited at once the sight, the smell, and the taste; artificial fountains of water preserved the coolness of the air, and maintained the verdure of the earth; thirteen bastions and turrets flanked and defended the gardens; and seven hundred trees of various sizes, of which some rose to thirty, some to forty, and some to fifty feet high to the lowermost branches, were removed to the spot, and arranged by the designer's skill in such a manner as to produce the most striking and splendid effect. Some of these trees were of seventy and others of eighty years growth. Being skilfully taken up they were placed carefully in carriages, conveyed over a space of from three to four miles in extent, transported on rafts across both the rivers, and on being replanted in the island, so favourable were both soil and vegetation in that genial climate, that they immediately struck root, and even bore fruit during the first year after their removal.

Louis XIV. who, by the good efforts of the learned Jesuits, had been taught that the practice of transplanting was well known to the Greeks and Romans, resolved to rival, and if possible, to eclipse whatever had been achieved in this art by these distinguished nations. Accordingly, among the stupendous changes made on the face of nature at Versailles and other royal residences, immense trees were taken up by the roots, erected on carriages, and removed at the royal will and pleasure. Almost the whole Bois de Boulogne was in this way said to be transported from Versailles to its present site, a distance of about two leagues and a half. To order the march of an army was the effort of common men, and every day commanders; to order the removal of a forest seemed to suit the magnificent conception of a prince, who, in all his enterprises, affected to act upon a scale immeasurably greater than that of his contemporaries. In the Bois de Boulogne, in spite of military devastation, the curious eye may still distinguish, in the rectilinear disposition of the trees, the traces of this extraordinary achievement.

At Potsdam, Frederick II., and at Warsaw, the last king of Poland transferred some thousands of large trees, in order to embellish the royal gardens at those places; and at Lazenki, in the suburbs of Warsaw, the far famed and unfortunate Stanislaus laid out the palace and grounds in a style of luxuriance and magnificence which has, perhaps, never been surpassed since the days of the Roman emperors. To add to the charm of this favourite spot, he removed some thousands of trees and bushes with which the gardens and the park were adorned; both were frequently thrown open to the public, and on these occasions, entertainments of unexampled splendour and gaiety were given to the court and to the principal inhabitants of the capital, which are still recollected with feelings of delight. —*Stuart's Planter's Guide.—Westminster Review.*

The Sketch-Book.

MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

ONE fine day in the summer of 1801, as I was busily engaged working in the field at Ettrick House, Wat Shiel came over to me and said, that "I boud gang away down to the Ramseycleuch as fast as my feet could carry me, for there war some gentlemen there wha wantit to speak to me."

"Wha can be at the Ramseycleuch that wants me, Wat?"

"I couldna say, for it wasna me that they spak to i' the byganging. But I'm thinking it's the Shirra an' some o' his gang."

I was rejoiced to hear this, for I had seen the first volumes of "The Minstrelsy of the Border," and had copied a number of old things from my mother's recital, and sent them to the editor preparatory for a third volume. I accordingly went towards home to put on my Sunday clothes, but before reaching it I met with THE SHIRRA and Mr. William Laidlaw coming to visit me. They alighted and remained in our cottage for a space better than an hour, and my mother chanted the ballad of Old Maitlan' to them, with which Mr. Scott was highly delighted. I had sent him a copy, (not a very perfect one, as I found afterwards, from the singing of another Laidlaw,) but I thought Mr. Scott had some dread of a part being forged, that had been the cause of his journey into the wilds of Ettrick. When he heard my mother sing it he was quite satisfied, and I remember he asked her if she thought it had ever been printed, and her answer was, "Oo, na, na, sir, it was never printed i' the world, for my brothers an' me learned it frae auld Andrew Moor, an' he learned it, an' mony mae, frae ane auld Baby Mettlin, that was housekeeper to the first laird o' Tushilaw."

"Then that must be a very auld story, indeed, Margaret," said he.

"Ay, it is that! It is an auld story! But mair nor that, except George Warton and James Steward, there was never ane o' my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yourself, an' ye hae spoilt them a'thegither. They war made for singing, an' no for reading; and they're neither right spelled nor right setten down."

"Heh—heh—heh! Take ye that, Mr. Scott," said Laidlaw.

Mr. Scott answered by a hearty laugh, and the recital of a verse, but I have forgot what it was, and my mother gave him a rap on the knee with her open hand, and said, "It was true enough, for a' that."

We were all to dine at Ramseycleuch with the Messrs. Brydon, but Mr. Scott and Mr. Laidlaw went away to look at something before dinner, and I was to follow. On going into the stable-yard at Ramseycleuch I met with Mr. Scott's liveryman, a far greater original than his master, whom I asked if the Shirra was come?

"O, ay, lad, the Shirra's come," said he. "Are ye the chiel that mak the auld ballads and sing them?"

"I said I fancied I was he that he meant, though I had never made ony very *auld* ballads."

"Ay, then, lad, gae your ways in an' speir for the Shirra. They'll let ye see where he is. He'll be very glad to see you."

During the sociality of the evening, the discourse ran very much on the different breeds of sheep, that curse of the community of Ettrick Forest. The original black-faced Forest breed being always called *the short sheep*, and the Cheviot breed *the long sheep*, the disputes at that period ran very high about the practicable profits of each. Mr. Scott, who had come into that remote district to preserve what fragments remained of its legendary lore, was rather bored with the everlasting question of the long and the short sheep. So at length, putting on his most serious calculating face, he turned to Mr. Walter Brydon and said, "I'm rather at a loss regarding the merits of this *very* important question. How long must a sheep actually measure to come under the denomination of *a long sheep*?"

Mr. Brydon, who, in the simplicity of his heart, neither perceived the quiz nor the reproof, fell to answer with great sincerity,—"It's the woo, sir—it's the woo that makes the difference. The lang sheep hae the short woo, and the short sheep hae the lang thing; and these are just kind o' names we gie them like." Mr. Scott could not preserve his grave face of strict calculation; it went gradually away, and a hearty guffaw followed. When I saw the very same words repeated near the beginning of the *Black Dwarf*, how could I be mistaken of the author? It is true, Johnnie Ballantyne persuaded me into a nominal belief of the contrary, for several years following, but I could never get the better of that and several similar coincidences.

The next day we went off, five in number, to visit the wilds of Rankleburn, to see if on the farms of Buccleuch there were any relics of the Castles of Buccleuch or Mount-Comyn, the ancient and original possession of the Scotts. We found no remains of either tower or fortalice, save an old chapel and churchyard, and a mill and mill-lead, where corn never grew, but where, as old Satchells very appropriately says,

> Had heather-bells been corn of the best,
> The Buccleuch mill would have had a noble grist.

It must have been used for grinding the chief's blackmails, which it is known, were all paid to him in kind. Many of these still continue to be paid in the same way; and if report says true, he would be the better of a mill and kiln on some part of his land at this day, as well as a sterling conscientious miller to receive and render.

Besides having been mentioned by Satchells, there was a remaining tradition in the country, that there was a font stone of blue marble, in which the ancient heirs of Buccleuch were baptized, covered up among the ruins of the old church. Mr. Scott was curious to see if we could discover it; but on going among the ruins we found the rubbish at the spot, where the altar was known to have been, digged out to the foundation,—we knew not by whom, but no font had been found. As there appeared to have been a kind of recess in the eastern gable, we fell a turning over some loose stones, to see if the font was not concealed there, when we came upon one half of a small pot, encrusted thick with rust. Mr. Scott's eyes brightened, and he swore it was an ancient consecrated helmet. Laidlaw, however, scratching it minutely out, found it covered with a layer of pitch inside, and then said, "Ay, the truth is, sir, it is neither mair nor less than a piece of a tar pat that some o' the farmers hae been buisting their sheep out o', i' the auld kirk langsyne. Sir Wal-

ter's shaggy eyebrows dipped deep over his eyes, and suppressing a smile, he turned and strode away as fast as he could, saying, that "We had just rode all the way to see that there was nothing to *be* seen,"

I remember his riding upon a terribly high spirited horse, who had the perilous fancy of leaping every drain, rivulet, and ditch that came in our way; the consequence was, that he was everlastingly bogging himself, while sometimes his rider kept his seat despite of his plunging, and at other times he was obliged to extricate himself the best way he could. In coming through a place called the Milsey Bog, I said to him, "Mr. Scott, that's the maddest deil of a beast I ever saw. Can ye no gar him tak a wee mair time? He's just out o' ae lair intil another wi' ye."

"Ay," said he, "we have been very oft, these two days past, like the Pechs; we could stand straight up and tie our shoes." I did not understand the joke, nor do I yet, but I think these were his words.

We visited the old castles of Thirlestane and Tushilaw, and dined and spent the afternoon, and the night, with Mr. Brydon, of Crosslee. Sir Walter was all the while in the highest good-humour, and seemed to enjoy the range of mountain solitude, which we traversed, exceedingly. Indeed I never saw him otherwise. In the fields—on the rugged mountains—or even toiling in Tweed to the waist, I have seen his glee not only surpass himself, but that of all other men. I remember of leaving Altrive Lake once with him, accompanied by the same Mr. Laidlaw, and Sir Adam Fergusson, to visit the tremendous solitudes of The Grey Mare's Tail, and Loch Skene. I conducted them through that wild region by a path, which, if not rode by Clavers, was, I daresay, never rode by another gentleman. Sir Adam rode inadvertently into a gulf, and got a sad fright, but Sir Walter, in the very worst paths, never dismounted, save at Loch Skene to take some dinner. We went to Moffat that night, where we met with some of his family, and such a day and night of glee I never witnessed. Our very perils were matter to him of infinite merriment; and then there was a short-tempered boot-boy at the inn, who wanted to pick a quarrel with him, at which he laughed till the water ran over his cheeks.

I was disappointed in never seeing some incident in his subsequent works laid in a scene resembling the rugged solitude around Loch Skene, for I never saw him survey any with so much attention. A single serious look at a scene generally filled his mind with it, and he seldom took another; but here he took the names of all the hills, their altitudes, and relative situations with regard to one another, and made me repeat them several times. It may occur in some of his works which I have not seen, and I think it will, for he has rarely ever been known to interest himself, either in a scene or a character, which did not appear afterwards in all its most striking peculiarities.

There are not above five people in the world who, I think, know Sir Walter better, or understand his character better, than I do; and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I will draw a mental portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original shall not be disputed. In the meantime, this is only a reminiscence, in my own line, of an illustrious friend among the mountains.

The enthusiasm with which he recited, and spoke of our ancient ballads, during that first tour of his through the forest, inspired me with a determination immediately to begin and imitate them, which I did, and soon grew tolerably good at it. Of course I dedicated The Mountain Bard to him:

Blest be his generous heart for aye;
He told me where the relic lay,
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill,
Watched my first notes with curious eye,
And wonder'd at my minstrelsy:
He little ween'd a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

Edinburgh Literary Journal.

Retrospective Gleanings.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.
(For the Mirror.)

Robberies and iniquities of all kinds were so uncommon in the reign of Alfred, that it is said, he hung up golden bracelets near the highways, and no man dared to touch them.

Earl Godwin, in order to appease Hardicanute, (whose brother he had been instrumental in murdering,) made him a magnificent present of a galley with a gilt stern, rowed by fourscore men, who wore each of them a golden bracelet on his arm, weighing sixteen ounces, and were clothed and armed in the most sumptuous manner. Hardicanute pleased with the splendour of the spectacle, quickly forgot his brother's murder, and on Godwin's swearing that he was innocent of the crime, allowed him to be acquitted.

The cities of England appear by *Domesday Book*, to have been at the conquest little better than villages; York itself, though it was always the second, at least the third city in England, contained only 1,418 families; Norwich contained 738 houses; Exeter, 315; Ipswich, 538; Northampton, 60; Hertford, 146; Bath, 64; Canterbury, 262; Southampton, 84; and Warwick, 225.

As the extreme ignorance of the age made deeds or writings very rare, the county or hundred courts were the places where the most remarkable civil transactions were finished. Here testaments were promulgated, slaves manumitted, bargains of sale concluded; and sometimes for greater security, the most remarkable of these deeds were inserted in the blank leaves of the parish Bible, which thus became a register too sacred to be falsified. It was not unusual to add to the deed an imprecation on all such as should be guilty of that crime.

The laws of Alfred enjoin, that if any one know that his enemy or agressor, after doing him an injury, resolves to keep within his own house and his own lands, he shall not fight him till he require compensation for the injury. If he be strong enough, he may besiege him in his house for seven days without attacking him, and if the agressor be willing, during that time to surrender himself and his arms, his adversary may detain him thirty days; but is compelled afterwards to restore him safe to his friends, and *be content with the compensation.*

The price of the King's head or his weregild, as it was then called, was by law, 30,000 thrismas, near £1,300. of our present money. The price of the prince's head was 15,000 thrismas; a bishop's or *alderman's* HEAD (quere, ought not the STOMACH to have been the part thus valued?) was valued at 8,000; a sheriff's, 4,000; a thane's, or clergyman's, 2,000; a ceorles, or husbandman's, 266. It must be understood that when a person was unwilling, or unable to pay the fine, he was outlawed, and the kindred of the deceased might punish him as they thought proper.

Gervase, of Tilbury, says, that in Henry the First's time, bread sufficient for 100 men, for a day, was rated at THREE SHILLINGS, or a shilling of that age.

By the laws of Ethelbert, any one who committed adultery with his neighbour's wife, was obliged to pay him a fine, AND BUY HIM ANOTHER WIFE.

The tenants in the King's demesne lands, in the reign of Henry II., were compelled to supply, GRATIS, the court with provisions and carriages, when the King went into any of the counties. These exactions were so grievous, and levied in so licentious a manner, that at the approach of the court, the farmers often deserted their houses, and sheltered themselves and families in the woods, from the insults of the King's retinue.

John Baldwin held the manor of Oterasfree, in Aylesbury, of the King, in soccage, by this service of finding litter for the King's bed, viz. in summer, *grass or herbs*, and two grey geese; and in winter, *straw*, and three eels, throughout the year, if the King should come thrice in the year to Aylesbury.

Prince Henry, son of William I. disgusted at the little attention his brothers, Robert and William, paid to him in an accommodation respecting the succession to the throne, retired to St. Michael's Mount, in Normandy, and infested the neighbourhood with his forces. Robert and William, with their joint forces, besieged him in this place, and had nearly reduced him by the scarcity of water; when the elder hearing of his distress, permitted him to supply himself, and also sent him some pipes of wine for his own table. Being reproved by William for his ill-timed generosity, he replied, "*What, shall I suffer my brother to die of thirst? Where shall we find another when he is gone?*" CLARENCE.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

COBBETT'S CORN.

THE most interesting article in the last Number of the *Westminster Review*, is a paper on Cobbett's Corn, headed with the title of Mr. Cobbett's Treatise on the cultivation of the plant. The reviewer has there interwoven some choice extracts from Mr. Cobbett's book, which together with the connecting observations, we have abridged to suit our columns:—

The value of Indian Corn has never been disputed: it could not, by men who had ever seen the corn of America, or the maize of the more southern districts of France. Its introduction into England has not been speculated upon; for it was supposed there was an *in limine* objection, that in our climate it would not ripen. In the more northern part of France, for the same reason, its cultivation is not known, and in the map prefixed to Arthur Young's Travels in

France and other countries, may be seen a line drawn across the country, which line he considered was the limit of the maize country." Neither has this experiment till now been tried, for Cobbett's corn is a different variety of Indian or American, from that cultivated either in the new or old world. It appears that it is a dwarfish species, and one which will not only ripen in this country, but produce results of fertility beyond that calculated upon in the United States in the most prosperous seasons. It was an accident which threw it into Mr. Cobbett's hands: his son brought some seeds from plants growing in a gentleman's garden in the French province of Artois, and it was only at his son's repeated entreaty that he was prevailed upon to try its effects. And even this entreaty from a son might not have prevailed, had not the influence of a sleepless night from the heat of summer, led to a conversation to be followed by results so important.

"In the month of June, 1827," says Mr. Cobbett, "my son and I slept one night in the same room in the garden-house at Barn-elm. The night was very hot, and neither his bed nor mine was cool enough to permit us to get to sleep, in a case like which, people generally get to talking; and I, in a mood, half between restlessness and laziness, asked him, whether Mr. Walker had planted his corn. He said he had; and that led him off into a train of arguing, the object of which was, to maintain his former opinion relative to the great benefits that would attend the cultivation of this crop. He entered into a calculation of the distances, the space of ground required by each plant, the number of plants upon an acre, the number of ears upon a plant, the quantity of seed upon an ear, ending in a statement of the amount of the crop per acre. He then dwelt upon the quantity and value of the fodder, upon the facility of cultivation, upon the small quantity of seed required for an acre; and, finally, upon the preparation which the growing of the crop would make for a succeeding crop of wheat.

"I do confess, that I was very hard to be convinced; I became interested to be sure, and I resolved to give the thing a trial immediately, if possible, or rather to set about it immediately; but, I confess, that if the thing had been urged upon me by almost any other person, I should not have done it. 'Well, then,' said I, 'William, we will give your little corn a trial, for it is not too late yet.' But now a difficulty that appeared to be insuperable arose; namely, that the seed was all gone! The seed was all planted in Sussex. As soon as I reflected on this, I became really eager to make the experiment; so true it is, that we seldom know the full value of what we have had, till we have lost it. I recollected, however, that I had rather recently seen an ear or two of this corn in some seed-drawers that I had in the garden-house, not being quite sure, however, that they were of the true sort; and now I, who had so long turned from the subject rather with indifference, could not go to sleep for my doubts, my hopes, and fears, about these two bits of ears of corn. We had no light, or I should have got up to go and hunt the boxes, which I did as soon as day-light appeared, and there, to my great joy, I found two bits of ears of corn, which from the size and shape of the cobb, I knew to be of the true sort. This was upon the 8th of June in the morning."

Indian corn is a kind of corn tree, so that it would be exempt from the sneer of the Tartars who despise the men that live on 'the top of a weed.' The top of Indian Corn supplies the place of hay or of straw for fodder: it is the flower of the plant, and bears the farina like the wheat-ear, but the grains are deposited in the ears which come out of the stalk lower down. These ears are enveloped in their leaves which are called the husk. The number of ears varies in different plants, three is the common number. Seven are a curiosity. One stalk in Mr. Cobbett's field bore seven ears, and Mr. Cobbett, jun. sent it as a present to the king's gardener at Kew, comparing it to that "one stalk mentioned in Pharaoh's dream of the seven years of plenty." For it must not be forgotten that Mr. Cobbett maintains that Indian corn is the true corn of scripture, and defends this opinion by many plausible arguments. We have no room to discuss them, and shall only observe in contravention, that Indian corn is not now known in Palestine or Syria, and that it is dangerous to raise a verbal discussion founded upon a translation. His argument is, however, well worth the attention of all our biblical readers. In America the Indian corn alone monopolizes the name of corn: all other corn is called grain: so important is the cultivation of it there, that it puzzles the Yankees exceedingly to know how the old country can get on without corn; and so identified is the great roll of grain, with the name of an ear of corn, that when Mr. Cobbett once read an account to an American farmer, of a young English

lord lying dangerously ill from having swallowed an ear of corn; the man started up and exclaimed, a whole ear of corn! no wonder that poor John Bull is in such a miserable state, when his lords have got swallows like that.

The Indian corn being a large plant requires both air and space: it is consequently raised in hills far apart, after the manner of our hop plants; and reckons upon a deep ploughing between the hills after it is partly grown up for a supply of health and vigour. This great distance between the hills, sometimes placed four feet apart one way, and five feet apart another way, and the height of the plant with its lofty top and its lateral ears form a far different picture than that presented by an English corn field. Cobbett's or the dwarf corn is, however, only four feet high: he planted his in rows three feet apart, which distance he is inclined to think is too small. "Three feet do not give room for good, true, and tolerably deep ploughing: and that is the main thing in the cultivation of corn, which indeed will not thrive well, if the ground be not deeply moved, and very near to the plants to which they are growing. You will see in America a field of corn late in June, perhaps, which has not been ploughed, looking to-day sickly and sallow. Look at it only in four days' time, if ploughed the day after you saw it, and its colour is totally changed. Five feet are accordingly recommended as the distance between the rows, and six inches only between the plants."

A great advantage of Indian or Cobbett's corn is, that it occupies the ground for little more than half the year: it is planted in May or June, and ripens in November. Unlike common corn or grain, where there is generally a superabundance of blades, every plant of Indian corn is of importance: it cannot be spared; and as the sweetness of the early growth renders it a tempting prey to birds, insects, and rabbits, it becomes necessary to guard against their encroachments with the most lively care.

Weeds are to be instantly put down on their first appearance, or corn is not to be expected; "the poor corn-plant, if left to itself, will soon be like Gulliver when bound down by the Lilliputians." The hoe is the instrument to be used on this occasion, and then the plough; the latter operation is repeated twice; two double ploughings are the death of weeds, and the life of the plants; the first takes place when the corn is from six to eight inches high, and the second, about the middle of July, or earlier, when the plants are about a foot and a half high, or from that to two feet. "Let no one," says Cobbett, "be afraid of their tearing about the roots of the plants, when they are at this advanced age and height;" and in encouraging them to pursue the work resolutely and fearlessly, he tells them of the way in which the Yankee farmer manages the matter, and digresses, as he loves to digress, into a picture of manners, or an old recollection.

"Ninety-nine of my readers out of a hundred, and I dare say, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, will shudder at the thought of tearing about in this manner; thinking that breaking-off, tearing-off, cutting-off the roots of such large plants, just as they are coming into bloom, must be a sort of work of destruction. Let them read the book of Mr. Tull; or let them go and see my friends the Yankees, who generally drive the thing off to the last moment, especially if they be young enough to have a "frolic" stand between them and the ploughing of the corn; or if the wife want the horses to go ten or twenty miles to have a gossip with a neighbour over a comfortable cup of tea; but they, to do them justice, do not forget the beef steaks, or the barbecued fowls, on these occasions; that is to say, a fowl caught up in the yard, scalded in a minute, cleaned the next, and splitted down the back, and clapped upon the *gridiron* (favourite implement of mine,) and then upon the table, along with the hot cakes, the preserved peaches, and the comfortable cup of tea. If a wife want the horses for this purpose, or for any other, and should continue too long a time in a visiting or frolicing humour, the poor corn gives signs of the consequence, by becoming yellow, and sharp-pointed at the blade. By and by, however, the Yankee comes with his plough; and it would frighten an English farmer out of his senses to see how he goes on, swearing at the horses, and tearing about the ground, and tumbling it up against the plants; but, at any rate, moving it all pretty deeply, somehow or other. I have seen them do this when the tassel was nearly at its full height, and when the silk was appearing from the ears. One rule is invariable; that is, that if the corn be not ploughed at all there will be no crop; there will be tassel, and the semblance of ears; but (upon ordinary land, at least,) there will be no crop at all."

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

ONE WAY TO DIE FOR LOVE.

A LADY, nearly related to the writer, having a great partiality (though married) for the feline race, particularly lavished favours upon a young and beautiful cat, whom she constantly fed, taught to perform several pleasing tricks, and in short made of the animal such a companion, that she never liked it to be out of her sight. She had also in her service a cook, who boasted not of partialities for any living creature, save a village youth, for whom she cherished a flame that rivalled the bright and ardent fire of her own kitchen; to him she generously assigned as a hiding place and rendezvous, the corner of an outhouse, to which she frequently stole in order to enjoy a *tête à tête* with her admirer. Thither also stole puss, either in gratitude for past savoury benefactions, or in anticipation of future. But the lady of the house, frequently missing her favourite, and tracing her one day into the place of rendezvous, thus unluckily effected the discovery of cook and her swain. The damsel apprehending that such interruptions to their interviews might, from the gourmandizing propensities of the favourite, be frequent, determined to prevent them for ever; the very next time that puss, as usual, followed her, seizing with savage exultation the harmless creature, she severed with a huge carving knife, its head from its body! An exploit truly worthy of the *tender* passion, and the *gentle* sex! M. L. B.

GEORGE I. was remarkably fond of seeing the play of *Henry VIII.* which had something in it that seemed to hit the taste of that monarch. One night being very attentive to that part of the play where Henry VIII. commands his minister, Wolsey, to write circular letters of indemnity to every county where the payment of certain heavy taxes had been disputed, and remarking the manner in which the minister artfully communicated these commands to his secretary, Cromwell, whispering thus:—

"A word with you:
Let there be letters writ to every shire
Of the King's grace and pardon; the griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me—Let it be nois'd
That thro' *our intercession* this revokement
And pardon comes."———

—The king could not help smiling at the craft of the minister, in filching from his master the merit of the action, though he himself had been the author of the evil complained of; and turning to the Prince of Wales, said, "You see, George, what you have one day to expect; an English minister will be an English minister in every age and in every reign." W. C. R. R.

AN "INDWELLING" JOKE.

A CERTAIN would-be bibliopole, desirous of emulating the Constables, Boyds, and Colburns of this century, lately opened a couple of windows at Johnston, and exhibited the beautiful wood-cuts on the title page of the Shorter Catechism to the wondering amateurs of the fine arts there with so much success, as to induce him to become printer and publisher. Forthwith he set to throwing off an impression of a thousand copies—he was fond of round numbers—of a work "*on Indwelling Sin.*" It threatened to be an indwelling sore in his shop; and he set off to Campbelton to sell a few in that pious place. A tobacco-seller and grocer gave him a cask of whisky for the lot—which, on his return, he disposed of to a popular publican; and now, when the wags of the place seek to wet their whistle, they gravely call for "a gill of indwelling sin!"—*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

LEARNING is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.—*Pope.*

JEKYLL meeting a friend one day, asked him if he had heard of a marriage that was going to take place very soon, between the daughter of a Judge and the only son of a great CONVEYANCER. He explained by saying, that a daughter of Judge Best's was going to be married to Mr. G——, the COACHMAKER'S son.

RAMSGATE FAR BEYOND MARGATE.

A YOUNG lady, on a visit to a friend near the sea-coast of Kent, was asked her opinion of the comparative degree of merit between Ramsgate and Margate; "Oh!" she replied, "I think Ramsgate *far beyond* Margate."—"Do you," replied a person present, "why, if you go round by the cliffs, it is not above five miles and a half."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 636, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

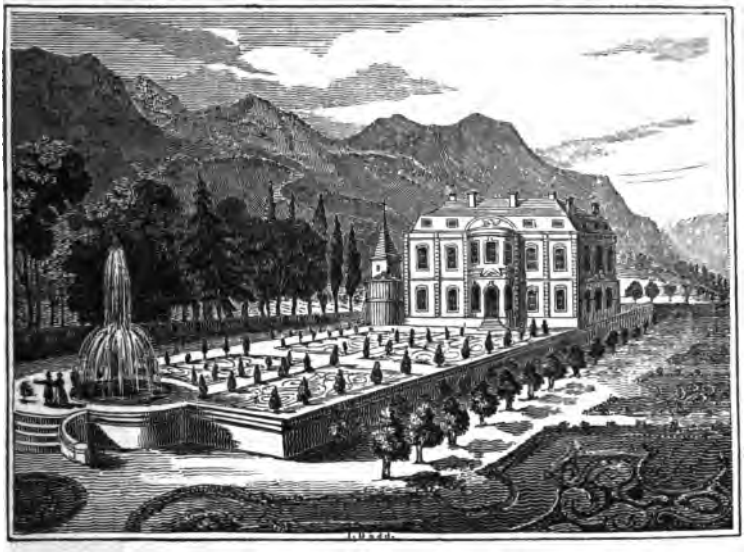
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 384.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1829. [Price 2d.

Voltaire's Chateau, at Ferney.



Voltaire is the bronze and plaster poet of France. Cheek by jowl with Rousseau, (their squabbles are forgotten in the roll of fame), you see him perched on mantel, bracket, *ecritoire*, and bookcase: in short, their effigies are as common as the plaster figures of Shakspeare and Milton are in England. How far the rising generation of France may profit by their household memorials—or the sardonic and satanic smile of their great poet—we will not pretend to determine; neither do we invite any comparison; although Voltaire, with all his trickseyings and panting after fame, never inculcated so sublime a lesson as is conveyed in

"The cloud-capp'd towers," &c.

which are inscribed beneath the bust of our immortal bard.

But we turn from Voltaire and his stormy times to the seat of his retirement—Ferney, about six miles from Geneva; where he lived for twenty years; but in his eighty-fourth year actually quitted this scene of delightful repose for the city of Paris—there to enjoy a short triumph, and die. The latter event took place in 1778.

At pages 62 and 69 of vol. xii. of the Mirror, we have given a brief description of Ferney, with many interesting anecdotes, carefully compiled from a variety of authorities. Here Voltaire lived in princely style, as Condorcet says, "removed from illusion, and whatever could excite momentary, or personal passion." According to M. Simond, a recent tourist, the *château* is still visited by travellers, and Voltaire's bed-room is shown in the state he left it. The date of our view is about the year 1800, since which the residence has been much neglected: and during the late war, it was frequently the quarters of the Austrian soldiers. The gardens are laid out in the formal, geometrical style, and they command a view of the town and lake of Geneva. The apartments of the ground-floor of the house are in the same state as during Voltaire's lifetime. In the dining-hall is a picture, representing demons horsewhipping Fréron:* such was Voltaire's mode of perpetuating his antagonists.

* Fréron was an eminent journalist of the last century: his criticisms procured him many powerful enemies, among whom was Voltaire.

Of the purchase of Ferney, Voltaire thus speaks in his memoirs :—

"I bought, by a very singular kind of contract, of which there was no example in that country, a small estate of about sixty acres, which they sold me for about twice as much as it would have cost me at Paris; but pleasure is never too dear. The house was pretty and commodious, and the prospect charming; it astonishes without tiring: on one side is the lake of Geneva, and the city on the other. The Rhone rushes from the former with vast impetuosity, forming a canal at the bottom of my garden, whence is seen the Arve descending from the Savoy mountains, and precipitating itself into the Rhone, and farther still another river. A hundred country seats, a hundred delightful gardens, ornament the borders of the lakes and rivers. The Alps at a great distance rise and terminate the horizon, and among their prodigious precipices, twenty leagues extent of mountain are beheld covered with eternal snows."

Upon Voltaire's settlement at Ferney, the country was almost a savage desert. The village contained but fifty inhabitants, but became by the poet's means the residence of 1,200 persons, among which were a great number of artists, principally watch makers, who established their manufacture under his auspices, and exported their labours throughout the continent. Voltaire also invited to Ferney, and afforded protection to, the young niece of the celebrated Corneille; here she was educated, and Voltaire even carried his delicacy so far as not to suffer the establishment of Madlle. Corneille to appear as his benefaction. The family of Calas, likewise, came to reside in the neighbourhood, and to this circumstance may be attributed the zeal which Voltaire evinced in their ill fate.

DURHAM HOUSE, STRAND:

MARRIAGE OF LADY JANE GREY.

(For the Mirror.)

Why did ye me dysseyve,
With faynyng fantzye agenst all equitie and right,
The regall powers onjustly to receyve,
To serve your tornes, I do right well perceyve;
For I was your instrument to worke your purpose by;
All was but falshed to bleere withall myn eye.
Cavendish's Metrical Visions.

THE short but eventful period between the death of the last Henry, and the succession of his bigoted and intolerant daughter Mary, presents a wide and fertile field for the inquiring mind both of the historian and philosopher. The interest attached to the memory of the beauteous but unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, renders the slightest event of her life acceptable to every lover of English history; while her youth and intellectual acquirements, her brief reign of nine days, and finally her expiation for her *innocent* crime on the scaffold, combine to rouse the feelings and excite the sympathy of every sensitive heart.

The marriage of lady Jane Grey, which may be regarded as the principal cause of her sufferings, was brought about by the ambitious Earl of Northumberland, a nobleman, the most powerful and wealthy at that period, in the kingdom. By the marriage of Lord Guilford Dudley with the Lady Jane, he formed the daring project of placing the crown of England on the head of his son, in order to consolidate that pre-eminence, which, during the reign of the youthful Edward, he had so craftily attained to, and which he foresaw, would, on the accession of Mary, from whom he had little to expect, either on the side of friendship or protection, be wrested from him. By the will of Henry VIII., as well also as by an Act of Parliament, the ladies Mary and Elizabeth had been pronounced as heirs to the crown; this claim, however, he hoped to overrule, as the statutes passed by Henry, in the twenty-eighth year of his reign, declaring their illegitimacy, had never been repealed. By the will of Henry, the lady Jane had also been placed next in succession after the Princess Elizabeth, in total exclusion of the Scottish line, the offspring of his sister Margaret, who had married James IV. of Scotland.

The day on which this important event took place is not exactly known; but it is generally supposed to have been towards the close of the month of May, in the year 1553, before the lady Jane had attained her seventeenth year. The nuptials were solemnized with great magnificence at Durham House, the then princely residence of the Earl of Northumberland, who appears to have been particularly earnest in their conclusion, as they were celebrated but two months previous to the death of Edward VI., who at that time "lay dangerously sicke,"* and being unable to attend, sent costly presents as marks of his approval. Three other marriages, also, appear to have taken place at the

* Stow's *Summarie of the Chronicles of England*, p. 245.

same time, as recorded by the chronicler Stow.*

DURHAM HOUSE, which formerly occupied that extensive space of ground on the southern side of the Strand, now covered by the stately pile of buildings called the Adelphi, was erected, according to Stow,† in the reign of Edward III., by Thomas de Hatfield, created Bishop of Durham in 1345. Pennant,‡ however, but upon what authority does not appear, traces its foundation to a period prior to the abovementioned, that of Edward I., when he says it was erected by Anthony de Beck, patriarch of Jerusalem and Bishop of Durham, but was afterwards rebuilt by Bishop Hatfield. In 1534, Tonstal, the then bishop, exchanged Durham House with Henry VIII. for a mansion in Thames Street, called "Cold Harborough," when it was converted by that monarch into a royal palace. During the same reign, in the year 1540, a grand tournament, commencing on "Maie daie," and continuing on the five following days, was held at Westminster; after which, says Stow, "the challengers rode to Durham Place, where they kept open household, and feasted the king and queene (Anne of Cleves) with her ladies, and all the court."§ In the reign of Edward VI., a mint was established at Durham House by the ambitious Thomas Seymour, Lord Admiral, under the direction of Sir William Sharington.

This mansion was bestowed on the princess Elizabeth, during the term of her life, by her brother Edward VI., when it became the residence of the Earl of Northumberland, and the scene of those important transactions we have just endeavoured to relate. On the death of Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom the mansion had been given by that queen, was obliged to surrender it to Toby Matthew, the then Bishop of Durham, in consequence of the reversion having been granted to that see by queen Mary, whose bigoted and narrow mind regarded the previous exchange as a sacrilege.

* Lord Gilford, the Duke of Northumberland's fourth son, married Lady Jane, the Duke of Suffolk's daughter, whose mother being then alive, was daughter to Mary, King Henrie's sister, which was then married to the French king, and after to Charles, Duke of Suffolke. Also the Earle of Pembroke's eldest son married Lady Katharine, the said duke's second daughter. And Martin Keie's gentleman porter married Mary, the third daughter of the Duke of Suffolke. And the Earle of Huntington's son, called Lord Hastings, married Katharine, youngest daughter to the Duke of Northumberland.—Stow's *Chronicle*, p. 1029, edit. 1600.

† Strype's *Stow*, vol. ii. p. 576.

‡ Pennant's *London*, p. 120, 4to. edit.

§ Stow's *Chronicle*, p. 975.

In 1608, the stables of Durham House, which fronted the Strand, and which, says Strype,* "were old, ruinous, and ready to fall, and very unsightly in so public a passage to the Court of Westminster," were pulled down and a building called the New Exchange erected on their site, by the Earl of Salisbury. It was built partly on the plan of the Royal Exchange; the shops or stalls being principally occupied by miliners and sempstresses. It was opened with great state by James I., and his queen, who named it the "Bursse of Britain."†

In 1640, the estate of Durham House was purchased of the see, by Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, for the annual sum of 200 *l.*, when the mansion was pulled down, and numerous houses erected on its site; and in 1737, the New Exchange was also demolished to make room for further improvements.

Towards the close of the last century the whole estate was purchased of the Earl of Pembroke, by four brothers of the name of Adam, who erected the present buildings, named by them the *Adelphi*, from the Greek word ἀδελφοι, brothers. S. I. B.

THE DEATH OF MURAT.

(For the Mirror.)

"Where the broken line enlarging
Fell or fled along the plain,
There be sure was Murat charging:
There he ne'er shall charge again."
BYRON.

PERHAPS the features of romance were never more fully developed than in the last days and death of Murat, King of Naples. To speak panegyrically of his prowess, is supererogatory; as his bravery has been the theme of history and of song. But a pathetic paper in *Blackwood's Magazine*, affectingly describes his fall from splendour and popularity to servile degradation and unmerited military death. He has many claims on our interest and pity; whether we view him as the enthusiastic leader of Napoleon's chosen, against the wily Russians, in the romantic array of "a theatrical king," bearing down all impediment; or the plumeless and proscribed monarch of "shreds and patches," hiding from his enemies amidst the withered spoils of the forest. The writer of the paper referred to, in describing his arrival at Ajaccio, says, "I was sitting at my door, when I beheld a man approach me, *with the gai-*

* Strype's *Stow*, vol. ii. p. 576.

† Howel's *Londinopolis*, p. 349.

ters and shoes of a common soldier. Looking up, I beheld before me Joachim II. the splendid King of Naples! I uttered a cry, and fell upon my knees!"

Escap'd from wreck and storm of fickle seas,
Degraded, plunder'd, sought for by his foes,
Brave Murat went, a weary, exil'd king,
Unto the land that gave Napoleon life;
And he who was the head of armies, when
His sabre slew opposing multitudes;
Whose dauntless spirit knew no other words
In fiercest strife, but "Soldiers, follow me!"
Came a poor, drooping, broken, lonely man,
To meet reproach, and harsh vicissitude,
Base persecution, and destroying hope;
To drain the cup of human suffering dry,
From which his fever'd lips had scarce refrain'd;
When in the tangled wood he trembling lay,
Weary and worn, expos'd to sun and storm,
Hunger and cold, and nature's helplessness.
And when Ajaccio's walls rung with the shouts
For Naples' ruler, he of warlike fame,
It wrung his spirit to remember when
That city hail'd him as her only star,
Worthy to reign where Masaniello rul'd.
Dejected chief! the tears forsook his eyes,
When on his vision rush'd the bygone love
Applauding thousands bore him, as he rode
In pride imperial 'midst the bending throng.

The gathering crowds along Ajaccio's streets
Felt Freedom's fervor kindle in their souls;
And Murat's banner fann'd the glorious flame.
"'Tis past," he cried, "and now I proudly come,
O, shameless Naples! in thy arms to die,
Or nobly live."

"Now blood for tears! my sword, my sword!
Be thou unsheath'd in Naples' cause,
I'll meet again the battle horde,
And beard the bravest of my foes!

"Proud Austria! I will drive thee back,
Deem not that Naples' throne is thine;
For soon shall Murat's bivouac
Keep watch upon thy tented line.

"Nor taunt of enemy shall move,
Nor bitterest suffering shall degrade,
My heart—for with my people's love
My daring will be richly paid.

"Hearts like my own! that hem me now,
The ground we tread is sacred earth,
Prove not the soil from which ye sprang
Unworthy of Napoleon's birth.

"On to the struggle! we shall gain
Adherents to our patriot cause;
Shake off the exile's hated name,
And abrogate the despot's laws.

"Insulted, wrong'd, and robb'd of all,
My feelings scarce could brook my fate;
But I will gain my crown or fall
Before degraded Naples' gate!"

Midnight descended on Calabria's coast,
And Murat's little fleet were sailing there;
No peering moon lit up the lonely sea,
But all was sable as his wayward fate.
A storm dispers'd them, and Sardinia's isle
Receiv'd the bark that held the hapless king,
And morn beheld it on the main again;
But far apart his faithful followers.
Calabria's beach was gain'd; where Murat stood
Amidst the dastard throng that hemm'd him round,
With heart of adamant, and eye of fire.
There is a majesty in kingly hearts
Which changing time nor fickle fate can quell:
He stood—reveal'd from his own lips, "The King
Of fallen Naples." At those stirring words
A hundred swords unsheath'd; for on his head
A princely price was set, and flight he scorn'd;
For grasp'd his hand the well-accustom'd blade;
And *vainly* fought—

* * * * * *

His hour is come! behold the dauntless man
Baring his bosom to the stern platoon:
And parted friends, and pardon'd enemies,
Relinquish'd glory, and forgotten scorn,
Are naught to him—but o'er his war-worn face
A momentary gleam of passion flits—
To think *that he who wore that diadem*
The second Cæsar placed upon his brows,
(No cold inheritance of legal right,
But truly bought by bravery and blood,)
Should die with traitor branded on his fame.
His hand enfolds a small cornelian seal,
A portrait of his queen,—on which his eyes
Are fondly fix'd. The final word is given,
And Murat falls: ah! who would be a king!

* * H.

COAST BLOCKADE MEN.

(For the Mirror.)

MATURIN in his fearful romance of *Melmoth*, has well exemplified the change of character and frequent subversion of intellect occasioned by untoward circumstances. The human mind, like a woody fibre, when submitted to the action of a petrifying stream, gradually assimilates the qualities of its associates. This truth is strikingly verified in the persons of the men on our blockade stations, for the prevention of smuggling. They are a numerous race, and inhabit little fortalices on the coasts of our sea-girt isle, which to an imaginative mind would give it the appearance of a beleagured citadel. The powerful, but still ineffective means resorted to by government for the suppression of illicit traffic, sadly demonstrates the degeneracy of our nature, and may be seen in full operation on the coast between Margate, Dover, and Hastings. For this purpose, the stranger on his arrival at Margate, must take the path leading to the cliffs, eastward of the town, and after walking a little way with the sea on his left hand, he will pass, at intervals, certain neat, though gloomy looking cottages, chiefly remarkable for an odd, military aspect, strongly reminding

one of a red jacket turned up with white. These, perched like the eagle's eyry on the very edge and summit of those crested heights that "breast the billows foam," are the *preventive stations*, inhabited by the *dumb* and isolated members of the blockade. These men will now be seen for the rest of the journey, mounted on the jutting crags, straining their weary eyes over the monotonous expanse of waters which for ever splash beneath them—a sullen accompaniment to their gloomy avocations.

On a first sight of these men, you are ready to exclaim with Mercutio, "Oh, flesh! how art thou fishified;" and begin to think that Shakspeare might have had a living original for his horrid Caliban: for they are mostly selected from amongst fishermen, on account of their excellent knowledge of the coast, and most perfectly retain their amphibious characteristics. The good humoured Dutch looking face is, however, wanting; they have a savage angularity of feature, the effect of their antisocial trade; one feels a sort of creeping horror on approaching a fellow creature, armed at all points, in a lone and solemn place, the haunts of desperate men, and on whose tongue an embargo is laid to speak to no one, pacing the surly rocks, his hands on his arms, ready to deal forth death on the first legal opportunity. Beings such as these an amiable and delicate mind shudders to contemplate, and always finds it difficult to conceive; yet, such are the preventive men who line our coast—melancholy examples of the truth stated at the outset of this paper. Occasionally, however, the good traveller will, much to his joy, meet with an exception to this sad rule, in the person of an old tar, whom necessity has pressed into the service, and who from long acquaintance with the pleasures of traversing the mighty ocean, feels little pleasure in staring at it like an inactive land-lubber, a character which he holds in hearty contempt; besides, to fire at a fellow Briton is against his nature; thief or no thief it crosses his grain, and he looks at his pistols and hates himself. His situation is miserable; he is truly a fish out of water; he loves motion, but is obliged to stand still; his glory is a social "bit of jaw," but he dares not speak; he rolls his disconsolate quid over his silent tongue, and is as wretched as a caged monkey. Poor fellow! how happy would a companion make you, to whom you could relate your battles, bouts, and courtships; but mum is the order, and Jack is used to an implicit obeyance of head-quarter orders. The sight of an outward bound vessel drives him mad.

On the appearance of a suspicious sail, the blockader, all vigilance, (Jack excepted) awaits in silence the *running* of the devoted cargo, when suddenly discharging one of his pistols, the air in a moment rocks with a hundred reports, answered successively by his companions. This arouses those in the cottages off duty; the cliffs instantly teem with life; all hurry to the beach, by slanting passages cut in the rocks for that purpose, and a scene of blood and death ensues too horrible for description. Thus are sent prematurely to their graves, many poor fellows, who, had brandy been a trifle cheaper, might have lived bright ornaments of a world they never knew.

After leaving Dover, the scene changes very materially in its appearance; the regimental cottages have vanished, and in their places are found strong brick towers, placed at short distances from each other, containing each a little garrison, over which a lieutenant presides; from the abundance of these towers, and their proximity to each other, the men are numerously scattered over the bleak sands, and living more together, are a social set of creatures, compared with those westward of Dover. The towers very much resemble the Peel Houses which, "lang syne," bristled on the Scottish border, and like them, are built to watch and annoy an enemy from; they are about twenty feet in height, of a circular form, and have a concealed gallery at top with loopholes, for observation. The preventive men have a costume peculiar to them: white trousers, blue jacket, and white hat; a pair of pistols, a cutlass, and a sort of carbine. A well painted picture of them, when surrounding their little castles, a fresh breeze stirring the sea into a rage, and a horizontal sun gilding their rugged features, would fairly rival Salvator Rosa's brigands in the Abruzzi Mountains.

S. S.

ONCE ANCIENT.—A FACT.

(For the Mirror.)

A Norwich mayor, who an uncommon thing
(Because 'twas generous) had done, was sent
With a petition to his gracious King,*
And reach'd St. James's wondrously content,
His Majesty found him quite eloquent,
Fond of a dinner, fonder of a joke
But, needing matter
For converse with his stranger worship, spoke

* George III.—This incident actually occurred.

Of Norfolk hospitality, and geese;
Of turkeys, game, and fowls, that take a lease
Yearly to smoke on many a cockney platter,
Forgetting not, to please the honest *prent*:
Mention of gravy, sausage, dumpling, batter;
Till, the good man, quite in his element
Can prating glibly of the Norwich folk
And what fine things were doing in their city.
"An ancient place it is, sir!" said the prince,
"As its old churches, castle, gates, evince!"
"Gates!" please your highness," "there my heart is broke;
They 'as; and more's the pity,
Just pull'd the old gates down! (I may
Get i' the wrong box too, for blabbin')
Norwich an ancient city, did you say?
An' please your Majesty, not now a 'ha' been!"

M. L. B.

PORTRAIT OF FAIR ROSAMOND.

A PICTURE of this unfortunate woman, the mistress of Henry II., and the victim of his queen's jealousy, supposed to have been painted in the time of Henry VII., was, at the commencement of the last century in the possession of Samuel Gale, Esq., the antiquary. It consisted of a three-quarter length, painted on panel, and attired in the costume of the period; a dress of red velvet, with a straight low body, and large square sleeves, faced with black flowered damask, turned up above the elbow, from which descended a close sleeve of pearl-coloured satin, puffed out, and buttoned at the wrist; her bosom being covered with a fine flowered linen, gathered close at the neck like a ruff. Her hair, which was of a dark brown colour, was parted from the middle of the forehead; on her head was a plain coifure, surmounted by a gold lace, covered with a small, black, silk cap. In her right hand, which was richly decorated with rings, she held the fatal cup, with the cover in the left. Before her, on a table covered with black damask, lay an open prayer-book. Her complexion was fair, with a beautiful blush upon her cheeks.

S. I. B.

The Naturalist.

NEW ZOOLOGICAL WORK.

WE are happy to have on our table the first number of a periodical work to be exclusively devoted to the Illustration of the Natural History of the living Animals in the Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society. It is from the Chiswick press; the drawings are by Mr. William Harvey, and the Engraving by Messrs. Branston and Wright; and of printing and embellishment, the present number is a truly splendid specimen, and is equal to any of the costly "Annuals."

We believe the sale of works on Natural History to have been, till recently, very limited; this has probably arisen from their technical character, and consequent unfitness for the general reader. Mr. Loudon was, perhaps, the first to familiarize the study of Zoology, in originally making it a portion of his excellent Gardeners' Magazine. The formation of the Zoological Society next rendered the study more popular, and the gardens in the Regent's Park at length made it fashionable, and ensured it patronage. About this time Mr. Loudon commenced his Magazine of Natural History, which has been very successful: it is one of the most unique works ever published, both as regards the spirit and research of the intelligent editor, and the good taste with which the work is illustrated—the latter being a very important feature of a work on Natural History.

The proceedings of the Zoological Society are, we believe, regularly reported in the Zoological Journal, published quarterly, and edited by N. A. Vigors, Esq., the ingenious secretary of the Society; but, valuable and clever as may be this work, it is not calculated for extensive reading. We are pleased, therefore, with the appearance of "*The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society*," which is popular and scientific, and so elegant as to be fit for any drawing-room in the empire. It is published with the sanction of the council, and is superintended by the learned secretary; the descriptions, anecdotes, &c. being furnished by E. T. Bennett, Esq. the vice-secretary.

The present number contains Engravings and Descriptions of the Chinchilla, (about which all our lady-friends will be very curious); the Ratel; the Wanderoo Monkey; the Hare-Indian Dog; the Barbary Mouse; the Condor; the Crested Curassow; the Red and Blue Macaw; the Red and Yellow Macaw: all these and the tailpieces or vignettes appended to the descriptions, are beautifully engraved. The Quadrupeds are, perhaps, the most successful—the group of Hare-Indian Dogs, for instance, is exquisitely characteristic. Of the literary portion of the work we intend to present our readers with a specimen in our next number.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF AN OYSTER CATCHING THREE MICE; AND A LOBSTER CATCHING AN OYSTER.

(For the Mirror.)

BORLASE, in his *Natural History of Cornwall*, page 274, says, "The oyster has the power of closing the two parts of its shell with prodigious force, by means of a strong muscle at the hinge; and Mr. Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, 1602, with his wonted pleasantry, tells us of one whose shell being opened as usual at the time of flood, (when these fishes participate and enjoy the returning tide) three mice eagerly attempted to seize it, and the oyster clasping fast its shell, killed them all. It not only shuts its two valves with great strength, but keeps them shut with equal force, and (as I have been informed by a clergyman of great veracity, who had the account from a creditable eye-witness to the fact) its enemies have a skill imparted to them to counteract this great force. As he was fishing one day, a fisherman observed a lobster attempt to get at an oyster several times, but as soon as the lobster approached, the oyster shut his shell; at length the lobster having awaited with great attention till the oyster opened again, made a shift to throw a stone between the gaping shells, sprung upon its prey, and devoured it."

P. T. W.

INSTINCT OF SPIDERS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following fact is copied from a French work entitled *Archives sur Anatomie*:—"A small spider had spread its net between two neighbouring trees, at the height of about nine feet. The three principal points, to which the supporting threads were attached, formed here as they usually do, an equilateral triangle. One thread was attached above to each of the trees, and the web hung from the middle of it. To procure a third point of attachment, the spider had suspended a small stone to one end of a thread; and the stone being heavier than the spider itself, served in place of the lower fixed point, and held the web extended. The little pebble was five feet from the earth." The whole was observed, and is described by Professor Weber, of Leipsig.

MEDICUS.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

COBBETT'S CORN.

(Concluded from page 79.)

THE first operation on the grown plants is that of topping; this is the planter's *hay* harvest; the tops serve for chaff, for dry food instead of hay, for fodder. They are cut off above the ears, collected by a cart going along the intervals or roads, and stacked for winter use. Mr. Cobbett's harvest of tops was not so successful as it might have been: this arose from his absence at the favourable opportunity for stacking.

The ears of corn are stripped off when the grain is hard, and carried in carts to the barns, and placed in corn cribs adapted for the purpose. The grains are taken off the pithy cylinder on which they grow, by being rubbed or scraped on a piece of iron: in America a bayonet (a weapon called by the Yankees *Uncle George's toasting fork*) is invariably used for the purpose: the cylinder, now bared of its grain, is called the *cobb*. The delicate leaves by which the ear is enveloped is, as has been mentioned, called the husk; it may be used for the stuffing of beds: Mr. Cobbett has converted some of it even into paper.

In Mr. Cobbett's sanguine temperament the uses to which the grain is applicable are wonderfully numerous and important. Under the heads of pig-feeding, sheep-feeding, and cow-feeding, poultry-feeding, and horse-feeding, he gives an account of his own experiments and observations. Of the thriving condition of the American horses Cobbett gives an example in his amusing vein, and by a trial made at his own farm in Long Island, he proved that neither their strength nor speed deteriorates on corn.

The branch of man-feeding is, of course, an important department of the subject. The forms in which it is made palatable and nutritious are numerous, and appear under names of American origin that will sound strange in the English ear. Before the corn is ripe it is frequently roasted in the state of green ears. "When the whole of the grains are brown, you lay them in a dish and put them upon the table; they are so many little bags of roasted milk, the sweetest that can be imagined, or, rather, are of the most delightful taste. You leave a little tail of the ear, two inches long, or thereabouts, to turn it and handle it by. You take a thin piece of butter, which will cling to the knife

on one side, while you gently rub it over the ear from the other side; then the ear is buttered: then you take a little salt according to your fancy, and sprinkle it over the ear: you then take the tail of the ear in one hand, and bite the grains off the cobb." In the shape of *porridge* the corn is called *suppawn*.

Mush is another form of the corn meal; Mr. Cobbett says, "it is not a word to squall out over a pianoforte," "but it is a very good word, and a real English word." It seems to mean something which is half pudding, half porridge. *Homany* is the shape in which the corn meal is generally used in the southern states of America, but Mr. Cobbett has never seen it. *Samp* is the corn skinned, as we shell oats, or make pearl barley; it is then boiled with pork or other meat, as we boil peas. It is in fact corn soup, superior to all preparations of pulse, on account of their indigestible qualities.

The corn flour is not so adhesive as the wheat flour; it is consequently not so well adapted to puddings and bread-making: nevertheless, Mr. Cobbett contrives to show that his corn can make both inimitably; but in respect of cakes there are no cakes in the world like the corn-cakes of America. They have the additional merit of being made in a minute: "A Yankee will set hunger at defiance if you turn him into a wilderness with a flint and steel, and a bag of corn-meal or flour. He comes to the spot where he means to make his cookery, makes a large wood fire upon the ground, which soon consumes every thing combustible beneath, and produces a large heap of coals. While the fire is preparing itself, the Yankee takes a little wooden or tin bowl (many a one has done it in the crown of his hat), in which he mixes up a sufficient quantity of his meal with water, and forms it into a cake of about a couple of inches thick. With a pole he then draws the fire open, and lays the cake down upon where the centre of the fire was. To avoid burning, he rakes some ashes over the cake first; he then rakes on a suitable quantity of the live embers, and his cake is cooked in a short space of time." According to Mr. Cobbett, he grew *ninety-five* bushels of corn on one acre of ground; reckoning the value of this corn equal to bad and stale samples of wheat, which, at the time Mr. Cobbett was writing, was selling at 45*s.* the quarter, Mr. Cobbett's crop would be worth nearly 27*l.* the acre, three times, as he says, that of the average crop of wheat this same year. But in order to compare the worth of this crop with that of others, there are several considerations to be entered into besides this; these it is needless to say, Mr. Cobbett shows are wholly in favour of Cobbett's corn. However this may be, and even making a large allowance for the determination of the writer to see every thing he loves *couleur de rose*, we think there can be little doubt of this fact, that he has made out a case for experiment, and still more, that they who have not made the experiment, are not entitled either to distrust or to gainsay his assertions. It should be observed, that there are two branches in Mr. Cobbett's argument; he maintains that his variety of Indian corn may be grown in this country: but should this not be confirmed by more general experiments, still his praise of the plant, as a valuable substitute for wheat, and even its superior applicability to domestic purposes, demand the same attention as before; for if it may be grown, it may be imported, as from Canada, without the imposition of a burthensome duty.

THE WATCHMAN'S LAMENT.

As homeward I hurried, within "The Wen,"
At midnight, all alone.
My knees, like the knees of a drunken man,
Foreboding shook, and my eyes began
To see two lamps for one.

The lights burnt blue, as they're wont to do
When Spirits are in the wind.
Ho! ho! thought I, that's an ominous hue,
And a glance on either side I threw,
But I fear'd to look behind.

A smell, as of gas, spread far and wide,
But sulphur it was, I knew;
My sight grew dim, and my tongue was tied,
And I thought of my home, and my sweet fire-side,
And the friends I had left at loo!

And I took once more a hurried peep
Along and across the street,
And then I beheld a figure creep,
Like a man that is walking in his sleep,
Or a watchman on his beat.

A lantern, dangling in the wind,
He bore, and his shaggy and thick
Great-coat was one of the dread-nought kind,—
What seem'd his right hand trail'd behind
The likeness of a stick.

The sky with clouds became o'ercast,
And it suddenly set to raining,—
And the gas-lights flicker'd in the blast,
As that thing of the lantern and dread-nought past,
And I heard him thus complaining —

"A murrain seize—a pize upon—
Plague take—the New Police!
Why couldn't they do with the ancient one,
As ages and ages before have done,
And let us remain in peace?

"No more, ah! never more, I fear,
Will a perquisite, (woe is me!)
Or profits, or vails, the Charley cheer;
Then, alas! for his tender consort dear,
And his infant progeny!

"Farewell to the freaks of the jovial spark,
Who rejoiced in a gentle riot,—
To the midnight spree, and the morning lark,
There'll never more be any fun after dark,
And people will sleep in quiet.

"No more shall a Tom or a Jerry new
Engaging in fisty battle,
Break many heads and the peace;—for how,
I should like to know, can there be a row,
When there is ne'er a rattle?

"Our cry no more on the ear shall grate,
Convivial friends alarming,
Who straightway start and separate,
Blessing themselves that it is so late;—
To break up a party is charming!

"But our ruthless foe will be punish'd anon;—
Bundled out without pity or parley,
His office and occupation gone,
Lost, disgraced, despised, undone,
Oh! then he'll remember the Charley."

Just then I beheld a Jarvey near,
Which on the spot presenting,
I scrambled in like one in fear
With a ghost at his heels, or a flea in his ear,
And he was left lamenting!

Blackwood's Magazine.

GOOD AND BAD STYLES OF LIVING.

Good style of living consists in having a mansion exquisitely fitted up with all the expensive bijouterie compatible with true elegance, yet avoiding the lavish superabundance of gimcrackery which borders on vulgarity; comely serving men in suitable liveries, all so well initiated into the mysteries of their respective duties, that a guest could imagine himself in a fairy palace, where plates vanish without the contamination of a mortal finger and thumb, and glasses move without a jingle: then the feast is exquisitely cooked and exquisitely served; the table groans not, the hostess carves not; but one délicious dainty is followed by another, and each remove brings forth a dish more piquante than the last: every thing is delightful, but there must appear to be an abundance of nothing; two spoonsful alone of each delicious viand should repose under its silver cover; and he who dared ask to be helped a second time to any thing, ought to be sentenced to eternal transportation from the regions of haut ton.

Bad style of living—Shocking even to describe! A large house in streets or squares unknown; hot, ugly men servants, stumbling over one another in their uncouth eagerness to admit you; your name mispronounced, and shouted at the drawing-room door; your host and hostess in a fuss, apologizing, asking questions, and boring you to death; dinner at length announced, but no chance of extrication from the dull drawing-room, because the etiquette of precedence is not rightly understood, and nobody knows who ought to be led out first; all the way down stairs a dead silence, and then the difficulty of distributing the company almost equals the previous dilemma of the drawing-room: wives are wittily warned against sitting by husbands, and two gentlemen are facetiously interdicted from sitting together; the hostess takes the top of the table to be useful, not ornamental, for fish and joint and turkey, must she carve; while her husband, at the other end of the mahogany, must equally make a toil of a pleasure, and yet smile as if it were a pleasure to toil! The beasts of the earth and the birds of the air appear upon the board, scorning disguise, in their own proper forms, just as they stepped out of Noah's ark, always excepting those who are too unwieldy to be present in whole skins; and even they send their joints to table in horrid unsophistication; Sweets follow, but how unlike the souffles of Ude! Grim green gooseberries, lurking under their heavy coverings of crust; and custards, the plain produce of the dairy, embittered with bay leaves, cinnamon, and cloves! Cheese follows, with the alternatives of port wine and porter; and all this weary time the servants have been knocking your head about, thumbing your plate, or pouring lobster sauce into your pockets!—*Sharpe's Mag.*

The Novelist.

GUY MANNERING.

By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

[We quote the following Legend from the *New Edition* of *Guy Mannering*, with the Supplementary Notes by the distinguished author.]

The manner in which the novels were composed, cannot be better illustrated, than by reciting the simple narrative on which *Guy Mannering* was originally founded; but to which, in the progress of the work, the production ceased to bear any, even the most distant resemblance. The tale was originally told me by an old servant of my father's, an excellent old Highlander, without a fault, unless a preference to mountain-dew, over less potent liquors be accounted one. He believed as firmly in the story as in any part of his creed.

A grave and elderly person, according to old John MacKinlay's account, while travelling in the wilder parts of Galloway, was benighted. With difficulty he found his way to a country-seat, where, with the hospitality of the time and country, he was readily admitted. The owner of the house, a gentleman of

good fortune, was much struck by the reverend appearance of his guest, and apologised to him for a certain degree of confusion which must unavoidably attend his reception, and could not escape his eye. The lady of the house was, he said, confined to her apartment, and on the point of making her husband a father for the first time, though they had been ten years married. At such an emergency, the laird said he feared his guest might meet with some apparent neglect. "Not so, sir," said the stranger; "my wants are few, and easily supplied; and I trust the present circumstances may even afford an opportunity of showing my gratitude for your hospitality. Let me only request that I may be informed of the exact minute of the birth; and I hope to be able to put you in possession of some particulars which may influence in an important manner the future prospects of the child now about to come into this busy and changeful world. I will not conceal from you that I am skilful in understanding and interpreting the movements of those planetary bodies which exert their influences on the destiny of mortals. It is a science which I do not practise, like others who call themselves astrologers, for hire or reward; for I have a competent estate, and only use the knowledge I possess for the benefit of those in whom I feel an interest." The laird bowed in respect and gratitude, and the stranger was accommodated with an apartment which commanded an ample view of the astral regions. The guest spent a part of the night in ascertaining the position of the heavenly bodies, and calculating their probable influence; until at length the result of his observations induced him to send for the father, and conjure him in the most solemn manner to cause the assistants to retard the birth, if practicable, were it but for five minutes. The answer declared this to be impossible; and almost in the instant that the message was returned, the father and his guest were made acquainted with the birth of a boy.

The astrologer on the morrow met the party who gathered around the breakfast-table with looks so grave and ominous, as to alarm the fears of the father, who had hitherto exulted in the prospects held out by the birth of an heir to his ancient property, failing which event it must have passed to a distant branch of the family. He has tened to draw the stranger into a private room. "I fear from your looks," said the father, "that you have bad-tidings to tell me of my young stranger; perhaps God will resume the blessing he has bestowed ere he attains the age of manhood, or perhaps he is destined to be unworthy of the affection which we are naturally disposed to devote to our offspring." "Neither the one nor the other," answered the stranger, "unless my judgment greatly err, the infant will survive the years of minority, and in temper and disposition will prove all that his parents can wish. But with much in his horoscope which promises many blessings, there is one evil influence strongly predominant, which threatens to subject him to an unhallowed and unhappy temptation about the time when he shall attain the age of twenty-one, which period, the constellations intimate, will be the crisis of his fate. In what shape, or with what peculiar urgency, this temptation may beset him, my art cannot discover." "Your knowledge, then, can afford us no defence," said the anxious father, "against the threatened evil?" "Pardon me," answered the stranger, "it can. The influence of the constellations is powerful; but He who made the heavens is more powerful than all, if his aid be invoked in sincerity and truth. You ought to dedicate this boy to the immediate service of his Maker, with as much sincerity as Samuel was devoted to the worship in the Temple by his parents. You must regard him as a being separated from the rest of the world. In childhood, in boyhood, you must surround him with the pious and virtuous, and protect him to the utmost of your power from the sight or hearing of any crime, in word or action. He must be educated in religious and moral principles of the strictest description. Let him not enter the world, lest he learn to partake of its follies, or perhaps of its vices. In short, preserve him as far as possible from all sin, save that of which too great a portion belongs to all the fallen race of Adam. With the approach of his twenty-first birth-day comes the crisis of his fate. If he survive it, he will be happy and prosperous on earth, and a chosen vessel among those elected for heaven. But if it be otherwise"——The astrologer stopped and sighed deeply. "Sir," replied the parent, still more alarmed than before, "your words are so kind, your advice so serious, that I will pay the deepest attention to your behests; but can you not aid me farther in this most important concern. Believe me, I will not be ungrateful." "I require and deserve no gratitude for doing a

good action," said the stranger; "in especial for contributing all that lies in my power, to save from an abhorred fate the harmless infant to whom, under a singular conjunction of planets, last night gave life. There is my address; you may write to me from time to time concerning the progress of the boy in religious knowledge. If he be bred up as I advise, I think it will be best that he come to my house at the time when the fatal and decisive period approaches, that is, before he has attained his twenty-first year complete. If you send him such as I desire, I humbly trust that God will protect his own, through whatever strong temptation his fate may subject him to." He then gave his host his address, which was a country-seat near a post town in the south of England, and bid him an affectionate farewell.

The mysterious stranger departed; but his words remained impressed upon the mind of the anxious parent. He lost his lady while his boy was still in infancy. This calamity, I think, had been predicted by the astrologer; and thus his confidence, which, like most people of the period, he had freely given to the science, was riveted and confirmed. The utmost care, therefore, was taken to carry into effect the severe and almost ascetic plan of education which the sage had enjoined. A tutor of the strictest principles was employed to superintend the youth's education; he was surrounded by domestics of the most established character, and closely watched and looked after by the anxious father himself. The years of infancy, childhood, and boyhood, passed as the father could have wished. A young Nazarene could not have been bred up with more rigour. All that was evil was withheld from his observation—he only heard what was pure in precept—he only witnessed what was worthy in practice. But when the boy began to be lost in youth, the attentive father saw cause for alarm. Shades of sadness, which gradually assumed a darker character, began to overcloud the young man's temper. Tears, which seemed involuntary, broken sleep, moonlight wanderings, and a melancholy for which he could assign no reason, seemed to threaten at once his bodily health and the stability of his mind. The astrologer was consulted by letter, and returned for answer, that this fitful state of mind was but the commencement of his trial, and that the poor youth must undergo more and more desperate struggles with the evil that assailed him. There was no hope of remedy, save that he showed steadiness of mind in the study of the Scriptures. "He suffers," continued the letter of the sage, "from the awakening of these harpies, the passions, which have slept with him as with others, till the period of life which he has now attained. Better, far better, that they torment him by ungrateful cravings, than that he should have to repent having satiated them by criminal indulgence." The dispositions of the young man were so excellent, that he combated, by reason and religion, the fits of gloom which at times overcast his mind; and it was not till he attained the commencement of his twenty-first year, that they assumed a character which made his father tremble for the consequences. It seemed as if the gloomiest and most hideous of mental maladies were taking the form of religious despair. Still the youth was gentle, courteous, affectionate, and submissive to his father's will, and resisted with all his power the dark suggestions which were breathed into his mind, as it seemed, by some emanation of the Evil Principle, exhorting him, like the wicked wife of Job, to curse God and die.

The time at length arrived when he was to perform what was then thought a long and somewhat perilous journey, to the mansion of the early friend who had calculated his nativity. His road lay through several places of interest, and he enjoyed the amusement of travelling more than he himself thought would have been possible. Thus he did not reach the place of his destination till noon, on the day preceding his birthday. It seemed as if he had been carried away with an unwonted tide of pleasurable sensation, so as to forget, in some degree, what his father had communicated concerning the purpose of his journey. He halted at length before a respectable but solitary old mansion, to which he was directed as the abode of his father's friend. The servants who came to take his horse, told him he had been expected for two days. He was led into a study, where the stranger, now a venerable old man, who had been his father's guest, met him with a shade of displeasure as well as gravity on his brow. "Young man," said he, "wherefore so slow on a journey of such importance?" "I thought," replied the guest, blushing and looking downwards, "that there was no harm in travelling slowly and satisfying my curiosity, providing I could reach your residence by this day; for such was my father's

charge." "You were to blame," replied the sage, "in lingering, considering that the avenger of blood was pressing on your footsteps. But you are come at last, and we will hope for the best, though the conflict in which you are to be engaged will be found more dreadful the longer it is postponed. But first accept of such refreshments as nature requires to satisfy, but not to pamper, the appetite." The old man led the way into a summer parlour, where a frugal meal was placed on the table. As they sat down to the board, they were joined by a young lady about eighteen years of age, and so lovely, that the sight of her carried off the feelings of the young stranger from the peculiarity and mystery of his own lot, and riveted his attention to every thing she did or said. She spoke little, and it was on the most serious subjects. She played on the harpsichord at her father's command, but it was hymns with which she accompanied the instrument. At length, on a sign from the sage, she left the room, turning on the young stranger, as she departed, a look of inexpressible anxiety and interest. The old man then conducted the youth to his study, and conversed with him upon the most important points of religion, to satisfy himself that he could render a reason for the faith that was in him. During the examination, the youth, in spite of himself, felt his mind occasionally wander, and his recollections go in quest of the beautiful vision who had shared their meal at noon. On such occasions, the astrologer looked grave, and shook his head at this relaxation of attention; yet, on the whole, he was pleased with the youth's replies. At sunset the young man was made to take the bath; and, having done so, he was directed to attire himself in a robe, somewhat like that worn by Armenians, having his long hair combed down on his shoulders, and his neck, hands, and feet bare. In this guise he was conducted into a remote chamber totally devoid of furniture, excepting a lamp, a chair, and a table, on which lay a Bible. "Here," said the astrologer, "I must leave you alone, to pass the most critical period of your life. If you can, by recollection of the great truths of which we have spoken, repel the attacks which will be made on your courage and your principles, you have nothing to apprehend. But the trial will be severe and arduous." His features then assumed a pathetic solemnity, the tears stood in his eyes, and his voice faltered with emotion as he said, "Dear child, at whose coming into the world I foresaw this fatal trial, may God give thee grace to support it with firmness!" The young man was left alone; and hardly did he find himself so, when, like a swarm of demons, the recollection of all his sins of omission and commission, rendered even more terrible by the scrupulousness with which he had been educated, rushed on his mind, and, like furies armed with fiery scourges, seemed determined to drive him to despair. As he combated these horrible recollections with distracted feelings, but with a resolved mind, he became aware that his arguments were answered by the sophistry of another, and that the dispute was no longer confined to his own thoughts. The Author of Evil was present in the room with him in bodily shape, and, potent with spirits of a melancholy cast, was impressing upon him the desperation of his state, and urging suicide as the readiest mode to put an end to his sinful career. Amid his errors, the pleasure he had taken in prolonging his journey unnecessarily, and the attention which he had bestowed on the beauty of the fair female, when his thoughts ought to have been dedicated to the religious discourse of her father, were set before him in the darkest colours; and he was treated as one who, having sinned against light, was, therefore, deservedly left a prey to the Prince of Darkness. As the fated and influential hour rolled on, the terrors of the hateful Presence grew more confounding to the mortal senses of the victim, and the knot of the accursed sophistry became more inextricable in appearance, at least to the prey whom its meshes surrounded. He had not power to explain the assurance of pardon which he continued to assert, or to name the victorious name in which he trusted. But his faith did not abandon him, though he lacked for a time the power of expressing it. "Say what you will," was his answer to the Tempter; "I know there is as much betwixt the two boards of this Book as can insure me forgiveness for my transgressions, and safety for my soul." As he spoke, the clock, which announced the lapse of the fatal hour, was heard to strike. The speech and intellectual powers of the youth were instantly and fully restored; he burst forth into prayer, and expressed, in the most glowing terms, his reliance on the truth, and on the Author, of the gospel. The demon retired, yelling and discomfited; and the old man, entering the apartment, with tears congratulated his guest on his victory in the fated strug-

gle. The young man was afterwards married to the beautiful maiden, the first sight of whom had made such an impression on him, and they were consigned over at the close of the story to domestic happiness.—So ended John MacKinlay's legend.

The author of Waverley had imagined a possibility of framing an interesting, and perhaps not an unedifying, tale, out of the incidents of the life of a doomed individual, whose efforts at good and virtuous conduct were to be for ever disappointed by the intervention, as it were, of some malevolent being, and who was at last to come off victorious from the fearful struggle. In short, something was meditated upon a plan resembling the imaginative tale of Sintram and his Companions, by Mons. Le Baron de la Motte Fouqué, although, if it then existed, the author had not seen it. The scheme projected may be traced in the first three or four chapters of the work, but farther consideration induced the author to lay his purpose aside. In changing his plan, however, which was done in the course of printing, the early sheets retained the vestiges of the original tenor of the story, although they now hang upon it as an unnecessary and unnatural encumbrance.

Sir Walter then points out his departures from this rude sketch, and mentions the prototypes of several of his principal characters; such as Jean (and her granddaughter Madge) Gordon, of Kirk Yetholm, for Meg Merrilies; and a nameless individual for Dominie Sampson. "Such a preceptor as Mr. Sampson," says he, "is supposed to have been, was actually tutor in the family of a gentleman of considerable property. The young lads, his pupils, grew up and went out in the world, but the tutor continued to reside in the family, no uncommon circumstance in Scotland (in former days), where food and shelter were readily afforded to humble friends and dependents. The laird's predecessors had been imprudent, he himself was passive and unfortunate. Death swept away his sons, whose success in life might have balanced his own bad luck and incapacity. Debts increased and funds diminished, until ruin came. The estate was sold; and the old man was about to remove from the house of his fathers, to go he knew not whither, when, like an old piece of furniture, which, left alone in its wonted corner, may hold together for a long while, but breaks to pieces on an attempt to move it, he fell down on his own threshold under a paralytic affection. The tutor awakened as from a dream. He saw his patron dead, and that his patron's only remaining child, an elderly woman, now neither graceful nor beautiful, if she had ever been either the one or the other, had by this calamity become a homeless and penniless orphan. He addressed her nearly in the words which Dominie Sampson uses to Miss Bertram, and professed his determination not to leave her. Accordingly, roused to the exercise of talents which had long slumbered, he opened a little school, and supported his patron's child for the rest of her life, treating her with the same humble observance and devoted attention which he had used towards her in the days of her prosperity."

Notes of a Reader.

JOHN KEMBLE AND MISS OWENSON.

THERE is more of the patter and fun of fashion in Lady Morgan's books than in any other chronicles of the *ton*. Her last work, the *Book of the Boudoir*, to use an Hibernicism, is not yet published; but from one of its scenes shifted into the *Court Journal*, we pick the following anecdote of John Kemble and her ladyship, (then Miss Owenson), about twenty years since. All the town were then running mad after her "wild Irish girl," and Miss O. was invited to a blue-stocking party, at the mansion of the Dowager Countess of Cork, in New Burlington Street.

"Mr. Kemble was announced. Lady C——k reproached him as 'the late Mr. Kemble;' and then, looking significantly at me, told him who I was. Kemble, to whom I had been already presented by Mrs. Lefanu, acknowledged me by a kindly nod; but the intense stare which succeeded, was not one of mere recognition. It was the glazed, fixed look, so common to those who have been making libations to altars which rarely qualify them for ladies' society. Mr. Kemble was evidently much pre-occupied, and a little exalted; and he appeared actuated by some intention, which he had the will, but not the power, to execute. He was seated *vis-à-vis*, and had repeatedly raised his arm, and stretched it across the table, for the purpose, as I supposed, of helping himself to some boar's head in jelly. Alas, no!—the *bore* was, that my head happened to be the object which fixed his tenacious attention; and which being a true Irish *cathah* head, dark, cropped, and curly, and struck him as a particu-

larly well organized Brutus, and better than any in his *repertoire* of theatrical perukes. Succeeding at last in his feline and fixed purpose, he actually struck his claws in my locks, and addressing me in the deepest sepulchral tones, asked—"Little girl, where did you buy your wig?"

Lord Erskine "came to the rescue," and liberated my head.

Lord Carysfort exclaimed, to relieve the awkwardness of the scene, "*les serpents de l'envie ont sifflés dans son cœur;*" on every side—

"Some did laugh,
And some did say, God bless us;"

—while I, like Macbeth—

"Could not say, Amen."

Meantime Kemble, peevish, as half-tipsy people generally are, and ill brooking the interference of the two peers, drew back, muttering and fumbling in his coat-pocket, evidently with some dire intent lowering in his eyes. To the amusement of all, and to my increased consternation, he drew forth a volume of the "Wild Irish Girl," (which he had brought to return to Lady C——k) and, reading, with his deep, emphatic voice, one of the most high-flown of its passages, he paused, and patting the page with his forefinger, with the look of Hamlet addressing Polonius, he said, "Little girl, why did you write such nonsense? And where did you get all these d—d hard words?"

Thus taken by surprise, and "smarting with my wounds" or mortified authorship, I answered, unwittingly and witlessly, the truth: "Sir, I wrote as well as I could, and I got the hard words out of Johnson's Dictionary."

The eloquence of Erskine himself would have pleaded my cause with less effect; and the "*J'y allois*" of *La Fontaine* was not quoted with more approbation in the circles of Paris, than the *naïveté* of my equally veracious and spontaneous reply. The triumph of my simplicity did not increase Kemble's good humour; and, shortly after, Mr. Spenser carried him off in his carriage, to prevent any further attacks on my unfortunate head—inside or out.

WOMAN.

THERE is no doubt that the proper study of mankind is WOMAN; and Mr. Pope was wrong; for the endless variety of character among the sex is of itself a mine, endless and inexhaustible; but to study them in their domestic capacity, is the sweetest of all—

Man may for wealth or glory roam,
But woman must be blest at home.
To this her efforts ever tend,
'Tis her great object and her end.

So says one poet, I have forgot his name. Another hath this expression—

O woman! lovely woman! Nature form'd thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without thee.

But the sweetest thing that ever was said of woman in this amiable capacity, or ever will be said again, is by a contemporary:—"A woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies in adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart!"—*The Ettrick Shepherd.*

BURMESE TEMPLES.

IN the Burman towns and villages the number of temples seem to exceed the number of dwellings, which is not unusual. The former are as splendid as gilding can make them, and the latter as humble as can be conceived from the frail materials of which they are constructed — bamboos, palm leaves, and grass. The wealth of a Burman, always insecure, is very generally expended on the luxury of temple-building. Religious merit, indeed, consists mainly in the construction of one of these huge, costly, and showy edifices; and is not considered as increased by building a durable one. No one ever thinks of repairing or restoring an old temple; and the consequence is, that in every part of the country may be seen half-finished structures of enormous magnitude—the respective founders having died before they were completed.—*Crawfurd's Embassy to Ava.*

VALMONTONE, on the road from Naples to Rome, is a strange but enchanting spot, enveloped in shade, with magnificent rocks (agglomerated volcanic ashes) hollowed into caverns, which afford coolness in this burning climate, and where an incredible number of nightingales make the whole air musical. The little town rose picturesquely on its rocky pedestal, with a large building like a monastery inhabited by myriads of swallows, darting in and out at its sashless windows. A solitary guardian eyed us through a door a-jar, but did not come out, while we went round the church, and admired some good

pictures remaining on its walls. The stillness of death prevailed in the town —a sort of unburied Pompeii through its narrow lanes, up and down zig-zag stairs cut in the rock, we sauntered alone, and the noise of our iron-shod heels on the pavement, was the only sound we heard. The rich abbey, it was evident, had formerly fed the town clustering round it, the inhabitants of which cultivated its vast domains under a paternal administration. These domains, it was also evident, had passed into the hands of upstart speculators, strangers to the people, and indifferent to their welfare, who did not even know how to make their wealth productive to themselves.—*Simond's Tour.*

ENGLISH AND FRENCH MURDERS.

When will the French nation be able to afford a Thurtell—a man who could turn his pistol round in his *friend's* brains; not in any insane paroxysm of jealousy, or hatred, or revenge, but merely to ascertain *satisfactorily* that he had completely effected his business —who could then walk in to his supper of pork chops, with the same composure as if he had come from giving a feed of oats to his horse—a clever and acute man, too, without any stupid insensibility of mind—a man who, when seized and put on his trial, gets off by heart a long and eloquent speech, full of the most solemn and false asseverations of his innocence; not that he clung with desperate eagerness to the hope of escaping, but that, as there was a chance, it was prudent not to throw it away—who, when condemned displayed neither terror nor indifference, neither exquisite sensibility nor sullen brutality, and at the last swung out of life from the gallows with the settled air of a man who feels he has lost the game at which he played, and that he may as well pay the stake calmly? There was a true British composure about the unutterable atrocity of this villain—murderer he was, and a most detestable murderer too—but his character belongs to our country as fully as that of our heroes. Hunt and Probert were pitiful wretches, fit for the Bicêtre. Doubtless the agony of Hunt's feelings until his reprieve came, would, if properly divided into chapters, make a good romance.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

PETROLEUM.

Petroleum Wells supply the whole Burman empire with oil for lamps, and also for smearing timber, to protect it against insects, and particularly the white ant. Its consumption for burning is stated to be universal, until its price reaches that of sesamum oil, the only other kind used for lamps. The wells, which occupy a space of about sixteen square miles, vary in depth from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet; the shaft is square, not more than four feet each side, and is formed by sinking a frame of wood. The oil, on coming up, is about the temperature of ninety degrees of Fahrenheit. It is thrown into a large cistern, in the bottom of which are small apertures for the aqueous part to drain off, when the oil is left for some time to thicken. It is then put into large earthen jars, placed in rude carts drawn by oxen, and carried to the banks of the river, from whence it is sent by water-carriage to every part of the empire. By the number and burden of the boats employed in this trade, and the number of voyages they are supposed to make in the course of a year, the exportation from the wells is estimated to amount to 17,568,000 *viz*, of twenty-six pounds and a half each. Thirty *viz* a-year is reckoned to be the average consumption of a family of five persons and a half; and about two-thirds of the oil are supposed to be employed for burning.—*Crawfurd's Embassy to Ava.*

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Think how the dog, fond and faithful creature as he is, from being the most docile and obedient of all animals, is made the most dangerous, if he become mad; so men acquire a frightful and not less monstrous power when they are in a state of moral insanity, and break loose from their social and religious obligations. Remember too how rapidly the plague of diseased opinions is communicated, and that if it once gain head, it is as difficult to be stopt as a conflagration or a flood.—*Southey.*

SOFT MUSIC.

The effect of soft music is to produce pleasure or pain, according to the state of the hearer. Thus, while a musician has been known to be *cured* by a concert in his chamber, the celebrated sentimental air of the "*Ranz des Vaches*" has also been known to have the opposite effect of *killing* a Swiss. Indeed, the extraordinary effect produced by it upon Swiss troops has caused it to be forbidden, under *pain of death*, to be played to them.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

BEETLES

Are unsightly insects—yet how many of them have been spared by the recollection of Shakspeare's beautiful lines—

—The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

SNAILS.

Snails, though in England they cannot be mentioned as an article of food without exciting disgust, are esteemed in many places abroad a delicacy even for the tables of the great. In Paris they are sold in the market; they are much esteemed in Italy, and are of so much consequence in Venice that they are attended and fattened with as much care as poultry are in England.

THE BITER BIT.

Zeno, the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny, and acknowledged but one God. His servant availed himself of this doctrine one day while being beaten for a theft, by exclaiming, "Was I not destined to rob?" "Yes," replied Zeno, "and to be corrected also."

PRIDE.

Theophile, the French poet, dedicated a book to James I. of England, in the hope of being personally introduced to that monarch, but being disappointed in this expectation he wrote the following lines on the subject:—

"Si Jacques Roi de grand savoir
N' a pas trouvé bon de me voir,
En voici la cause infallible;
C'est que ravi de mon ecrit
Il cont que j' etois tout esprit
Et par consequant invisible."

A. B. M

LONGEVITY.

The English have two instances on record of remarkable longevity, that of Henry Jenkins, a Yorkshire fisherman, who died 1670, aged 169; and Thomas Parr, who died 1635, aged 152. Th Russians appear to be the longest lived of any people, as a proof of this the following article from *La Clinique*, a Parisian medical journal, will be sufficient:—"Last year (1828) 604 individuals died between 100 and 105 years old; 145 between 105 and 110; 104 between 110 and 115; 46 between 115 and 120; 16 between 125 and 130; 4 between 130 and 135; 1 at the age of 137; and 1 at 160." J. F. C.

SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH.

In St. Michael's Church, Crooked-lane, there is a handsome monument to the memory of Sir William Walworth, with this inscription:—

Here under lies a man of fame,
William Walworth called by name,
Fishmonger he was in lifetime here,
And twice Lord Mayor, as in books appear,
Who with courage stout and manly might,
Slew Wat Tyler in King Richard's sight,
And for which act done, and heere intent
The king made him a knight incontinent,
And gave him arms as here may see,
To declare his fact and chivalrie.
He left his life the year of our God,
Thirteen hundred fourscore and three odd.

Collins was never a lover, and never married. His odes, with all their exquisite fancy and splendid imagery, have not much interest in their subjects, and no pathos derived from feeling or passion. He is reported to have been once in love; and as the lady was a day older than himself, he used to say jestingly, that "he came into the world *a day after the fair.*"

A WELL-INFORMED WITNESS.

A quaker was examined before the Board of Excise, concerning certain duties; when the commissioners thinking themselves disrespectfully treated by his *theeing* and *thouing*, one of them, with a stern countenance, asked him; "Pray, Sir, do you know what we sit here for?"—"Yea," replied Nathan, "I do; some of you for a thousand, some for fifteen hundred, and others for seventeen hundred and fifty pounds a-year."

An officer in Admiral Lord St. Vincent's fleet, asking one of the captains, who was gallantly bearing down upon the Spanish fleet, whether he had reckoned the number of the enemy? "No," replied the captain, "it will be time enough to do that, when we have made them strike."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

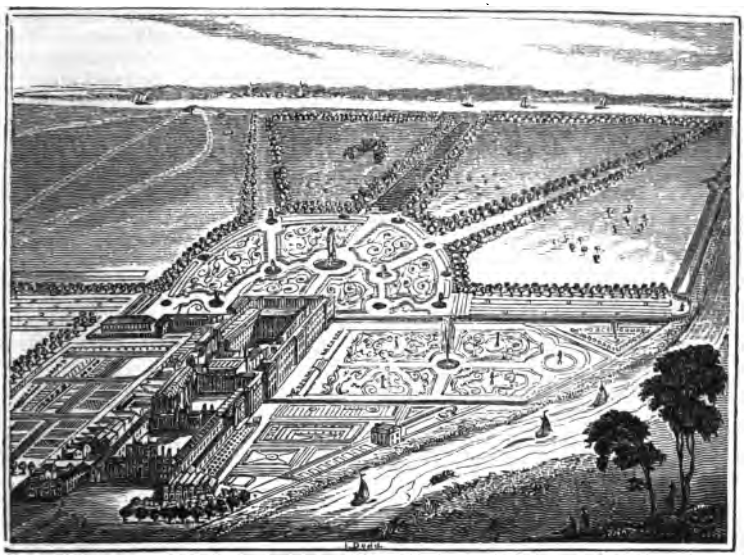
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 385.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1829. [Price 2d.

Hampton Court.



Here is a bird's-eye view of a royal palace and domain "cut out in little stars." It is copied from one of Kipp's Views in Great Britain in the time of Queen Anne, and affords a correct idea of Hampton Court in all its olden splendour.

The palace is situated on the north bank of the Thames, two miles west from Kingston. It was magnificently built by Cardinal Wolsey. After he became possessed of the lease of the manor of Hampton, "he bestowed," says Stow, "great cost of building upon it, converting the mansion-house into so stately a palace, that it is said to have excited much envy; to avoid which, in the year 1526, he gave it to the king, who in recompense thereof licensed him to lie in his manor of Richmond at his pleasure; and so he lay there at certain times;" but it appears that Wolsey after this occasionally inhabited the palace (perhaps as keeper;) for in 1527, when some French ambassadors were in England, the king sent them to be entertained by the Cardinal at Hampton Court. The preparations for this purpose are detailed in a MS. copy of Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in the British Museum, and afford the reader some idea of the magnificent taste of the prelate in matters of state and show. The Cardinal was commanded to receive the ambassadors with surpassing splendour; then "my Lord Cardinal sent me (Mr. Cavendish) being his gentleman usher, with two other of my fellows thither, to foresee all things touching our rooms to be nobly garnished"—"accordingly our pains were not small nor light, but daily travelling up and down from chamber to chamber; then wrought the carpenters, joiners, masons, and all other artificers necessary to be had to glorify this noble feast." He tells us of "expert cookes, and connyng persons in the art of cookerie; the cookes wrought both day and night with suttleties and many crafty devices, where lacked neither gold, silver, nor other costly things meet for their purpose"—"280 beds furnished with all manner of furniture to them, too long particularly to be rehearsed, but all wise men do sufficiently know what belongeth to the furniture thereof, and that is sufficient at this

time to be said." Wolsey's arrival during the feast is described quaintly enough: "Before the second course my lord came in booted and spurred, all sodainely amongst them *proface*;* at whose coming there was great joy, with rising every man from his place, whom my lord caused to sit still, and keep their roomes, and being in his apparel as he rode, called for a chayre and sat down in the middest of the high paradise, laughing and being as merry as ever I saw him in all my lyff." The whole party drank long and strong, some of the Frenchmen were led off to bed, and in the chambers of all was placed abundance of "wine and beere."

Henry VIII. added considerably to Wolsey's building, and in the latter part of his reign, it became one of his principal residences. Among the events connected with the palace are the following:—

Edward VI. was born at Hampton Court, October 12, 1537, and his mother, Queen Jane Seymour, died there on the 14th of the same month.† Her corpse was conveyed to Windsor by water, where she was buried, November 12. Catharine Howard was openly showed as Queen, at Hampton Court, August 8, 1540. Catharine Parr was married to the King at this palace, and proclaimed Queen, July 12, 1543. In 1558, Mary and Philip kept Christmas here with great solemnity, when the large hall was illuminated with 1,000 lamps. Queen Elizabeth frequently resided, and gave many superb entertainments here, in her reign. In 1603-4, the celebrated conference between Presbyterians and the Established Church was held here before James I. as moderator, in a withdrawing-room within the privy-chamber, on the subject of Conformity. All the Lords of the Council were present, and the conference lasted three days; a new translation of the Bible was ordered, and some alterations were made in the Liturgy.‡

Charles I. retired to Hampton Court on account of the plague, in 1625, when a proclamation prohibited all communication between London, Southwark, or Lambeth, and this place.§ Charles was brought here by the army, August 24, 1647, and lived in a state of splendid imprisonment, being allowed to keep up the state and retinue of a court, till November 11, following, when he made his escape‖ to the Isle of Wight.

In 1651, the Honour and Palace of Hampton were sold to creditors of the state; but previously to 1657 it came into the possession of Cromwell, who made it one of his chief residences. Elizabeth, his daughter, was here publicly married to the Lord Falconberg; and the Protector's favourite child, Mrs. Claypoole, died here, and was conveyed with great pomp to Westminster Abbey.

The palace was occasionally inhabited by Charles II. and James II. King William resided much at Hampton Court; he pulled down great part of the old palace, which then consisted of five quadrangles, and employed Sir Christopher Wren to build on its site the Fountain Court, or State Apartments. In July, 1689, the Duke of Gloucester, son of the Princess, afterwards Queen Anne, was born here. The Queen sojourned at Hampton occasionally, as did her successors George I. and II.; but George III. never resided here. When his late serene highness William the Fifth, Stadtholder of the United Provinces, was condemned to quit his country by the French, this palace was appropriated to his use; and he resided here several years. The principal domestic apartments of Hampton Court are now occupied by different private families, who have grants for life from the crown.

The palace consists of three grand quadrangles: the western quadrangle, or entrance court is 167 feet 2 inches, north to south, and 141 feet 7 inches, east to west. This leads to the second, or middle quadrangle, 133 feet 6 inches, north to south, and 91 feet 10 inches, east to west; this is usually called the Clock Court, from a curious astronomical clock by Tompion, over the gateway of the eastern side; on the southern side is a colonnade of Ionic pillars by Wren. On the north is the great hall: as this is not mentioned by Cavendish, probably it was part of Henry's building. It certainly was not finished till 1536 or 1537, as appears from initials of the King and Jane Seymour, joined in a true lover's knot, amongst the decorations; this hall is 106 feet long, and 40 broad. Queen Caroline had a theatre erected here, in which it was intended that two plays should be acted weekly during the stay of the Court; but only seven plays were performed in it by the Drury Lane company,¶ and one afterwards before the

* An obsolete French term of salutation, abridged from *Bon prou vous*, i. e. much good may it do you.

† Stow's Annals.

‡ Fuller's Church History.

§ Rymer's Fœdera.

‖ Clarendon's History of the Rebellion.

¶ Cibber tells us that the expenses of each

Duke of Lorraine, afterwards Emperor of Germany. The theatrical appurtenances were not, however, removed till the year 1798. Adjoining the hall is the Board of Green Cloth Room, of nearly the same date, and hung with fine tapestry.

The eastern quadrangle, or Fountain Court, erected by Sir Christopher Wren for King William, in 1690, is 100 feet by 177 feet 3 inches. Here is the King's Gallery, 117 feet by 23 feet 6 inches, which was fitted up for the Cartoons of Raphael. On the eastern side of the court is a room in which George I. and George II. frequently dined in public. North-west of the Fountain Court stands the chapel, which forms the southern side of the quadrangle; this was partly built by Wolsey, and was finished by Henry VIII. in 1536, or 1537. The windows were of beautifully stained glass, and the walls decorated with paintings, but these embellishments were demolished in the troublous times of 1745. The chapel was, however, restored by Queen Anne; the floor is of black and white marble, the pews are of Norway oak, and there is some fine carving by Gibbons; the roof is plain Gothic with pendent ornaments.

It is hardly possible for us, within the limits of our columns to do justice to the magnificence of Hampton Court. The grand façade towards the garden extends 330 feet, and that towards the Thames 328 feet. The portico and colonnade, of duplicated pillars of the Ionic order, at the grand entrance, and indeed, the general design of the elevations, are in splendid style. On the south side of the palace is the privy garden, which was sunk ten feet, to open a view from the apartments to the Thames. On the northern side is a tennis court, and beyond that a gate which leads into the wilderness or *Maze*.* Further on is the great gate of the gardens.

The gardens, which comprise about 44 acres, were originally laid out by London and Wise. George III. gave the celebrated Brown permission to make whatever improvements his fine taste might suggest; but he declared his opinion that they appeared to the best advantage in their original state, and they accordingly remain so to this day. The extent of the kitchen gardens is about 12 acres. In the privy garden is a grape house 70 feet in length, and 14 in breadth; the interior being wholly occupied by one vine of the black Hamburgh kind, which was planted in the year 1769, and has in a single year, produced 2,200 bunches of grapes, weighing, on an average, one pound each.

The grotesque forms of the gardens, and the mathematical taste in which they are disposed, are advantageously seen in a bird's-eye view as in the Engraving, which represents the tortuous beauty of the parterres, and the pools, fountains, and statues with characteristic accuracy. The formal avenues, radiating as it were, from the gardens or centre, are likewise distinctly shown, as is also the canal formed by Wolsey through the middle avenue. The intervening space, then a parklike waste, is now planted with trees, and stretches away to the village of Thames Ditton; and is bounded on the south by the Thames, and on the north by the high road to Kingston.

The palace is open to the public, and besides its splendid apartments, and numerous buildings, there is a valuable collection of pictures, which are too celebrated to need enumeration. A curious change has taken place in the occupancy of some apartments—many rooms originally intended for domestic offices being now tenanted by gentry. The whole is a vast assemblage of art, and reminds us of the palace of Versailles, which is about the same distance from Paris as Hampton Court from London.

play were £50. and the players were allowed the same sum. The King likewise gave the managers £200. more, for all the performances. For the last play, the actors received £100. One of the plays acted here was Shakspeare's Henry VIII.—thus making the palace the scene of Wolsey's downfall, as it had been of his splendour.

* For an Engraving of the *Maze*, see MIRROR, Vol. vi. page 105.

GREECE.

(For the Mirror.)

ALAS! for fair Greece, how her glories are faded,
Her altars are broken, her trophies are gone,
The Crescent her temples and shrines hath invaded,
And Freedom hath bow'd to the Mussulman throne.

Fair Liberty say! shall the land of Achilles
Reluctantly cherish a dastardly slave,
Who can crouch at the foot of a despot, whose will is
As fickle as wind, and as rude as the wave?

Shall the ashes of heroes enshrouded in glory,
Be spurn'd in contempt by a barbarous horde,
While their sons idly tremble like boys at a story,
And shudder to gaze on the po'nt of a sword?

Shall Greece, still as lovely as maiden in sorrow,
By Freedom's bright ray ne'er be beam'd on again?

Shall the sun of Engis ne'er rise on the morrow
That lightens her thraldom or loosens her chain

Oh say, shall the proud eye of scorn fall unheeded,
The band, taunting, point to "the land of the brave,"
And say that Achaia's fair daughters o'er needed
An arm to protect them—a hero to save.

Rise! courage alone your base station can alter,
Let Beauty, let Liberty, spirit you on,
And while fetters and stripes are their portion who falter,
Remember that Freedom's the stake to be won.

J. O. B.

ESCAPE OF CHARLES II.

(For the Mirror.)

In No. 376, of the Mirror, is a communication from *W. W.* respecting the pension granted by Charles II. to the Pendrils, for aiding him in his escape, after the fatal battle of Worcester. There was another family who enjoyed a pension from the same monarch, named Tattersall, one of whom conveyed Charles from Brighton in his open fishing-boat. A descendant is now living at that place, but the family, through ignorance and neglect, have ceased to enjoy the grant.

The house in which the king rested at Brighton, is now an inn, in West Street, called the King's Head, and is kept by a Mr. Eales.

H. Berger.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

(For the Mirror.)

The star is set that lighted me
Thro' Fancy's wide domain,
And the fairy paths of poesy,
I now may seek in vain.

'Tis but when Sorrow's clouds appear,
In frowning darkness o'er me,
The light of Song bursts forth to cheer
The gloomy path before me.

As o'er the dusky waves at night,
Oft Mariners behold
That ocean-form, St. Ermo's light,
When tempests are foretold.

Two reasons in my mind arise,
Why Song is *now* denied me;—
No light can venture near thine eyes,
Nor Grief—when thou'rt beside me!

E.

MINSTREL BALLAD.

WRITTEN ON A FLYLEAF OF A VOLUME OF ONE OF THE "WAVERLEY NOVELS."

(For the Mirror.)

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse, and hunting spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green wood haste away,
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder, chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay,
Tell them youth, and mirth and glee,
Run a course as well as we,
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, without delay,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

C. C.

The Sketch-Book.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF HOUSES.

(For the Mirror.)

Houses undoubtedly present to the eye of fancy, an appearance analogous to physiognomical expression in men. The remark has been made by more acute observers than myself.

Look at that beetle-browed, solemn looking mansion with a ponderous hat-roof—I mean of slates, garnished with bay windows—observe its heavy jaws of areas, its hard, close mouth of a door; its dark, deep sunken eyes of windows peering out from the heavy brow of dark stone coping that supports the slate hat in question: what a contrast to the spruce mock gentility of its neighbour, with a stand-up collar of white steps, a varnished face, and a light, jaunty, yet stiff air, like a city apprentice in his best clothes.

See the cap on the temple of that Chinese Mandarin, poking above yon clump of firs, with its bell furniture; he seems pondering on the aphorisms of Confucius, regardless of that booby faced conservatory, whose bald, rounded pate glitters in the sun. Ah! what have we here; a spruce masquerader in yellow straw hat, trying to look rural with as much success as a reed thatched summer house. Stand in this quiet nook a few hours, and give us the shadow of your mushroom covering.

There is a poor, forlorn wretch with his rags fluttering about him like a beggar—give him a penny—he must be in distress—look at his shattered face and dilapidated form; shored up upon

crutches, tottering on the brink of the sewers—shores I mean—of eternity; behold his crushed and crownless hat—his hollow eyes—his rheumy visage—look at that petition penned on his breast. Poh! 'tis a surveyor's notice to pull down. But, then, look at that plurality parson with rotund prominence of portico, and red brick cheeks of vast extent, and that high, steeple-crowned hat—look at the smug, mean, insignificant dwarf of a meeting-house, sinking up to its knees in a narrow lane, and looking as blank as a wall, with a trap-door of a mouth, and a grating cast of eye. How yonder bridegroom, just cemented in an alliance that will not last out his lease of life, "spick and span new," all eyes, and a double row of buttons ornamenting his latticed waistcoat, looks at his adored opposite, who holds her Venetian parasol—sun shade—before her face, glowing like a red brick wall in the sun. Ah! his regards are attracted by a modest little nymph of the grove, seated snugly in a sylvan recess, her pretty white cheeks peeping out beneath the tresses of honeysuckle and woodbine that veil her beauty. Well, *railing* is in this case allowable, for see that brazen front of maiden sixty, guiltless of curls, with a huge structure of bonnet cocked straight at the top of her head, like the roof of a market-house, and her broad, square skirts of faded green, deformed by formal knots of yew and holly. Look with what a blushless face of triumph she eyes her poor tottering neighbour opposite, who never appears destined "to suffer a recovery." Oh, 'tis remorseless! But look down that vista of charity children in slate coloured Quaker bonnets, stuck one against the other in drab, like pins in a paper, but not so bright; are they going to stand there for ever, with their governess at their head, looking as smug and fubsy as the squat house at the end? Why 'tis—street!—Look at the pump at the other end, that might pass for an abridgment of a parish clerk—and see, there comes stalking across the Green the parish beadle, with a great white placard in his hat—you might well mistake him for Alderman ———'s monument in red brick with the marble tablet on the top of it. Ah! my pretty rustic—why your straw hat and brown stuff frock, with white bib, and that gay flowered apron, with the sprig of jessamine stuck at your side—you look so homely and comely beneath the shade of that tall oak, that I could fancy you were only the shepherd's cottage at the corner of the grange. Bless me—here's a modern antique, masquerading in the country! —why a village belle of queen Bess' days, looking as new and as fresh as the young 'squire's lodge, fresh out of the hands of his fancy architect. More mummery! why this gentleman looks as fine and as foolish in his affectation of rugged points and quaint angles, as a staring, white-washed, Gothic villa with the paint not yet dry. Oh! there is certainly no denying that thou art the primest of Quakers, Mr. Chapel, one that will not countenance a *belle*, but lookest right onward in smooth and demure solidity, with that strip of white path in front of thy brown gravel waistcoat, and the ample skirts of thy road-coloured surtout; not so your neighbour Sturdy, him with his chimney like an ink bottle, upright in his button hole, and his pen-like poplar in his hand; he is equally uncompromising, but looks with an eye of stern regard upon that gay sprig of myrtle with his roof of a hat, jauntily clapped on one side, and a towering charming feather, streaming like smoke in the breeze. But whither have my vagaries led me—here I am once more in the dullest of dull country towns, over which strides the gouty old dean, like a Gothic arch across a cathedral city; and see how the wealthy innkeeper dangles his broad medal (sign of his having been in the yeomanry) that swings to the wind like the banner of his troop—how contemptuously he eyes that solid looking overseer, the workhouse, with his right and lefthand men the executioners of the law—Stocks and Cage—oh! turn away—there is that villanous cross barred gripe the Jail—enough, enough, indeed.

LAVATERIELLO.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

CURIOUS CEREMONY OF DRIVING DEER THROUGH THE WATER (FORMERLY PRACTISED) IN LYME PARK, CHESHIRE.

(For the Mirror.)

ORMEROD, in his splendid *History of Cheshire*, says, "The park of Lyme, which is very extensive, is celebrated for the fine flavour of its venison, and contains a herd of wild cattle, the remains of a breed which has been kept here from time immemorial, and is supposed indigenous. In the last century a custom was observed here of driving the deer round the park about Midsummer, or rather earlier, collecting them in a body before the house, and then swimming them through a pool of water,

with which the exhibition terminated." There is a large print of it by Vivares, after a painting by T. Smith, representing Lyme Park during the performance of the annual ceremony, with the great Vale of Cheshire and Lancashire, as far as the Rivington Hills in the distance, and in the foreground the great body of the deer passing through the pool, the last just entering it, and the old stags emerging on the opposite bank, two of which are contending with their forefeet, the horns at that season being too tender to combat with. This "art of driving the deer" like a herd of ordinary cattle, is stated on a monument, at Disley, to have been first perfected by Joseph Watson, who died in 1753, at the age of 104, "having been park-keeper at Lyme more than sixty-four years." The custom, however, appears not to have been peculiar to Lyme, as Dr. Whitaker describes, in his *Account of Townley*, (the seat of a collateral line of Legh,) "near the summit of the park, and where it declines to the south, the remains of a large pool, through which tradition reports that the deer were driven by their keepers in the manner still practised in the park at Lyme."*

Lyme Park is situated near the road from Manchester to London, through Buxton, adjacent to the picturesque village of Disley.

Lyme Hall is the seat of the principal of the ancient family of Leghs. Perkins *à Legh*, a Norman, who was buried in Macclesfield Church, rendered considerable services in the battle of Cressy, for which he was presented with the estate and lordship of Lyme. The building is, in part, of the date of Elizabeth; and the other a regular structure, from a design of Leoni.

P. T. W.

* History of Whalley.

STANNARY PARLIAMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

In the Forest of Dartmoor, Devonshire, between Tavistock and Chegford, is a high hill, called Crocken Tor, where the tinners of this county are obliged by their charter to assemble their parliaments, or the jurats who are commonly gentlemen within the jurisdiction, chosen from the four stannary courts of coinage in this county, of which the lord-warden is judge. The jurats being met to the number sometimes of two or three hundred, in this desolate place, are quite exposed to the weather and have no other place to sit upon but a moor-stone bench, and no refreshments but what they bring with them; for this reason the steward immediately adjourns the court to Tavistock, or some other stannary town.

Halbert H.

DOWRUCK.

In different parts of the North of England it is customary for the labouring men to come before their masters at the close of their *dowruck* (day's work,) and inform him of their labours; the number of hours their work took them are cut in notches upon an ash stick, and at the end of the week when the men are paid, the stick is produced, which immediately shows what each man is entitled to. W. H. H.

FAITOUR LANE,

Or as it is now called, Fetter Lane, is a term used by Chaucer, for an idle fellow. The propriety of its denomination is indisputable. W. H. H.

ROBIN HOOD.

At Brough Sowerby, in Westmoreland, is an ale-house bearing the sign of Robin Hood, with the following lines beneath it:—

"Good friends, good friends, my ale is good,
It is the sign of Robin Hood,
If Robin Hood be not at hoame,
Step in and drink with Littel Johne."

W. H. H.

JACK OF HILTON, THE BRAZEN IMAGE, ALIAS AN ÆOLIPILE.

(For the Mirror.)

Dr. Plot, in his *History of Staffordshire*, says, "The following service is due from the Lord of Essington, in Staffordshire, to the Lord of Hilton, about a mile distant, viz. that the Lord of the Manor of Essington, shall bring a goose every New year's day, and drive it round the fire in the hall at Hilton, at least three times, whilst *Jack of Hilton* is blowing the fire. Now Jack of Hilton is a little hollow image of brass, of about twelve inches high, kneeling upon his left knee, and holding his right hand upon his head, having a little hole in the place of the mouth, about the bigness of a great pin's head, and another in the back about two-thirds of an inch diameter, at which last hole it is filled with water, it holding about four pints and a quarter, which when set to a strong fire, evaporates after the same manner as in an *Æolipile*, and vents itself at the smaller hole at the mouth in a constant blast, blowing the fire so strongly that it is

very audible, and makes a sensible impression on that part of the fire where the blast lights, as I found by experience, May 26, 1680. After the Lord of Essington, or his deputy, or bayliffe, has driven the goose round the fire (at least three times) whilst this image blows it, he carries it into the kitchen of Hilton Hall, and delivers it to the cook, who having dressed it, the Lord of Essington, or his bayliffe, by way of further service, brings it to the table of the Lord paramount of Hilton and Essington, and receives a dish of meat from the said Lord of Hilton's table, for his own mess."

The Æolipile, in hydraulics, is an instrument consisting of a hollow metallic ball, with a slender neck or pipe, arising from it. This being filled with water, and thus exposed to the fire, produces a vehement blast of wind.

This instrument, Des Cartes and others, have made use of, to account for the natural cause and generation of wind; and hence its name, Æolipile, *pila Æoli*, Æolus's ball.

In Italy it is said that the Æolipile is commonly made use of to cure smoky chimneys; for being hung over the fire, the blast arising from it carries up the loitering smoke along with it. This instrument was known to the ancients, and is mentioned by Vitruvius.

Some late authors have discovered the extraordinary use to which the frauds of the heathen priesthood applied the Æolipile, viz. the working of sham miracles. Besides *Jack of Hilton*, which had been an ancient Saxon image, or idol, Mr. Weber shows, that *Pluster*, a celebrated German idol, is also of the Æolipile kind, and in virtue thereof, could do noble feats: being filled with a fluid, and then set on the fire, it would be covered with sweat, and as the heat increased, would at length burst out into flames.

An Æolipile of great antiquity, made of brass, was some years since dug up on the site of the Basingstoke Canal, and presented to the Antiquarian Society of London. Instead of being globular, with a bent tube, it is in the form of a grotesque human figure, and the blast proceeds from its mouth.

P. T. W.

ORIGIN OF WEARING THE VEIL.

(For the Mirror.)

THE origin of the veil is referred by the Greeks to modesty and bashfulness.

About thirty furlongs from the city of Sparta, Icarius placed a statue of MODESTY, for the purpose of perpetuating the following incident:—Icarius having married his daughter to Ulysses, solicited his son-in-law to fix his household in Sparta, and remain there with his wife, to which Ulysses would not consent.

Icarius made the request to his daughter, conjuring her not to abandon him, but seeing her ready to depart with Ulysses, for Ithaca, he redoubled his efforts to detain her, nor could he be prevailed on to desist from following the chariot on the way.

Ulysses wearied with the importunities of Icarius, said to his wife, "*You* can best answer this request; it is yours to determine whether you will remain with your father at Sparta, or depart with your husband for Ithaca; you are mistress of the decision."

The beautiful Penelope finding herself in this dilemma, blushed, and without making the least reply, drew her veil over her face, thereby intimating a denial to her father's request, and sunk into the arms of her husband.

Icarius, very sensibly affected by this behaviour, and being desirous of transmitting it to posterity by the most durable monument, consecrated a statue to Modesty, on the very spot where Penelope had thrown the veil over her face; that after her it might be a universal symbol of delicacy among the fair sex.

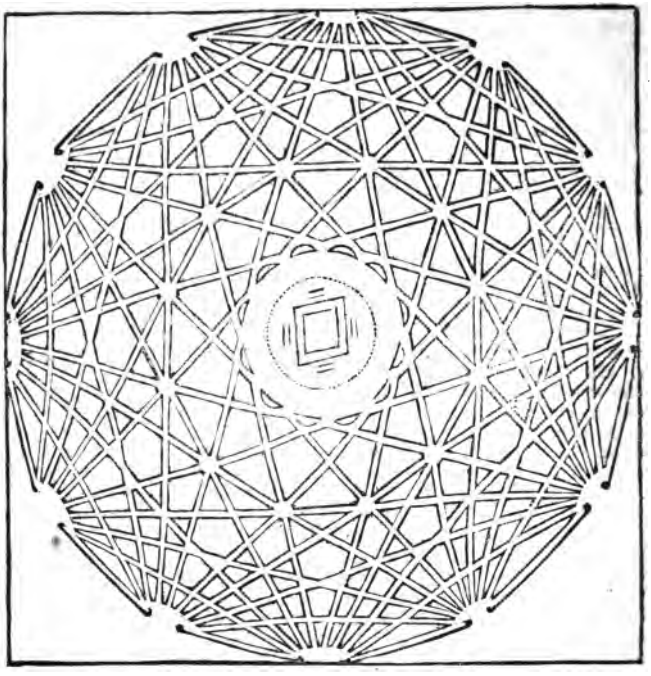
C. K. W.

THE manners of the Welsh must have been even less delicate than those of the Anglo-Saxons; for they thought it necessary to make a law, "that none of the courtiers should give the queen a blow, or snatch any thing with violence from her, under the penalty of incurring her majesty's displeasure."

FUNERAL OF A BURMESE PRIEST.

THE funeral pile, in this case, is a car on wheels; and the body is blown away, from a huge wooden cannon or mortar, with the purpose, I believe, of conveying the soul more rapidly to heaven! Immense crowds are collected on occasions of these funerals, which, far from being conducted with mourning or solemnity, are occasions of rude mirth and boisterous rejoicing. Ropes are attached to each extremity of the car, and pulled in opposite directions by adverse parties; one of these being for consuming the body, the other for opposing it. The latter are at length overcome, fire is set to the pile amidst loud acclamations, and the ceremony is consummated.—*Crawfurd's Embassy to Ava.*

Plan for a New City.



(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THE various ages, interests, and tastes which govern the progressive growth of cities, seem to be irremediable causes of the irregularity and inconvenience of their final formations or plans—and until this illustrious age of magnanimous projects and improvements, it would have been thought ridiculous to offer any radical expedient for a general improvement in the plans of cities; but *now* that we see *new* cities growing round the metropolis, and new towns planned for the distant dominions of Great Britain, it seems to be a convenient season for explaining my notions respecting the general plan of a city, with regard *only to the directions of the streets*, which after the repeated consideration of fifty years, I have concluded may, and ought to be, all straight streets, from *every extremity*, to the opposite, whatever be the form of the *outermost* boundary of the city or town.—These *conclusions* would most probably have passed off in silence, but for an accidental fancy arising in my mind, on reading lately in the Psalms, "*Jerusalem is a city that is in unity with itself.*" This text awakened my dormant ideas on the proper formation of streets, and anticipating the reunion of the Jews, I began the accompanying sketch for a "*Holy City*," or "*a New Jerusalem*," which accounts for the twelve gates according with the original number of the tribes of Israel, and the ten streets which diverge from each gate are symbolic of the Ten Commandments, wherein they were commanded to walk; the twelve circular areas I thought to be properly dedicated to the Twelve Apostles of Christianity, under the idea that when the Jews are again called together it will be under the new covenant of Christianity, so that nothing could (in that case) be more appropriate than placing the original propagators of it where so many paths led towards them—and after fixing the place of public worship in the centre, my orthodoxy ceased to affect my scheme, for want of that technical knowledge which further detail would require—and having accomplished my favourite determination of planning a town without winding streets or crooked lanes. I offer it to the MIRROR as an

amusing novelty for the entertainment of its numerous readers. I think it would be not inappropriate to call it the Royal City of *Victoria*.

CHARLES HAYTER.

*** To the ingenious designer of the annexed sketch, we are likewise indebted for the Plan for a Maze, in our Vol. vii. page 233. Mr. H. very pertinently observes to us "imagine what would have been said of this plan for a city, had Belzoni or Buckingham found exactly such a one in Assyria or Egypt,—of antique date?"

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

NEW EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

IT is rather late in the day to speak of what is technically termed the "getting-up" of this elegant edition of the most popular works of our time. There are now three volumes published—*Waverley*, in two vols. and one vol. or half of *Guy Mannering*. Each of the former contains upwards of 400 pages, and the latter nearly that number—beautifully printed in what we call a very inviting type, on excellent paper, of rich colour, and not too garish for the eye of the reader. The engravings to *Waverley* are by Graves, C. Rolls, and Raddon, after E. P. and J. Stephanoff, Newton, and Landseer—a frontispiece and plate title page and vignette to each volume. To our taste the vignettes are exquisite — one by Landseer, *David Gellatley, with Ban and Buscar*, is extremely beautiful. The illustrations to the volume of *Guy Mannering* are by Duncan, and C. G. Cooke, after Leslie and Kidd. The volumes are in substantial canvass binding. Their low price, a crown a-piece, is the marvel of book-selling, for were they only reprints without copyright, they would be unprecedentedly cheap. The whole series will extend to forty volumes, to be published in three years, and will cost ten pounds. Fifteen-pence a week for the above term will thus provide a family with one of the most elegant drawing-room libraries that can be desired. They will about occupy three *cheffonier* shelves;—or what delightful volumes for fire-side shelves, or a "little book-room," or a breakfast parlour opening on a carpet of lawn—or to read by the hour, with a golden-haired lady-friend, and chat awhile, and then turn to the most attractive scenes in the novel, while we ourselves are perhaps enacting the hero in a romance of real life. Few novels admit of a second reading; but the *Waverley* series will never lose their attraction—and to remember when and where, and with whom you first read each of them, may perhaps revive many pleasantries.

Of the literary Notes and emendations of the present edition, we have already expressed our opinion by the selection of several of them for the pages of the MIRROR; and in the progress of the publication, we shall endeavour to award similar justice to each of the works.

In the *Athenæum*, of August 5, the presumed profit on the whole edition is estimated at £100,000. ! The calculation of the sale of 12,000 of each work is a reasonable one, and splendid as, in that case, the reward will be, the reading-public will be the gainers.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.

History of the Jews.

WE scarcely know how to do justice to the high character of the series of volumes now publishing under this denomination. In printing and embellishment they take the lead of the Periodical Works of our day, (and some of these are extremely beautiful,) while their literary worth is even of superior order. Although they are matter-of-fact works—as in history and biography—they are not mere compilations of dry details and uninteresting lives; but they are so interspersed with new views, and the facts are so often re-written, that the whole have the appearance of original works. Excellent principles, and economy of cost are, likewise, two important points of their recommendations; for many works which have already appeared on the same subjects, have been deformed by party spirit, and written to serve a sect, or are so expensive as to be purchaseable only by the wealthy ranks, and scarcely accessible by the middle classes of society; whereas the Family Library is published at a rate within the reach of two-thirds of the reading public, who may therefore possess what they read, and appreciate the value of these volumes as works of reference and authority.

The division of the series which has called forth this notice, is No. 5, or the first volume of the *History of the Jews*, to be completed in three volumes, by the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and the author of the splendid poem—The Fall of Jerusalem; and judging by the portion before us, this work will form one of the most attractive in the whole series. In proof

of this it would be easy to select many passages which are beautifully picturesque; a few, however, will suffice:

"The Jews, without reference to their religious belief, are among the most remarkable people in the annals of mankind. Sprung from one stock, they pass the infancy of their nation in a state of servitude in a foreign country, where, nevertheless, they increase so rapidly, as to appear on a sudden the fierce and irresistible conquerors of their native valleys in Palestine. There they settle down under a form of government and code of laws totally unlike those of any other rude or civilized community. They sustain a long and doubtful conflict, sometimes enslaved, sometimes victorious, with the neighbouring tribes. At length, united under one monarchy, they gradually rise to the rank of a powerful, opulent, and commercial people. Subsequently weakened by internal discord, they are overwhelmed by the vast monarchies which arose on the banks of the Euphrates, and transplanted into a foreign region. They are partially restored, by the generosity or policy of the Eastern sovereigns, to their native land. They are engaged in wars of the most romantic gallantry, in assertion of their independence, against the Syro-Grecian successors of Alexander. Under Herod, they rise to a second era of splendour, as a dependent kingdom of Rome: finally, they make the last desperate resistance to the universal dominion of the Cæsars. Scattered from that period over the face of the earth—hated, scorned, and oppressed, they subsist, a numerous and often a thriving people; and in all the changes of manners and opinions retain their ancient institutions, their national character, and their indelible hope of restoration to grandeur and happiness in their native land. Thus the history of this, perhaps the only unmingled race, which can boast of high antiquity, leads us through every gradation of society and brings us into contact with almost every nation which commands our interest in the ancient world; the migratory pastoral population of Asia; Egypt, the mysterious parent of arts, science, and legislation; the Arabian Desert; the Hebrew theocracy under the form of a federative agricultural republic, their kingdom powerful in war and splendid in peace; Babylon, in its magnificence and downfall; Grecian arts and luxury endeavouring to force an unnatural refinement within the pale of the rigid Mosaic institutions; Roman arms waging an exterminating war with the independence even of the smallest states; it descends, at length, to all the changes in the social state of the modern European and Asiatic nations."

At page 32, there is an interesting picture of the state of society in Patriarchal times—the whole of the life of Moses is extremely well written—the description of the Plague is indeed terrific—and the death and character of the Prophet drawn with a masterly and vigorous hand. The reigns of David and Solomon, as might be expected, are magnificently told. Among the picturesque sketches none exceed the—

DESCRIPTION OF PALESTINE.

"It is almost impossible to calculate with accuracy the area of a country, the frontier of which is irregular on every side. Lowman has given three different estimates of the extent of territory occupied by the twelve tribes, the mean between the two extremes approaches probably the nearest to the truth. According to this computation, the Jewish dominion, at the time of the Division, was 180 miles long, by 130 wide, and contained 14,976,000 acres. This quantity of land will divide to 600,000 men, about 21¼ acres in property, with a remainder of 1,976,000 acres for the Levitical cities, the princes of tribes, the heads of families, and other public uses. Assuming this estate of 21¼ acres, assigned to each household, of course a larger proportion of pasture must have been given to those tribes who subsisted on their herds and flocks, than of arable to those who lived by tillage, the portions of the latter, therefore, must be considerably reduced. On the other hand, the extraordinary fertility of the whole country must be taken into the account. No part was waste; very little was occupied by unprofitable wood; the more fertile hills were cultivated in artificial terraces, others were hung with orchards of fruit trees; the more rocky and barren districts were covered with vineyards. Even in the present day, the wars and misgovernment of ages have not exhausted the natural richness of the soil. Galilee, says Malte Brun, would be a paradise were it inhabited by an industrious people, under an enlightened government. No land could be less dependent on foreign importation; it bore within itself every thing that could be necessary for the subsistence and comfort of a simple agricultural people. The climate was healthy, the seasons regular; the former rains, which fell about October, after the vintage, prepared the ground

for the seed; the latter, which prevailed during March and the beginning of April, made it grow rapidly. Directly the rains ceased, the grain ripened with still greater rapidity, and was gathered in before the end of May. The summer months were dry and very hot, but the nights cool and refreshed by copious dews. In September, the vintage was gathered. Grain of all kinds, wheat, barley, millet, zea, and other sorts, grew in abundance; the wheat commonly yielded thirty for one. Besides the vine and the olive, the almond, the date, figs of many kinds, the orange, the pomegranates, and many other fruit-trees, flourished in the greatest luxuriance. Great quantity of honey was collected. The balm tree, which produced the opobalsamum, a great object of trade, was probably introduced from Arabia in the time of Solomon. It flourished about Jericho and in Gilead."

This is but a portion of the sketch. The wealth and commerce of the country is thus told:

"The only public revenue of the Hebrew commonwealth was that of the sacred treasury, the only public expenditure that of the religious worship. This was supported by a portion of the spoils taken in war; the first fruits, which in their institution were no more than could be carried in a basket, at a later period were rated to be one part in sixty; the redemption of the first born, and of whatever was vowed to the Lord. Almost every thing of the last class might be commuted for money according to a fixed scale. The different annual festivals were well calculated to promote internal commerce: maritime or foreign trade, is scarcely mentioned in the law, excepting in two obscure prophetic intimations of advantages, which the tribes of Dan and Zebulun were to derive from their maritime situation. On this subject the lawgiver could have learned nothing in Egypt. The commerce of that country was confined to the inland caravan trade. The Egyptians hated or dreaded the sea, which they considered either the dwelling of the evil principle, or the evil principle itself. At all events, the Hebrews at this period were either blind to the maritime advantages of their situation, or unable to profit by them. The ports were the last places they conquered. Sidon, if indeed within their boundary, never lost its independence; Tyre, if it existed, was a town too obscure to be named; Ecdippa and Acco remained in the power of the Canaanites; Joppa is not mentioned as a port till much later. The manufactures of the people supplied their own wants; they brought from Egypt the arts of weaving woollens and linens, stuffs made of fine goats' hair, and probably cotton; of dying in various colours, and bleaching, and of embroidering; of many kinds of carpenter's work; of building, some of the rules of which were regulated by law; of making earthenware vessels; of working in iron, brass, and the precious metals, both casting them and forming them with the tool; of gilding, engraving seals, and various other kinds of ornamental work, which were employed in the construction of the altars and sacred vessels of the Tabernacle."

Among the illustrative passages we notice the following exquisite paragraph on the—

HEBREW POETS.

"THE three most eminent men in the Hebrew annals, Moses, David, and Solomon, were three of their most distinguished poets. The hymns of David excel no less in sublimity and tenderness of expression than in loftiness and purity of religious sentiment. In comparison with them the sacred poetry of all other nations sinks into mediocrity. They have embodied so exquisitely the universal language of religious emotion, that (a few fierce and vindictive passages excepted, natural in the warrior-poet of a sterner age,) they have entered with unquestioned propriety into the ritual of the holier and more perfect religion of Christ. The songs which cheered the solitude of the desert caves of Engedi, or resounded from the voice of the Hebrew people as they wound along the glens or the hill-sides of Judæa, have been repeated for ages in almost every part of the habitable world, in the remotest islands of the ocean, among the forests of America or the sands of Africa. How many human hearts have they softened, purified, exalted!—of how many wretched beings have they been the secret consolation!—on how many communities have they drawn down the blessings of Divine Providence, by bringing the affections into unison with their deep, devotional fervour."

The present volume extends from the time of Abraham to the Babylonian Captivity. It is illustrated with three excellent maps, and a few wood cuts; but we are convinced that we need add nothing further of its contents to recommend the *History of the Jews* to the at-

tention of our readers; for it is one of the most splendid and fascinating works in our recollection.

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

THE Fourth Part of this well-arranged publication, is "*The Pursuit of Knowledge under difficulties illustrated by Anecdotes.*" The matter is judiciously divided into chapters, as "Strength of the Passion for Knowledge—Humble Station no Obstacle—Obscure Origin—Artists rising from the lower to the higher classes—Late Learners—Early Age of Great Men—Self-educated Men—Literary Pursuits of Soldiers—Merchants, Booksellers, and Printers." All these heads are illustrated by anecdotes—some of them well known, others drawn from uncommon sources—and all replete with useful information, and furnishing an exhaustless store of entertainment. Such a volume is, indeed, a *book for the people*, and will do more towards the spread of knowledge, and the excitement of those engaged in its pursuit, than scores of fine-spun theories cramped up with technicalities. For young people we consider this book a real treasure; since the examples selected are not those of men who became intoxicated with their success, or gave up useful occupation for mere elegant literature or experimental knowledge; but the instances are chiefly of such as have turned their genius to good account, or for the benefit of themselves and their fellow men. We call such men the *honourables of the land*, whose examples should be written in letters of gold, and on monuments of marble, as helps to social duties and for the imitation of aftertimes.

We have marked for our next number a few extracts which will be interesting to our readers to explain the mode by which the heads of a chapter are illustrated. The biographettes of John Hunter, Simpson, J. Stone, and Fergusson, and the introductory illustrations of Newton, are the most striking portions of the volume; and they may be read and re-read with increasing advantage. Of Hunter and Fergusson there are good portraits.

Spirit of Discovery.

Block Machinery.

Mr. Faraday has lately described at the Royal Institution, Brunel's Block Machinery at Portsmouth, with a set of magnificent models of this admirable invention, which were lent to the Society by the Navy Board. They consist of eight separate machines, which work in succession, so as to begin and finish off a two-sheaved block four inches in length. These were put by Messrs. Maudsley and Field's men (who made them) into such communication and action, as to perform the set of operations in the most perfect manner.

Mr. F. briefly stated that the Block Machinery of Portsmouth, by adjustments, could manufacture blocks of 100 different sizes—could with thirty men make 100 per hour; and from the time of its completion in 1804-5 to the present day, had required no repairs from Maudsley, the original manufacturer. The total cost was given at 46,000*l.*, and the saving per annum in time of war 25,000*l.* This is a paragon of art which we could see again and again.

Enameled Street Names.

The names of the Streets in Paris have been recently put up on enameled plates; the ground being blue, and the letters white. The substance on which the enameling is performed is lava in slabs; the same substance has since been used as the basis of certain enameled designs; it is much superior in some points to porcelain in this application, because the necessary exposure to fire does not cause it to crack in the manner that porcelain does.—*From the French.*

Preservation of Wine Must.

Charcoal was added to grape must, in the proportion of 100 grains to a litre (2.1 pints), or if very much inclined to ferment, more charcoal was used. When the liquid had settled, and become clear and colourless, it was removed from the charcoal, and put into bottles or casks, to be closed up, and preserved. It will not enter into fermentation, even in close vessels; for the charcoal has absorbed the ferment. Nevertheless, the ferment has not lost its powers by combination with the carbon; for, if left in the must, the latter begins to ferment, but only where in contact with the former.—*From the French.*

Weevils in Granaries.

Wash the floor and sides of the granary with a mixture of urine and water before the corn is stored up; this washing is to be repeated several times, the walls and floors of the granary being well swept between each operation.—*From the French.*

French Eggs and Apples.

In the year 1827 there were 63,109,618 hen's eggs, and 14,182 bushels of apples imported from France into England.

Enlargement of Artichokes.

The gardeners in the south of France increase the size of artichokes by splitting the stem into four at the base of the receptacle, and introducing two small sticks in the form of a cross. This operation should not be made until the stem has attained the height it ought to have.—*From the French.*

Preservation of Potatoes.

Potatoes at the depth of one foot in the ground, produce shoots near the end of spring; at the depth of two feet they appear in the middle of summer; at three feet they are very short, and never come to the surface; and between three and five feet they cease to vegetate. In consequence of observing these effects several parcels of potatoes were buried in a garden at the depth of three and a half feet, and were not removed until after an interval of one or two years. They were then found without any shoots, and possessing their original freshness, firmness, goodness, and taste. *From the French.*

Leeches.

It is well known that atmospheric changes have a remarkable influence upon leeches. In 1825, M. Derheim, of St. Omer, ascribes the almost sudden death of them at the approach of, or during storms, to the coagulation of the blood of these creatures, caused by the impression of the atmospheric electricity.—*From the French.*

Carpenter's Microscope.

Mr. Carpenter's achromatic solar microscope has now a white circular area of nine feet in diameter, to receive the images of the objects upon, some of which are magnified to the enormous size of upwards of eight feet in length!

Mr. Carpenter's lucernal microscopes are now arranged in a kind of temple, placed in the middle of a room, and illuminated by the light of one powerful Argand lamp, so as to be independent of all natural light; thus, in all seasons, even in cloudy weather, the objects are as brilliantly displayed as they could be last year when the sun shone.—*Gill's Repository.*

Beet Root Sugar.

There are now in France upwards of one hundred manufactories of beet root sugar, from which were produced last year upwards of 5,000 tons of sugar, worth 60*l.* per ton, or 300,000*l.*; the profit of which is estimated at 15*l.* an acre; but, says one of the manufacturers, the process may be so far improved, that sugar will be made in France from the beet root at 30*l.* per ton, which will increase the profit to 24*l.* an acre. A writer in the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* observes that "it is difficult to conceive that one half of the sugar consumed in Great Britain, or in all Europe, will not, in a few years, be home-made beet root sugar."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LORD BYRON AND SIR WALTER SCOTT AT WATERLOO.

By a Sexagenarian.

In his transit to Italy in August, 1816, Lord Byron visited Brussels (where I was residing) accompanied by Dr. Polidori. The moment I heard of his arrival, I waited on him, and was received with the greatest cordiality and kindness.

As he proposed visiting Waterloo on the following morning, I offered my services as his cicerone, which were graciously accepted, and we set out at an early hour, accompanied by his *compagnon de voyage*. The weather was propitious, but the poet's spirits seemed depressed, and we passed through the gloomy forest of Soignies without much conversation. As the plan of the inspection of the field had been left to me, I ordered our postilion to drive to Mont St. Jean, without stopping at Waterloo. We got out at the monuments. Lord Byron gazed about for five minutes without uttering a syllable; at last, turning to me, he said—"I am not disappointed. I have seen the plains of Marathon, and these are as fine. Can you tell me," he continued, "where Picton fell? because I have heard that my friend Howard was killed at his side, and nearly at the same moment."

The spot was well known, and I pointed with my finger to some trees near it, at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards: we walked to the spot. "Howard," said his lordship, with a sigh, "was my relation and dear friend; but we quarrelled, and I was in the wrong; we were, however, reconciled, at which I now rejoice." He spoke these words with great feeling, and we returned to examine the monument of Sir Alexander Gordon, a broken column, on which he made some criticisms, be-

stowing great praise on the fraternal affection of his brother, who had erected it. He did not seem much interested about the positions of the troops, which I pointed out to him; and we got into our carriage, and drove to the Château Goumont, the poet remaining silent, pensive, and in a musing mood, which I took care not to interrupt.

The gallant defence of this post seemed to interest him more, and I recapitulated all the particulars I knew of the attack. From the bravery displayed by the handful of troops (the Guards) who defended it, it has acquired its reputation. Though they were reinforced more than once, the number never exceeded twelve hundred; and notwithstanding the enemy having, by battering down the gate of the farmyard, and setting fire to the straw in it, got possession of the outer works, in the evening attack, they could make no impression on the strong hold, the garden—

"Whose close picach'd walks and bowers have been
The deadly marksman's lurking screen."

They reaped no advantage by these assaults; on the contrary, they sacrificed a great many brave men without any purpose. It was a most important post; for had they succeeded in getting possession of it, and driving out our troops, their guns would have enfiladed us, and we should have been obliged to change our front. The pompous title of *château* gives a little additional importance to this position, though it is only a miserable dwelling of two stories, somewhat resembling the habitations of our *Bonnet Lairds* about the beginning of the last century. The area of the house is about two Scotch acres, including the garden. The clipped and shady walks have been long since cut down, which takes away much interest from it; and the stupid Fleming to whom it belonged, cut down the young trees in front of it, because they had been wounded by the bullets, which he was informed "would cause them to bleed to death!" The nobleman who now possesses it, has, with better taste, repaired the château, and will not permit any alteration in its appearance.

I asked Byron what he thought of Mr. Scott's "Field of Waterloo," just published—if it was fair to ask one poet his opinion of a living contemporary. "Oh," said he, "quite fair; besides, there is not much subject for criticism in this hasty sketch. The reviewers call it a *falling off*; but I am sure there is no poet living who could have written so many good lines on so meagre a subject, in so short a time. Scott," he added, "is a fine poet, and a most amiable man. We are great friends. As a prose writer, he has no rival; and has not been approached since Cervantes, in depicting manners. His tales are my constant companions. It is highly absurd his denying, what every one that knows him believes, his being the author of these admirable works. Yet no man is obliged to give his name to the public, except he chooses so to do; and Scott is not likely to be compelled by the law, for he does not write libels, nor a line of which he may be ashamed." He said a great deal more in praise of his friend, for whom he had the highest respect and regard. "I wish," added the poet, with feeling, "it had been my good fortune to have had such a Mentor. No author," he observed, "had deserved more from the public, or has been so liberally rewarded. Poor Milton got only 15*l.* for his 'Paradise Lost,' while a modern poet has as much for a stanza." I know not if he made any allusion to himself in this remark, but it has been said that Murray paid him that sum for every verse of "Childe Harold."

Lord Byron, in reading aloud the stanzas of Mr. Scott,

"For high, and deathless is the name,
Oh Hougomont, thy ruins claim!
The sound of Cressy none shall own,
And Agincourt shall be unknown,
And Blenheim be a nameless spot
Long ere thy glories are forgot," &c.

he exclaimed, striking the page with his hand, "I'll be d—d if they will, Mr. Scott, be forgot!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott visited Brussels about the middle of August, 1816, when I had the good fortune to meet him at the house of Sir Frederick Adam, who was prevented by a wound from joining his brigade, though he was able to do the duties of the small garrison there.

Mr. Scott accepted my services to conduct him to Waterloo. The general's aid-de-camp was also of the party, Mr. Scott being accompanied by two friends, his fellow travellers. He made no secret of his having undertaken to write something on the battle; and he took the greater interest on this account in every thing that he saw. Besides, he had never seen a field of such a conflict; and never having been before on the Continent, it was all new to his comprehensive mind. The day was beautiful; and I had the precaution to send out a couple of saddle-horses, that he might not be fatigued in walking over

the fields which had been recently ploughed up. The animal he rode was so quiet that he was much gratified, and had an opportunity of examining every spot of the positions of both armies; and seemed greatly delighted, especially with the Farm of Goumont, where he loitered a couple of hours. In our rounds we fell in with Monsieur Da Costar, with whom he got into conversation, though I had told him he was an impostor. But he had attracted so much notice by his pretended story of being about the person of Napoleon, that he was of too much importance to be passed by: I did not, indeed, know as much of this fellow's Charlatanism at that time as afterwards, when I saw him confronted with a blacksmith of La Belle Alliance, who had been his companion in a hiding-place, ten miles from the field, during the whole day; a fact which he could not deny. But he had got up a tale so plausible, and so profitable, that he could afford to bestow hush-money on the companion of his flight, so that the imposition was but little known, and strangers continued to be gulled. He had picked up a good deal of information about the positions and details of the battle, and being naturally a sagacious Wallon, and speaking French pretty fluently, he became the favourite *cicerone*, and every lie he told was taken for gospel. Year after year, until his death, in 1824, he continued his popularity, and raised the price of his rounds from a couple of francs to five; besides as much for the hire of a horse, his own property; for he pretended that the fatigue of walking so many hours was beyond his powers. It has been said, that in this way he realized every summer a couple of hundred Napoleons. It is surprising how any one could believe the story he told; for supposing that he had been seized upon by Napoleon, what use could such a vagabond be as a guide? What was he to show? The British army was staring the Emperor in the face at a mile distant. This *soi-disant* hero could only be an incumbrance during the conflict, if his courage could have been screwed up to remain at Napoleon's side, as he pretended he had done, and that when he became panicstruck on the approach of the Prussians, he was rewarded for his services with a twenty-franc coin. He even pointed out the actual spot where he stood with the Emperor on the *chaussée*—heard him exclaim "Sauve qui peut!" and saw him mount his horse, and brush!—*facts*, which are become historical!

When Sir Walter had examined every point of defence and attack we adjourned to the "Original Duke of Wellington," at Waterloo, to dinner, after the fatigues of the ride. Here he had a crowded levée of peasants, and collected a great many trophies, from cuirasses down to buttons and bullets. He picked up himself many little relics, and was fortunate in purchasing a grand cross of the legion of honour. But the most precious relic was presented to him by my wife—a French soldier's book, well stained with blood, and containing some poetical effusions, called "Troubadours," which he found so interesting that he translated them into English, and they were introduced into his "Paul's Letters;" on the publication of which he did her the honour of sending her a copy, with a most flattering letter, to say, "that he considered her gift as the most valuable of all his Waterloo relics."

On our return from the field, he kindly passed the evening with us, and a few friends whom we invited to meet him. He charmed us with his delightful conversation, and was in great spirits from the agreeable day he had passed; and with great good humour promised to write a stanza in the lady's Album. The following morning he called to achieve this; and I put him into my little library, the door of which I locked to prevent interruption, as a great many of my friends had paraded in the *Pave* opposite my window to get a peep at the celebrated man, many having dogged him from his hotel.

Brussels affords but little worthy of the notice of such a traveller as the author of "Waverley;" but he greatly admired the splendid tower of the Maison de Ville, and the ancient sculpture and style of architecture of the buildings which surround the Grand Place.

He told us, with great humour, a laughable incident which had occurred to him at Antwerp. The morning after his arrival at that city from Holland, he started at an early hour to visit the tomb of Rubens in the Church of St. Jacques, before his party were up. Having provided himself with a map of the city, he had no other guide; but after wandering about for an hour, without finding the object he had in view, he determined to make inquiry, and observing a person stalking about like himself, he addressed him, in his best French; but the stranger pulling off his hat, very respectfully replied, in the pure Highland accent, "I'm very sorry, Sir, but I canna speak ony thing besides

English."- "This is very unlucky indeed, Donald," said Mr. Scott, "but we must help one another; for, to tell you the truth, I'm not good at any other tongue but the English, or rather, the Scotch."—"Oh, Sir, maybe," replied the Highlander, "you are a countryman, and ken my maister, Captain Cameron, of the 79th, and could tell me where he lodges. I'm just cum in, Sir, frae a place they ca' *Machlin*, and ha forgotten the name of the captain's quarters; it was something like the *Laaborer*."—"I can, I think, help you with this, my friend," rejoined Mr. Scott. "There is an inn just opposite to you, (pointing to the *Hotel de Grand Laboreur*,) I dare say that will be the captain's quarters;" and so it was. I cannot do justice to the humour in which Mr. Scott recounted this dialogue.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SUPERSTITION.

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, in order to be assured of the assistance of heaven in a certain project, vowed to send a pilgrim to Jerusalem, who should walk three feet forwards and one backwards all the way. A countryman of Picardy undertook the fulfilment of this vow, and having employed a whole year in the task, was rewarded with a title and a large sum of money.

THE Romans deposed their Dictator, Minutius, and the general of their cavalry, Caius Flaminius, on the same day they had been elected, because one of the citizens of Rome had heard a mouse squeak. A. V. M.

NAPKINS.

WHEN Diego de Torres, the Spanish ambassador, in 1547, first dined with the Emperor of Morocco at his court, he was amused by the customs of the table; neither knives, forks, nor spoons, were provided; but each person helped himself with his fingers, and cleaned his hands with his tongue, excepting the emperor, who wiped the hand he took his meat up with on the head of a black boy, ten years old, who stood by his side. The ambassador smiled, and the emperor observing it, asked what Christian kings wiped their hands with at meals, and what such things were worth? "Fine napkins," replied the ambassador, "a clean one at every meal, worth a crown a piece or more." "Don't you think this napkin much better," said the emperor, wiping his hand again on the black boy's head, "which is worth seventy or eighty crowns."

JUSTICE.

"WHAT is your fare, coachee," said a stout gentleman alighting from a hackney-coach.

Coachee.—"One shilling, sir."

Gent.—"One shilling! What an imposition for such a short distance."

Coachee.—"I'll take my oath that is my fare."

Gent.—"Will you? very well, I am a magistrate, proceed—*(Coachee is sworn)*—That will do, the shilling I shall keep for the affidavit."

PHILIP III. King of Spain, wept at an *Auto da Fé*, because he saw so many fellow creatures inhumanly tormented. This was thought by the Grand Inquisitor to be a great sin, and he terrified the king so much with his remonstrances, that Philip suffered himself to be bled, and the blood to be given to the common executioner, to be burnt at the next *Auto da Fé*, by way of penance.

Cobweb comes from the Dutch word *Kopwebbe;* and *Kop* in that language signifies a spider

IRISH READING.

AN American citizen, for the purpose of arresting attention, caused his sign to be set upside down. One day, while the rain was pouring down with great violence, an Irishman was discovered directly opposite, standing with some gravity upon his head, and fixing his eyes stedfastly upon the sign. On an inquiry being made of this inverted gentleman, why he stood in so singular an attitude, he answered, "I am trying to read that sign."

PROFESSIONAL DUTIES MUST BE PERFORMED.

AN attorney presenting a copy of a writ to an auctioneer apologized for his unfriendly visit, as he was merely performing an unpleasant duty of his profession. "Certainly not," said the auctioneer, "you must attend to the duties of your profession, and so must I to mine;" and instantly *knocked him down.*

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 426, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 386.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1829. [Price 2*d*.

St. Peter's Church, Pimlico.

The Engraving represents the new church on the eastern side of Wilton Place, in the Parish of St. George, Hanover Square. It is a chaste building of the Ionic order, from the designs of Mr. Henry Hakewill, of whose architectural attainments we have frequently had occasion to speak.

The plan of St. Peter's is a parallelogram, placed east and west, without aisles; the east being increased by the addition of a small chancel flanked by vestries. The west front, in our Engraving, is occupied by an hexastyle portico of the Ionic order, with fluted columns. The floor is approached by a bold flight of steps, and in the wall, at the back are three entrances to the church. The columns are surmounted by their entablature and a pediment, behind which a low attic rises from the roof of the church to the height of the apex of the pediment; it is crowned with a cornice and blocking-course, and surmounted by an acroterium of nearly its own height, but in breadth only equalling two-thirds of it; this is finished with a sub-cornice and blocking-course, and is surmounted by the tower, which rises from the middle. The addition of a steeple to a Grecian church forms a stumbling-block to our modern architects, forcing them to have recourse to many shifts to convert a Gre-

cian temple into an English church, a forcible argument for the rejection of the classical styles altogether in this species of buildings.* Mr. Hakewill has, however, in part surmounted this difficulty, and the effect produced is not bad, as great value is given to the front elevation by it.

The tower consists of a square in plan, in elevation consisting of a pedestal, the dado pieced for the dials of a clock, sustaining a cubical story, with an arched window in each face, at the sides of which are Ionic columns, the angles being finished in antis. This story is crowned with an entablature, above which rises a small enriched circular temple; the whole is crowned with a spherical dome, surmounted by a cross.

The body of the church is built of brick, with stone dressings. The interior is chastely fitted up. The altar-piece is Mr. Hilton's splendid picture of "Christ crowned with thorns," exhibited at Somerset House, in 1825, and presented to this church by the British Institution in 1827.

The ground for the site was given by Lord Grosvenor, and the sum of *5,555 l.* 11 *s.* 1 *d.* was granted by the Royal Commissioners towards the building. It will accommodate 1,657 persons. The first stone was laid September 4, 1824, and the church was consecrated by the Bishop of London, (Dr. Howley,) July 20, 1827.

* See *Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1829.

PSALMODY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I HAVE lately made a journey to the metropolis for the purpose of inquiring by my own personal attention and otherwise, whether any improvement had been made in the Psalmody of any of the numerous new churches and chapels in and near London. I have visited by far the greater part of them. In many of them I find no improvement, but there are two or three which merit distinction.

In the majority of the churches, I observe the singing of psalms or hymns (for I have not yet, after three months, heard an anthem) is confined generally to about three verses, and those more ordinarily of the common metre; the singing is very little of it congregational, but is chiefly performed by the schools of charity children, and there does not appear to have been any instruction for their singing in any other than the *treble*. The organists in general are very good performers, but however well that office is filled, the voices of the congregation are wanting, by which a great improvement would be given to the harmony. In two of the congregations I happen to have a more numerous acquaintance, and know that numbers of the congregation have excellent judgment and good voices, and many are good performers on the pianoforte and harp. In conversing with several of them on this interesting and (to me) sublime subject, I have heard as an objection to their joining in the psalmody with any extensive power, that there are no persons, exclusively of the organist, to lead the voice, whether treble, counter, tenor, or bass, and yet what a delightful opportunity do these new churches afford; in general the sound is well and equally distributed.

The sublimity of this part of divine worship has been well expressed by many of our poets, translators, and versifiers of the Psalms — one of them speaks the feelings of a sincere congregation when he says,

> Arise my heart! my soul arise!
> Jehovah praise! sing till the skies
> Re-echo his ascending fame!
> Rejoice and celebrate his name!

this does not admit of a deadly silence in the churches; and another excellent appeal to the true believer is made in the following beautiful and sublime act of devotion:—

> Salvation! let the echo fly!
> The spacious earth around!
> While all the armies of the sky!
> Conspire to raise the sound.

It is the conviction not only of myself, but of others who are in the same order of the musical profession, that the means of drawing forth the universal voices of congregations is by a number, not less than four, nor more than twelve, being *appointed* by the authority of the clergyman or minister, to sing with correct harmony, and with rather a louder tone than they might do if only an ordinary singer in the worship of the day as a congregational attendant. Those four (or more) voices would have the effect, in a few months, of producing a great improvement in the singing by the congregation at large; but such an *appointment* must not be alienated from its main purpose. These voices, scientifically as they will be exercised, must not sing in solos, duos, trios, or quartettes; they must be faithful to their institution, and must *lead the congregation;* not merely exhibit themselves,

like the professional singers in the Roman Catholic chapels, but direct the voices of all that may feel the animating force of the 89th Psalm—

Lord God of hosts thy wond'rous ways,
Are sung by saints above!
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love!

The only instance I have met with in any of the London churches or chapels of the Church of England (there may be others) is at the St. James's Chapel, near Mornington Place, on the road to Hampstead. I attended at that place of worship lately, and was delighted with the whole of the services, wishing only that greater numbers of the congregation had joined in the singing, which was conducted precisely on the principle of four being appointed to lead the congregation: the four voices were excellent, and naturally and easily led many to join, and I cannot doubt, but that this superior arrangement, whoever was the author, will tend to make the singing in that chapel an example to many others.

I lament that I am obliged to leave town, and may not be here again for several months, but when I do, I shall humbly offer my services to the clergyman of the chapel, for the improvement of so judicious a plan, and extending it to other chapels of the same parish.

I should offer some apology for not having noticed the discourses, though my remarks originate and have been chiefly confined to the psalmody. I will not, however, let this opportunity pass of saying the sermons, both morning and evening, were excellent, the attention of every part of the congregation was great; throughout all the services there was, while the minister was speaking, and the people not required to join, a most interesting but attentive silence, and in the evening I retired with a sympathetic feeling which I cannot describe.

In my next (should this receive your attention) I shall send you a few remarks on the psalmody of the new churches of Marylebone and Trinity.

CHRISTIANUS,
A Cathedral Chorister.

THE LAY FROM HOME.

(For the Mirror.)

Its music beareth o'er my widow'd heart
A tale of vanish'd innocence and love,
And bliss that strew'd around the ark of life
Sweet flow'rs of summer hue. It hath the tone,
The very tone which wrapt my spirit up,
In silent dreams and visions. Oft, at eve,
I heard it wandering thro the silver air,
As if some sylph had witch'd the stringed shell
Of woods and lonely fountains:—and the birds
That sang in the blue glow of heaven, the trees
That whisper'd like a timid maiden's lips,
The bees that kiss'd their bride-flow'rs into sleep,
All breath'd the spell of that enchanting lay!

Whence came it now? perchance from yonder dell,
O'er which the skies, in sunny beauty fix'd,
Their sapphire mantle hang. Its Eden home
Is in some beauteous place where faces beam
In loveliness and joy! To hail the morn,
The infant pours it from his rosy mouth,
Ere, o'er the fields, with blissful heart he roams,
To watch the syren lark, or mark the sun
Surround with golden light the rainbow clouds.

That music lay awak'd within my heart
Thoughts, that had wept themselves to death like clouds
In summer hours.—It brought before mine eyes
The haunts so often worshipped, the forms
Revealing heav'n and holiness in vain.
Alas, sweet lay, the freshness of the heart
Is wasted, like an unfed stream, away;
And dreams of Home, by Fancy treasur'd up,
Remain as wr'cks around the tomb of Being!

Deal. REGINALD AUGUSTINE

TYRE.

(For the Mirror.)

"And I will cause the noise of thy songs to cease, and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard."—*Ezekiel*, chap. xxvi. verse 13.

"It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea."
Ezekiel, chap. xxvi. verse 5.

THY harps are silent, mighty one!
Thy melody no more:
For ocean's mourning dirge alone
Breaks on thy rocky shore.

The fisher there his net has spread,
Thy prophecy to show;
Nor dreams he that thy doom was read,
Two thousand years ago.

On Chebar's banks the captive seer,
Thy future ruin told;
Visions of woe, how true and clear,
With power divine unroll'd!

The tall ship there no more is riding,
Of Lebanon's proud cedars made;
But the wild waves ne'er cease their chiding,
Where Tyre's past pomp and splendour fade.

The traveller to thy desert shore
No cherish'd record found of thee;
But fragments rude are scatter'd o'er
Thy dreary land's blank misery.

The sounds of busy life were hush'd,
But still the moaning blast,
That o'er the rocky barrier rush'd,
Sang wildly as it pass'd:—
Spirit of Time, thine echoes woke,
And thus the mighty Genius spoke:—

"Seek no more, seek no more,
Splendour past and glories o'er;
Here bleak ruin ever reigns;
See him scatter o'er the plains,

Arches broken, t emples strew'd,
O'er the dreary solitude!
Long ago the words were spoken,
Words which never can be broken.
Where are now thy riches spread?
Where wilt thou thy commerce spread?
Thou shalt be sought but found no more!
Wanderers to thy desert shore
Former splendours bring thee never,
Tyre is fallen, fallen for ever!"

Kirton Lindsey. ANNIE R.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, BART.*

(For the Mirror.)

LET science weep and droop her head,
Her favourite champion, Davy's dead!
The brightest star among the bright,
Alas! has ceased to shed its *light*.
Yet say not darkness reigns alone,
While "Safety Lamps" are burning on,
And shedding *life* that never dies,
Around the tomb where Davy lies.

J. F. C.

HAMPTON COURT:

BIRTH OF EDWARD THE SIXTH, AND DEATH OF QUEEN JANE SEYMOUR.

(For the Mirror.)

EVERY hint, every ray of light, which tends, in the most distant manner, to illustrate an obscure passage in the history of our country, cannot we presume, while it affords great pleasure and satisfaction to the student attentively employed in such researches, be deemed either insignificant or uninteresting by the general reader.

The birth of Edward the Sixth must always be regarded as a bright star in the horizon of the Reformation, and one, which tended greatly to blast the prospects of those who were inimical to that glorious change in our religious constitution.

The marriage of Henry the Eighth, with the Lady Jane Seymour,† immediately after the death of his former Queen, Anne Boleyn, is so well known as to render it superfluous, if not presuming in us to enlarge upon it in this place: suffice it to say, that the nuptials were celebrated on the day following the execution of Anne, the twentieth of May, 1536, the King "not thinking it fit to mourn long, or much, for one the law had declared criminall."‡ Old Fuller says, "it is currantly traditioned, that at her [Jane's] first coming to court, Queen *Anne Bolen* espying a jewell pendant about her neck, snatched thereat, (desirous to see, the other unwilling to show it,) and casually hurt her *hand* with her own violence; but it grieved her *heart* more, when she perceived it the King's picture by himself bestowed upon her, who from this day forward dated her own *declining* and the other's *ascending* in her husband's affection."§ About seventeen months after her marriage at the Palace of Hampton Court, Queen Jane gave birth to a son, Edward the Sixth.

The precise period of the birth of this prince has been variously stated by historians. Sir John Hayward,‖ who bestowed considerable labour upon writing his life, places it on the seventeenth of October, 1537; while Sanders,¶ on the other hand, fixes it on the tenth. Herbert, Godwin,** and Stow, whom, all†† his more modern biographers have followed, agree that it happened on the twelfth of the same month, and their testimony is fully corroborated by the following official letter, addressed to Cromwell, Lord Privy Seal, informing him of the birth of a prince:—

By the Quene.

"Right trustie and right welbeloved, wee grete you well; and, forasmuche as by the inestimable goodnes and grace of Almighty God wee be delivered and brought in childbed of a Prince, conceived in most lawfull matrimonie between my Lord the King's Majestie and us; doubtinge not but, for the love and affection which ye beare unto us, and to the commonwealth of this realme, the knowledge thereof should be joyous and glad tydeings unto you, we have thought good to certifie you of the same, to th' intent you might not onely render unto God condigne

* See vol. xiii. MIRROR.

† Jane Seymour, or as is sometimes written de Sancto Mauro, eldest daughter of Sir John Seymour, Knight, and Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth, of Nettlestead, in Suffolk was born at her father's seat of Wolf Hall, in Wiltshire. From her great accomplishments, and her father's connexions at court, (he being Governor of Bristol Castle, and Groom of the Chamber to Henry VIII.) she was appointed Maid of Honour to Queen Anne Boleyn, in which situation, her beauty attracted the notice of Henry, who soon found means to gratify his desires, by making her his wife. The family of the Seymours had since the time of Henry II. been keepers of the neighbouring Forest of Savernac, "in memory whereof," says Camden, "their great hunting horn, tipped with silver, is still preserved."

‡ Herbert, p. 386.

§ Fuller's "Worthies."

‖ "Life and Raigne of K. Edward the Sixth," p. 1.

¶ Sanders', de Schism. Anglic. p. 122.

** "Octobris 12 Regina cum partus difficultate diu luctata, in lucem edidit, qui post patrem regnauit, Edvvardum, sed ex vtero matris excisum cum alteruti, aut parturienti nempe aut partui necessario perendum compertum esset."—"Annales," p. 64.

†† "Chronicles," p. 575, edit. 1631.

thanks and praise for soe greate a benefit but alsoe continuallie praie for the longe continuance and preservacion of the same here in this life, to the honour of God, joy and pleasure of my Lord the Kinge and us, and the universall weale, quiett, and tranquillitie of this hole realm.

"Given under our Signet, att my Lord's Mannor of Hampton Courte, the xii daie of October."*

Edward was christened with great state, on the Monday following, in the chapel at Hampton Court, Archbishop Cranmer, and the Duke of Norfolk being the godfathers, and his sister, the Princess Mary, godmother.† "At his birth," says Hall, "was great fires made through the whole realme, and great joye made with thankesgeuyng to Almightie God which had sent so noble a prince to succeed to the crowne of this realme."‡

The joy, however, which the birth of a son and heir to the throne, excited in the mind of Henry was soon dispelled by the death of his queen. It was deemed necessary, both for the preservation of her life, and that of her offspring, to bring the latter into the world by means of the Cæsarian operation, a mode which in the greater number of cases proves fatal to the mother. It has been maliciously, and without the least appearance of truth, asserted by Sanders,§ one of the most bitter writers of the opposite party, that the question was put to the King by the physicians, whether the life of the Queen or the child should be saved, for it was judged impossible to preserve both? "The child's," he replied, "for I shall be able to find wives enough." Whether, however, her death originated from that terrible cause, we cannot, at this distant period, pretend to affirm, but from the report to the Privy Council of the birth of Edward the Sixth, still extant, it would appear not, as it informs us she was "happily" delivered, and died afterwards of a distemper incidental to women in that condition.

The death of Jane Seymour, like the birth of her son, is involved in considerable obscurity. Most of the chroniclers who appear to have followed Herbert‖ in this particular, fix it on the fourteenth of October, two days after the birth of Edward; Hayward, on the contrary, states that "shee dyed of the incision on the fourth day following," while Edward the Sixth, in his journal, written by himself, informs us, but without stating any precise period, that it happened "within a few dayes after the birth of her soone."¶ We shall, however, see from the following letter, that this event did not take place on either of the abovementioned days, nor until "duodecimo post die," as George Lilly truly informs us, the day also mentioned in the journal of Cecil.** This original document respecting the health of the Queen, which is still extant, is signed by Thomas Rutland, and five other medical men, is dated on a Wednesday, which if it were only the following Wednesday, and we shall presently prove that it was not, would, at least, make it five days afterwards.

"These shal be to advertise yor lordship of the Quenes estate. Yesterdaie afternonne she had an naturall laxe, by reason whereof she beganne sumwhat to lyghten, and (as it appeared,) to amende; and so contynued till towards night. All this night she hath bene very syck, and doth rather appaire than amend. Her Confessor hath bene with her grace this morning, and hath done [all] that to his office apperteyneth, and even now is preparing to minister to her grace the sacrament of unction. At Hampton Court, this Wednesday mornyng, at viij of the clock."††

As a further and additional proof of the date of her decease, we shall refer our readers to a manuscript, preserved in the Herald's College, the preamble of which runs as follows:—"An ordre taken and made for the interrement of the most high, most excellent, and most Chrysten Pryncess, Janc, Quene of England, and of France, Lady of Ireland, and mother of the most noble and puyssant Prynce Edward; which

* Of this letter, which was a circular to the Principal Officers of State, Sheriffs of Counties, &c. four original copies are preserved in the British Museum; three among the Harleian MSS., Nos. 283, and 2131; and one, from which the above is copied, Cotton. MSS. Nero, C. x.

† Holinshed, v. ii. p. 944. edit. 1587.—"At the bishopping the Duke of Suffolke was his godfather."

‡ "Chronicle." fol. 232, edit. 1548.

§ This aspersion of Sanders, has been copied, greatly to the detriment of the character of Henry VIII. by several French writers; vide Mariceau "Traite des Maladies des Femmes Grosses," tom. i. p. 358.—and Dionis "Cours d'Operations de Chirurgie," p. 137.

‖ Herbert, p. 430. Fox, Hall, Stow, Holinshed, and Speed, all agree in placing it on the twelfth. Hume, in his *History of England*, has made a singular mistake with regard to this date: he says "two days afterwards," and quotes Strype as his authority, while that author, who fully investigated the subject, says, "she died on Wednesday night, the twenty-fourth."—"Memorials," v. iii. p. 1.

¶ Cotton. MSS., Nero, C. x.—A copy of this Journal will be found printed entire in Burnet's "History," v. ii.

** Vide Burnet, v. iii. p 1.

†† Cotton. MSS. Nero, C. x.

deceasyd at Hampton Courte, the xxixth yere of the reigne of our most dread Soveraigne Lord Kyng Henry the eight, her most dearest husband, the xxiiiith day of Octobre, beyng Wedynsday, at nyght, xii of the clock; which departyng was the twelf day after the byrthe of the said Prynce her Grace beying in childbed." By this document it is fixed on the second Wednesday after the birth of the prince, on the morning of which day, the abovementioned letter of her physicians was undoubtedly written, as the ministering of the holy unction would show that her death was fast approaching.

The remains of Jane Seymour were conveyed with great solemnity to Windsor, and interred in the choir of St. George's Chapel, on the 12th of November. The following epitaph was inscribed to her memory:—

Phœnix Jana iacet, nato Phœnice dolendum,
Secula Phœnices nulla tulisse duas.

Of which Fuller gives this quaint translation—

Soon as her Phœnix Bud was blown,
Root-Phœnix Jane did wither,
Sad, that no age a brace had shown
Of Phœnixes together.

The funeral rites were solemnized according to the forms of the Catholic faith. The original letter* from Richard Gresham to the Lord Privy Seal, dated "Thurssdaye the viijth day of Novbr." is still preserved, proposing that a solemn dirge, and masses should be said for the soul of the late Queen Jane, in St. Paul's, in presence of the Mayor, Alderman, and Commoners, which were accordingly performed, as appears from the following passage in Holinshed:—"There was a solemne hearse made for her in Paule's Church, and funerall exequies celebrated, as well as in all other churches within the Citie of London."† S. I. B.

* Cotton MSS. Nero C. 10.
† "Chronicle," v. ii. p. 944.

The Novelist.

THE HEARTHSTONE.—A GERMAN TRADITIONAL TALE.

(For the Mirror.)

FRANTZ did not at all like his new benefice; his parishioners were evidently idle, ill disposed people, doing no credit to the ministry of the deceased incumbent; and looking with eyes any thing but respectful and affectionate upon their new pastor. In short, he foresaw a host of troubles; although he had not taken possession of his living for more than two days. Neither did he admire the lonely situation of his house, which, gloomy and old fashioned, needed (at least so thought the polished Frantz, just emerged from the puny restraints and unlimited licenses of college) nothing less than a total rebuilding to render it inhabitable. His own sleeping apartment he liked less than all; but what could be done? It was decidedly the only decent dormitory in the house—had been that of the late pastor—and there was no help for it—could not but be his own. The young minister was wretched—lamented without ceasing the enjoyments of Leipzig—missed the society of his fellow students, and actually began to meditate taking a wife. But upon whom should his election fall? He caused all his female acquaintances to pass in mental review before him; some were fair—some wealthy—some altogether angelic; but Frantz was not Grand Seignior, and he allowed himself to be puzzled in a matter where every sentiment of love and honour ought to have, without hesitation, determined his choice; for in his rainbow visions of bright beauty and ethereal perfection, appeared the lonely and lovely Adelinda. Adelinda, the poor, the fond, the devoted, and, but for him, the innocent. No; beautiful and loving as she was, connected with her were the brooding shadows of guilt, and the lurid clouds of fiery vengeance; and Frantz had rather not think of Adelinda.

On the morning of the third day of his residence at Steingart, he happened to awake very early; being summertime it was broad daylight, and a bright sun was endeavouring to beam upon his countenance through the small lozenges of almost opaque glass which filled the high, narrow, and many paned window. Not feeling inclined to sleep, nor for the present to rise, Frantz laid for some time in deep reverie, with his eyes fixed, as some would have deemed, upon the door; and as others, more justly, would have thought upon vacancy. As he gazed, however, he was suddenly conscious that the door slowly and sullenly swung open, and admitted three strangers; a man of tall and graceful figure, and of a comely but melancholy aspect, arrayed in a long, loose and dark morning gown; he led two young and lovely children, whose burnished golden hair, pale, clear, tranquil countenances and snow-white garments gave them the appearance of celestial intelligences. Frantz, terrified and confounded, followed with his eyes those whom he could

but fancy to be apparitions, as with noiseless steps they walked, or rather glided, towards a table which stood near the fireplace; upon this laid the parish register, coming in front of which, the man opened it with a solemn air, and turning over a few pages, pointed with his finger to some record, upon which the fair children seemed to gaze with interest and attention. The trio smiled mournfully at each other, then moving so that they stood upon the hearth immediately opposite the foot of Frantz's bed, and facing the affrighted young minister, he had full leisure to contemplate his strange visiters. That they were of a superhuman nature, he was warranted in concluding from their appearance in so solitary a place as Steingart—from their unceremonious *entrée* at that unusual hour into his dormitory, and from their movements, actions, and awful silence. Frantz endeavoured to recollect the form of adjuration, and also that of exorcism, commonly employed to tranquillize the turbulent departed, but vainly; his brain was giddy; his thoughts distracted; his heart throbbed to agony with terror, and his tongue refused its office. With a violent effort he sprang up in his bed, and in his address to the speechless trio, had proceeded as far as —"In the name of—" when the children sank down into the very hearthstone upon which they stood, and the man—Frantz saw not whither *he* went —perhaps up the chimney—but go he certainly did.

The terrified young man leapt in a state of desperation from his bed, and searched the apartment narrowly, as people commonly, but foolishly, are wont to do in similar cases. His search, as might have been expected, was useless; but not liking at present to alarm his domestics with a report of the house being haunted, he resolved to await further evidences of the supernatural visitation. Next morning at about the same hour, the apparitions again entered his apartment; and acting as they had previously done, gazed earnestly at him for some seconds ere they vanished. On the morning of the third day the trio appeared again, when the gentleman of the long robe, looking most earnestly at Frantz, pointed to the register, the children, and the hearthstone; and then, as usual, disappeared under the same circumstances as before.

Frantz was much distressed; he could not exactly comprehend the meaning of this dumb show; and yet felt that some dire mystery was connected with these phantoms, which he was called upon to unravel. After breakfast he wandered out, and lost in the maze of thought, sauntered, ere he was aware of it, into the churchyard. Shortly afterwards the church-door was opened by the sexton, who kept his pickaxe and mattock in a corner of the belfry, and Frantz remembering that as yet he had not entered the church, followed him in, and was struck with the appearance of many portraits which hung round the walls.

"What are these?" said he.

"The pictures, sir, of all your predecessors; know you not, that in some of our country churches it is the custom to hang up the likenesses of all the gentlemen who ever held the living?"

Frantz, in a tone of indifference, replied, that he fancied he had heard of such a thing.

"'Tis, sir," continued the man, "a custom with which you must comply at any rate. Why, bad as was our last pastor Herr Von Weetzer, he honoured us so far, that there hangs *his* picture."

Frantz advanced to view a newly painted portrait, which hung last in the line of his predecessors; and then the young man started back, changed colour, and the deadly faintness of terror seized his relaxing frame; for in it he recognised, exact in costume and features, the perfect likeness of his adult spectral visiter!

"Good God!" cried Frantz, "how very extraordinary!"

"A nice looking man, sir," said the sexton, not noticing his emotion; "pity 'tis that he was so wicked."

"Wicked!" exclaimed Frantz, almost unconscious of what he said; "how wicked?"

"Oh, sir, I can't exactly say how wicked; but a bad gentleman was Mr. Von Weetzer, that's certain."

"Wicked! well—was he married?" asked Frantz, with apparent unconcern.

"Why, no, sir;" replied the sexton, with a significant look; "people do say he was not; but if all tales be true that are rife about him, 'tis a sure thing he ought to have been."

"Hah! hum!" muttered Frantz, and a slight blush tinged his fine countenance. "His children you say—"

"Lord, sir! I said nothing about them—who told you? Few folks at Steingart, I guess, knew he had any but myself. 'Tis thought the poor things did not come fairly by their ends; and for certain, I never buried them!"

Frantz stood for some minutes absorbed in thought; at length he said—"were they baptized? I have a reason for asking."

"Perhaps sir, it is, that you are thinking if the poor, little, innocent creatures were not christened, they'd no right to be laid in consecrated ground."

"No matter what I think; I believe I have the register."

"You have, sir; please then to look at page 197, line 19, and I fancy you'll find the names of Gertrude and Erhard Dow, ('twas their poor *misfortunate* mother's sirname,) down as baptized."

"I have," interrupted Frantz, with an air of extreme solemnity, "seen, as I believe, those children and their father!"

"Mein Gott!" cried the sexton in excessive alarm—"*seen* them?—Seen *Herr Von Weetzer!* They do say he walks—dear, dear!—and after the shocking unchristian death that he died too! Where, sir? Where and when?"

"No matter, I also have my suspicions."

"He murdered them *himself*, sir—the wicked man! 'Twasn't their mother, my poor niece, God rest her soul! She died as easy as a lamb. Indeed, indeed, it wasn't her."

"Bring your tools," said Frantz, "and come with me."

He led the sexton to his chamber—desired him to raise the mysterious hearthstone, and dig up the ground beneath it. This was accordingly done, and in a few minutes, with sentiments of unspeakable pity and horror, Frantz beheld the fleshless remains of two children, who apparently from the size of the bones must have been about the age and figure, when deposited there, of the little phantoms. He found also upon turning to the register, that it laid open at the very page named by the sexton; and on the very spot which the apparition of the wretched Von Weetzer had indicated by his finger, was duly entered the baptism of the murdered children; and the sexton readily turned to the entries of their birth in other parts of the volume. Frantz interred the remains of these unfortunate beings in consecrated ground—immediately quitted Steingart—resigned a preferment which had (from the singularly terrible incident thus connected with his possession of it) equally alarmed and disgusted him—*married Adelinda* upon his return to Leipzig—and gradually became an exemplary member of Society.

M. L. B.

CENSURE is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—*Swift.*

The Naturalist.

NEST OF THE TAYLOR BIRD.

THIS is one of the most interesting objects in the whole compass of Natural History. The little architect is called the *Taylor Bird*, *Taylor Wren*, or *Taylor Warbler*, from the art with which it makes its nest, sewing some dry leaves to a green one at the extremity of a twig, and thus forming a hollow cone, which it afterwards lines. The general construction of the nest, as well as a description of a specimen in Dr. Latham's collection, will be found at page 180, of vol. xiii. of the MIRROR.

The Taylor Bird is only about three and a half inches in length, and weighs, it is said, three-sixteenths of an ounce; the plumage above is pale olive yellow; chin and throat yellow; breast and belly dusky white. It inhabits India, and particularly the Islands of Ceylon. The eggs are white, and not much larger than what are called ant's eggs.*

In constructing the nest, the beak performs the office of drilling in the leaves the necessary holes, and passing the fibres through them with the dexterity of a tailor. Even such parts in the rear as are not sufficiently firm are sewed in like manner.

IVY.

MR. GILBERT BURNETT thus beautifully illustrates the transitorial metamorphosis of ivy:—

* Notes to Jennings's *Ornithologia*, p. 324.

"The ivy, in its infant or very young state, has stalks trailing upon the ground, and protruding rootlets throughout their whole extent; its leaves are spear-shaped, and it bears neither flower nor fruit; this is termed *ivy creeping on the ground*. The same plant, when more advanced, quits the ground, and climbs on walls and trees, its rootlets becoming holdfasts only; its leaves are generally three or five lobed, and it is still barren; this is the *greater barren ivy*. In its next, or more mature state, it disdains all props, and rising by its own strength above the walls on which it grew, occasionally puts on the appearance of a tree; in this the flower of its age, the branches are smooth, devoid of radicles and holdfasts; and it is loaded with blossoms and with fruit; the lobulations of the leaves are likewise less; this is the *war-poet's ivy*. But when old, the ivy again becomes barren, again the suckers appear upon the stem, and the leaves are no longer lobed, but egg-shaped; this is the *Bacchanalian ivy*."

MICROSCOPIC AMUSEMENT.

MR. CARPENTER, in *Gill's Repository*, speaking of the fine displays of anatomy and wonderful construction of insects, creatures so much "despised, and which are, indeed, but too often made the subject of wanton sport by many persons, who amuse their children by passing a pin through the bottom of their abdomen, in order to excite pain and long-suffering in the insect, and thus making them spin, as they ignorantly term it," has the following most humane and benevolent observations:—"Many of these cruel sports might undoubtedly be effectively checked, if the teachers of schools were occasionally to exhibit to their pupils, under the microscope, the various parts of an insect with which they are familiar; and, by interesting lectures of instruction, to point out the uses to which those parts are applied by the insect, for its preservation and comfort; and that, when they are deprived of them, or they are even injured, a degree of suffering takes place in the creature, which the children at present seem to be wholly uninformed of. I certainly think that, if the abovementioned useful lessons were inculcated, they would afford a check to those cruel propensities in many children, which they at present indulge in, for want of being better instructed."

Notes of a Reader.

ROYAL PROGRESSES, OR VISITS.

THE celebrity attendant on a royal visit adhered long to places as well as persons. A chamber in the decayed tower of Hoghton, in Lancashire, still bears the name of James the First's room. Elizabeth's apartment, and that of her maids of honour, are still known at Weston House, in Warwickshire; her walk "marked by old thorn-bushes," at Hengrave, in Norfolk; near Harefield, the farm-house where she was welcomed by allegorical personages; at Bisham Abbey, the well in which she bathed; and at Beddington, in Surrey, her favourite oak. She often shot with a cross-bow in the paddock at Oatlands. At Hawsted, in Suffolk, she is reported to have dropped a silver-handled fan into the moat; and an old approach to Kenninghall Place, in Norfolk, is called Queen Bess's Lane, because she was scratched by the brambles in riding through it.—*Quarterly Review*.

SHAKSPEARE'S MACBETH.

DURING one of the progresses of James I. on passing the gate of St. John's College, at Oxford, his majesty was saluted by three youths, representing the weird sisters (sibyllæ,) who, in Latin hexameters, bade the descendant of Banquo hail, as king of Scotland, king of England, and king of Ireland; and his queen as daughter, sister, wife, and mother of kings. The occasion is memorable in dramatic history, if it be true that this address, or a translation of it, led Shakspeare to write on the story of Macbeth. Much has been said for the probability of this supposition; but surely the legend of Macbeth and Banquo must have been abundantly discoursed of in England between James's accession and the year when this pageant was exhibited; and Shakspeare could find every circumstance alluded to by the Oxford speakers, and many more in Holinshed's Chronicle, which, through a great part of Macbeth, he has undoubtedly taken for his guide.—*Ibid.*

CHINESE DRAMA.

THE Chinese themselves make no technical distinctions between *tragedy* and *comedy* in their stage pieces;—the dialogue of which is composed in ordinary prose, while the principal performer now and then chants forth, in unison with music, a species of song or vaude-

ville. and the name of the tune or air is always inserted at the top of the passage to be sung. — *Quarterly Review.*

THE HAWTHORN.

THE trunk of an old hawthorn is more gnarled and rough than, perhaps, that of any other tree; and this, with its hoary appearance, and its fragrance, renders it a favourite tree with pastoral and rustic poets, and with those to whom they address their songs. Milton, in his L'Allegro, has not forgotten this favourite of the village:—

"Every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

When Burns, with equal force and delicacy, delineates the pure and unsophisticated affection of young, intelligent, and innocent country people, as the most enchanting of human feelings, he gives additional sweetness to the picture by placing his lovers

"Beneath the milk-white thorn, that scents the evening gale."

There is something about the tree, which one bred in the country cannot soon forget, and which a visiter learns, perhaps, sooner than any association of placid delight connected with rural scenery. When, too, the traveller, or the man of the world, after a life spent in other pursuits, returns to the village of his nativity, the old hawthorn is the only playfellow of his boyhood that has not changed. His seniors are in the grave; his contemporaries are scattered; the hearths at which he found a welcome are in the possession of those who know him not; the roads are altered; the houses rebuilt; and the common trees have grown out of his knowledge: but be it half a century or more, if man spare the old hawthorn, it is just the same—not a limb, hardly a twig, has altered from the picture that memory traces of his early years.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

TURKISH JOKE.

WHEN the Caliph Haroun el Raschid (who was the friend of the great Charlemagne,) entertained Ebn Oaz at his court in the quality of jester, he desired him one day, in the presence of the Sultana and all her followers, to make an excuse worse than the crime it was intended to extenuate: the Caliph walked about, waiting for a reply. After a long pause, Ebn Oaz skulked behind the throne, and pinched his highness in the rear. The rage of the Caliph was unbounded. "I beg a thousand pardons of your Majesty," said Ebn Oaz, "but I thought it was her Highness the Sultana." This was the excuse worse than the crime; and of course the jester was pardoned.

FUND AND REFUND.

DISAPPOINTMENT at the theatre is a bad thing: but the manager returning admission money is worse. Sheridan, who understood professional feelings on this subject in the most acute degree, was in the habit of saying that he could give words to the chagrin of a conqueror, on seeing the fruit of his victories snatched from him; or the miseries of a broken down minister, turned out in the moment when he thought the cabinet at his mercy; or a felon listening to a long winded sermon from the ordinary; or a debtor just fallen into the claws of a dun; but that he never could find words to express the sensibilities of a manager compelled to disgorge money once taken at his doors. "*Fund*," says this experienced ornament of the art of living by one's wits, "*fund* is an excellent word; but *re-fund* is the very worst in the language."

Monthly Magazine.

COURT SQUABBLES.

MR. CRAWFURD, in his *Embassy*, describes the following ludicrous scene arising from a misunderstanding between the sovereign of Birmah and his ministers:—"The ministers last night reported to the king the progress of the negotiation. His majesty was highly indignant, said his confidence had been abused, and that now, for the first time, he was made acquainted with the real state of affairs. He accused the ministers of falsehoods, malversations, and all kinds of offences. His displeasure did not end in mere words; he drew his Dà, or sword, and sallied forth in pursuit of the offending courtiers. These took to immediate flight, some leaping over the balustrades which rail in the front of the Hall of Audience, but the greater number escaping by the stair which leads to it; and in the confusion which attended their endeavours, (tumbling head over heels,) one on top of another. Such royal paroxysms are pretty frequent, and, although attended with considerable sacrifices of the kingly dignity, are always bloodless. The late king was less subject to these fits of anger than his present majesty, but he also occasionally forgot himself. Towards the close of his reign, and when on a pilgrimage to the great temple of Mengwun, a circumstance of this des-

cription took place, which was described by an European gentleman, himself present, and one of the courtiers. The king had detected something flagitious, which would not have been very difficult. His anger rose; he seized his spear, and attacked the false ministers. These, with the exception of the European, who was not a party to the offence, fled tumultuously. One hapless courtier had his heels tripped up in his flight; the king overtook him, and wounded him slightly in the calf of the leg with his spear, but took no farther vengeance."

LULLABY.

SHAKESPEARE, in *Titus Andronicus*, says,

"Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of *Lullaby* to bring her babe to sleep."

A learned commentator gives us what he facetiously calls a lullaby note on this.

"The verb *to lull*, means to sing gently, and it is connected with the Greek λαλεω, loquor, or λαλα, the sound made by the beach of the sea. The Roman nurses used the word *lalla*, to quiet their children, and they feigned a deity called *Lallus*, whom they invoked on that occasion; the lullaby, or tune itself was called by the same name." —*Douce*.

Lullaby is supposed a contraction for *Lull-a-baby*. The Welsh are celebrated for their Lullaby songs, and a good Welsh nurse, with a pleasing voice, has been sometimes found more soporific in the nursery, than the midwife's anodyne. The contrary effects of Swift's song, "Here we go up, up, up," and the smile-provoking melody of "Hey diddle, diddle," *cum multis aliis*, are too well known to be enumerated or disputed. "The Good Nurse" gives us a chapter on the advantage of employing music in certain stages of protracted illness.

GOOD NIGHT.

IN northern Europe we may, without impropriety, say good night! to departing friends at any hour of darkness; but the Italians utter their Felicissima Notte only once. The arrival of candles marks the division between day and night, and when they are brought in, the Italians thus salute each other. How impossible it is to convey the exact properties of a foreign language by translation! Every word, from the highest to the lowest, has a peculiar significance, determinable only by an accurate knowledge of national and local attributes and peculiarities.

GOETHE.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Anecdote Gallery.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

(For the Mirror.)

IN the year 1696, Mr. Henry Winstanley, undertook to build the Eddystone Lighthouse, and in 1700 he completed it. So confident was this ingenious mechanic of the stability of his edifice, that he declared his wish to be in it during the most tremendous storm that could arise. This wish he unfortunately obtained, for he perished in it during the dreadful storm which destroyed it, November 27th, 1703. While he was there with his workmen and light-keepers, that dreadful storm began, which raged most violently on the night of the 26th of the month, and appears to have been one of the most tremendous ever experienced in Great Britain, for its vast and extensive devastation. The next morning, at daybreak, the hurricane increased to a degree unparalleled; and the lighthouse no longer able to sustain its fury, was swept into the bosom of the deep, with all its ill-fated inmates. When the storm abated, about the 29th, people went off to see if any thing remained, but nothing was left save a few large irons, whereby the work had been so fastened into a clink, that it could never afterwards be disengaged, till it was cut out in the year 1756. The lighthouse had not long been destroyed, before the Winchelsea, a Virginiaman, laden with tobacco, for Plymouth, was wrecked on the Eddystone rocks in the night, and every soul perished.

Smeaton, in his *Narrative of the Construction of the Eddystone Lighthouse*, says, "Winstanley had distinguished himself in a certain branch of mechanics, the tendency of which is to excite wonder and surprise. He had at his house at Littlebury, in Essex, a set of contrivances, such as the following:—Being taken into one particular room of his house, and there observing an old slipper carelessly lying in the middle of the floor, if, as was natural, you gave it a kick with your foot, up started a ghost before you; if you sat down in a certain chair, a couple of arms would immediately clasp you in, so as to render it impossible for you to disengage yourself till your attendant set you at liberty; and if you sat down in a certain arbour by the side of a canal, you were

forthwith sent out afloat into the middle, from whence it was impossible for you to escape till the manager returned you to your former place."

Mr. John Smeaton, who erected the Eddystone Lighthouse, in the years 1757-58 and 59, was born on the 28th of May, 1724, at Ansthorpe, near Leeds. The strength of his understanding, and the originality of his genius, (says his biographer) appeared at an early age: his playthings were not the playthings of children, but the tools which men employ, and when he was a mere child he appeared to take greater pleasure in seeing the operations of workmen, and asking them questions, than in any thing else. Before he was six years old, he was once discovered at the top of his father's barn, fixing up what he called a windmill of his own construction, and at another time, while he was about the same age, he attended some men fixing a pump, and observing them cut off a piece of a bored part, he procured it, and actually made a pump, with which he raised water. When he was under fifteen years of age, he made an engine for turning, and worked several things in ivory and wood. He made all his own tools for working in wood and metals, and he constructed a lathe, by which he cut a perpetual screw in brass, a thing but little known, and which was the invention of Mr. Henry Hendley of York. His father was an attorney, and being desirous to bring up his son to the same profession, he brought him up to London with him in 1724, and attended the courts in Westminster Hall; but after some time, finding that the law was not suited to his disposition, he wrote a strong memorial to his father on the subject, who immediately desired the young man to follow the bent of his inclination.

P. T. W.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LINES

To a Friend who had spent some days at a Country Inn, in order to be near the Writer.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THE village inn, the woodfire burning bright,
The solitary taper's flickering light,
The lowly couch, the casement swinging free,—
My noblest friend, was this a place for thee?
No fitting place! Yet there, from all apart,
We poured forth mind for mind and heart for heart,
Ranging from idle words and tales of mirth
To the deep mysteries of heaven and earth.
Yet there thine own sweet voice, in accents low,
First breathed Iphigenia's tale of woe,
The glorious tale, by Goethe fitly told,
And cast as finely in an English mould
By Taylor's kindred spirit, high and bold:*
No fitting place! yet that delicious hour
Fell on my soul, like dewdrops on a flower,
Freshening and nourishing and making bright
The plant, decaying less from time than blight,
Flinging Hope's sunshine o'er the faint dim aim,
Thy praise my motive, thine applause my fame:
No fitting place! yet (inconsistent strain
And selfish!) come, I prithee, come again!

Three Mile Cross, Feb 1829.

Sharpe's Magazine.

ILLUSTRIOUS FOLLIES.

WE have been amused with a light pattering paper in Nos. 1. and 2. of Sharpe's London Magazine—entitled "*Illustrious Visiters.*" Its only fault is extreme length, it being nearly thirty pages, and, as some people would say, "all about nothing." But some will think otherwise, and smile at the sly shafts which are let fly at our national follies, of which, it must be owned, we have a very great share. We ought to premise that the framework of the satire is a visit of the Court Cards to our metropolis, a pretty considerable hit at some recent royal visits. Of course, they see every thing worth seeing, and some of their remarks are truly piquant. The spirit, or fun, of the article would evaporate in an abridgment, so we will endeavour to give a few of the narrator's best points:—

The Arrival.

"On the day of their landing, the town of Dover was in a state of general excitement; bells were ringing, colours flying, artillery saluting; and the loyal inhabitants crowded forth to peep at the illustrious potentates. Often and often, even from our earliest years, have we heard of the fame of these kings and queens. Their pictures have been familiar to every eye; *dealers* transmitted them into every *hand;* their colourless extraordinary faces, their shapeless robes of every tint in the rainbow, and their sky-blue wigs, are as well known to every Englishman, as the head of his own revered monarch on a two-and-six-penny piece. Whenever there is any thing to be seen, an Englishman must go and see it; and, in the eager warmth of excited spirits, he will run after any vehicle, no matter whether caravan or carriage; no matter whence it comes or whither it goes; no matter whether its contents be a kangaroo or a cannibal chief, a giraffe or a Princess Rusty Fusty. He hears of an arrival from foreign parts, that is sufficient; a crowd is collected, and the "interesting stranger" is cheer-

* Mr. Taylor's translation of Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris;* one of the finest plays out of Shakspeare, and now extremely rare.

ed with enthusiasm, and speeds from town to town, graced with all the honours of extemporaneous popularity.

"I have already hinted that I consider it no business of *mine* to inquire *why* these potentates came to England; perhaps it was no business of *theirs* that brought them, but rather a party of pleasure; one of the results of a general peace, which is very far from producing general *quietness;* for when the sovereigns of remote countries become upon visiting terms, hospitality throws wide her gates, and loyalty is uproarious. They came, no doubt, like all our other royal exotics, from the unfortunate sovereigns of the Sandwiches down to the Don of yesterday, to see and to be seen; so, whilst the inhabitants of Dover shouted round their carriages, they condescendingly acknowledged the greetings they received, and proceeded on their journey towards the metropolis."

Visit to the Theatre.

"Precisely at seven o'clock the party entered their box, which was tastefully fitted up for their reception. They were received by the proprietors, and managers, and acting managers, with the customary etiquette, backing most adroitly up stairs, and holding wax candles in their hands (which circumstance was properly stated in the papers the next morning, for fear it should be supposed that tallow had been used on the occasion.)

"Far be it from ME, their most humble chronicler, to speak slightingly of their Majesties of Hearts and Diamonds; on the contrary, I would maintain a paper war with any one who dared to insinuate that these honours were not dealt most fairly: but, on *some* occasions, I cannot help thinking that these distinctions have been lavished rather injudiciously, and that royalty has been made too common. I have seen our own beloved monarch in public received with acclamations, ay, and with more than mouth honour—with waving handkerchiefs, and full hearts, and eyes that overflowed. The enthusiasm of such a welcome is honourable to the monarch who receives it, and the subjects who bestow it; and let levellers say what they will, the best feelings of our nature are brought into play on such occasions. There is a *meaning* in such a welcome; and long, very long, may our monarch live to witness proofs of attachment, which his heart well knows how to appreciate. But there is no meaning whatever in placing a tattooed chief, or a Hottentot Venus of the blood royal, on the same eminence: it is *infra dig.*—can answer no good purpose, and brings the genuine enthusiasm of loyalty into contempt. There is too much of the Dollalolla in such an exhibition. When his majesty squats uneasily, as if he considered his chair an inconvenience, and the queen wipes her ebony nose with her illustrious white satin play bill. When the royal party entered, the people seemed unable to contain their rapture, and God save the King was called for. This is the established custom: whenever we look upon the king of *another* country, we always stand up and sing, God save *our own!*"

Club-House Comforts.

"Far more cheap, and far more commodious than hotels *used to be*, they assuredly are; and country curates, poor poets, and gentlemen who live on very small means, may now take a slice off *the* joint, with a quarter of a pint of sherry, for next to nothing at all; sitting, at the same time, with their feet on a Turkey carpet, lighted by ormolu chandeliers, surrounded by gold and marble, and waited upon by liveried domestics, with the additional glory of walking away, and "giving nothing to the waiter." Nay, the more dainty gentleman may order his *cotelette aux tomates* and his *omelette soufflé*, at a moderate expense.

"Men, in most countries, owe what they possess of suavity of manners to their intercourse with female society; after the drudgery of a professional morning, young men used to brush themselves up for their evening flirtations; but now few feminine drawing-rooms can tempt them to leave their luxurious palaces, where evening surtouts, and black neckcloths, and boots, may be freely indulged in. The wife takes her chop, and a half boiled potato at home, while her husband, who always has some excuse for dining at his club, is sure to enjoy every thing, the best of its kind, and cooked *à merveille*. The umarried ladies lack partners at balls; the beaux fall asleep after dinner on the downy cushions of the sofas at *the* Club, or vote it a bore to dress of an evening, when they are sure to meet pleasant fellows at the Alma Mater. As to the young gentlemen who reap the advantages of these cheap and gilded houses of accommodation, it may be questioned whether they are thus enabled hereafter properly to appreciate the comforts of a home, the decorations of the farm-house residence of a curate, or the plain cookery of the farmer's wife, who

dresses his dinner without even *professing* to be a cook.

* * * * * * * *

"The King of Spades went his rounds, accompanied by the most eminent architects and engineers of the day. He dug deeply into the secret histories of the foundations of our national buildings, saw through the *dis*orders of the egg-shell school of architecture, kept clear of the tottering lath and plaster of some of the new buildings, acknowledging that if such materials *did* ever tumble down, it was a comfort to know that they were considerably lighter than stone and cast iron. He felt a great respect for such persons of rank as professed to be *supporters* of the drama, trusting that they would keep the ceilings of the theatres from tumbling into the pits. He spent great part of his time in the Thames Tunnel, and if he ever felt a doubt respecting the ultimate success of that *under*taking, he did justice to the enterprise and skill of its projector, that illustrious mole, and sincerely wished that zeal and talent might ultimately be crowned with success. He took shares in many mining speculations, and, in many instances, lived to repent it; for he got into troubled waters, and sought for his *ore* in vain. He attended agricultural meetings, and endeavoured to comprehend that debatable query, the corn question; he argued the point, like other great people, as if he *did* understand it, and got into repute with the leading Chiropodists, or corn cutters, of the day. He went to Cheltenham, and became proprietor of an acre of ground, on which he dug a score wells, and professed to find at the bottom of each of them, a spring of water sufficiently saline to pickle the constitutions of all valetudinarians. He was horticultural to a most praiseworthy extent, offering prizes to the ingenious young Meadowses who bring forth gigantic gooseberries, supernatural strawberries, and miraculous melons. He went into the country, and endeavoured to penetrate beyond the mere surface of things, listening to the speeches of county members, and dining diligently in warm weather with mayors, and people with *corporations*. He endeavoured to detect the root of all evil, investigated the ramifications of radical reform, and exposed the ephemeral bulbous roots of speculation. Prejudice he found too deeply rooted to be dug up very easily, whilst the fashions and follies of the day seemed to him to lie so entirely on the surface of the soil, and to be so shortlived, that to throw away any manual labour in an attempt to eradicate them, would be absurd."

"Impossible" Amusements.

"At many of your amusements, the chief attraction consists in the extreme bodily peril in which the exhibiter is placed. You took me to see a man walk up a rope, to an immense height, and had his foot slipped, he must have been dashed to pieces: the place was crowded with persons who were in raptures; yet had the man been dancing on level ground, he would have danced far better; and the merit of the dancer seemed to consist in his giving the audience a *chance* of seeing him break his neck or dash his brains out! If a foreigner were to announce that he would dance on a pack-thread, he would ruin the ropedancer; because, as the thread would in all probability break, his danger would be greater, and therefore his exhibition would be incomparable! Then you all delight in distortions; if a man can bend his back bone, or sit upon his head, you are in raptures, and seem to think it a good joke to see a fellow creature shortening his life. Then if any man will ride a dozen horses at once, without saddle or bridle; or go into an oven and be baked brown, or eat a fire shovel full of burning coals, or drink deadly poison, or fly off a church steeple, or thrust a pointed instrument down his throat, or walk on a ceiling with his head downwards, or go to sea in a washing tub, you would not lose the sight for the world; you clap your hands, shout with delight, and hold up your little children, that they may share papa and mamma's rational amusement! and yet you tell me your national characteristic is humanity!"

A Man of Honour.

"Is Mr. Rabbitts a man of honour?"

"In the strictest sense of the word."

"Living at the rate of thousands a year, when his income is just so many hundreds! furnishing his house magnificently without ever intending to pay for a pipkin, and at last making a sudden disappearance, which closely resembles what I have heard described as an Irish 'moonlight flitting,' where a tenant, who is unable to pay his rent, departs at dead of night with his wife and other *movables*, having previously thrashed his grain, and left the straw in its place *to keep up appearances!* The flittings of some of your 'leading stars in the hemisphere of fashion' are very similar; yet afterwards you may see them at some watering-place, as gay

and as expensive as ever! Have they mislaid their bills, and forgotten the names of their creditors? If so, let them call for the Gazette, and look over the list of bankrupts. *Such* is the honour of Mr. Rabbitts!"

To want Style.

"It is difficult for me to explain, because your majesty has not seen specimens of that class of the community which is devoid of style, tact, and taste; but we have them in town, and we meet with them at watering-places; *there* indeed it is less in our power to keep quite clear of them. They are to be seen all day and all night: if the sun shines, they are promenading in its beams; if a house is lighted up, they will enter its open door; if a fiddle is heard, they are dancing to its squeaking; if petticoats are worn short, theirs are up to their knees; they are never out of sight, never in repose; summer and winter, day and night, they seem in a state of fearful excitement, flirting, philandering, raffling, racing, practising, and patronizing; they are great people in a small way, and only considered great because nothing greater is at hand; they prefer reigning in hell (excuse the word, I quote Milton) to serving in heaven; in London they would be nothing, at Hogs Norton Spa, or Pumpington Wells, they are every thing; making difficulties about admissions to Lilliputian Almack's."

To have Style.

"To *have* style is to be always dressed to perfection, without appearing to care about the fashion; and to take the station and precedence which you are entitled to, without seeming to be solicitous about it. I have seen dowagers at watering-places in a fever of anxiety about their rank and their consequence! patronizing puppetshows, seizing conspicuous seats, and withholding the sunshine of their smiles from commoners allied to older nobility than their own! How I should enjoy seeing them lost in a London crowd, where not an eye would notice their aristocracy unless they wore their coronets on the tops of their bonnets!"

The Popular Complaint.

"I am afraid of catching the popular complaint: all the professedly sane people in London are so evidently mad, that I am led to conclude that all the supposed lunatics are in their sound senses.

"For instance, your gay people, who toil through nominal pleasures, dressing by rule and compass, lacing, bracing, patching, painting, plastering, penciling, curling, pinching, and all to go out and be looked at: going from party to party in the middle of the night, pretending not to be sleepy, suppressing each rising yawn, and trying to make the lips smile and the eyes twinkle, and to look animated in spite of fatigue: and all this for no earthly purpose—too old to care about lovers, and without daughters to marry. Why should an ugly old maid of sixty-six take all these pains, or leave her own snug fireside, if she had not a touch of the popular complaint.

"Then your *man* of pleasure, risking his life at every corner in a cab, with a restive horse; wearing all his clothes painfully tight to show off his figure, confining his neck in a bandage, pouring liquids down his throat, though he knows they will give him a headache, sitting up all night shaking bits of bone together for the mere purpose of giving somebody a chance of winning all his money, or offering bets on racehorses to afford himself and family an opportunity of changing opulence for beggary! He has the popular complaint of course.

"Then your man of business: your public servant, toiling, and striving and figetting about matters of state, sacrificing health, and the snug comforts of a private gentleman, for the sake of popularity! *His* complaint *is* popular indeed. Then your physician, courting extensive practice, and ambitious of the honour of never having time to eat a comfortable meal, and proud of being called out of bed the moment he is composing himself to sleep! *He* must be raving. Then your barrister, fagging over dull books, and wearing a three-tailed wig, and talking for hours, that his client, right or wrong, may be successful! All these people appear to me to be awfully excited: the popular complaint is strong upon them, and I would put them all into the straightest waistcoats I could procure."

Patriotic Follies.

"It is delightful to hear English men and women talk of their dear country. There is nothing like Old England, say they; yet paramount as their love of country appears to be, their love of French frippery is a stronger passion! They will lament the times, the stagnation of trade, the scarcity of money, the ruin of manufacturers, but they will wear Parisian productions. It is a comfort, however, to know that they are often deceived, and benefit their suffering countrymen without knowing it—as lace, silks, and gloves have frequently

been exported from this country, and sold to English women on the coast of France as genuine French articles. How little does Mrs. Alderman Popkins dream, when she returns to her residence in Bloomsbury, that her Parisian pelisse is of Spitalfields manufacture, and that her French lace veil came originally from Honiton."

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

BULL AND NO BULL.

"I WAS going," said an Irishman," "over Westminster Bridge the other day, and I met Pat Hewins—Hewins," says I, "how are you?"—"Pretty well," says he, "thank you, Donnelly."—"Donnelly," says I, "that's not *my* name."—"Faith, no more is mine Hewins," says he. So we looked at each other again, and sure it turned out to be neither of us—and where's the bull of *that* now?"

BAD HABIT.

SIR FREDERICK FLOOD had a droll habit of which he could never effectually break himself (at least in Ireland.) Whenever a person at his back whispered or suggested any thing to him whilst he was speaking in public, without a moment's reflection, he always repeated the suggestion *literatim*. Sir Frederick was once making a long speech in the Irish Parliament, lauding the transcendent merits of the Wexford magistracy, on a motion for extending the criminal jurisdiction in that county, to keep down the disaffected. As he was closing a most turgid oration by declaring "that the said magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the Lord Lieutenant's favour,"—John Egan, who was rather mellow, and sitting behind him, jocularly whispered, "and be whipped at the cart's tail."—"And be whipped at the cart's tail!" repeated Sir Frederick unconsciously, amidst peals of uncontrollable laughter.

CURIOUS POST OFFICE.

IT is said, as the Isle of Ascension is visited by the homeward-bound ships on account of its sea fowls, fish, turtle, and goats, there is in a crevice of the rock a place called the "*Post Office*," where letters are deposited, shut up in a well-corked bottle, for the ships that next visit the island.* P. T. W.

* Our correspondent calls this a "curious Post Office;" we should say it was merely an inland post.

AMERICAN COURTSHIP.

THE young ladies of Medina county, among other means of preventing the too frequent use of ardent spirits, have resolved that they will not receive the addresses of any young gentleman who is in the habit of using spirituous liquors. The young gentlemen in the same neighbourhood, by way of retaliation, have resolved that they will not *seriously* pay their addresses to any young lady who wears corsets. This is right. If whiskey has slain its thousands—corsets have slain their tens of thousands.—*N. Y. American.*

WHAT colours were the *winds* and *waves* the last tempest at sea?

Answer.—The winds *blew* and the waves *rose.* C. K. W.

LIGHT EVIL.

A GOOD natured citizen, on retiring from a large house of business, took a neat little country box at Laytonstone, and going with his wife to see it, she was very sulky and displeased; which "Gilpin" observing, said, "my dear Judy, don't you like the place?" "Like it indeed! no, why there isn't room to swing a cat in it." "Well, but my dear Judy, you know we never have any occasion to swing cats."

SEA-HORSE.

THE captain of a West Indiaman having bought a horse, said to the jockey, "Well, now the horse is mine, pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what they are."—"What do you mean to do with him?" said the other. "Why, to take him to sea," answered the captain. "Then I will be candid," replied the jockey, "he may go very well at sea; but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him."

A COMPARISON.

IT is with narrow-souled people, as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

*** The signature *C. C.* to the *Minstrel Ballad*, in our last, merely implies the correspondent who sent it "for the MIRROR." The writer of the Ballad is Sir Walter Scott. It appears in the Notes to the New Edition of "Waverley," but was hitherto unpublished in Sir Walter's works.

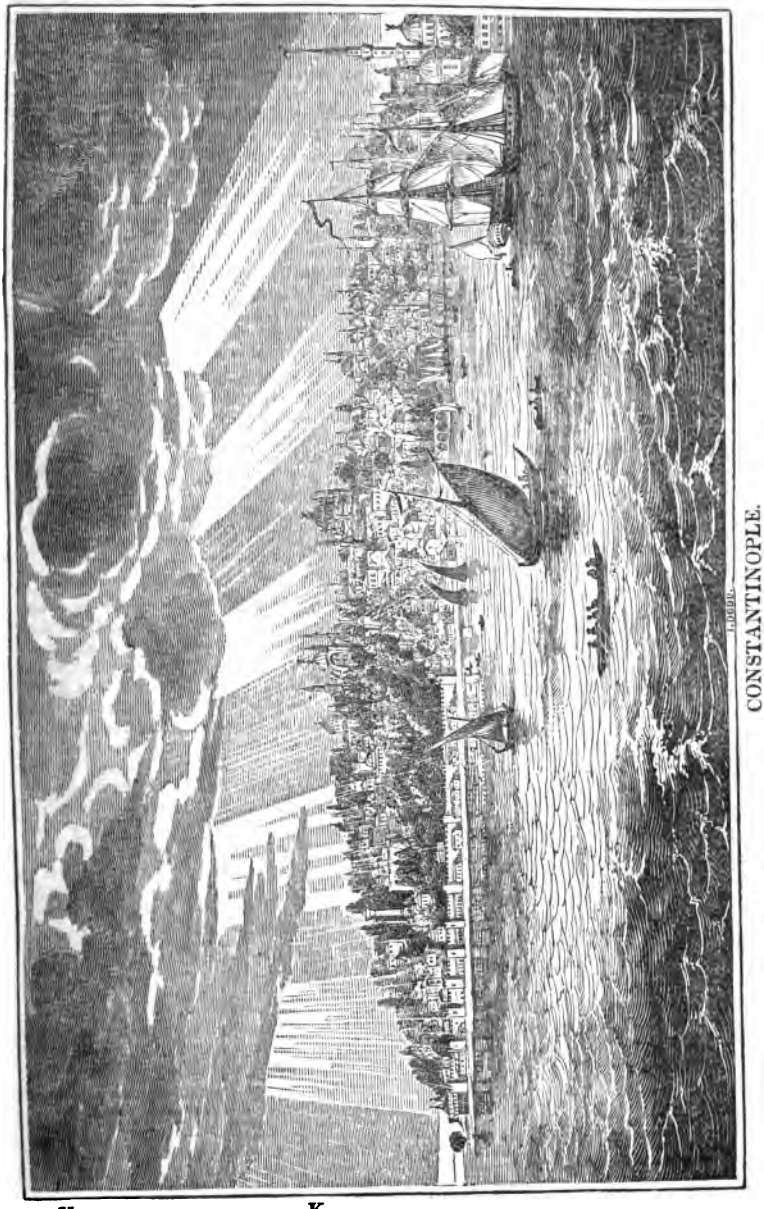
Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 636, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 387.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1829. [Price 2*d*.



CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Queen of the Morn! Sultana of the East!"

The splendour and extent of Constantinople are not within the compass of one of our pages; but the annexed Engraving furnishes some idea of a section of this queen of cities. It extends from Seraglio Point to the Janissaries' Tower, and though commanding only a portion of the city, includes the domes of the magnificent mosques of Santa Sophia and the Sultan Achmet, which rise from a vast assemblage of towers, palaces, minarets, &c. in every style of architecture.

We have so often and so recently touched upon the ancient and modern state of Constantinople, that we fear a recapitulation of its splendour would be uninviting to our readers.* Nevertheless, as its mention is so frequently coupled with the seat of war, and the "expulsion of the Turks from Europe," our illustration will at this period be interesting, as well as in some measure, explanatory of the position of the city, which is so advantageous as to make it appear fit for the seat of dominion over the whole world. Can we then be surprised at its forming so tempting a lure to surrounding nations?

The city stands at the eastern extremity of Romania, on a neck of land that advances towards Natolia; on the south it is washed by the sea of Marmora, and on the north-east by the gulf of the Golden Horn. It is built, like ancient Rome, on seven hills, rising one above the other in beautiful succession, and sloping gently towards the water; the whole forming an irregular triangle, about twelve miles in circumference, the entire of which space is closely covered with palaces, mosques, baths, fountains, and houses; at a short distance the proudly swelling domes of 300 mosques, the tall and elegant minarets, crowned by glittering crescents, the ancient towers on the walls, and the gaudily coloured kiosks and houses rising above the stupendous trees in the seraglio, situated on the extreme point, form a rich, picturesque, and extraordinary scene. The gulf of the Golden Horn, to the north-east of the city, forms a noble and capacious harbour, four miles in length, by half a mile in breadth, capable of securely containing 1,200 ships of the largest size, and is generally filled with the curiously built vessels and gaily decorated boats of the Turks; on the opposite shore is the maritime town of Galata, containing the docks, arsenals, cannon founderies, barracks, &c.; above which stands the populous suburb of Pera, the residence of the foreign ministers of the Porte, and all foreigners of distinction, none whatever being allowed to reside in the city. Beyond, as far as the eye can reach, is an immense forest of cypress and mulberry trees, being the extensive cemeteries of all persuasions. From Galata, the European shore of the Bosphorus forms one continued line of towns; palaces in every style of architecture, pleasure gardens, and romantic villages. On the opposite, or Asiatic shore, stands the extensive town of Scutari, also a suburb of Constantinople, although in another quarter of the globe, and separated by a sea a mile in breadth; and at a short distance is the ancient and ruinous city of Calcedone. The group of the Prince's Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, and the snow-clad summit of Mount Olympus, close the prospect. Such is a mere outline of the natural and artificial beauty of Constantinople.

The city itself is surrounded by walls, built of freestone, with alternate layers of Roman brick, flanked by 478 towers; the walls, however, are in several places so dilapidated as to be incapable of any defence without great reparation. On the land side, the fortifications consist of a triple wall, with towers at every 150 yards; the first wall being 30 feet in height; the second 20, and about 30 feet from the first; the third is twelve feet in height; beyond this is a fosse, thirty feet wide, now converted into gardens, and filled with fine grown trees, and a low counterscarp. There are five gates on this side, and several to the water. The streets, of which there are 3,770, with the exception of two or three, are narrow, irregular, badly paved, and exceedingly dirty, the only scavengers being vultures and half-starved dogs. There are fourteen imperial mosques, about 200 others, and above that number of messjids or chapels. The number of houses is prodigious; in 1796, the register of Effendissy gave 88,185 within the walls; they are mostly constructed of wood, and the dwellings of the lower classes are mere wooden boxes, cool in summer, the windows being unglazed, and in winter heated by pans of charcoal. Fires are consequently very frequent. The khans, or warehouses of the merchants are, however, fireproof; the bazaars are

* See "Sailing round Constantinople," Mirror, vol. x. p. 278. Engraving and Description of the Castle of the Seven Towers, ibid, vol. x. p. 361. Extent of Constantinople, vol. xi. p. 208. Lines on Constantinople, vol. xii. p. 58. Taking of the City by the Turks, vol. xii. p. 274.

also defended from fire, and are well built; and coffeehouses very numerous. The city is amply supplied with water, there being 730 public baths, a superb fountain in the Chinese taste in every street, and few houses without similar provision. The population of the city and suburbs is estimated at upwards of 600,000; of these above one half are Turks, the remainder Jews, Franks, Greeks, &c.

We have only space to particularize a few of the most prominent buildings in our view. To the left is the Seraglio Point, or superb palace of the Sultan, whose treasures almost realize the fables of romance. Next is the superb dome of the Mosque of the Sultan Achmet, without exception the finest building ever raised by the Turks. It is surrounded by a lofty colonnade of marble, of various colours, surmounted by 30 small domes: the large dome is supported by four gigantic piers, covered as well as most of the interior, with fresco paintings; it is rich in columns of verd antique, Egyptian granite, and white marble; there are also four smaller domes, similarly ornamented. Next, near the centre of the Engraving is the Mosque of Santa Sophia, a truly superb and perfect monument of antiquity, built at an expense of 320,000 pounds of silver, (some authors say gold.*) Next in importance are the Mosques of the Sultans Osmyn, Bajazet, and Selim; and the Gulf of the Golden Horn, or the Harbour.

Among the suburbs of Constantinople, Scutari is not the least interesting, inasmuch as it leads us to notice the funereal customs of the Turks, and their cemeteries, of which Scutari is the principal site.

Interment almost immediately follows upon the decease of the person; a practice common to all classes at Constantinople. The corpse is carried to the grave on a bier by the friends of the deceased: this is considered as a religious duty, it being declared in the Koran, that he who carries a dead body the space of forty paces, procures for himself the expiation of a great sin.† The graves are shallow, and thin boards only, laid over the corpse, protect it from the immediate pressure of the earth, which is set with flowers, according to the custom of the Pythagoreans, and a cypress tree is planted near every new grave. As a grave is never opened a second time, a vast tract of country is occupied with these burial-fields, which add by no means to the salubrity of the vicinity. Much is gained, unquestionably, as regards the health of the inhabitants, by burying without the cities; but the shallowness of the graves contributes to render these vast accumulations of animal dust, at certain seasons more especially, a source of pestilential miasmata. The cemeteries near Scutari are immense, owing to the predilection which the Turks of Europe preserve for being buried in Asia—that quarter of the world in which are situated the holy cities, Mecca, Medina, Jerusalem, and Damascus. The author of Anastasius gives the following vivid description of this extraordinary spot:—

"A dense and motionless cloud of stagnant vapours ever shrouds these dreary realms. From afar, a chilling sensation informs the traveller that he approaches their dark and dismal precincts; and as he enters them, an icy blast, rising from their inmost bosom, rushes forth to meet his breath, suddenly strikes his chest, and seems to oppose his progress. His very horse snuffs up the deadly effluvia with signs of manifest terror, and, exhaling a cold and clammy sweat, advances reluctantly over a hollow ground, which shakes as he treads it, and loudly re-echoes his slow and fearful step. So long and so busily has time been at work to fill this chosen spot—so repeatedly has Constantinople poured into this ultimate receptacle almost its whole contents—that the capital of the living, spite of its immense population, scarcely counts a single breathing inhabitant for every ten silent inmates of this city of the dead. Already do its fields of blooming sepulchres stretch far away on every side, across the brow of the hills and the bend of the valleys; already are the avenues which cross each other at every step in

* For an Engraving and full description of the Mosque of Santa Sophia, see the MIRROR, vol. ii. p.p. 473, 486.

† Mr. Hobhouse has pointed out some remarkable points of similarity between the funereal customs of the Greeks and those of the Irish; in particular, the howling lament, the interrogating the corpse, "Why did you die?" and the wake and feast. "But a more singular resemblance," he adds, "is that which is to be remarked between a Mahommedan and an Irish opinion relative to the same ceremony. When a dead Mussulman is carried on his plank towards the cemetery, the devout Turk runs from his house as the procession passes his door, for a short distance relieves one of the bearers of the body, and then gives up his place to another, who hastens to perform the same charitable and holy office. No one who has been in Ireland, but must have seen the peasants leave their cottages or their work, to give a temporary assistance to those employed in bearing the dead to the grave; an exertion by which they approach so many steps nearer to Paradise."

this domain of death, so lengthened, that the weary stranger, from whatever point he comes, still finds before him many a dreary mile of road between marshalled tombs and mournful cypresses, ere he reaches his journey's seemingly receding end; and yet, every year does this common patrimony of all the heirs to decay, still exhibit a rapidly increasing size, a fresh and wider line of boundary, and a new belt of young plantations, growing up between new flower beds of graves.

"There, said I to myself, lie, scarcely one foot beneath the surface of a swelling soil, ready to burst at every point with its festering contents, more than half the generations whom death has continued to mow down for nearly four centuries in the vast capital of Islamism. There lie, side by side, on the same level, in cells the size of their bodies, and only distinguished by a marble turban somewhat longer or deeper—somewhat rounder or squarer—personages, in life, far as heaven and earth asunder, and in long laboured acquirements. There lie, sunk alike in their last sleep—alike food for the worm that lives on death—the conqueror who filled the universe with his name, and the peasant scarcely known in his own hamlet; Sultan Mahmoud, and Sultan Mahmoud's perhaps more deserving horse;* elders bending under the weight of years, and infants of a single hour; men with intellects of angels, and men with understandings inferior to those of brutes; the beauty of Georgia and the black of Sennaar; visiers, beggars, heroes, and women.'"

The approach to Constantinople from the sea of Marmora is likewise thus beautifully described by the same author, and will form an appropriate conclusion:

"With eyes rivetted on the expanding splendour, I watched as they came out of the bosom of the surrounding waters, the pointed minarets, the swelling cupolas, and the innumerable habitations, either stretching along the jagged shore, and reflecting their shape in the mirror of the deep, or creeping up the crested mountain, and tracing their outline on the expanse of the sky. At first agglomerated in a single confused mass, the lesser part of this immense whole seemed, as we advanced, by degrees to unfold, to disengage themselves from each other, and to grow into various groups, divided by wide chasms and deep indentures; until at last the clusters, thus far still distantly connected, became transformed, as if by magic, into three distinct cities, each individually of prodigious extent, and each separated from the other two by a wide arm of that sea whose silver tide encompassed their base, and made its vast circuit rest half on Europe, and half on Asia."

Since writing the above we have visited Mr. Burford's *New Panorama of Constantinople*, which has lately been opened for exhibition in the Strand; and although we cannot in this Number enter into the detail of its merits, we recommend it to our lionizing friends as one of Mr. Burford's most finished paintings, and equal if not superior in effect to any exhibition in the metropolis; but we reserve an account of its pictorial beauties for our next publication.

* "Sultan Mahmoud's horse was actually interred in the cemetery of Scutari, under a dome supported by eight pillars."

TWO SONNETS.

To M—— F——.

(For the Mirror.)

I.

I MET thee, ——, when the leaves were green,
And living verdure clothed the countless trees;
When meadow flowers allured the summer bees,
And silvery skies shone o'er the cloudless scene,
Bright as my thoughts when wand'ring to thy home;
Where Nature looks *as though she were divine*,
Not in the richness of the rip'ning vine,
Not in the splendour of imperial Rome.
It is a ruder scene of rocks and trees,
Where even barrenness is beauty—where
The glassy lake, below the mountain bare,
Curls up its waters 'neath the casual breeze;
And, 'midst the plenitude of flower and bud,
Sweet violets hide them in the hilly wood.

II.

I parted with thee one autumnal day,
When o'er the woods the northern tempest beat—
The spoils of autumn rustling at our feet,
And Nature wept to see her own decay.
The pliant poplar bent beneath the blast;
The moveless oak stood warring with the storm,
Which bow'd the pensive willow's weaker form;
And naught gave token that thy love would last,
Save the mute eloquence of forcing tears;
Save the low pleading of th' ardent sighs,
The fervent gazing of thy glowing eyes;
A firm assurance, spite of all my fears,
That, as the sunshine dries the summer rain,
Thy *future* smile should bless for parting pain.

* * H.

ILLUSTRATION OF SOME OLD PROVERBS, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

"*Ax.*" *To ask.* This word which now passes for a mere vulgarism, is the original Saxon form, and used by Chaucer and others. See "Tyrwhitt's Glossary." We find it also in Bishop Bale's "God's Promises." "That their synne vengeaunce *axed* continually." Old Plays. i. 18. Also in the "Four P.'s," by Heywood, "And *axed* them thys question than." Old Pl. i. 84. An *axing* is used by Chaucer for a request. Ben Jonson introduces it jocularly:

"A man out of wax,
As a lady would *ax*."
Masques, vol. 6, p. 85.

"*Between the Cup and the Lip.*" The proverb that many things fall out between the cup and the lip, is a literal version of one in Latin. *Multo inter pocula ac libra cadunt.* The origin of which was as follows:—A king of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that very work, prophesied that he should never taste of the wine produced in it. The monarch disregarded the prediction, and when at an entertainment he held a glassful of his own wine made from the grape of that vineyard, he sent for the slave, and asked him what he thought of his prophecy now; to which the other replied, "Many things fall out between the cup and the lip," and he had scarcely delivered this singular response, before news was brought that a monstrous boar was laying waste the favourite vineyard. The king, in a rage, put down the cup which he held in his hand, and hurried out with his people to attack the boar; but being too eager, the boar rushed upon him and killed him, without having tasted of the wine. Such is the story related by some of the Greek writers, and though evidently apocryphal, it certainly is productive of a good practical moral.

"*In the merry pin.*" This is said of those who have drunk freely and are cheerful in their cups. Among the ancient northern nations, it was customary to drink out of large horns, in which were placed small pins, like a scale of distances, and he who quaffed most was considered as a toper of the first magnitude, and respected accordingly. The merry pin was that which stood pretty far from the mouth of the horn, and he who, at a draught, reduced the liquor to that point, was a man of no ordinary prowess in bacchanalian contest

"*Under the Rose be it spoken.*" The rose being dedicated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of Silence, to engage him to conceal the amours of Venus, was an emblem of Silence; whence to present it or hold it up to any person in discourse, served instead of an admonition, that it was time for him to hold his peace; and in entertaining rooms it was customary to place a rose above the table, to signify that what was there spoken should be kept private. This practice is described by the following epigram:—

Est rosa flos Veneris cujus quo facta laterunt,
Harpocrati matri dona dicavit Amor,
Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis
Convivii et sub ea dicta tacenda sciat.
Potter's Ant. Greece.

"*Cant.*" This word, which is now generally applied to fanatical preachers, and hypocritical apprentices in religion, derives its name from two Scotch Presbyterian ministers, in the reign of Charles II. They were father and son, both called Andrew Cant; and Whitelocke in his "Memoirs," p. 511, after narrating the defeat at Worcester, in 1651, says, "Divers Scotch ministers were permitted to meet at Edinburgh, to keep a day of humiliation, as they pretended, for their too much compliance with the King," and in the same month when Lord Argyll had called a parliament, Mr. Andrew Cant, a minister, said in his pulpit, that "God was bound to hold this parliament, for that all other parliaments was called by man, but this was brought about by his own hand."

"*An't please the Pigs.*" In this phrase there is not only a peculiarity of dialect, but the corruption of a word, and a change of one thing for another. In the first place, *an*, in the midland counties, is used for if; and pigs is evidently a corruption of Pyx, the sacred vessel containing the host in Roman Catholic countries. In the last place, the vessel is substituted for the power itself, by an easy metonymy in the same manner as when we talk of "the sense of the house," we do not mean to ascribe intelligence to a material building; but to the persons in it assembled for a deliberate purpose; the expression therefore signifies no more than "*Deo volente*," or God willing.

"*Bumper.*" In many parts of England any thing large is called a bumper. Hence a bumping lass is a large girl of her age, and a bumpkin is a large-limbed, uncivilized rustic; the idea of grossness of size entering into the idea of a country bumpkin, as well as that

of unpolished rudeness. Dr. Johnson, however, strangely enough deduces the word bumpkin from bump; but what if it should prove to be a corruption of bumbard, or bombard: in low Latin, bombardus, a great gun, and from thence applied to a large flagon, or full glass. Thus the Lord Chamberlain says to the porters who had been negligent in keeping out the mob.

"You are lazy knaves:
And here ye lie, baiting of bombard, when
Ye should do service."
Shaks. Hen. VIII. Act 5, Scene 3.

"Baiting of bombard" is a term for sitting and drinking, which Nash in his "Supplycacyon to the Deuyll," calls by the like metaphor, "bear baiting." So Shakspeare again in the "Tempest," says,

"Yond same black cloud, yond huge one,
Seems like foul bombard, that would shed his liquor." *Tempest, Act 2, Scene 2.*

Which Theobald rightly explains thus: "A large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordinance so called."

"*Latter Lammas.*" Lammas day is the first day of August, so called quasi, Lamb-mass, on which day the tenants that hold lands of the Cathedral of York, which is dedicated to St. Peter, ad Vincula, were bound by that tenure to bring a living lamb into the church at high mass.—*Cowell's Interpreter.* Lammas day was always a great day of account, for in the payment of rents our ancestors distributed the year into four quarters, ending at Candlemas, Whitsuntide, Lammas, and Martinmas, and this was as common as the present divisions of Lady day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, and Christmas. In regard to Lammas, in addition to its being one of the days of reckoning, it appears from the Confessor's laws, that it was the specific day whereon the Peterpence, a tax very rigorously executed, and the punctual payment of which was enforced under a severe penalty, was paid. In this view then, Lammas stands as a day of account, and Latter Lammas will consequently signify the day of doom, which in effect, as to all payments of money, or worldly transactions in money, is never. Latter here is used for last, or the comparative for the superlative, just as it is in a like case in our version of the book of Job, "I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth," meaning of course the last day, or the end of the world. That the last day, or Latter Lammas, as to all temporal affairs is never, may be illustrated by the following story:—A man at confession owned his having stolen a sow and pigs; the father confessor exhorted him to make restitution. The penitent said some were sold, and some were killed, but the priest not satisfied with this excuse, told him they would appear against him at the day of judgment if he did not make restitution to the owner, upon which the man replied, "Well, I'll return them to him then."

"*Lydford Law.*" In Devonshire and Cornwall this saying is common:

"First hang and draw,
Then hear the cause by Lydford Law."

Sometimes it is expressed in this manner; "Lydford Law, by which they hang men first, and try them afterwards." Lydford was formerly a town of note, but now an inconsiderable village on the borders of Dartmoor, not far from Tavistock. It is famous for a ruined castle, under which is a dungeon that used to be a prison for the confinement of persons who offended against the Stannary Courts of Tavistock, Ashburton, Chapford, and Plimpton. These Stannary Courts were erected by a charter of Edward III. for the purpose of regulating the affairs of the tin mines in Devonshire, and of determining causes among the tinners, whether criminal, or actions for debt. The proceedings were very summary, and the prison horribly offensive. Near Lydford is a famous waterfall, and a most romantic view down the river Lyd; over which is a curious bridge built with one arch. The parish is the largest in the kingdom, including the whole Forest of Dartmoor. William Browne of Tavistock, and the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, gives a humorous description of Lydford in the reign of James I.

The Contemporary Traveller.

JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF THE RED INDIANS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

In the island of Newfoundland, an institution has been formed for opening a communication with, and promoting the civilization of, the Red Indians; and procuring, if possible, an authentic history of that unhappy race of people, in order that their language, customs, and pursuits, may be contrasted with those of other tribes of Indians and nations. The interior of the island is less known than any other British possessions abroad; but, from the exertions of the above Society, more information has been collected concerning the natives, than has been obtained during the two

centuries and a half in which Newfoundland has been in possession of Europeans. The last journey was undertaken by W. E. Cormack, Esq., president of the Society. His report has appeared in a recent Number of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, and will, we are persuaded, be interesting to our readers:

"My party," says Mr. Cormack, "consisted of three Indians, whom I procured from among the other different tribes, viz. an intelligent and able man of the Abenakie tribe, from Canada; an elderly Mountaineer from Labrador; and an adventurous young Micmack, a native of this island, together with myself. It was my intention to have commenced our search at White Bay, which is nearer the northern extremity of the island than where we did, and to have travelled southward. But the weather not permitting to carry my party thither by water, after several days' delay, I unwillingly changed my line of route.

"On the 31st of October, 1828, last, we entered the country at the mouth of the River Exploits, on the north side, at what is called the Northern Arm. We took a north-westerly direction, to lead us to Hall's Bay, which place we reached through an almost uninterrupted forest, over a hilly country, in eight days. This tract comprehends the country interior from New Bay, Badger Bay, Seal Bay, &c.; these being minor bays, included in Green or Notre Dame Bay, at the north-east part of the island, and well known to have been always heretofore the summer residence of the Red Indians.

"On the fourth day after our departure, at the east end of Badger Bay-Great Lake, at a *portage* known by the name of the Indian Path, we found traces made by the Red Indians, evidently in the spring or summer of the preceding year. Their party had had two canoes; and here was a *canoe-rest*, on which the daubs of red ochre, and the roots of trees used to fasten or tie it together appeared fresh. A canoe-rest, is simply a few beams supported horizontally about five feet from the ground, by perpendicular posts. A party with two canoes, when descending from the interior to the sea-coast, through such a part of the country as this, where there are troublesome portages, leave one canoe resting, bottom up, on this kind of frame, to protect it from injury by the weather, until their return. Among other things which lay strewed about here, were a spearshaft, eight feet in length, recently made and ochred; parts of old canoes, fragments of their skin-dresses, &c. For some distance around, the trunks of many of the birch, and of that species of spruce pine called here the Var *(Pinus balsamifera)* had been rinded; these people using the inner part of the bark of that kind of tree for food. Some of the cuts in the trees with the axe, were evidently made the preceding year. Besides these, we were elated by other encouraging signs. The traces left by the Red Indians are so peculiar, that we were confident those we saw here were made by them.

"This spot has been a favourite place of settlement with these people. It is situated at the commencement of a *portage*, which forms a communication by a path between the sea-coast at Badger Bay, about eight miles to the north-east, and a chain of lakes extending westerly and southerly from hence, and discharging themselves by a rivulet into the River Exploits, about thirty miles from its mouth. A path also leads from this place to the lakes, near New Bay, to the eastward. Here are the remains of one of their villages, where the vestiges of eight or ten winter *mamateeks*, or wigwams, each intended to contain from six to eighteen or twenty people, are distinctly seen close together. Besides these, there are the remains of a number of summer wigwams. Every winter wigwam has close by it a small square-mouthed or oblong pit, dug into the earth, about four feet deep, to preserve their stores, &c. in. Some of these pits were lined with birch rind. We discovered also in this village the remains of a vapour-bath. The method used by the Bœothicks to raise the steam, was by pouring water on large stones made very hot for the purpose, in the open air, by burning a quantity of wood around them; after this process, the ashes were removed, and a hemispherical frame-work closely covered with skins, to exclude the external air, was fixed over the stones. The patient then crept in under the skins, taking with him a birch-rind bucket of water, and a small bark-dish to dip it out, which, by pouring on the stones, enabled him to raise the steam at pleasure.*

"At Hall's Bay we got no useful in-

* Since my return, I learn from the captive Red Indian woman *Shawnawdithit*, that the vapour-bath is chiefly used by old people, and for rheumatic affections.

Shawnawdithit is the survivor of three Red Indian females who were taken by, or rather who gave themselves up, exhausted with hunger, to some English furriers, about five years ago, in Notre Dame Bay. She is the only one of that tribe in the hands of the English, and the only one that has ever lived so long among them.

formation, from the three (and the only) English families settled there. Indeed we could hardly have expected any; for these, and such people, have been the unchecked and ruthless destroyers of the tribe, the remnant of which we were in search of. After sleeping one night in a *house*, we again struck into the country to the westward.

"In five days we were on the high lands south of White Bay, and in sight of the high lands east of the Bay of Islands, on the west coast of Newfoundland. The country south and west of us was low and flat, consisting of marshes, extending in a southerly direction more than thirty miles. In this direction lies the famous Red Indians' Lake. It was now near the middle of November, and the winter had commenced pretty severely in the interior. The country was every where covered with snow, and, for some days past, we had walked over the small ponds on the ice. The summits of the hills on which we stood had snow on them, in some places, many feet deep. The deer were migrating from the rugged and dreary mountains in the north, to the low mossy barren, and more woody parts in the south; and we inferred, that if any of the Red Indians had been at White Bay during the past summer, they might be at that time stationed about the borders of the low tract of country before us, at the *deer-passes*, or were employed somewhere else in the interior, killing deer for winter provision. At these passes, which are particular places in the migration lines of path, such as the extreme ends of, and straights in, many of the large lakes—the foot of valleys between high and rugged mountains—fords in the large rivers, and the like—the Indians kill great numbers of deer with very little trouble, during their migrations. We looked out for two days from the summits of the hills adjacent, trying to discover the smoke from the camps of the Red Indians; but in vain. These hills command a very extensive view of the country in every direction.

"We now determined to proceed towards the Red Indians' Lake, sanguine that, at that known rendezvous, we could find the objects of our search.

"In about ten days we got a glimpse of this beautifully majestic and splendid sheet of water. The ravages of fire, which we saw in the woods for the last two days, indicated that man had been near. We looked down on the lake, from the hills at the northern extremity, with feelings of anxiety and admiration: —No canoe could be discovered moving on its placid surface, in the distance. We were the first Europeans who had seen it in an unfrozen state, for the three former parties who had visited it before, were here in the winter, when its waters were frozen and covered over with snow. They had reached it from below, by way of the River Exploits, on the ice. We approached the lake with hope and caution; but found to our mortification that the Red Indians had deserted it for some years past. My party had been so excited, so sanguine, and so determined to obtain an interview of some kind with these people, that, on discovering from appearances every where around us, that the Red Indians —the terror of the Europeans as well as the other Indian inhabitants of Newfoundland—no longer existed, the spirits of one and all of us were very deeply affected. The old mountaineer was particularly overcome. There were every where indications, that this had long been the central and undisturbed rendezvous of the tribe, when they had enjoyed peace and security. But these primitive people had abandoned it, after having been tormented by parties of Europeans during the last eighteen years. Fatal rencounters had on these occasions unfortunately taken place.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

AN HONOURABLE "INDEPENDENT" FAMILY.

THE Honourable Mister Augustus Headerton, who lived once in yonder villa, was the youngest of eleven children, and consequently the junior brother of the noble Lord of Headerton, nephew of the Honourable Justice Cleaveland, nephew of Admiral Barrymore, K. C. B., &c. &c. &c.; and cousin first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh remove—to all the honourables and dishonourables in the country.

When the old earl died, he left four Chancery suits, and a nominal estate to the heir apparent, to whom he also bequeathed his three younger brothers and sisters, who had only small annuities from their mother's fortune, being assured that (to use his own words), "he might *depend* on him for the honour of the family, to provide for them handsomely." And so he did (in his

own estimation); his lady sisters had "the run of the house," and Mr. Augustus Headerton had the run of the stables, the use of hunters and dogs, and was universally acknowledged to possess "a proper spirit," because he spent three times more than his income. "He bates the world and all, for beauty, in a hunting jacket," exclaimed the groom. "He flies a gate beyant any living sowl I iver seed, and his tallyho, my jewel—'twould do y'er heart good to hear his tallyho!" said my lord's huntsman. "He's a generous jontleman as any in the kingdom—I'll say that for him, any day in the year," echoed the coachman. "He's admired more nor any jintleman as walks Steven's Green in a month o' Sundays, I'll go bail," continued Miss Jenny Roe, the ladies' maid.

"Choose a profession!" Oh! no; impossible. An Irish gentleman choose a profession! But the Honourable Mr. Augustus Headerton chose a wife, and threw all his relations, including Lord Headerton, the Honourable Justice Cleaveland, Admiral Barrymore, K.C.B., and his cousins to the fiftieth remove, into strong convulsions, or little fits. She, the lady, had sixty thousand pounds; that, of course, they could not object to. She had eloped with the Honourable Mr. Augustus Headerton; —mere youthful indiscretion. She was little and ugly;—that only concerned her husband. She was proud and extravagant;—those (they said) were lady like failings. She was ignorant and stupid;—her sisters-in-law would have pardoned that. She was vulgar;—that was awkward. Her father was a carcass butcher in Cole's Lane market!—death and destruction!

It could never be forgiven! the cut direct was unanimously agreed on, and the little lady turned up her little nose in disdain, as her handsome barouche rolled past the lumbering carriage of the Right Honourable Lord Headerton. She persuaded her husband to purchase that beautiful villa, in view of the family domain, that she might have more frequent opportunities of bringing, as she elegantly expressed it, "the proud beggars to their trumps;—and why not?—money's money, all the world over." The Honourable Mister Augustus *depended* on his agent for the purchase, and some two thousand and odd pounds were consequently paid, or said to have been paid, for it, more than its value. And then commenced the general warfare; full purse and empty head—*versus* no purse, and old nobility. They had the satisfaction of ruining each other—the full purse was emptied by devouring duns, and the old nobility suffered by its connexion with vulgarity.

"I want to know, Honourable Mister Augustus Headerton"—(the lady always gave the full name when addressing her husband; she used to say it was all she got for her money),—"I want to know, Honourable Mister Augustus Headerton, the reason why the music master's lessons, given to the Misses Headerton (they were blessed with seven sweet pledges of affection), have not been paid for? I desired the steward to see to it, and you know I *depend* on him to settle these matters."

The Honourable Mrs. Augustus Headerton rang the bell—"Send Martin up."

"Mister Martin," the lady began, "what is the reason that Mr. Langi's account has not been paid?"

"My master, ma'am knows that I have been anxious for him to look over the accounts; the goings-out are so very great, and the comings-in, as far as I know"—The Honourable Mister Augustus Headerton spilt some of the whiskey-punch he was drinking, over a splendid hearth-rug, which drew the lady's attention from what would have been an unpleasant *eclaircissement*.

"I cannot understand why difficulties should arise. I am certain I brought a fortune large enough for all extravagance," was the lady's constant remark when expenditure was mentioned. Years pass over the heads of the young—and they grow old; and over the heads of fools—but they never grow wise.

The Honourable Mister and Mistress Augustus Headerton were examples of this truth;—their children grew up around them—but could derive no support from their parent root. The mother had *depended* on governesses and masters for the education of her girls—and on their beauty, connexions, or accomplishments, to procure them husbands. The father did not deem the labours of study fit occupation for the sons of an ancient house:—"*Depend* upon it," he would say, "they'll all do well with my connexions—they will be able to command what they please." The Honourable Mistress Augustus could not now boast of a full purse, for they had long been living on the memory of their once ample fortune.

The Honourable Mister Augustus Headerton died, in the forty-fifth year of his age, of inflammation, caught in an old limekiln, where he was conceal-

ed to avoid an arrest for the sum of 180 guineas, for black Nell, the famous filly, who won the cup on the Curragh of Kildare—purchased in his name, but without his knowledge, by his second son, the pride of the family—commonly called dashing Dick.

All I know farther of the Honourable Mistress Augustus Headerton is, that

"She played at cards, and died."

Miss Georgiana—the beauty, and greatest fool of the family, who *depended* on her face as a fortune, did get a husband—an old, rich West India planter, and eloped, six months after marriage, with an officer of dragoons.

Miss Celestina was really clever and accomplished. "Use her abilities for her own support!" Oh, no! not for worlds—Too proud to work, but not too proud to beg, she *depended* on her relations, and played toady to all who would.

Miss Louisa—not clever; but in all other respects, ditto—ditto.

Miss Charlotte was always very romantic; refused a respectable banker with indignation, and married her uncle's footman—for love.

Having sketched the female part of the family first (a compliment by the way they do not always receive from their own sex)—I will tell you what I remember of the gentlemen.

"The Emperor," as Mr. Augustus was called, from his stately manner and dignified deportment, aided by as much self-esteem as could well be contained in a human body, *depended*, without any "compunctuous visitings of conscience," on the venison, claret, and champagne of his friends, and thought all the time he did them honour—and thus he passed his life.

"Dashing Dick" was the opposite of the Emperor; sung a good song—told a good story—and gloried in making ladies blush. He *depended* on his cousin, Colonel Bloomfield, procuring him a commission in his regiment, and cheated tailors, hosiers, glovers, coachmakers, and even lawyers, with impunity. Happily for the world at large, Dashing Dick broke his neck in a steeple chase, on a stolen horse, which he would have been hanged for purloining, had he lived a day longer.

Ferdinand was the bonne-bouche of the family: they used to call him "the Parson!" Excellent Ferdinand!—he *depended* on his exertions; and, if ever the name of Headerton rises in the scale of moral or intellectual superiority, it will be owing to the steady and virtuous efforts of Mister Ferdinand Headerton, merchant, in the good city of B———. *Sketches of Irish Character, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

We quote the following from the portion of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, with the above title—to show the mode in which the heads of the respective chapters are illustrated:

Obscure Origin.

"The parents of SEBASTIAN CASTALIO, the elegant Latin translator of the Bible, were poor peasants, who lived among the mountains in Dauphiny.

"The Abbé HAUTEFEUILLE, who distinguished himself in the seventeenth century, by his inventions in clock and watch making, was the son of a baker.

"PARINI, the modern satiric poet of Italy, was the son of a peasant, who died when he was in his boyhood, and left him to be the only support of his widowed mother; while, to add to his difficulties, he was attacked in his nineteenth year by a paralysis, which rendered him a cripple for life.

"The parents of Dr. JOHN PRIDEAUX, who afterwards rose to be Bishop of Worcester, were in such poor circumstances, that they were with difficulty able to keep him at school till he had learned to read and write; and he obtained the rest of his education by walking on foot to Oxford, and getting employed in the first instance as assistant in the kitchen of Exeter College, in which society he remained till he gradually made his way to a fellowship.

"The father of INIGO JONES, the great architect, who built the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, and many other well known edifices, was a cloth-worker; and he himself was also destined originally for a mechanical employment.

"Sir EDMUND SAUNDERS, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench in the reign of Charles II., was originally an errand boy at the Inns of Court, and gradually acquired the elements of his knowledge of the law by being employed to copy precedents.

"LINNÆUS, the founder of the science of Botany, although the son of the clergyman of a small village in Sweden, was for some time apprenticed to a shoemaker; and was only rescued from his humble employment by accidentally meeting one day a physician named Rothman, who, having entered into conversation with him, was so much struck with his intelligence, that he sent him to the university.

"The father of MICHAEL LOMONOSOFF, one of the most celebrated Russian poets of the last century, and who eventually attained the highest literary dignities in his own country, was only a simple fisherman. Young Lomonosoff had great difficulty in acquiring as much education as enabled him to read and write; and it was only by running away from his father's house, and taking refuge in a monastery at Moscow, that he found means to obtain an acquaintance with the higher branches of literature.

"The famous BEN JONSON worked for some time as a bricklayer or mason; 'and let not them blush,' says Fuller, speaking of this circumstance in his "English Worthies," with his usual amusing, but often expressive quaintness, 'let not them blush that have, but those that have not, a lawful calling. He helped in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket.'

"PETER RAMUS, one of the most celebrated writers and intrepid thinkers of the sixteenth century, was employed in his childhood as a shepherd, and obtained his education by serving as a lacquey in the College of Navarre.

"The Danish astronomer, LONGOMONTANUS, was the son of a labourer, and, while attending the academical lectures at Wyburg through the day, was obliged to work for his support during a part of the night.

"The elder DAVID PAREUS, the eminent German Protestant divine, who was afterwards Professor of Theology at Heidelberg, was placed in his youth as an apprentice, first with an apothecary, and then with a shoemaker.

"HANS SACHS, one of the most famous of the early German poets, and a scholar of considerable learning, was the son of a tailor, and served an apprenticeship himself, first to a shoemaker, and afterwards to a weaver, at which last trade, indeed, he continued to work during the rest of his life.

"JOHN FOLCZ, another old German poet, was a barber.

"LUCAS CORNELISZ, a Dutch painter of the sixteenth century, who visited England during the reign of Henry VIII., and was patronized by that monarch, was obliged, while in his own country, in order to support his large family, to betake himself to the profession of a cook.

"Dr. ISAAC MADDOX, who, in the reign of George II., became bishop, first of St. Asaph, and then of Worcester, and who is well known by his work in defence of the Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of England, lost both his parents, who belonged to a very humble rank of life, at an early age, and was, in the first instance, placed by his friends with a pastrycook.

"The late Dr. ISAAC MILNER, Dean of Carlisle, and Lucasian Professor of the Mathematics at Cambridge, who had the reputation of one of the first mathematicians of that University, and who published some ingenious papers on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' was originally a weaver—as was also his brother JOSEPH, the well known author of a 'History of the Church.' Of the same profession was also, in his younger days, the late Dr. JOSEPH WHITE, Professor of Arabic at Oxford.

"CASSERIO, a well known Italian anatomist, was initiated in the elements of Medical Science by a surgeon of Padua, with whom he had lived originally as a domestic servant.

"JOHN CHRISTIAN THEDEN, who rose to be chief surgeon to the Prussian army under Frederick II. had in his youth been apprenticed to a tailor."

Influence of Accident in directing Pursuits.

"The celebrated Bernard Palissy, to whom France was indebted, in the sixteenth century, for the introduction of the manufacture of enamelled pottery, had his attention first attracted to the art, his improvements in which, form to this time the glory of his name among his countrymen, by having one day seen by chance a beautiful enamelled cup, which had been brought from Italy. He was then struggling to support his family by his attempts in the art of painting, in which he was self-taught; and it immediately occurred to him that, if he could discover the secret of making these cups, his toils and difficulties would be at an end. From that moment his whole thoughts were directed to this object; and in one of his works he has himself given us such an account of the unconquerable zeal with which he prosecuted his experiments, as it is impossible to read without the deepest interest. For some time he had little or nothing to expend upon the pursuit which he had so much at heart; but at last he happened to receive a considerable sum of money for a work which he had finished, and this enabled him to commence his researches. He spent the whole of his money, however, without meeting with any success, and he was now poorer than ever. Yet it was

in vain that his wife and friends besought him to relinquish what they deemed his chimerical and ruinous project. He borrowed more money, with which he repeated his experiments; and, when he had no more fuel wherewith to feed his furnaces, he cut down his chairs and tables for that purpose. Still his success was inconsiderable. He was now actually obliged to give a person, who had assisted him, part of his clothes by way of remuneration, having nothing else left; and, with his wife and children starving before his eyes, and by their appearance silently reproaching him as the cause of their sufferings, he was at heart miserable enough. But he neither despaired, nor suffered his friends to know what he felt; persevering, in the midst of all his misery, a gay demeanour, and losing no opportunity of renewing his pursuit of the object which he all the while felt confident he should one day accomplish. And at last, after sixteen years of persevering exertion, his efforts were crowned with complete success, and his fortune was made. Palissy was, in all respects, one of the most extraordinary men of his time; in his moral character displaying a high-mindedness and commanding energy altogether in harmony with the reach and originality of conception by which his understanding was distinguished. Although a Protestant, he had escaped, through the royal favour, from the massacre of St. Bartholomew; but, having been soon after shut up in the Bastille, he was visited in his prison by the king, who told him, that if he did not comply with the established religion, he should be forced, however unwillingly, to leave him in the hands of his enemies. "Forced!" replied Palissy, "This is not to speak like a king; but they who force you cannot force me; I can die!" He never regained his liberty, but ended his life in the Bastille, in the ninetieth year of his age."

Old Poets.

LOVE.

WHAT thing is Love, which naught can countervail?
Naught save itself, ev'n such a thing is Love,
And worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,
As lowest earth doth yield to heav'n above.
Divine is love, and scorneth worldly pelf,
And can be bought with nothing but with self.

SIR W. RALEIGH.

IF Love be life, I long to die,
Live they that list for me:
And he that gains the most thereby,
A fool at least shall be.

But he that feels the sorest fits
'Scapes with no less than loss of wits.
Unhappy life they gain,
Which love do entertain.

SIR W. RALEIGH.

IF all the world and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pleasures might my passion move,
To live with thee, and be my love.
But fading flowers in every field,
To winter floods their treasures yield;
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

SIR W. RALEIGH.—*Answer to Marlowe's "Come Live," &c.*

PASSIONS are likened best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb,
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come:
They that are rich in words must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

SIR W. RALEIGH.

—— Love is nature's second sun
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines
And, as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are giv'n in vain to men; so, without love
All beauties bred in woman are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried;
For love informs them as the sun doth colours.
And as the sun reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution, and divine discourse.
O! 'tis the paradise! the heaven of earth!

CHAPMAN.

LADIES, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes its chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you
With which he does the world subdue;
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.
Then wrack not lovers with disdain,
Lest love on you revenge their pain;
You are not free, because you're fair,
The boy did not his mother spare:
Though beauty be a killing dart,
It is no armour for the heart.

ETHERIDGE.

COME, little infant, love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
From cold jealousy and fears.
Pretty, surely, 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguil'd.
While our sportings are as free
As the muse's with the child.
* * * *
Now then, love me; Time may take
Thee before my time away;
Of this need we'll virtue make
And learn love before we may.
So we win of doubtful fate;
And if good to us she meant,
We that good shall antedate;
Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

MARVELL.

HEAR, ye virgins, and I'll teach,
What the times of old did preach:
Rosamond was in a bower
Kept, as Danae, in a tower;
But yet love, who subtile is,
Crept to that, and came to this:
Be ye lock'd up like to these,
Or the rich Hesperides:
Or those babies in your eyes,
In their crystal nurseries;

Notwithstanding love will win,
Or else force a passage in;
And as coy be as you can,
Gifts will get ye, or the man.
HERRICK.

GREAT Venus, queen of beauty and of grace,
The joy of gods and men, that under sky
Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place,
That with thy smiling look dost pacify
The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly:
Thee, goddess, thee the winds, the clouds do fear,
And when thou spreadst thy mantle forth on high,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
And heaven laughs, and all the world shows joyous chear.
* * * * * *
—All the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou dost the same repair,
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fair,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare.
Thou art the root of all that joyous is,
Great God of men and women, queen of th' air,
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not miss.
Fairy Queen.—SPENSER.

As men tormented with a burning fever,
Dream that with drink they 'suage their grievous thirst,
But when they wake they find their thirst persever,
And to be greater than it was at first;
So she whose thoughts from love sleep could not sever,
Dreamt of that thing for which she 'wake did thirst;
But waking, felt and found it as before,
Her hope still less, and her desire still more.
SIR J. HARRINGTON.

——LOVE is only root and crop of care,
The body's foe, the heart's annoy and cause of pleasures rare
The sickness of the mind and fountain of unrest,
The gulf of guile, the pit of pain, of grief the hollow chest;
A fiery frost, a flame that frozen is with ice,
A heavy burden light to bear, a virtue fraught with vice;
It is a worldlike peace, a safety seeing dread,
A deep despair annexed to hope, a fancy that is fed,
Sweet poison for his taste, a port Charybdis like,
A Scylla for his safety, though a lion that is meek.
TURBERVILE.

KISSING.

O KISS! which dost those ruddy gems impart,
Or gems, or fruits, of new-found Paradise;
Breathing all bliss and sweet'ning to the heart;
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise.
O kiss! which souls, ev'n souls, together ties
By links of love, and only nature's art;
How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes,
Or of thy gifts, at least, shade out some part.
But she forbids, with blushing words, she says,
She builds her fame on higher-seated praise;
But my heart burns, I cannot silent be.
Then since (dear life,) you fain would have me peace,
And I mad with delight want wit to cease,
Stop you my mouth, with still, still kissing me.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

HEALTH.

THE common ingredients of health and long life are
Great temp'rance, open air,
Easy labour, little care.
IBID.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ARRIVAL AT MARGATE.

From "The Monthly Club" of Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE buildings of Margate now became evident, and every minute developed some new feature in the landscape; all the party abandoned their sitting to enjoy the view. The curved pier painted pea green and covered with Cockneys, now was disclosed to our eyes, and my old friend from Leicester was again staggered into a profound silence, by being told that a row of houses with a windmill at the end of it, was *Buenos Ayres*. I saw his amazement, but he did not betray his ignorance in speech as the French actress did, who was in London some years since, and when dining on the Adelphi Terrace was shown Waterloo Bridge. After gazing at it, with a degree of pathos, partly national and partly theatrical, she heaved a sigh for the brave fellows who had perished in the neighbourhood, and feelingly inquired whereabouts the farm of *Haye Saint* was—this is literally a fact and is vouched for—nor is the absence of geographical knowledge in the natives of France, confined to the lady—she is by no means a solitary instance of the most glorious ignorance of localities.—The Turks too, talk of Ireland as a disorderly part of London; and an American, during the last winter, lecturing in Germany, referring to the great improvements which have recently taken place in England, enumerated, amongst other stupendous works of art, the Menai Bridge, which he informed his hearers united IRELAND with WALES.

As we approached the harbour we seemed to fly—the jetty and pier became more and more crowded—it was evident we had created "an interest;" the hurry and bustle on board appeared to increase as we neared the shore, and the sudden tranquillization of the hubbub by the magical words, "stop her," of the master evidently excited a mingled feeling of wonder and satisfaction in the breast of our Leicestershire companion, whose countenance had previously indicated a strong suspicion that it was the captain's intention to try the relative strength of our vessel's bow and the nob end of Mr. Jarvis's jetty.

I never shall forget his delight as we tranquilly glided to the side of the landing-place, nor his violent indignation when stepping out of the boat in a pair

of jockey boots, and selecting, what appeared to his ruralized vision, a *verdant* spot; his feet slid from under him, and he got a fall unmodified in its disagreeable results by the excitement of the sport so prevalent in his native country.

"Who built this fine stone affair?" said R——, pointing to the pea-green promenade on our right.

"The people of Margate," said some one.

"I thought nobody in England but the king could make a *pier*," said R—.

"Come, come," cried B——, "let us be grave for a minute or two; we look more like a parcel of boys landing than a grave and learned body."

"Youth is the time for punning," said R——.

"It is no great crime when one is older," said B——.

"That I deny," answered our wag; "it may be good in *youth*, but it is *bad in age*."

The groan which followed this last pun of the voyage reechoed along the shore, and it was not until we reached Howe's hotel, a sort of Bath York House stuck in the middle of Golden Square, London, that the tumult died away.

THE UNICORN.

In the physical world, some of our secrets are disappearing; and though Captain Parry failed to find out the pole, and we believe, with that worthy navigator, that the world have been dreaming from the beginning, and that there is no pole; and though Captain Ross will go further and fare worse, yet things are turning up now and then that our most benevolent scepticism cannot resist. But among other plunders of the imagination, they are going to rob us of the unicorn. For two thousand years and upwards, a short date in the history of human quarrel about nothings, the sages of this world have been doubting and deciding on the existence of this showy creature. Pliny would have sworn to his having all but seen it, and he would have sworn that too, if any one had taken the trouble to ask him. Kircher, and a few of the German naturalists, and black-letter fools—every naturalist and black-letter man being more or less a fool—dug up the question out of the pit of Teutonic dulness, and ever since, every traveller beyond the Needles, has had his theory, which was quite as good as his fact, and his fact, which was quite as good as his theory.

The topic perished in Germany, being stifled under professor Bopp and Sanscrit, Professor Semler and Scepticism, Professor Jahn and Jacobinism, and the whole vast feather-bed suffocation of Professor Kotzebue and Comedy. But in England it was endeared to us by associations "deep in every truly British heart," as the chairmen of our tavern parties say over their third bottle. We had seen it for ages gallantly climbing the slippery heights of the kingly crown on show boards, carriages, transparencies, theatres, and the new, matchless, hydropyric, or fiery and watery fairy palace of Vauxhall. It met us in every material, from the gilt *confitures* of Bartholomew fair, to the gold plateau of the "table laid for sixty," at St. James's. All the dilettanti were immersed in the great national question of its shape and features. Mr. Barrow, in a journey of exploration, which extended to three miles beyond the Cape, believed that he saw it, but strongly doubted its existence. M. Vaillant never saw it, nor believed that any one ever did, but was as sure of its existence as if it had slept in his bosom, and been unto him as a daughter. Mr. Russel had one, which he milked twice a day, and drove in a curricle to visit the Queen of Madagascar. Doctor Lyall is writing a quarto from Madagascar, to deny the statement in toto; admitting, however, that there is a rumour of the being of some nondescript of the kind in the mountains, somewhat between the size of the elephant and the Shetland pony; but that he and we think the subject-matter will turn out asinine. But now a Mr. Ruppell, after a long sojourn in the north-east of Africa, comes at once to cheer and dishearten us by the discovery, that in Kordofan, if any one knows where that is, the unicorn exists; stated to be of the size of a small horse, of the slender make of the gazelle, and furnished with a long, straight, slender horn in the male, which was wanting in the female. According to the statements made by various persons, it inhabits the deserts to the south of Kordofan, is uncommonly fleet, and comes only occasionally to the Koldagi Heive mountains on the borders of Kordofan. This, it must be acknowledged, is a sad falling off from the rival of the lion, that we have honoured so long in the arms of England. But we sincerely hope, that by the next arrival, it will not degenerate into a cow, or worse, a goat. But he tells us, that to our knowledge of the giraffe he has added considerably. He obtained in Nubia and Kordofan five specimens, two of which were males

and three females. He regards the horns as constituting the principal generic character, they being formed by distinct bones, united to the frontal and parietal bones by a very obvious suture, and having throughout the same structure with the other bones. In both sexes one of these abnormal bones is situated on each branch of the coronal suture, and the male possesses an additional one placed more anteriorly, and occupying the middle of the frontal suture. The anomalous position of this appendage furnishes a complete refutation of the theory of Camper with regard to the unicorn, that such an occurrence was contrary to nature, and proves at least the possibility of the existence of such an animal. Professor Camper is an ass, of course; but when are we to expect any thing better from the illustrissimi of the land of sour-krout? Give a Doctor Magnificus his due allowance of the worst tobacco, and the worst beer in the world, with a ream of half-brown paper, and a Leipsic catalogue to plunder, and he will in three months write any subject dead—smother the plainest truth with an accumulation of absurdity, astonishing, as the work of a creature with but two hands—and prove that the earth is but a huge oyster, in which Germany is the pearl; or that man is only a reclaimed baboon, of which all the wit is centered in Weimar.

Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

A PUNSTER.

DR. BARTON was a punster. He said, "the fellows of my college wished to have an organ in the chapel, but I put a *stop* to it;" whether for the sake of the pun, or because he disliked music, is uncertain. He invited, for the love of punning, Mr. Crowe and Mr. Rooke to dine with him; and having given Mr. Birdmore, another guest, a hint to be rather after the time, on his appearing, said, "Mr. Rook! Mr. Crowe! I beg leave to introduce one *Bird more.*" He married his niece to a gentleman of the hopeful name of *Buckle.* The enterprise succeeded beyond his expectation. Mrs. Buckle was delivered of twins. "A pair of Buckles!" "Boys or girls?" said a congratulating friend; the answer may be supposed. To him, though it has been attributed to others, belongs the glory or the shame of having said to one, who having re-established his health by a diet of milk and eggs, took a wife:—"So, you have been *egged* on to matrimony: I hope the *yoke* will sit easy on you."

PLAY BILL.

(Translated from the Spanish.)

To the sovereign of heaven,
To the mother of the eternal world,
To the Polar Star of Spain,
To the faithful protectress of the Spanish nation,
To the honour and glory of the most Holy Virgin Mary,
For her benefit, and for the propagation of her worship,
The company of comedians
will this day give a representation of
the comic piece called
Manine.
The celebrated Italian will also dance
the Fandango,
and the theatre will be superbly illuminated.

"*Write your name at full length* the *first* time you order any thing which you ought to pay for, that the person so employed or ordered may have no difficulty of applying (legally) if necessary for payment."—*The advice of one who from a common soldier died in opulence honestly gained by trade.*

A FRENCH philosopher placed a statue in his hall, under which was the following distich:—

"Whoever you be, Sir, pray take off your castor;
For this is, or has been, or will be your master."

PARIS.

THE following Notes convey some idea of the extent and resources of the French capital:—

By the last census, 1827, the *population* of Paris was 890,000.

Bread.—In Paris, 890,000 persons consume 227,760,000 pounds in a year.

Printing.—There are in Paris 80 printing establishments; 600 presses going; and 3,000 journeymen printers in constant employ.

Deaths.—The *annual mortality* is 21,033; average of *suicides* 200, of whom the greater number are single persons; and on an average, a death occurs every twenty minutes. Upwards of 1,100 children die annually from small-pox.

Lamps.—The city is lit with 4,533 oil lamps, with 12,672 wicks.

The River.—The river Seine where it enters Paris is 510 feet broad; at the

Pont Neuf 864 feet, and where it leaves the city 400 feet broad.

Hospitals.—The income of the hospitals is 9,762,154 francs, or about £406,756.; the average cost to government for a day in the hospital, is about 11½*d.* The maniacs from two prisons average 3,000 a year; and the majority of mad persons are unmarried.

Lottery.—The average annual receipts of the lottery is about a million sterling—of which the treasury receive about £180,000. the remainder being the adventurers'.

Marriages.—The average of marriages is 6,316, or 1 marriage in every 108 persons. Marriages are most frequent in February, and least in December. There is rather more than an average of three children to each marriage.

Births.—The births average 27,000, or 1 birth for every 12 minutes; of the number, 8,760 are illegitimate.

Gaming Houses.—The annual receipt is £360,000.; the whole expenses £60,000. Those who lease them clear in 6 years about £83,000.

Wine Tax.—The annual revenue is a million sterling.

Theatres.—There are 10,000 persons daily at the theatres, Of these, it is estimated, 6,816 pay for admission. The annual average receipts of all the theatres is £209,298.

Tombs.—The price for a tomb in *Pere la Chaise*, is about £4. without the right to the grave; some have cost £1,400. Those erected to women are fewer by half than those for men.

Travellers.—The average since the peace of 1814, is 17,676 English residents or travellers in Paris.

MOTTO AND TRANSLATION.

Presto et Presto.
Double quick time.

DAILOGUE BETWEEN GLUTTON AND ECHO.

THE following lines, written in the year 1609, are said to have induced Butler to pursue the same idea in his *Hudibras:*

Dialogue.

Glutton.—My belly I do deify.
Echo.—Fie.
Glutton.—Who curbs his appetite's a fool.
Echo.—Ah! fool!
Glutton.—I do not like this abstinence.
Echo.—Hence!
Glutton.—My joy's a feast, my wish is wine.
Echo.—Swine.
Glutton.—We epicures are happy truly.
Echo.—You lie.
Glutton.—May I not, Echo, eat my fill.
Echo.—Ill.
Glutton.—Will it hurt me if I drink too much?
Echo.—Much.
Glutton.—Thou mock'st me nymph, I'll not believe it.
Echo.—Believe it.
Glutton.—Dost thou condemn then what I do?
Echo.—I do.
Glutton.—Is it that which brings infirmities?
Echo.—It is!
Glutton.—Then sweetest temperance I'll love thee.
Echo. I love thee..
Glutton. If all be true which thou dost tell, To gluttony I bid farewell.
Echo.—Farewell. W. A.

EPITAPH ON A GAMESTER.

HERE lies a gamester, poor but willing,
Who left the room without a shilling.
Losing each stake, till he had thrown
His lust, and lost the game to Death;
If Paradise his soul has won,
'Twas a rare stroke of luck i'faith!

SUICIDE is very common among the New Zealanders: thus, a woman who has been beaten by her husband will perhaps hang herself immediately.

MAGISTERIAL LEARNING.

A MAYOR of Yarmouth being by his office a justice of the peace, and one who was willing to dispense the laws wisely, though he could hardly read, procured the statute-book, where finding a law against *firing a beacon*, or causing any *beacon* to be fired after nine at night; the sapient mayor read it *frying bacon*, or causing any bacon to be fried. Accordingly he went out the next night on the scent, and being directed by his nose to a carrier's house, he found the man and his wife both frying bacon, the husband holding the pan, while the wife turned it; being thus caught in the fact, and having nothing to say for themselves, his worship committed them both to gaol to abide the consequence of the offence.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 636, New Market, Leipsic, and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

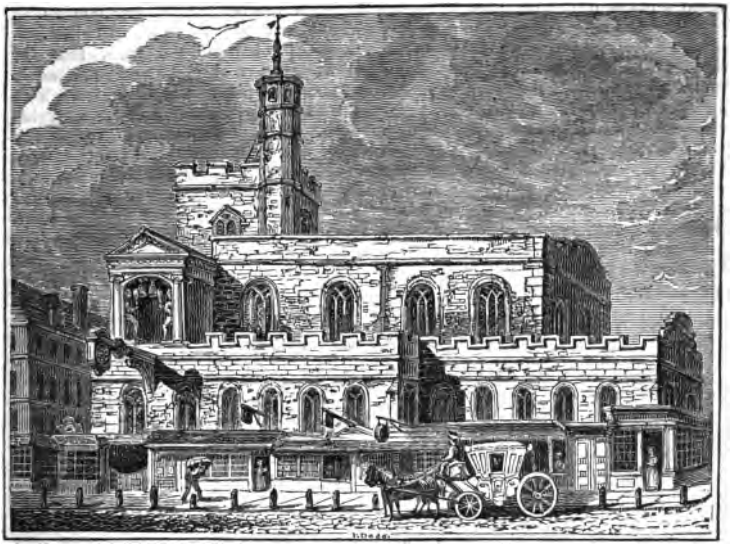
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 388.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1829. [Price 2d.

St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street.



No church in London is perhaps better known than the above, which is distinctively called Saint Dunstan's in the West. External elegance has little to do with this celebrity, which has been acquired by the two wooden figures placed on a pediment in front, representing savages, who indicate the hours and quarters by striking a bell with their clubs: this has caused a wag to describe them as the most striking wonders of the metropolis. Another, who is equally disposed to sport with their notoriety, says, "as they are visible in the street, they are more admired by many of the populace on Sundays, than the most elegant preacher from the pulpit within." We are, however, induced to hope better; especially as Dr. Donne, the celebrated Richard Baxter, and the pious Romaine were preachers at St. Dunstan's.

There is no evidence when this church was erected; but Stow records burials in it so early as the year 1421. The date of the above view is 1739, and from a foot-note to the Engraving, we learn that the church was dedicated to St. Dunstan, archbishop of Canterbury, who died A.D. 990. "It was anciently a Rectory, in the patronage of the Convent of Westminster. Richard de Barking, the abbot, in 1237, granted the advowson to King Henry III., which continued in the crown till 1362; it was afterwards in the gift of the bishop of London, till 1386; when Robert de Braybrooke, the bishop, granted it to the abbot and Convent of Premonastratenses of Alnwick in Northumberland, where the patronage remained till their suppression. King Edward VI. granted it to the Lord Dudley, but both the Rectory and Advowson of the Vicarage were afterwards granted to Sir Richard Sackville, till alienated to George Rivers, in 1625; it is now in the gift of Joseph Taylor, Esq." (to whom the Plate is dedicated).

St. Dunstan's luckily escaped the fire of London in 1666, which stopped within three houses of it, as did also another fire, in 1730. The clock and figures were put up in 1761, and an accurate description of them (quoted from Smith's *London* by our esteemed correspondent, P. T. W.) will be found at page 148, vol. xi. of the Mirror. The church was thoroughly repaired, and the roof

Rousseau could not contain his ecstacy at beholding a little flower *(la parvenche)* in bloom, which thirty years before, Madame de Warens had first pointed out to his notice. That simple incident summoned up a train of exquisite reminiscences. No one, indeed, ever yielded so entirely to the influence of local enthusiasm as the author of the *Nouvelle Heloise*. No one has so successfully attempted to invest scenes, in themselves beautiful, with the additional and powerful interest of ideal recollections. Picturesque as are the shores of Leman, Meillerie, and Vevai, yet to Rousseau's sublime conceptions and eloquent descriptions, they are chiefly indebted for the celebrity which they enjoy. Nature made Switzerland a land of rugged magnificence. To complete the charm, nothing was wanted, but that its mountains should be peopled by the creations of Rousseau.

It were needless, however, to travel to foreign countries in search of interesting localities. Our own island teems with them. In the metropolis and its environs, a diligent inquirer will find them at every step. How many coffee-houses and taverns are there in London which at one time or another have been frequented by celebrated characters, and how many houses in which others equally celebrated have resided; such as that of Milton, in Westminster; and of Johnson, in Bolt Court. How many old gable-ended tenements do we see in the eastern parts of the town that were standing before the fire, and which, if explored, might be found to contain the most interesting relics of antiquity. What a number of streets, courts, and alleys, bearing names at once indicative of their ancient origin, and of scenes, and persons, and local circumstances long since forgotten!

Then, if we extend our perambulations to the vicinity of London, how many hallowed places shall we meet with? Where can we find a palace like Windsor Castle, to which attach the historical recollections of many centuries, adding, if possible, yet more solemnity to Gothic grandeur? Again, can there be conceived a spot more entirely consecrated to classical associations than the grotto, at Twickenham; that retreat in which gazing on "Thames translucent stream," Pope passed so many hours of undisturbed privacy—that spot

"Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul."

I have visited it in summer, when the warmth of a mid-day sun has rendered the "*frigus amabile*" of the interior doubly inviting, and on such occasions, have quite revelled in local enthusiasm.

I remember, some years since, visiting the Duke of Devonshire's beautiful villa, at Chiswick, in company with a friend, whose sentiments on the subject of local impressions are similar to my own. While I was admiring books and paintings in the library, my companion was contemplating in mute emotion, the bed upon which Charles Fox breathed his last. That one object engrossed all the powers of his soul; every other was forgotten! C. J.

THE HUMBLE SPARROW'S ADDRESS TO T. S. A.

(For the Mirror.)

My dearest Sir, how great a change
Has pass'd upon the groves I range,
Nay, all the face of nature!
A few weeks back, each pendent bough,
The fields, the groves, the mountain's brow,
Were bare and leafless all, but now
How verdant ev'ry feature!

Each little songster strives to raise
Its highest warbling notes of praise,
For all these blessings given:—
Ere Sol emerges from behind
The eastern hills, the lark we find
Soars, as it were on wings of wind,
With grateful notes to heaven.

A thousand others catch the strains,
Each bush and tree a tongue contains,
That offers up its praises.
From morn till the meridian day,
From noon till Sol has sunk away,
One ceaseless song, one grateful lay,
Each feather'd songster raises.

And when Night's grim and sable hand,
Spreads her dim curtains o'er the land,
And all our prospect closes;
Then Philomela, queen of song,
The sweetest of the feather'd throng,
Takes up the theme the whole night long,
While nature all reposes.

Then surely I, the humblest bird,
That e'er among the groves was heard,
Should aid the thankful chorus;
With *chirping note* I'll join the sound,
For not *a Sparrow*, 'twill be found,
Without his will falls to the ground,
Who high above reigns o'er us.

But what avail my feeble powers,
When softer notes descend in showers,
Mine are not worth regarding;
No honour'd title gilds my name,
No dulcet notes I e'er could claim;
So worthless I, you may obtain
Two Sparrows for a farthing.

Besides, I ne'er was form'd to *sing*,
And so must soar on humbler wing,
Since nature saw it fitter;

But yet my feeble powers I'll try,
And sound my *chatt'ring* notes on high,
For I am sure you'll not deny
To hear my simple *twitter*.

My gratitude is doubly due,
For all the hedges * in my view,
Afford a verdant cover;
I now can build my nest once more,
From childhood's prying glance secure,
And from the hawk's keen eye, tho' o'er
The sacred bush he hover.

Oh! had I Philomela's tongue,
The thrush's note, or warbling song
Of blackbird, lark, or linnet;
I'd then more gratitude display,
Striving to raise a sweeter lay,
I'd sing the fleeting hours away,
Nor silent be a minute.

But I must quit the trembling spray,
And to my duty fly away,
To pick a straw or feather;
My mate is somewhere on the wing,
I think she's gone some moss to bring,
For we must work while it is spring,
And build our nest together.

So now adieu—I've chirp'd too long,
Must leave the finish of my song
To some more learned bird's son;
Whose mellow notes can charm the ear
With no discordant chatter near;
So now, dear Sir, I'm your sincere
And humble Sparrow,

HARDSON.

TO A DESTRUCTIVE INSECT ON A ROSEBUD.

IN MANNER OF BURNS.

(For the Mirror.)

Ye imp o' death, how durst ye dwell
Within this pure and hallow'd cell,
Thy purposes I ken fu' well
Are to destroy,
And wi' a mortal breathing spell,
To blast each joy!

Yet why upo' so sma' a flower,
Dost thou exert thy deadly pow'r,
And nip fair beauty's natal hour,
Wi' thy vile breath,
It is when wint'ry storms do low'r,
We look for death.

But thou, thou evil one, hast come,
To bring this wee rose to its doom,
Not i' time of woe and gloom,
But i' the spring,
When flowerets just begin to bloom,
And birds to sing.

O fie, begone fra out my sight,
Nor dare attempt such joy to blight,
Thou evil wicked-doing doit,
Then hie away,
Seek not the *morning*, but the *night*
To crush thy prey!

J. F. C.

* You will perceive the writer is a *hedge-sparrow*.

The Contemporary Traveller.

JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF THE RED INDIANS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

(Concluded from page 136.)

"We spent several melancholy days wandering on the borders of the east end of the lake, surveying the various remains of what we now contemplated to have been an unoffending and cruelly extirpated people. At several places, by the margin of the lake, are small clusters of winter and summer wigwams in ruins. One difference, among others, between the Bœothick wigwams and those of the other Indians, is, that in most of the former there are small hollows, like nests, dug in the earth around the fireplace, one for each person to sit in. These hollows are generally so close together, and also so close to the fireplace, and to the sides of the wigwam, that I think it probable these people have been accustomed to sleep in a sitting position. There was one wooden building constructed for drying and smoking venison in, still perfect; also a small log-house, in a dilapidated condition, which we took to have been once a storehouse. The wreck of a large, handsome, birch-rind canoe, about twenty-two feet in length, comparatively new, and certainly very little used, lay thrown up among the bushes at the beach. We supposed that the violence of a storm had rent it in the way it was found, and that the people who were in it had perished; for the iron nails, of which there was no want, all remained in it. Had there been any survivors, nails being much prized by these people, they never having held intercourse with Europeans, such an article would most likely have been taken out for use again. All the birch trees in the vicinity of the lake had been rinded, and many of them, and of the spruce fir, or var, had the bark taken off, to use the inner part of it for food, as noticed before.

"Their wooden repositories for the dead are what are in the most perfect state of preservation. These are of different constructions, it would appear, according to the character or rank of the persons entombed. In one of them, which resembled a hut ten f et by eight or nine, and four or five feet high in the centre, floored with squared poles, the roof covered with rinds of trees, and in every way well secured against the weather inside, and the intrusion of wild beasts, there were two grown persons laid out at full length, on the floor,

the bodies wrapped round with deer-skins. One of these bodies appeared to have been placed here not longer ago than five or six years. We thought there were children laid in here also. On first opening this building, by removing the posts which formed the ends, our curiosity was raised to the highest pitch; but what added to our surprise, was the discovery of a white deal coffin, containing a skeleton neatly shrouded in white muslin. After a long pause of conjecture how such a thing existed here, the idea of *Mary March* occurred to one of the party, and the whole mystery was at once explained.*

"In this cemetery were deposited a variety of articles, in some instances the property, in others the representations of the property and utensils, and of the achievements, of the deceased. There were two small wooden images of a man and woman, no doubt meant to represent husband and wife and a small doll which we supposed to represent a child (for *Mary March* had to leave her only child here, which died two days after she was taken); several small models of their canoes; two small models of boats; an iron axe; a bow and quiver of arrows were placed by the side of *Mary March's* husband; and two fire-stones (radiated iron pyrites, from which they produce fire, by striking them together) lay at his head; there were also various kinds of culinary utensils, neatly made, of birch rind and ornamented; and many other things, of some of which we did not know the use or meaning.

"Another mode of sepulture which we saw here was, where the body of the deceased had been wrapped in birch rind, and with his property, placed on a sort of scaffold about four feet and a half from the ground. The scaffold was formed of four posts, about seven feet high, fixed perpendicularly in the ground, to sustain a kind of crib, five feet and a half in length, by four in breadth, with a floor made of small squared beams, laid close together horizontally, and on which the body and property rested.

"A third mode was, when the body, bent together, and wrapped in birch rind, was enclosed in a kind of box, on the ground. The box was made of small squared posts, laid on each other horizontally, and notched at the corners, to make them meet close; it was about four feet by three, and two and a half feet deep, and well lined with birch rind, to exclude the weather from the inside. The body lay on its right side.

"A fourth and the most common mode of burying among these people, has been, to wrap the body in birch rind, and cover it over with a heap of stones, on the surface of the earth, in some retired spot; sometimes the body, thus wrapped up, is put a foot or two under

* It should be remarked here, that Mary March, so called from the name of the month in which she was taken, was the Red Indian female who was captured and carried away by force from this place by an armed party of English people, nine or ten in number, who came up here in the month of March, 1809. The local government authorities at that time did not foresee the result of offering a reward to *bring a Red Indian to them*. Her husband was cruelly shot, after nobly making several attempts, single-handed, to rescue her from the captors, in defiance of their fire-arms, and fixed bayonets. His tribe built this cemetery for him, on the foundation of his own wigwam, and his body is one of those now in it. The following winter, Captain Buchan was sent to the River Exploits, by order of the local government of Newfoundland, to take back this woman to the lake, where she was captured, and if possible at the same time, to open a friendly intercourse with her tribe. But she died on board Captain B.'s vessel, at the mouth of the river. Captain B. however, took up her body to the lake; and not meeting with any of her people, left it where they were afterwards likely to meet with it. It appears the Indians were this winter encamped on the banks of the River Exploits, and observed Captain B.'s party passing up the river on the ice. They retired from their encampments in consequence, and, some weeks afterwards, went by a circuitous route to the lake, to ascertain what the party had been doing there. They found *Mary March's* body, and removed it from where Captain B. had left it to where it now lies, by the side of her husband.

With the exception of Captain Buchan's first expedition, by order of the local government of Newfoundland, in the winter of 1810, to endeavour to open a friendly intercourse with the Red Indians, the two parties just mentioned are the only two we know of that had ever before been up to the Red Indian Lake. Captain B. at that time succeeded in forcing an interview with the principal encampment of these people. All of the tribe that remained at that period were then at the Great Lake, divided into parties, and in their winter encampments, at different places in the woods on the margin of the lake. Hostages were exchanged; but Captain B. had not been absent from the Indians two hours, in his return to a depôt left by him at a short distance down the river, to take up additional presents for them, when the want of confidence of these people in the whites evinced itself. A suspicion spread among them that he had gone down to bring up a reinforcement of men, to take them all prisoners to the sea-coast; and they resolved immediately to break up their encampment and retire farther into the country, and alarm and join the rest of their tribe, who were all at the western parts of the lake. To prevent their proceedings being known, they killed and then cut off the heads of the two English hostages; and, on the same afternoon on which Captain B. had left them, they were in full retreat across the lake, with baggage, children, &c. The whole of them afterwards spent the remainder of the winter together, at a place twenty to thirty miles to the south-west, on the south-east side of the lake. On Captain B.'s return to the lake next day or the day after, the cause of the scene there was inexplicable; and it remained a mystery until now, when we can gather some facts relating to these people from the Red Indian woman, *Shawnawdithit*.

the surface, and the spot covered with stones; in one place, where the ground was sandy and soft, they appeared to have been buried deeper, and no stones placed over the graves.

"These people appear to have always shewn great respect for their dead; and the most remarkable remains of them commonly observed by Europeans at the sea-coast, are their burying-places. These are at particular chosen spots; and it is well known that they have been in the habit of bringing their dead from a distance to them. With their women they bury only their clothes.

"On the north-side of the lake, opposite the River Exploits, are the extremities of two deer fences, about half a mile apart, where they lead to the water. It is understood that they diverge many miles in north-westerly directions. The Red Indian makes these fences to lead and scare the deer to the lake, during the periodical migration of these animals; the Indians being stationed looking out, when the deer get into the water to swim across, the lake being narrow at this end, they attack and kill the animals with spears out of their canoes. In this way they secure their winter provisions before the severity of that season sets in.

"There were other old remains of different kinds peculiar to these people met with about the lake.

"One night we encamped on the foundation of an old Red Indian wigwam, on the extremity of a point of land which juts out into the lake, and exposed to the view of the whole country around. A large fire at night is the life and soul of such a party as ours, and when it blazed up at times, I could not help observing that two of my Indians evinced uneasiness and want of confidence in things around, as if they thought themselves usurpers on the Red Indian territory. From time immemorial none of the Indians of the other tribes had ever encamped near this lake fearlessly, and, as we had now done, in the very centre of such a country; the lake and territory adjacent having been always considered to belong exclusively to the Red Indians, and to have been occupied by them. It had been our invariable practice hitherto, to encamp near the hills, and be on their summits by the dawn of day, to try to discover the morning smoke ascending from the Red Indians' camps; and to prevent the discovery of ourselves, we extinguished our own fire always some length of time before daylight.

"Our only and frail hope now left of seeing the Red Indians, lay on the banks of the River Exploits, on our return to the sea-coast.

"The Red Indians' Lake discharges itself about three or four miles from its north-east end, and its waters form the River Exploits. From the lake to the sea-coast is considered about seventy miles; and down this noble river the steady perseverance and intrepidity of my Indians carried me on rafts in four days, to accomplish which otherwise, would have required, probably, two weeks. We landed at various places on both banks of the river on our way down, but found no traces of the Red Indians so recent as those seen at the portage at Badger Bay-Great Lake, towards the beginning of our excursion. During our descent, we had to construct new rafts at the different waterfalls. Sometimes we were carried down the rapids at the rate of ten miles an hour, or more, with considerable risk of destruction to the whole party, for we were always together on one raft.

"What arrests the attention most, while gliding down the stream, is the extent of the Indian fences to entrap the deer. They extend from the lake downwards, continuous, on the banks of the river, at least thirty miles. There are openings left here and there in them, for the animals to go through and swim across the river, and at these places the Indians are stationed, and kill them in the water with spears, out of their canoes, as at the lake. Here, then, connecting these fences with those on the north-west side of the lake, is at least forty miles of country, easterly and westerly, prepared to intercept all the deer that pass that way in their periodical migrations. It was melancholy to contemplate the gigantic, yet feeble, efforts of a whole primitive nation, in their anxiety to provide subsistence, forsaken and going to decay.

"There must have been hundreds of the Red Indians, and that not many years ago, to have kept up these fences and pounds. As their numbers were lessened so was their ability to keep them up for the purposes intended; and now the deer pass the whole line unmolested.

"We infer, that the few of these people who yet survive have taken refuge in some sequestered spot, still in the northern part of the island, and where they can procure deer to subsist on.

"On the 29th of November we had again returned to the mouth of the River Exploits, in thirty days after our departure from thence, after having made a

complete circuit of about 200 miles in the Red Indian territory.

"In conclusion, I congratulate the institution on the acquisition of several ingenious articles, the manufacture of the *Bœothicks*, or Red Indians, some of which we had the good fortune to discover on our recent excursion;—models of their canoes, bows and arrows, spears of different kinds, &c.; and also a complete dress worn by that people. Their mode of kindling fire is not only original, but, as far as we at present know, is peculiar to the tribe. These articles, together with a short vocabulary of their language, consisting of 200 or 300 words, which I have been enabled to collect, prove the Bœothicks to be a distinct tribe from any hitherto discovered in North America. One remarkable characteristic of their language, and in which it resembles those of Europe more than any other Indian languages do, with which we have had an opportunity of comparing it,—is its abounding in diphthongs."

Mr. Cormack thinks that after the unfortunate circumstances attending past encounters between the Europeans and the Red Indians, it is best now to employ Indians belonging to the other tribes to be the medium of the intercourse in view; and he has chosen three intelligent men from Newfoundland to follow up the search.

Notes of a Reader.

DERWENTWATER.

THE following touching episodal extract is from Dr. Southey's *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*:—The best general view of Derwentwater is from the terrace, between Applethwaite and Milbeck, a little beyond the former hamlet. The old roofs and chimneys of that hamlet come finely in the foreground, and the trees upon the Ornathwaite estate give there a richness to the middle ground, which is wanting in other parts of the vale. From that spot I once saw three artists sketching it at the same time—William Westall (who has engraved it among his admirable views of Keswick,) Glover, and Edward Nash, my dear, kind-hearted friend and fellow-traveller, whose death has darkened some of the blithest recollections of my latter life. I know not from which of the surrounding heights it is seen to most advantage; any one will amply repay the labour of the ascent; and often as I have ascended them all, it has never been without a fresh delight. The best near view is from a field adjoining Friar's Craig. There it is that, if I had Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus's purse (with leave of Greenwich Hospital be it spoken,) I would build myself a house.

Thither I had strolled, on one of those first genial days of spring which seem to affect the animal not less than the vegetable creation. At such times even I, sedentary as I am, feel a craving for the open air and sunshine, and creep out as instinctively as snails after a shower. Such seasons, which have an exhilarating effect upon youth, produce a soothing one when we are advanced in life. The root of an ash tree, on the bank which bends round the little bay, had been half bared by the waters during one of the winter floods, and afforded a commodious resting-place, whereon I took my seat, at once basking in the sun and bathing, as it were, in the vernal breeze. But delightful as all about me was to eye, and ear, and feeling, it brought with it a natural reflection, that the scene which I now beheld was the same which it had been and would continue to be, while so many of those with whom I had formerly enjoyed it, were past away. Our day-dreams become retrospective as we advance in years; and the heart feeds as naturally upon remembrance in age as upon hope in youth.

"Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?"

I thought of her, whom I had so often seen plying her little skiff upon that glassy water, the lady of the lake. It was like a poet's dream, or a vision of romance, to behold her—and like a vision or a dream she had departed!

"O gentle Emma, o'er a lovelier form
Than thine, earth never closed; nor o'er did heaven
Receive a purer spirit from the world!"

I thought of D., the most familiar of my friends during those years when we lived near enough to each other for familiar intercourse—my friend, and the friend of all who were dearest to me; a man, of whom all who knew him will concur with me in saying, that they never knew, nor could conceive of one more strictly dutiful, more actively benevolent, more truly kind, more thoroughly good; the pleasantest companion, the sincerest counsellor, the most considerate friend, the kindest host, the welcomest guest. After our separation, he had visited me here three summers; with him it was that I had first explored this land of lakes in all directions; and again and again should we have retraced our steps in the wildest recesses of these vales and mountains, and lived over the

past again, if he had not, too early for all who loved him,

"Began the travel of eternity."

I called to mind my hopeful H——, too, so often the sweet companion of my morning walks to this very spot; in whom I had fondly thought my better part should have survived me, and

"With whom it seemed my very life
Went half away!
But we shall meet—but we shall meet
Where parting tears shall never flow;
And when I think thereon, almost
I long to go!"

"Thy dead shall live, O Lord; together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust! for Thy dew is as the dew of herbs; and the earth shall cast out her dead!"

Surely, to the sincere believer death would be an object of desire instead of dread, were it not for those ties—those heartstrings—by which we are attached to life. Nor, indeed, do I believe that it is natural to fear death, however generally it may be thought so. From my own feelings I have little right to judge; for, although habitually mindful that the hour cometh, and even now may be, it has never appeared actually near enough to make me duly apprehend its effect upon myself. But from what I have observed, and what I have heard those persons say whose professions lead them to the dying, I am induced to infer that the fear of death is not common, and that where it exists it proceeds rather from a diseased and enfeebled mind, than from any principle in our nature. Certain it is, that among the poor the approach of dissolution is usually regarded with a quiet and natural composure, which it is consolatory to contemplate, and which is as far removed from the dead palsy of unbelief as it is from the delirious raptures of fanaticism. Theirs is a true, unhesitating faith; and they are willing to lay down the burden of a weary life, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality. Who, indeed, is there, that would not gladly make the exchange, if he lived only for himself, and were to leave none who stood in need of him—no eyes to weep at his departure, no hearts to ache for his loss? The day of death, says the preacher, is better than the day of one's birth; a sentence to which whoever has lived long, and may humbly hope that he has not lived ill, must heartily assent.

MASANIELLO.

THE last No. (8,) of the *Foreign Quarley Review*, just published, contains an attractive article on the Revolutions o Naples, in 1647 and 1648, in which Masaniello played so conspicuous a part. The paper is in the easy historical style of Sir Walter Scott; but as little could be selected for our pages, except the Adventures of the Rebel Fisherman, and as we have given the leading events of his life in an early volume of the MIRROR, we content ourselves with the following passage. After a tolerably fair estimate of the character of Masaniello, in which Sir Walter considers his extraordinary rise as a work of fortune and contingency rather than of his own device in the conception, or his own exertions in the execution—the writer says—

"It would be doing Masaniello injustice, however, if we did not add, that having no distinct prospect of rendering essential service to his country, he was at the same time totally free from any sinister views of personal aggrandizement. He appears to have been sincere in his wishes, that when he had set Naples free,—by which he understood the abolition of imposts,—the government of it should be committed to a popular management. The Memoirs of 1828 record a singular circumstance with regard to this point, on the authority of De Santis. While, on Friday, July 12th, the sixth day of the insurrection, he was sitting in his judgment-seat, a female masked, or man in woman's habit, approached and whispered, 'Masaniello, we have reached the goal, a crown is prepared, and it is for thy brows.'—'For mine?' he replied, 'I desire none but the green wreath with which we honour Our Lady's festival in September. When I have delivered my country I shall resume my nets.'—'You find them no more. Rebellion should not be undertaken, or it should be carried on to the end.'—'I will resume my nets,' said Masaniello steadily. 'You will not find them,' said the intrusive monitor. 'What, then, shall I find?'—'Death!' answered the masked figure, and withdrew into the crowd. An evidence of the purity of his intentions, though combined with gross ignorance, was afforded by the rigour with which he insisted on the destruction of the treasure and rich movables found in the houses which were destroyed during the first days of the tumult. Latterly, indeed, he yielded to the suggestions of Genuino and d'Arpaya, that these things should be preserved for the good of the state, and for the purpose of presenting them as a donative to Philip

IV. in place of the abolished gabelles. But whatever was the case with regard to less scrupulous insurgents, he participated in no plunder, until vanity produced madness, or madness vanity. On the whole we may conclude, that he was a man whose principal characteristic was the boldness with which he pursued an object ardently desired, but who was alike incapable, from want of knowledge and talents, to avail himself of the success which so wonderfully crowned his enterprise. How far his cruelty was the effect of natural disposition, or a consequence of his malady, is a question that must be left to HIM to whom alone it can be known."

LONDON.

Literally translated from a Chinese Poem, by a Chinese who visited England in 1813.

THE towering edifices rise story above story,
In all the stateliness of splendid mansions:
Railings of iron thickly stud the sides of every entrance;
And streams from the river circulate through the walls;
The sides of each apartment are variegated with devices;
Through the windows of glass appear the scarlet hangings.
And in the street itself is presented a beautiful scene;
The congregated buildings have all the aspect of a picture.

In London, about the period of the ninth moon,
The inhabitants delight in travelling to a distance;
They change their abodes and betake themselves to the country,
Visiting their friends in their rural retreats.
The prolonged sound of carriages and steeds is heard through the day;
Then in autumn the prices of provisions fall,
And the greater number of dwellings being untenanted,
Such as require it are repaired and adorned.

The spacious streets are exceedingly smooth and level,
Each being crossed by others at intervals;
On either side perambulate men and females,
In the centre, career along the carriages and horses;
The mingled sound of voices is heard in the shops at evening.
During midwinter the accumulated snows adhere to the pathway,
Lamps are displayed at night along the street sides,
Their radiance twinkling like the stars of the sky.

MOZART was *rather vain* of the proportion of his hands and feet—but not of having written the Requiem or the Don Juan.

BURMESE DIGNITY.

MR. CRAWFURD, in his account of the *Embassy to Ava*, relates the following specimen of the dignity of a Burmese minister. While sitting under an awning on the poop of the steam vessel, a heavy squall, with rain, came on.—"I suggested to his excellency the convenience of going below, which he long resisted, under the apprehension of committing his dignity by placing himself in a situation where persons might tread over his head, for this singular antipathy is common both to the Burmese and Siamese. The prejudice is more especially directed against the fair sex; a pretty conclusive proof of the estimation in which they are held. His excellency seriously demanded to know whether any woman had ever trod upon the poop; and being assured in the negative, he consented at length to enter the cabin."

STEAM.

A QUOTATION from Agathias clearly establishes a knowledge of the applicability of steam to mechanical purposes so early as the reign of the emperor Justinian, when the philosopher Anthemius most unphilosophically employed its powerful agency at Constantinople to shake the house of a litigious neighbour. It is also recorded, that Pope Sylvester II. constructed an organ, that was worked by steam. As compared with recent ingenuity, however, these applications may fairly bring to mind the Frenchman's boast of his countryman's invention of the frill and the ruffle; while his English opponent claimed for his native land the honour of suggesting the addition of the shirt.

MEDICAL MUSIC.

SHARP, the surgeon, Sir Charles Blicke's master, was a great amateur of music, but he never used it as a means of curing patients, only in attracting them. It was said that he "fiddled himself into practice, and fiddled Mr. Pott out of it;" certain it is Mr. Pott, not being a *flat*, did not choose to act in *concert* with *Sharp*, and made a quick movement to the westward.

BOERHAAVE tells us, that one of the greatest orators of antiquity, Tiberius Gracchus, when animated, used to cry out like an old woman; to avoid which, he had a servant, who, at these periods, sounded a pipe, by way of hint, as well as to pitch the tone, so sensible was he of the importance of a well-regulated voice.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

LINES ON THE DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

On England's shore I saw a pensive band,
With sails unfurl'd for earth's remotest strand,
Like children parting from a mother, shed
Tears for the home that could not yield them bread;
Grief mask'd each face receding from the view,
'Twas grief to nature honourably true.
And long, poor wand'rers o'er th' ecliptic deep,
The song that names but home shall bid you weep;
Oft shall ye fold your flocks by stars above
In that far world, and miss the stars ye love;
Oft, when its tuneless birds scream round forlorn,
Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn,
And, giving England's names to distant scenes,
Lament that earth's extension intervenes.

But cloud not yet too long, industrious train,
Your solid good with sorrow nursed in vain:
For has the heart no interest yet as bland
As that which binds us to our native land?
The deep-drawn wish, when children crown our hearth,
To hear the cherub-chorus of their mirth,
Undamp'd by dread that want may o'er unhouse,
Or servile misery knit those smiling brows:
The pride to rear an independent shed,
And give the lips we love unburrow'd bread;
To see a world, from shadowy forests won,
In youthful beauty wedded to the sun;
To skirt our home with harvests widely sown,
And call the blooming landscape all our own,
Our children's heritage, in prospect long.
These are the hopes, high-minded hopes and strong,
That beckon England's wanderers o'er the brine,
To realms where foreign constellations shine:
Where streams from undiscovered fountains roll,
And winds shall fan them from th' Antarctic pole.
And what though doom'd to shores so far apart
From England's home, that ev'n the home-sick heart
Quails, thinking, ere that gulf can be recross'd,
How large a space of fleeting life is lost:
Yet there, by time, their bosoms shall be changed,
And strangers once shall cease to sigh estranged,
But jocund in the year's long sunshine roam,
That yields their sickle twice its harvest home.

There, marking o'er his farm's expanding ring
New fleeces whiten and new fruits upspring,
The grey-haired swain, his grandchild sporting round,
Shall walk at eve his little empire's bound,
Emblazed with ruby vintage, ripening corn,
And verdant rampart of Acacian thorn,
While, mingling with the scent his pipe exhales,
The orange-grove's and fig-tree's breath prevails;
Survey with pride beyond a monarch's spoil,
His honest arm's own subjugated soil;
And summing all the blessings God has given,
Put up his patriarchal prayer to Heaven,
That when his bones shall here repose in peace,
The scions of his love may still increase,
And o'er a land where life has ample room,
In health and plenty innocently bloom.

Delightful land, in wildness ev'n benign,
The glorious past is ours, the future thine!
As in a cradled Hercules, we trace
The lines of empire in thine infant face.
What nations in thy wide horizon's span
Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man!
What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam,
Where now the panther laps a lonely stream.

And all but brute or reptile life is dumb!
Land of the free! thy kingdom is to come,
Of states, with laws from Gothic bondage burst,
And creeds by charter'd priesthood's unaccurst
Of navies, hoisting their emblazon'd flags,
Where shipless seas now wash unbeacon'd crags;
Of hosts review'd in dazzling files and squares,
Their pennon'd trumpets breathing native airs,
For minstrels thou shalt have of native fire,
And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire;
Our very speech, methinks, in after time,
Shall catch th' Ionian blandness of thy clime;
And whilst the light and luxury of thy skies
Give brighter smiles to beauteous woman's eyes,
The Arts, whose soul is love, shall all spontaneous rise.

Untrack'd in deserts lies the marble mine,
Undug the ore that midst thy roofs shall shine;
Unborn the hands—but born they are to be—
Fair Australasia, that shall give to thee
Proud temple domes, with galleries winding high,
So vast in space, so just in symmetry,
They widen to the contemplating eye,
With colonnaded aisles in long array,
And windows that enrich the flood of day
O'er tesselated pavements, pictures fair,
And niched statues breathing golden air.
Nor there, whilst all that's seen bids Fancy swell,
Shall Music's voice refuse to seal the spell;
But choral hymns shall wake enchantment round,
And organs blow their tempests of sweet sound.

Meanwhile, ere Arts triumphant reach their goal,
How blest the years of pastoral life shall roll!
Ev'n should some wayward hour the settler's mind
Brood sad on scenes for ever left behind,
Yet not a pang that England's name imparts,
Shall touch a fibre of his children's hearts;
Bound to that native world by nature's bond,
Full little shall their wishes rove beyond
Its mountains blue, and melon-skirted streams,
Since childhood loved and dreamt of in their dreams.
How many a name, to us uncouthly wild,
Shall thrill that region's patriotic child,
And bring as sweet thoughts o'er his bosom's chords,
As aught that's named in song to us affords!
Dear shall that river's margin be to him,
Where sportive first he bathed his boyish limb,
Or petted birds, still brighter than their bowers,
Or twin'd his tame young kangaroo with flowers.
But more magnetic yet to memory
Shall be the sacred spot, still blooming nigh,
The bower of love, where first his bosom burn'd,
And smiling passion saw its smile return'd.

Go forth and prosper then, emprizing band;
May He, who in the hollow of his hand
The ocean holds, and rules the whirlwind's sweep,
Assuage its wrath, and guide you on the deep!

New Monthly Magazine.

SMALL TALK AND SMALL ACCOMPLISHMENTS, OR HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF AGREEABLE.

CONVERSATION, like a shuttlecock, should not be suffered to remain with one person, but ought to pass in turn to all. But as few people think for themselves, so few people talk for themselves, and a colloquial monopoly is as common and as disagreeable as any other. Yet when we observe how much these rattles are caressed, 'tis wonderful there are so few. Talent is by no means

indispensable, and is the more valuable in proportion as it is flimsy or superficial. The great art lies in the choice of a subject. Let it be some *liaison* in the *beau monde*—the appearance of a new singer or actress—the detail of a recent duel, with particulars and embellishments, and your fortune is made at once. Do not affect any thing like a literary character, for scholars are reckoned *bores*. The only matters of this sort with which you can safely meddle are the fashionable novels—satirical poems—the magazines, and newspapers (eschewing the political articles as vulgar). It is absolutely necessary to be familiar with the names of all the editors in town, and these can easily be picked up from any of the tatterdemalions who prowl about police offices for the purpose of reporting the trials at a penny per line, which is, in most cases, exactly a penny per line too much. You must drop the complimentary *Mr.*, and say, "A. of the Chronicle and I—the last time I saw B. of the Globe—C. of the Spectator told me t'other day," and so on. Of course it is not of the slightest consequence whether you ever saw one of the parties. You must also affect to be intimate with the theatrical *lions*, and be aware of the true state of all managerial squabbles for the season. Swear you have dined a dozen times with Sontag. *En passant*, the idea of a singer's patronizing a nation *wholesale*, as she has done in the case of the Silesians, is rather too good. Be indignant with Price for forfeiting Ellen Tree three several times in the sum of thirty pounds, and suppress the fact of his having remitted the penalty in the two first instances. Assume a mysterious air of "I could if I would," when Miss Love's elopement is mentioned, and state with heroic confidence that the Vesuvius scene in "Masaniello" at Astley's beat Drury by thirteen bricks and two ounces of Greek fire. You must pretend to know the salaries of all the *employés* in every establishment, and be able to describe the plot of every new piece the moment it is underlined. You can obtain sufficient information to enable you to pass muster on this subject any evening at the Garrick's Head. It would be of great service if you could contrive to be seen in conversation with a respectable actor now and then. You must have seen every sight and exhibited at every exhibition in town, and be able to discuss their several merits or demerits with a "learned spirit." A knowledge of the principal nobility—by person at least—is a *sine qua non*, for how else should you be able to recount the names of those you saw in the Park on Sunday last? Keep a list of the ages and portions of as many young ladies as possible, and be cautious how you dispose of your information on this score. These, I think, are the principal topics; and the best advice I can give is, "Never be quiet: speak on *ad infinitum*."

The man who inwardly digests these rules will be a treasure at any dinner party. The awful silence which prevails on the removal of the tablecloth—and an awful silence it surely is—will be dispelled. No ordinary man thinks of speaking, except in monosyllables, till he gets a little "elevated," and then he speaks nonsense as a matter of course. *You* must keep sober—for people will occasionally get "mellow," even in good society—and this you will easily manage to do by thinking of the immense superiority you will thus secure on joining the ladies in the drawing-room. You will be able to hand some blushing fair her coffee without pitching cup and contents into her lap, and stoop to pick up her fan or handkerchief without incurring the risk of breaking your nose. Should quadrilles be proposed, you will also be able to avoid those little *dos-à-dos* accidents which are by no means agreeable, and be qualified to pronounce, with tolerable certainty, which is your own partner.—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

VIDOCQ.

Some very pleasant blunderer is said to have declared Moore's Life of Sheridan to be the best piece of *Autobiography* he had ever read; and with little more propriety can the concluding volume of *Vidocq's Memoirs* be said to belong to that species of literature styled Autobiography. The early volumes, however, possessed this feature, but the present is little more than a criminal supplement to the Memoirs. Of this defect, the translator seems to be aware; for in his "Sequel," he says, instead of the important disclosures promised by the Police Agent, in vol. ii., "he has given us a nomenclature of the assassins, thieves, and swindlers of France, and no more." He has merely brought down his Memoirs to the year 1816, and

eked out his fourth volume with anecdotes and counsels, which have in most cases, more interest than novelty to recommend them. Still they are worth reading, although of a different character to the scenes, or as a wag would say, the "concerted pieces" which we have quoted from the three previous volumes. Our present quotations will not therefore possess the interest of complicated schemes.

At page 34, Vidocq awards to our metropolis, no very desirable distinction—

Town and Country Thieves.

"No capital in the world, London excepted, has within it so many thieves as Paris. The pavement of the modern Lutetia is incessantly trodden by rogues. It is not surprising; for the facility of hiding them in the crowd makes all that are badly disposed resort thither, whether French or foreign. The greater number are fixed constantly in this vast city; some only come like birds of passage, at the approach of great occasions, or during the summer season. Besides these exotics, there are indigenous plants, which make a fraction in the population, of which the denominator is tolerably high. I leave to the great calculator, M. Charles Dupin, the task of enumerating them in decimals, and telling us if the sum that it amounts to should not be taken into consideration in the application of the black list."

False Keys.

"Cambrioleurs are plunderers of rooms, either by force or with false keys. There are of this class thieves of incredible effrontery; that of one Beaumont almost surpasses belief. Escaped from the Bagne at Rochefort, where he was sentenced to pass twelve years of his life, he came to Paris, and scarcely had he arrived there, where he had already practised, when, by way of getting his hand in, he committed several trifling robberies, and when by these preliminary steps he had proceeded to exploits more worthy of his ancient renown, he conceived the project of stealing a treasure. No one will imagine that this treasure was that of the *Bureau Central* (Central Office), now the Prefecture of Police! It was already pretty difficult to procure impressions of the keys, but he achieved this first difficulty, and soon had in his possession all the means of effecting an opening; but to open was nothing, it was necessary to open without being perceived, to introduce himself without fear of being disturbed, to work without witnesses, and go out again freely. Beaumont, who had calculated all the difficulties that opposed him, was not dismayed. He had remarked that the private room of the chief officer, M. Henri, was nigh to the spot where he proposed to effect his entrance; he espied the propitious moment, and wished sincerely that some circumstance would call away so dangerous a neighbour for some time, and chance was subservient to his wishes.

"One morning, M. Henri was obliged to go out. Beaumont, sure that he would not return that day, ran to his house, put on a black coat, and in that costume, which, in those days, always announced a magistrate, or public functionary, presents himself at the entrance of the *Bureau Central*. The officer to whom he addressed himself supposed, of course, that he was at least a commissary. On the invitation of Beaumont, he gave him a soldier, whom he placed as sentinel at the entrance to the narrow passage which leads to the depôt, and commanded not to allow any person to pass. No better expedient could be found for preventing surprise. Thus Beaumont, in the midst of a crowd of valuable objects, could, at his leisure, and in perfect security, choose what best pleased him; watches, jewels, diamonds, precious stones, &c. He chose those which he deemed most valuable, most portable, and as soon as he had made his selection, he dismissed the sentinel, and disappeared.

"This robbery could not be long concealed, and the following day was discovered. Had thunder fallen on the police, they would have been less astonished than at this event. To penetrate to the very sanctuary!—the holy of holies! The fact appeared so very extraordinary, that it was doubted. Yet it was evident that a robbery had taken place, and to whom was it to be attributed? All the suspicions fell on the clerks; sometimes on one, sometimes on another; when Beaumont, betrayed by a friend, was apprehended, and sentenced a second time.

"The robbery he had committed might be estimated at some hundred thousand francs, the greater part of which were found on him.

"'There was wherewithal,' he said, 'to become an honest man; I should have become so; it is so easy when rich! yet how many rich men are only scoundrels!'

"These words were the only ones he uttered, when he was apprehended.

This surprising thief was conducted to Brest; where, after half a dozen escapes, which only served to make his subsequent confinement more rigorous, he died in a frightful state of exhaustion.

"Beaumont enjoyed amongst his confraternity a colossal reputation; and even now, when a rogue boasts of his lofty exploits—'Hold your tongue,' they say, 'you are not worthy to untie the shoe-strings of Beaumont!'

"In effect, to have robbed the police was the height of address. Is not a robbery of this nature the *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind, and can it do otherwise than make its perpetrator a hero in the eyes of his admirers? Who should dare to compare with him? Beaumont had robbed the police! Hang yourself, brave Crillon! hang yourself, Coignard! hang yourself, Pertruisard! hang yourself, Callet!—to him, you are but of Saint-Jean. What is it to have robbed states of service? To have carried off the treasure of the army of the Rhine? To have carried off the military chest?—Beaumont had robbed the police! Hang yourselves!—or go to England, they will hang you there."

The Misanthropic Swindler.

At page 71, Vidocq tells us a strange story of a fellow named Capdeville, who affecting misanthropy and disgust of the world, hired an apartment at a lone house near Paris, and employed his solitude in obtaining false keys of all the other rooms. Not quite settled here, "Capdeville published his intention of going out to discover an hermitage where he could pass his latter days in peace. He inquired of all the country proprietors who had places for sale within a circuit of six leagues, and it was soon known through the country that he was on the look-out for a place of the kind. Every body knew, of course, something that would suit him, but he would have only a patrimonial estate. 'Well, well,' said they, 'since he is so scrupulous, let him look out for himself.' This, in fact, he did.

"Determined to make a tour, to examine what was most likely to suit him, he employed himself ostensibly in preparations for his departure; he was only to be absent three or four days, but before he departed, he was anxious to know if there was no danger in leaving a secretary, in which were ten thousand francs, which he did not wish to take with him. Being assured on this point, and full of security, he did not hesitate to set out on his proposed journey.

"Capdeville did not go to a very great distance. During his sojourn in the house he had just left, he had had time to take impressions of all the keys which were requisite for his entrance into the dwelling of the landlord, who he knew was in the habit of dining in Paris, and did not return very early in the evening. By being there at dusk, Capdeville was certain of having before him all the time necessary for carrying on his operations. The sun had set, and, favoured by the darkness, he passed unperceived through Belleville, and having entered the house by the help of false keys, he entered the abode of the landlord, which he cleared out even to the linen.

"Towards the end of the fifth day they began to be uneasy at the non-appearance of the misanthrope; the next day a suspicion arose. Twenty-four hours later, and there was but one opinion respecting him; he was the thief. After such a trick mistrust all misanthropes. To whom then shall we trust, in whom place confidence? In philanthropists? By no means.

The misanthropy in this case must have been infectious, and the disgust of the lodger transferred to the landlord.

Other novelties oblige us to break off here for the present, so that another spice or two of the frauds of Paris stand over for our next.

The Anecdote Gallery.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PALEY.

From Best's Personal Memorials.

Some one came up to Paley and made an excuse for a friend, who was obliged to defer an intended visit to the subdeanery, because a man who had promised to pay him some money in April, could not pay it till May. "A common case," said Paley. We all laughed. Paley, by way of rewarding us for our complaisance in being pleased with what was recommended chiefly by the quaintness of his manner, went on:—"A man should never *paay mooney* till he can't help it; *soomething maay* happen. * * *

At another time he said, "I always desire my wife and daughters to pay ready money. It is of no use to desire them to buy only what they want; they will always imagine they want what they wish to buy; but that paying ready *mooney* is such a check upon their imagin*aa*tion." * * *

Paley's education had been sufficiently hardy. "My father rode to Peterborough, and I rode after him, on a horse that I could not manage. I tumbled

off. My father, without looking back, cried out, 'Get up again, Will.' When I set up a carriage, it was thought right that my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms; none of us had ever dreamed that such things existed, or had ever been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made, however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these *must* be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six months afterwards that we found out that the tankard had been *bought at a sale!*" * * *

He told me, "when I wanted to write any thing particularly well,—to do better than ordinary,—I used to order a post-chaise and go to Longtown; it is the first stage from Carlisle towards the north; there is a comfortable, quiet inn there. I asked for a room to myself; there then I was, safe from the bustle and trouble of a family; and there I remained as long as I liked, or till I had finished what I was about." I said, "That is a very curious anecdote;" and I said it in a tone which, from a certain change in his countenance, I believe to have set him on musing how this anecdote would appear in the history of his life. Paley took his rides on horseback occasionally, but always alone, without the attendance even of a servant. "I am so bad a horseman, that if any man on horseback was to come near me when I am riding, I should certainly have a fall; company would take off my attention, and I have need of all I can command to manage my horse and keep my seat; I have got a horse, the quietest creature that ever lived, one that at Carlisle used to be covered with children from the ears to the tail." Understanding all this, and seeing him gambadoing on the race-course, I turned my horse's head another way. "I saw what you meant this morning; it was very considerate of you; I am much obliged to you." Paley was too careful of petty expenses, as is frequently the case with those who have had but narrow incomes in early life. He kept a sufficiently handsome establishment as subdean, but he was stingy. A plentiful fall of snow took place during an evening party at the precentors's; two of Mr. Subdean's daughters were there; he showed great anxiety on account of the necessity that seemed to have arisen of sending them home in a sedan-chair; taking the advice of several of the company, whether such necessity really and inevitably existed, he said to me, "It is only next door." "The houses touch," said I, "but it is a long round to your door; the length of both houses and then through the garden in front of your house. He consulted the precentor, who, to put the matter in a right point of view, cried out, "Let the girls have a chair; it is only threepence a piece." * * *

He preached a sermon at Lincoln for the benefit of a charity school. In the course of this sermon he related, in familiar but sufficiently dignified language, a story of a man who, giving evidence on a trial respecting some prescriptive right claimed by the trustees of the charity, was browbeaten by the questioning counsel:—"I suppose the fact to which you swear happened when you were a charity boy, and used to go to school there?" The witness calmly replied, "I *was* a charity boy; and all the good that has befallen me in life has arisen from the education I received at that school." Paley drew hence an argument in favour of the institution for which he pleaded. The whole discourse pleased his auditors, and a deputation waited on him to request he would print it. "Gentlemen, I thank you for the compliment; but I must give the same answer that I have given on other like occasions; and that answer is — The tap is out." "The Archbishop of York," said he, speaking of a late primate, "preached one day at Carlisle; I was present, and felt muzzy and half asleep; when on a sudden I was roused, and began to prick up my ears; and what should I hear but a whole page of one of my own books quoted word for word; and this without the least acknowledgment, though it was a *white bear;* a passage that is often quoted and well known." "Now," said Dr. Milner, Dean of Carlisle, who related the anecdote, "guess what inference Paley drew from this plagiarism. No; if that court were full of people, not one of them would be able to guess: it was this—I suppose the archbishop's wife makes his grace's sermons for him."

THE city has always been the province for satire; and the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign.—*Addison.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

By a Reporter.

I ONCE had occasion to report, that a certain "noble lord was confined to his house with a *violent cold*"—next morning, I found his lordship represented to be "confined with a *violent scold!*" In the same way, on the occasion of a recent entertainment, I had said "that the first point of attraction and admiration were her *ladyship's looks;*" this compliment was transferred by the printer to her "*ladyship's cooks!*" My praises of the "*Infant Lyra*" were converted to a panegyric on the "*infant lyar.*" In an account of General Saldanha's conduct at Oporto, I observed that he "*behaved like a hero,*" while the printer made it appear that he "*behaved like a hare.*"—"We," says the *John Bull*, "often suffer in this way—about two years since, we represented Mr. Peel as having joined a party of *fiends* in Hampshire for the purpose of shooting *peasants;* and only last week, in a Scotch paper, we saw it gravely stated that a *surgeon* was taken alive in the river and sold to the inhabitants at 6*d.* and 10*d.* per pound."—*Atlas.*

TESTAMENT OF A USURER.

'I ORDER that my body be returned to the earth from whence it came, and I give my soul to the devil. I give likewise to the devil the souls of my wife and children, who encouraged me in usury for the sake of good cheer and fine clothes. *Item.* I give to the devil the soul of my confessor, who connived at my crimes by his silence."

ON the day when the news of the decease of Napoleon reached the Tuileries, Louis XVIII. was surrounded by a brilliant court, all of whom, with the exception of one man, received the intelligence with the most unequivocal signs of delight. This man was General Rapp, who burst into tears. The king perceived and noticed it. "Yes, Sire," answered the general, "I do weep for Napoleon; and you will excuse it, for to him I owe every thing in the world, even the honour of now serving your majesty, since it was he that made me what I am!" The king, in an elevated tone of voice, replied, "General, I do but esteem you the more. Fidelity which thus survives misfortune, proves to me how securely I may depend on you myself."

THE HINT TAKEN.

VOLTAIRE after being on terms of friendship with the King of Prussia, owing to his wit, gave some offence; when the King said to some of his courtiers—"When we squeeze the orange and have sucked the juice, we throw the rest away." Then said Voltaire *I must take care of the peel*—and quitted his Prussian majesty's dominions. L.P.S.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In the distich you have quoted from my Lectures at page 143 of your last MIRROR, it should have been stated that the statue was a Cupid. The original lines (Voltaire's) are—

Qui que tu sois, voici ton maître,
Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être.

B. H. SMART.

Connaught Terrace, Aug. 31.

IN Paris, when they break a window, the common people cry out, "*quarante-cinq,*" so as to produce a sound, in a measure harmonizing with the accident. It is to them a capital joke, because *quarante-cinq*, (45) is written with the two figures that make "*neuf*" (that is, in French, either *nine* or *new.*) The pun is ingenious.

THE worst of all knaves are those who can mimic their former honesty.—*Lavater.*

THEATRICAL MISTAKES.

A LAUGHABLE blunder was once made by Mrs. Gibbs, of Covent Garden Theatre, in the part of Miss Sterling, in the "Clandestine Marriage;" when speaking of the conduct of Betty, who had locked the door of Miss Fanny's room, and walked away with the key, Mrs. Gibbs said, "She has locked the *key* and carried away the *door in her pocket.*" Mrs. Davenport, as Mrs. Heidleberg, had previously excited a hearty laugh by substituting for the original dialogue, "I protest there's a candle coming along the gallery *with a man in its hand;* but the mistake by Mrs. Gibbs seemed so unintentional, and unpremeditated, that the effect was irresistible, and the audience celebrated the joke with three rounds of applause.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 636, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 389.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1829. [Price 2*d*.

Sion House.

Taylor, the water poet, or Samuel Ireland, the picturesque Thames tourist, could not, in all their enthusiasm of jingling rhymes and aquatint plates, have exceeded our admiration of Sion House. Its whitened towers and battlemented roof are known to all the swan-hopping and steam navigators of our day, and none who have floated

To where the silver Thames first rural grows,—

can be strangers to the magnificence of the river-front.

Sion House stands in the parish of Isleworth, on the Middlesex bank of the Thames, and opposite Richmond gardens. It is called Sion from a nunnery of Bridgetines of the same name, originally founded at Twickenham, by Henry V. in 1414, and removed to this spot in 1432. This conventual association consisted of sixty nuns, the abbess, thirteen priests, four deacons, and eight lay brethren; the whole thus corresponding, in point of number, with the Apostles and seventy-two disciples of Christ. But the inmates were neither sinless nor spotless; many irregularities existed in the foundation, and consequently, Sion was among the first of the larger monastic institutions suppressed by Henry VIII. The estimated yearly value was 1,944*l*. 11*s*. 8½*d*., now worth 38,891*l*. 14*s*. 2*d*.

After the dissolution of this convent, in 1532, it continued in the crown during the remainder of Henry's reign; and the King confined here his unfortunate Queen, Catherine Howard, from November 14, 1541, to February 10, 1542, being three days before her execution. Edward VI. granted it to his uncle, the Duke of Somerset, who, in 1547, began to build this spacious structure, and finished the shell of it nearly as it now remains. The house is a majestic edifice of white stone, built in a quadrangular form, with a flat and embattled roof, with a square turret at each of the outward angles. In the centre is an enclosed area, now laid out as a flower garden. The gardens were originally enclosed by high walls before the east and west fronts, so as to exclude all prospect; but the Protector,

to remedy this inconvenience, built a high terrace in the angle between the walls of the two gardens. After his execution, in 1552, Sion was forfeited; and the house, which was given to John, Duke of Northumberland, then became the residence of his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, and of his daughter-in-law, the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, who resided at this place when the Duke of Northumberland and Suffolk, and her husband, came to prevail upon her to accept the fatal present of the crown. The duke being beheaded in 1553, Sion House reverted to the crown. Queen Mary restored it to the Bridgetines, who possessed it till they were finally expelled by Elizabeth. In 1604, Sion House was granted to Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland, in consideration of his eminent services. His son, Algernon, employed Inigo Jones to new face the inner court, and to finish the great hall in the manner in which it now appears. In 1682, Charles, Duke of Somerset, by his marriage with the only child of Joceline, Earl of Northumberland, became possessed of Sion House: he lent the mansion to the Princess Anne, who resided here during the misunderstanding between her and Queen Mary. Upon the duke's death, in 1748, his son, Algernon, gave Sion House to Sir Hugh and Lady Elizabeth Smithson, his son-in-law and daughter, afterwards Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, who made many fine improvements here, under the direction of Robert Adam, Esq. The late duke (who distinguished himself at the battle of Bunker's Hill) passed the principal part of his time at this seat; and here, also, he died, in the year 1815. The present duke has expended immense sums in the improvement of the mansion, grounds, and gardens.

The entrance is from the great road through a fine gateway, having on each side an open colonnade, and on the top a lion passant, the crest of the noble house of Northumberland. A flight of steps leads into the great hall, sixty-six feet by thirty-one feet, and thirty-four in height, paved with white and black marble, and ornamented with colossal statues, and an extremely fine bronze cast of the Dying Gladiator, cast at Rome, by Valadier. A flight of veined marble steps leads to the vestibule, with a floor of scagliola, and twelve large Ionic columns and sixteen pilasters of *verde antique*. This leads to the dining room, ornamented with marble statues and paintings in *chiaro oscuro*, after the antique, with, at each end, a circular recess, separated by Corinthian columns, fluted, and a ceiling in stucco, gilt. The drawing room has a rich carved ceiling; and the sides are hung with three-coloured silk damask, the finest of the kind ever executed in England. The antique mosaic tables, and the chimney-piece of this apartment are very splendid, as are also the glasses, which are 108 inches by 65. The great gallery, serving for the library and museum, is 133½ feet by 14, is in stucco, after the finest remains of antiquity, and is remarkable as the first specimen of stucco work finished in England. A series of medallion-paintings here represents the portraits of all the earls of Northumberland, in succession, and other principal persons of the houses of Percy and Seymour. At each end is a little pavilion, finished in exquisite taste; as is also a beautiful closet in one of the square turrets rising above the roof, which commands an enchanting prospect.

From the east end of the gallery is a suite of private apartments leading back to the great hall, and hung with valuable paintings, among which are the following portraits: Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland, who was implicated in the Gunpowder Plot, and imprisoned in the Tower; he died November 5, 1632, the anniversary of the day so fatal to his happiness. Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, his daughter, one of the most admired beauties of her time; she also died November 5, 1660. Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland. Charles I. and one of his sons, by Sir P. Lely. Charles I. by Vandyke. Queen Henrietta Maria, Vandyke. The Duke of Gloucester, son of Charles I. The Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I.; this is believed to be the only picture extant of this lady. The above portraits of the Stuart family are placed in the apartments in which Charles had so many tender interviews with his children, after the latter were committed to the charge of Earl Algernon Percy, and removed to Sion House, in August, 1646. The earl treated them with parental attention, and obtained a grant of Parliament for the king to be allowed to see them; and in consequence of this indulgence, the latter, who was then under restraint at Hampton Court, often dined with his family at Sion House.

Two of the principal fronts of Sion House command very beautiful scenery; for even the Thames itself appears to belong to the gardens, which are separated into two parts by a serpentine river that communicates with the Thames,

The gardens were principally laid out by Brown: they have, however, been lately improved and re-arranged; and the kitchen-garden is almost unequalled by any thing in the kingdom. Here is a range of hothouses upwards of 400 feet in length, constructed of metal, even to the wall-plates, the doors, and framing of the sashes; the whole being glazed with plate-glass. It is impossible for us to describe the extent and completeness of these improvements, connected with which, Mr. Loudon observes—"nothing can be more gratifying than to see a nobleman employing a part of his income in so judicious and spirited a manner."*

* Mr Loudon promises an account of these improvements for the next number of his valuable *Gardener's Magazine*.

Retrospective Gleanings.

MONKISH VERSES.

(For the Mirror.)

MIRROR, vol. xii. pp. 98, 165.

THE following is said to have been the epitaph on the tomb of Fair Rosamond, at Godstow:—

Hic jacet in tomba, Rosamundæ non Rosa mundi,
Non redolet sed olet quæ redolere solet.

TRANSLATED.

Within this tomb lies the world's fairest rose;
Whose scent now charms not, but offends the nose.

MIRROR, vol. xiii. p. 96.

The couplet on York Minster, translated.

As of all flowers the rose is still the sweetest,
So of all churches this is the completest.

On the stone in the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey.

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque loquitur,
Inveniant lapidem, regnare teneter ibidem.

TRANSLATED.

Unless old proverbs fail, and wizard's wits be blind,
The Scots shall sur seign, where'er this stone they find

Luther sent a glass to Dr. Justus Jonas, with the following verses:—

Bat vitrum vitro, Jonæ, vitro ipse Latherus,
Se similem ut fragili noscat uterque vitro.

TRANSLATED.

Luther a glass, to Jonas Glass, a glass doth send,
That both may know ourselves to be but glass, my friend.

PRIOR.

MIRROR, vol. xii. p. 184.

Prior's epitaph on himself was parodied as follows:—

Hold Mathew Prior, by your leave,
Your epitaph is very odd:
Bourbon and you are sons of Eve,
Nassau the offspring of a God.

Which being shewn to Swift he wrote the following:—

Hold, Mathew Prior, by your lease,
Your epitaph is barely civil;
Bourbon and you are sons of Eve,
Nassau the offspring of the devil.

In the "Spectator," is part of an epitaph by Ben Jonson, on Mary Herbert, Countess of Pembroke, and sister of Sir Philip Sidney. The following is the whole, taken from the first edition of Jonson's works, collected as they were published:—

Underneath this stone doth lie,
As much virtue as could die;
Which when alive did vigour give,
To as much beauty as could live;
If she had a single fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.

Another on the same, from the same source:—

Underneath this sable hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and good, and learn'd as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee;
Marble piles, let no man raise
To her fame; for after days,
Some kind woman born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn statue and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

A CORRESPONDENT.

THE Londiners pronounce woe to him, that buyes a horse in Smith-field, that takes a Seruant in Paul's Church, that marries a Wife out of Westminster. Londiners, and all within the sound of Bow-Bell, are in reproch called Cocknies, and eaters of buttered tostes. The Kentish men of old were said to haue tayles, because trafficking in the Low Countries, they neuer paid full payments of what they did owe, but still left some part vnpaid. Essex men are called calues, (because they abound there,) Lankashire eggepies, and to be wonne by an Apple with a red side. Norfolke wyles (for crafty litigiousness:) Essex stiles, (so many as make walking tedious,) Kentish miles (of the length.) —*Moryson's Itinerary*, 1617.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD SMECTYMNUUS.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS was a cant term that made some figure in the time of the Civil War, and during the Interregnum. It was formed of the initial letters of the names of five eminent Presbyterian ministers of that time, viz. Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spenstow; who, together, wrote a book against Episcopacy, in the year 1641, whence they and their retainers were called Smectymnuans. They wore handkerchiefs about their necks for a note of

distinction (as the officers of the parliament-army then did) which afterwards degenerated into cravats.

P. T. W.

CIVIC FEAST IN 1506.

(For the Mirror.)

IN the court room of Salters' Hall there appears, framed and glazed, the following "Bill of fare for fifty people of the Company of Salters, A. D. 1506."

	s.	d.
Thirty-six chickens	4	5
One swan and four geese	7	0
Nine rabbits	1	4
Two rumps of beef tails	0	2
Six quails	1	6
Two oz. of pepper	0	2
Two oz. of cloves and mace	0	4
One and a half oz. of saffron	0	6
Eight lbs. of sugar	0	8
Two lbs. of raisins	0	4
One lb. of dates	0	4
One and a half lb. of comfits	0	2
Half a hundred eggs	0	2½
Four gallons of curds	0	4
One ditto gooseberries	0	2
Bread for the company	1	1
One kilderkin of ale	2	3
Herbs	1	0
Two dishes of butter	0	4
Four breasts of veal	1	5
Brawn	0	6
Quarter load of coals	0	4
Faggots	0	2
Three and a half gallons of Gascoigne wine	2	4
One bottle of Muscovadine	0	8
Cherries and tarts	0	8
Verjuice and vinegar	0	2
Paid the cook	3	4
Perfume	0	2
One bushel and a half of meal	0	8
Water	0	3
Garnishing the vessels	0	3
Total of feast for 50 people	£1	13 2½

CURIOS.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

VIDOCQ. *(Concluded.)*

WE have a vulgar book called *Frauds of London laid open*, and Vidocq's fourth volume will serve for Paris, since he defines the nomenclature—nay the very craft of thieves with great minuteness: thus—

The Chevaliers Grimpants.

"The Chevaliers Grimpants, called also *voleurs au bonjour, donneurs de bonjours, bonjouriers*, are those who introduce themselves into a house and carry off in an instant the first movable commodity that falls in their way. The first *bonjouriers* were I am assured, servants out of place. They were at first few in number, but, soon acquiring pupils, their industry increased so rapidly, that from 1800 to 1812, there was scarcely a day that robberies were not committed in Paris of from a dozen to fifteen baskets of plate.

"The *Almanach du commerce, l'Almanach royal*, and that with twenty-five thousand addresses in it, are, for bonjouriers, the most interesting works that can be published. Every morning, before they go out, they consult them; and when they propose visiting any particular house, it is very seldom that they are not acquainted with the names of at least two persons in it; and that they may effect an entrance, they inquire for one when they see the porter, and endeavour to rob the other.

"A *bonjourier* has always a gentlemanly appearance, and his shoes always well made and thin. He gives the preference to kid before any other leather, and takes care to bruise and break the sole that it may not creak or make any noise; sometimes the sole is made of felt; at other times, and especially in winter, the kid slipper, or dogskin shoe, is replaced by list shoes, with which they can walk, go up stairs, or descend a staircase, without any noise. The theft *au bonjour*, is effected without violence, without skeleton keys, without burglariously entering. If a thief sees a key in a door of a room, he first knocks very gently, then a little harder, then very loudly; if no person answers, he turns the handle, and thus enters the antechamber. He then advances to the eating-room, penetrates even to the adjoining apartments, to see if there be any person there; returns, and if the key of the sideboard is not to be seen, he looks in all the places in which he knows it is generally deposited, and if he finds it, he instantly uses it to open the drawers, and taking out the plate, he places it generally in his hat, after which, he covers it with a napkin, or fine cambric handkerchief, which, by its texture and whiteness, announces the gentleman. Should the *bonjourier*, whilst on his enterprise, hear any person coming, he goes straight towards him, and accosting him, wishes him good morning *(le bonjour)* with a smil-

ing and almost familiar air, and inquires if it be not Monsieur "such a one," to whom he has the honour of addressing himself. He is directed to the story higher or lower, and, then still smiling, evincing the utmost politeness and making a thousand excuses and affected bows, he withdraws. It may so happen, that he has not had time to consummate his larceny, but most frequently the business is perfected, and the discovery of loss only made too late to remedy it.

"The majority of the thieves in this particular line commence their incursions with morning, at the hour when the housekeepers go out for their cream, or have a gossip whilst their masters and mistresses are in bed. Other *bonjouriers* do not open the campaign until near dinner time; they pitch upon the moment when the plate is laid upon the table. They enter, and in the twinkling of an eye, they cause spoons, forks, ladles, &c. to vanish. This is technically termed *goupiner à la desserte*, (clearing the cloth).

"One day one of these *goupineurs à la desserte* was on the look out in a dining room, when a servant entered carrying two silver dishes, between which were some fish. Without being at all disconcerted, he went up to her, and said—'Well, go and bring up the soup, the gentlemen are in a hurry.'

"'Yes, sir,' said the maid, taking him for one of the guests, 'it is quite ready, and if you please you can announce the dinner.'

"At the same time she ran to the kitchen, and the *goupineur*, after having hastily emptied the dishes, thrust them between his waistcoat and shirt. The girl returned with the broth, the pretended guest had retired, and there was not a single piece of silver left on the table. They denounced this theft to me, and from the statement given, as well as the description of the person committing the robbery, I thought I had recognised my man. He was called *Cheinaux*, alias *Bayer*, and was discovered and apprehended in Saint Catherine's market. His shirt was marked with the circumference of the dishes, in consequence of the remains of the sauce left in them.

"Another body of *bonjouriers* more particularly direct their talents to furnished houses.

"The individuals forming this class are on foot from the dawn of day. Their talent is evinced by the adroit mode in which they baffle the vigilance of the porters. They go up the staircase, sometimes on one pretext, and sometimes on another, look round them, and if they find any keys in the doors, which is common enough, they turn them with the least possible noise. Once in the room, if the occupant be asleep, farewell to his purse, his watch, his jewels, and all that he has that is valuable. If he awakes, the visiter has a thousand excuses ready.

"'A thousand pardons, sir, I thought this was No. 13;' or, 'Was it you, sir, who sent for a bootmaker, tailor, hairdresser,'" &c. &c.

The Detourneurs and Detourneuses.

"The robbery *à la detourne* is that which is effected whilst making purchases at a shop. This species of plunder is practised by individuals of both sexes; but the *détourneuses*, or *lady prigs*, are generally esteemed more expert than the *detourneurs*, or *gentlemen prigs*. The reason of this superiority consists entirely in the difference of dress; women can easily conceal a very large parcel.

"In retail shops it would be an advisable plan, when there are many customers to serve, that from time to time the shopmen should say to each other, *deux sur dix* (two on ten), or else *allumez les gonzesses* (twig the prigs). I will bet a thousand to one, that on hearing these words, the thieves, who have very fine ears, will make haste to take themselves away.

"Shopkeepers of what class soever, particularly retailers, cannot be too much on their guard; they should never forget that in Paris there are thousands of male and female thieves *à la detourne*. I here only speak of robbers by profession; but there are also *amateurs*, who, beneath the cover of a well-established reputation, make small acquisitions slyly and unsuspectedly. They are very honest people they say, who with little scruple indulge their propensity for a rare book, a miniature, a cameo, a mosaic, a manuscript, a print, a medal, or a jewel that pleases them; they are called *Chipeurs*. If the *Chipeur* be rich, no heed is paid to him, he is too much above such a larceny to impute it to him as a crime; if he be poor, he is denounced to the attorney-general, and sent to the galleys, because he robbed from necessity. It must be owned that we have strange ideas as to honesty and dishonesty."

This is what we call *Shoplifting*. A milliner once told us that ribands and flowers not unfrequently attach themselves to the cuffs and sleeves of fair purchasers.

Chevriers

Belong to the same class of thieves, and are gipsies, Italians, or Jews. The female Careurs are very expert in robbing priests; and Vidocq apprehended a mother and daughter for more than sixty such offences.

"The gipsies do not confine themselves to these means of appropriating to themselves the property of another: they frequently commit murder, and they have the less objection to commit a murder, because they have no feeling of any kind of remorse; and they have a peculiar kind of expiation whereby they purify themselves. For a year they wear a coarse woollen shirt, and abstain from '*work*' (robbing). This period elapsed, they believe themselves white as snow. In France, the majority of the persons of this caste call themselves Catholics, and have every external show of great devotion. They always carry about them rosaries and a crucifix; they say their prayers night and morning, and follow the service with much attention and precision. In Germany, they seldom exercise any other calling than that of horse doctor, or herbalist: some addict themselves to medicine, that is to say, profess to be in possession of secret means of effecting cures. A vast number of them travel in bodies, some tell fortunes, others mend glass, china, pots, and pans; woe to the inhabitants of the country overrun by these vagabonds. There will infallibly be a mortality amongst the cattle, for the gipsies are very clever in killing them, without leaving any traces which can be converted into a charge of malevolence against them. They kill the cows by piercing them to the heart with a long and very fine needle, so that the blood flowing inwardly, it may be supposed that the animal died of disease. They stifle poultry with brimstone; they know that then they will give them the dead birds; and whilst they imagine that they have a taste for carrion, they make good cheer, and eat delicious meat. Sometimes they want hams, and then they take a red herring and hold it under the nose of a pig, which, allured by the smell, would follow them to the world's end."

Roulotiers

Are fellows who plunder carriages of portmanteaus, imperials, &c.

"One day I followed a famous *roulotier* named *Gosnet*. On reaching the Rue Saint Denis, he jumped up on a coach, put on a cloak and cotton cap which he found lying close to his hand, and in this dress got down again with a portmanteau under his arm. It was not later than two o'clock in the afternoon; but to elude all suspicion, Gosnet, on alighting, went straight to the *conducteur* (guard), and after having spoken to him, turned down a street close at hand. I was in waiting for him, he was apprehended and sentenced."

Tireurs,

Or pickpockets are as abundant as mushrooms.

"There was in Paris a thief of such incredible dexterity that he robbed without an accomplice. He placed himself in front of a person, put his hand behind him, and took either a watch or some other valuable. This species of thievery is called the *vol à la chicane*.

"A fellow named Molin, alias *Moulin le Chupelier*, being under the portico des Français, was desirous of stealing a gentleman's purse: the sufferer, who was near the wall, thought he felt some one picking his pocket; Molin, full of presence of mind, effected his object in an instant, the purse was torn from the pocket, he opened it, and taking out a coin, asked for a ticket for the play. At the same moment the person robbed said to him—'But, sir, you have taken my purse, give it to me.'—'The devil I have,' replied Molin with an air of affected surprise, 'are you quite sure?' Then looking attentively at it—'By heavens! I thought it was mine. Oh! sir, I ask your pardon.'

"At the same time he returned the purse, and all the bystanders were persuaded that he had done it involuntarily. This is being *fly*, or I know nothing about it.

"At the time of the great fog, Molin and a *pal* named Dorlé were stationed at the environs of the Place des Italiens. An old gentleman passed, and Dorlé stole his watch which he passed to Molin. The darkness was so great that he could not discern if it were a repeater or not, and to ascertain this, Molin pressed down the spring: the hammer instantly struck on the bell, and by the sound the old man knew his watch, and instantly cried out—'My watch! my watch! pray restore me my watch, it belonged to my grandfather, and is a family piece.'

"Whilst uttering these lamentations, he endeavoured to go in the direction whence the sound had proceeded, to get his watch as he expected and hoped to do. He came close up to Molin, who, under cover of the dense fog, put his hand with the watch in it close to the

old gentleman's ear, and pushing the spring again, said, whilst the watch was striking—'Listen then to its sounds for the last time;' and with this cruel advice the two thieves then went away, leaving the worthy undone elderly to bewail his loss.

"The ancient *voleurs à la tire* cite still, as amongst the celebrated personages of their profession, two Italians, the brothers Verdure, the eldest of whom, convicted of forming one of a band of chauffeurs, was sentenced to death. On the day of execution, the younger, who was at liberty, wished to see his brother as he left the prison, and with several of his comrades took his station on the road. When thieves go out in the evening into a crowd they generally have a preconcerted word of alarm or summons, by which to call or distinguish their accomplices. Young Verdure, on seeing the fatal car, uttered his, which was *lorge*, to which the criminal, looking about him, replied *lorge*. This singular salute given and returned, it may be imagined that young Verdure retired. On his road he had already stolen two watches; he saw his brother's head fall from the block, and either before or afterwards he was determined to carry matters to their utmost.

"The crowd having dispersed he returned to the cabaret with his comrades. 'Well, well,' said he, laying down on the table four watches and a purse, 'I think I have not played my cards amiss. I never thought to have made such a haul at my *frater's* death; I am only sorry he's not here to have his share of the *swag*.'"

Ring-droppers, and *Emporteurs* ("gentlemen who lose themselves") are next shown up: to the latter class belong the fellows who, under pretence of inquiring their road, fall into conversation with you, invite you to billiards, and cheat you.* Ring-droppers are very troublesome in Paris, especially in the *Champs Elysees*, where you may be teazed to buy a copper-framed eye-glass which they have just "found."

Riffaudeurs, or Chauffeurs,

Were thieves assuming the garb of country dealers, or travelling hawkers; and they sought to wring from their victims a confession of where they had concealed their treasure, by applying fire to the soles of their feet.

The Fourth Volume closes abruptly with a story of a gang of them, which has all the horrors of rack and torture. In the Translator's sequel we find the following:—

"Since the commencement of these Memoirs, M. Vidocq has given up his paper manufactory at St. Mandé, and has been subsequently confined in Sainte Pelagie for debt. His embarrassments are stated to have arisen from a passion for gambling, a propensity which, once indulged, takes deep root in the human mind; and few indeed, lamentably few, are those who can effectually eradicate the fatal passion. Vidocq, who could assume all shapes like a second Proteus, who underwent bitter hardships, and unsparingly jeopardized his life at any time, could not resist the fell temptation which has brought him to distress and a prison.

"It has been stated in some of the Journals that Vidocq has a son named Julius, who was condemned to the galleys, and when liberated was employed by his father at Sainte Mandé. This must be another bitter in his life's cup, which Vidocq seems condemned to drain to the very dregs."

We need hardly be told why Vidocq has withheld the information respecting the state of crime in France, which he promised, and made a grand parade of possessing. The length to which his Memoirs have been spun out is tedious, and the air of romance which he has given to some scenes in the concluding volume, almost invalidates its forerunners. Still we are bound to confess that his adventures are equal in interest to any work of fact or fiction that has appeared for several years. We omit the translations of some slang songs, one of which appeared recently in *Blackwood's Magazine;* still, they are exceedingly clever in their way.

The present volume has a portrait of Vidocq, upon which we hope the physiognomists will speculate; for with all his peccadilloes, (and a hard set of features which the engraver has probably hardened) the author must be a clever and a very pleasant fellow; and we wish some myrmidon of our police—some English Vidocq—would write four pretty pocket volumes like those of the French policeman. Perhaps some of the new appointed will take this hint.

To conclude, after what we have said, our readers need not be recommended to turn to *Vidocq's Memoirs*. They will find the translation generally well executed, although we have detected several slips in the last volume.

* A *ruse* of this description will be found in the MIRROR, vol. x. page 305, prefixed to a paper on French Gaming Houses.

Southwell Church.

THE town of Southwell, in the county of Nottingham, is situated in the midst of an amphitheatre of well-wooded hills; the soil is rich, and the air, from the vicinity of the River Trent, is remarkably pure. It is fourteen miles north-east of Nottingham, about as many south-east of Mansfield, and eight south-west from Newark; the River Greet, famous for red trout, runs by the side of the town, falling into the Trent, at about three miles distance.

The most ancient part of the church is of the order usually called Saxon, and from tradition is said to have been built in the time of Harold, predecessor of William I. But there is no history or written instrument of any kind now extant, concerning the origin of this structure. The two side aisles are of pure Norman architecture. The choir was built in the reign of Edward III. as appears by a license of the eleventh year of that king's reign, to the chapter, to get stones from a quarry in Shirewood Forest for building the choir. The chapter house is a detached building, connected by a cloister with the north aisle of the choir, and is on the model of that at York. The arch of entrance from the aisle, is said to exceed in elegance and correctness of execution, almost every thing of the kind in the kingdom; the chapter-house is of Gothic architecture, and the arch forming the approach is considered of modern insertion, the sculpture being finer and more delicate than any thing near it. This church and Ripon are said to be the only parochial, as well as collegiate, churches now in England, the rest having been dissolved by Henry VIII. or his successors.

At the Reformation, its chantries were dissolved, and the order of priests expelled about the year 1536. In 1542, Lee, then Archbishop of York, granted, by indenture to the king, the manor of Southwell. In the thirty-fourth year of his reign, Henry VIII., by act of parliament, declared Southwell the head and mother church of the town and county of Nottingham, and soon afterwards re-founded and re-endowed it, probably at the instance of Cranmer, at that time in the height of favour, who was a native of Nottinghamshire, not far from Southwell. Soon after the accession of Edward VI. the chapter was again dissolved, and its prebendal, and other estates granted to John, Earl of Warwick, afterwards made Duke of Northumberland; by him they were sold to John Beaumont, Master of the Rolls, and coming soon afterwards to the crown, by escheat, were granted to the favourite Northumberland, who retained them until his attainder in 1553, when they again reverted to the crown; and by Queen Mary were restored to the Archbishop of York, in as ample manner as they had before been holden. It appears from the *Registrum Album*, a register of the church, that in the latter end of the reign of William I. there were at least ten prebends. In the office of augmentation, an estimate of Southwell College, in the first of Edward VI. states King Edgar to have been the founder of the church, which consisted of sixteen prebends, and sixteen vicars. There are now sixteen

prebends, of which the Archbishop of York is sole patron, a vicar-general appointed out of the prebendaries by the chapter, six vicars, and six choristers. Alfrie, appointed to the See of York in 1023, gave two large bells to the church of Southwell (William of Malmsbury.) This was about the time of bells coming generally into use. King Stephen granted that the canons of Southwell should hold the woods of their prebends, in their own hands, which succeeding monarchs, Henry II. Richard, John, and Henry III. confirmed. There are two fellowships, and two scholarships, founded in St. John's College, Cambridge, by Dr. Keton, canon of Sarum, twenty-second Henry VI. to be presented by the master, fellows, and scholars of that college, to persons having served as choristers in the chapter of Southwell. In the civil wars nearly all the records of Southwell Church were destroyed, the *Registrum Album* escaping, which contains grants of most of the revenues belonging to the church, from soon after the conquest, nearly to the end of Henry VIII. Southwell is supposed by antiquarians to be the "*Ad Pontem*" of the Romans, one of the stations on the Roman Way from London to Lincoln, situated at a distance from any route of importance between the most frequented part of the kingdom. For many centuries it was hardly known by name—and, till within thirty years there was no turnpike road to it in any direction. Thus denied access to the rest of the world, the people of Southwell lived a separate and distinct society, retaining their own manners untainted by the world; and among them traditions were handed down pure and unadulterated by the speculations of the learned, or the discoveries of antiquarians. NEMO.

The Sketch-Book.

SIGHMON DUMPS.

ANTHONY DUMPS, the father of my hero (the subject matter of a story being always called the hero, however little heroic he may personally have been) married Dora Coffin on St. Swithin's day in the first year of the last reign.

Anthony was then comfortably off, but through a combination of adverse circumstances he went rapidly down in the world, became a bankrupt, and being obliged to vacate his residence in St. Paul's Churchyard, he removed to No. 3, Burying Ground Buildings, Paddington Road, where Mrs. Dumps was delivered of a son.

The depressed pair agreed to christen their babe Simon, but the name was registered in the parish book with the first syllable spelt "S—I—G—H;"—whether the trembling hand of the afflicted parent orthographically erred, or whether a bungling clerk caused the error I know not; but certain it is that the infant Dumps was registered SIGHMON.

Sighmon sighed away his infancy like other babes and sucklings, and when he grew to be a hobedy-hoy, there was a seriousness in his visage, and a much-ado-about-nothing-ness in his eye, which were proclaimed by good natured people to be indications of deep thought and profundity; while others less "flattering sweet," declared they indicated naught but want of comprehension, and the dulness of stupidity.

As he grew older he grew graver, sad was his look, sombre the tone of his voice, and half an hour's conversation with him was a very serious affair indeed.

Burying Ground Buildings, Paddington Road, was the scene of his infant sports. Since his failure, his father had earned his *livelyhood*, by letting himself out as a mute, or mourner, to a furnisher of funerals.

"*Mute*" and "*voluntary woe*" were his stock in trade.

Often did Mrs. Dumps ink the seams of his small-clothes, and darken his elbows with a blacking brush, ere he sallied forth to follow borrowed plumes; and when he returned from his public performance (oft *rehearsed*) Master Sighmon did innocently crumple his crapes, and sport with his weepers.

His melancholy outgoings at length were rewarded by some pecuniary incomings. The demise of others secured a living for him, and after a few unusually propitious sickly seasons, he grimly smiled as he counted his gains: the mourner exulted, and, in praise of his profession, the mute became eloquent.

Another event occurred: after burying so many people professionally, he at length buried Mrs. Dumps; *that*, of course, was by no means a matter of business. I have before remarked that she was descended from the Coffins; she was now gathered to her ancestors.

Dumps had long been proud of gentility of appearance, a suit of black had been his working day costume, nothing therefore could be more easy than for Dumps to turn gentleman. He did so; took a villa at Gravesend, chose for his

own sitting room a chamber that looked against a dead wall, and whilst he was lying in state upon the squabs of his sofa, he thought seriously of the education of his son, and resolved that he should be instantly taught the dead languages.

Sighmon Dumps was decidedly a young man of a serious turn of mind. The metropolis had few attractions for him, he loved to linger near the monument; and if ever he thought of a continental excursion, the Catacombs and Père la Chaise were his seducers.

His father died, his old employer furnished him with a funeral; the mute was silenced, and the mourner was mourned.

Sighmon Dumps became more serious than ever; he had a decided nervous malady, an abhorrence of society, and a sensitive shrinking when he felt that any body was looking at him. He had heard of the invisible girl; he would have given worlds to have been an invisible young gentleman, and to have glided in and out of rooms, unheeded and unseen, like a draft through a keyhole. This, however, was not to be his lot; like a man cursed with creaking shoes, stepping lightly, and tiptoeing availed not; a *creak* always betrayed him when he was most anxious to creep into a corner.

At his father's death he found himself possessed of a competency and a villa; but he was unhappy, he was known in the neighbourhood, people called on him, and he was expected to call on them, and these calls and recalls bored him. He never, in his life, could abide looking any one straight in the face; a pair of human eyes meeting his own was actually painful to him. It was not to be endured. He sold his villa, and determined to go to some place where, being a total stranger, he might pass unnoticed and unknown, attracting no attention, no remarks.

He went to Cheltenham and consulted Boisragon about his nerves, was recommended a course of the waters, and horse exercise.

The son of the weeper very naturally thought he had already "too much of water;" he, however, hired a nag, took a small suburban lodging, and as nobody spoke to him, nor seemed to care about him, he grew better, and felt sedately happy. This blest seclusion, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," was not the predestined fate of Sighmon: odd circumstances always brought him into notice. The horse he had hired was a piebald, a sweet, quiet animal, warranted a safe support for a timid invalid. On this piebald did Dumps jog through the green lanes in brown studies.

One day as he passed a cottage, a face peered at him through an open window; he heard an exclamation of delight, the door opened, and an elderly female ran after him, entreating him to stop; much against the grain he complied.

"'Twas heaven sent you, sir," said his pursuer, out of breath; "give me for the love of mercy the cure for the rhumatiz."

"The what?" said Dumps.

"The rhumatiz, sir; I've the pains and the aches in my back and my bones —give me the dose that will cure me."

In vain Dumps declared his ignorance of the virtues of "medicinal gums." The more he protested, the more the old woman sued; when to his horror a reinforcement joined her from the cottage, and men, women, and children implored him to cure the good dame's malady. At length watching a favourable opportunity, he insinuated his heel into the side of the piebald, and trotted off, while entreaties mingled with words of anger were borne to him on the wind.

He determined to avoid that green lane in future, and rode out the next day in an opposite direction: as he trotted through a village a girl ran after him shouting for a cure for the hooping cough, a dame with a low curtsey solicited a remedy for the colic, and an old man asked him what was good for the palsy. These unforeseen, these unaccountable attacks were fearful annoyances to so retiring a personage as Dumps. Day after day, go where he would, the same things happened. He was solicited to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to." He was not aware (any more than the reader very possibly may be) that in some parts of England the country people have an idea that a quack doctor rides a piebald horse; *why*, I cannot explain, but so it is, and that poor Dumps felt to his cost. Life became a burthen to him; he was a marked man; *he*, whose only wish was to pass unnoticed, unheard, unseen; *he*, who of all the creeping things on the earth, pitied the glowworm most, because the spark in its tail attracted observation. He gave up his lodgings and his piebald, and went "in his angry mood to Tewksbury."

I ought ere this to have described my hero. He was rather *embonpoint*, but fat was not with him, as it sometimes is, twin brother to fun; *his* fat was weighty,

he was inclined to *blubber*. He wore a wig, and carried in his countenance an expression indicative of the seriousness of his turn of mind.

He alighted from the coach at the principal inn at Tewksbury; the landlady met him in the hall, started, smiled, and escorted him into a room with much civility. He took her aside, and briefly explained that retirement, quiet, and a back room to himself were the accommodations he sought.

"I understand you sir," replied the landlady, with a knowing wink, "a little quiet will be agreeable by way of change; I hope you'll find every thing here to your liking." She then curtseyed and withdrew.

"Frank," said the hostess to the head waiter, "who *do* you think we've got in the blue parlour? you'll never guess! I knew him the minute I clapped eyes on him; dressed just as I saw him at the Haymarket Theatre, the only night I ever was at a London stage play. The gray coat, and the striped trousers, and the hessian boots over them, and the straw hat out of all shape, and the gingham umbrella!"

"Who is he, ma'am?" said Frank.

"Why, the great comedy actor, Mr. Liston," replied the landlady, "come down for a holiday; he wants to be quiet, so we must not blab, or the whole town will be after him."

This brief dialogue will account for much disquietude which subsequently befell our ill fated Dumps. People met him, he could not imagine why, with a broad grin on their features. As they passed they whispered to each other, and the words "inimitable," "clever creature," "irresistibly comic," evidently applied to himself, reached his ears.

Dumps looked more serious than ever; but the greater his gravity, the more the people smiled, and one young lady actually laughed in his face as she said aloud, "Oh, that mock heroic tragedy look is *so* like him!"

Sighmon sighed for the seclusion of number three, Burying Ground Buildings, Paddington Road.

One morning his landlady announced, with broader grin than usual, that a gentleman desired to speak with him; he grumbled, but submitted, and the gentleman was announced.

"My name, sir, is Opie," said the stranger; "I am quite delighted to see you here. You intend gratifying the good people of Tewksbury of course?"

"Gratifying! what *can* you mean?"

"If your name is announced, there'll not be a box to be had."

"I always look after my own boxes, I can tell you," replied Dumps.

"By all means, you *will* come out here of course?"

"Come out? to be sure, I sha'n't stay within doors always."

"What do you mean to come out in?"

"Why, what I've got on will do very well."

"Oh, that's so like you," said Opie, shaking his sides with laughter, "you really *are* inimitable!—What character do you select here?"

"Character!" said Dumps, "the stranger."

"The Stranger! *you?*"

"Yes, *I*."

"And you really mean to come out here as the Stranger?" said Opie.

"Why, yes to be sure—I'm but just come."

"Then I shall put your name in large letters immediately, we will open this evening; and as to terms, you shall have half the receipts of the house."

Off ran Mr. Opie, who was no less a personage than the manager of the theatre, leaving Dumps fully persuaded that he had been closeted with a lunatic.

Shortly afterwards he saw a man very busy pasting bills against a wall opposite his window, and so large were the letters that he easily deciphered, "THE CELEBRATED MR. LISTON IN TRAGEDY. This evening THE STRANGER, the part of THE STRANGER BY MR. LISTON."

Dumps had never seen the inimitable Liston, indeed comedy was quite out of his way. But now that the star was to shine forth in tragedy, the announcement was congenial to the serious turn of his mind, and he resolved to go.

He ate an early dinner, went by times to the theatre, and established himself in a snug corner of the stage box. The house filled, the hour of commencement arrived, the fiddlers paused and looked towards the curtain, but hearing no signal they fiddled another strain. The audience became impatient; they hissed, they hooted, and they called for the manager: another pause, another yell of disapprobation, and the manager pale and trembling appeared, and walked hat in hand to the front of the stage. To Dumps's great surprise it was the very man who visited him in the morning. Mr. Opie cleared his throat, bowed repeatedly, moved his lips, but was inaudible amid the shouts of "hear him." At length silence was obtained, and he spoke as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I appear before you to entreat your kind and considerate forbearance; I lament as much, nay more than you, the absence of Mr. Liston; but, in the anguish of the moment, one thought supports me, the consciousness of having done my duty. *(Applause.)* I had an interview with your deservedly favourite performer this morning, and every necessary arrangement was made between us. I have sent to his hotel, and he is not to be found. *(Disapprobation.)* I have been informed that he dined early, and left the house, saying that he was going to the theatre; what accident *can* have prevented his arrival I am utterly unable to ——"

Mr. Opie now happened to glance towards the stage box, surprise! doubt! anger! certainty! were the alternate expressions of his pale face, and widely opened eyes; and at length pointing to Dumps he exclaimed—

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my painful duty to inform you that Mr. Liston is now before you; there he sits at the back of the stage box, and I trust I may be permitted to call upon him for an explanation of his very singular conduct."

Every eye turned towards Dumps, every voice was uplifted against him; the man who could not endure the scrutiny of *one* pair of eyes, now beheld a house full of them glaring at him with angry indignation. His head became confused, he had a slight consciousness of being elbowed through the lobby, of a riot in the crowded street, and of being protected by the civil authorities against the uncivil attacks of the populace. He was conveyed to bed, and awoke the next morning with a very considerable accession of nervous malady.

He soon heard that the whole town vowed vengeance against the infamous and unprincipled impostor who had so impudently played off a practical joke on the public, and at dead of night did he escape from the town of Tewksbury, in a return mourning coach, with which he was accommodated by his tender hearted landlady.

Our persecuted hero next occupied private apartments at a boarding-house at Malvern. Privacy was refreshing, but, alas! its duration was doomed to be short. A young officer who had witnessed the embarrassment of "the stranger" at Tewksbury, recognised the sufferer at Malvern, and knowing his nervous antipathy to being noticed, he wickedly resolved to make him the lion of the place.

He dined at the public table, spoke of the gentleman who occupied the private apartments, wondered that no one appeared to be aware who he was, and then *in confidence* informed the assembled party that the recluse was the celebrated author of the "Pleasures of Memory," now engaged in illustrating "HIS ITALY" with splendid embellishments from the pencils of Stothard and Turner.

Dumps again found himself an object of universal curiosity, every body became officiously attentive to him, he was waylaid in his walks, and *intentionally* intruded upon *by accident* in his private apartments; a travelling artist requested to be permitted to take his portrait for the exhibition, a lady requested him to peruse her manuscript romance and to give his unbiassed opinion, and the master of the boarding-house waited upon him by desire of his guests to request that he would honour the public table with his company. Several ladies solicited his autograph for their albums, and several gentlemen called a meeting of the inhabitants, and resolved to give him a public dinner; a craniologist requested to be permitted to take a cast of his head, and as a climax to his misery, when he was sitting in his bedchamber thinking himself at least secure for the present, the door being bolted; he looked towards the Malvern Hills, which rise abruptly immediately at the back of the boarding-house, and there he discovered a party of ladies eagerly gazing at him with long telescopes through the open windows!

He left Malvern the next morning, and went to a secluded village on the Welsh coast, not far from Swansea.

The events of the last few weeks had rendered poor Sighmon Dumps more sensitively nervous than ever. His seclusion became perpetual, his blind always down, and he took his solitary walks in the dusk of the evening. He had been told that sea sickness was sometimes beneficial in cases resembling his own; he, therefore, bargained with some boatmen, who engaged to take him out into the channel, on a little experimental medicinal trip. At a very early hour in the morning he went down to the beach, and prepared to embark. He had observed two persons who appeared to be watching him, he felt certain they were dogging him, and just as he was stepping into the boat they seized him, saying, "Sir, we know you to be the great defaulter who has been so long concealed on this coast; we know you are trying to escape to America, but you must come with us."

Sighmon's heart was broken. He felt it would be useless to endeavour to explain or to expostulate; he spoke not, but was passively hurried to a carriage in which he was borne to the metropolis as fast as four horses could carry him, without rest or refreshment. Of course, after a minute examination, he was declared innocent, and was released; but justice smiled too late, the bloom of Sighmon's happiness had been prematurely nipped.

He called in the aid of the first medical advice, grew a little better; and when the doctor left him he prescribed a medicine which he said he had no doubt would restore the patient to health. The medicine came, the bottle was shaken, the contents taken—Sighmon died!

It was afterwards discovered that a mistake had occasioned his premature departure; a healing liquid had been prescribed for him, but the careless dispenser of the medicine had dispensed with caution on the occasion, and Dumps died of a severe *oxalic* acidity of the stomach! By his own desire he was interred in the churchyard opposite to Burying Ground Buildings, Paddington Road. His funeral was conducted with *almost* as much decorum as if his late father the mute had been present, and he was left with—

> "At his head a green grass turf,
> And at his heels a stone."

But even there he could not rest! The next morning it was discovered that the body of Sighmon Dumps had been stolen by resurrection men!—*Sharpe's Mag.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MARIA GRAY.—A SONG.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Who says that Maria Gray is dead,
And that I in this world can see her never?
Who says she is laid in her cold death-bed,
The prey of the grave and of death for ever?
Ah! they know little of my dear maid,
Or kindness of her spirit's giver!
For every night she is by my side,
By the morning bower, or the moonlight river.

Maria was bonny when she was here,
When flesh and blood was her mortal dwelling;
Her smile was sweet, and her mind was clear,
And her form all human forms excelling.
But O! if they saw Maria now,
With her looks of pathos and of feeling,
They would see a cherub's radiant brow,
To ravish'd mortal eyes unveiling.

The rose is the fairest of earthly flowers—
It is all of beauty and of sweetness—
So my dear maid, in the heavenly bowers,
Excels in beauty and in meetness.

She has kiss'd my cheek, she has kemb'd my hair,
And made a breast of heaven my pillow,
And promised her God to take me there,
Before the leaf falls from the willow.

Farewell, ye homes of living men!
I have no relish for your pleasures—
In the human face I nothing ken
That with my spirit's yearning measures.
I long for onward bliss to be,
A day of joy, a brighter morrow;
And from this bondage to be free,
Farewell thou world of sin and sorrow!

Blackwood's Magazine.

BEWICK, THE ENGRAVER.

By a Correspondent of the Magazine of Natural History.

BEWICK's first tendency to drawing was noticed by his chalking the floors and grave-stones with all manner of fantastic figures, and by sketching the outline of any known character of the village, dogs, or horses, which were instantly recognised as faithful portraits. The halfpence he got were always laid out in chalk or coarse pencils; with which, when taken to church, he scrawled over the ledges of the bench ludicrous caricatures of the parson, clerk, and the more prominent of the congregation. These boards are now in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland, by whom they were replaced; and when his chalk was exhausted, he resorted to a pin or a nail as a substitute. In consequence of this propensity to drawing, some liberal people, of whom he says, there were many in Newcastle, got him bound apprentice to a Mr. Bielby, an engraver on copper and brass. During this period he walked most Sundays to Ovingham (ten miles,) to see his parents; and, if the Tyne was low, crossed it on stilts; but, if high-flowing, hollaed across to inquire their health, and returned. This infant genius (but it was the infant Hercules struggling with the snakes) was bound down by his master to cut clock-faces and door-knockers — ay, clock-faces and door-knockers!—and he actually showed me several in the streets of Newcastle he had cut. At this time he was employed by Bielby to cut on wood the blocks for Dr. Hutton's great work on *Mensuration*. Hutton was then a schoolmaster at Newcastle (1770.)

After his apprenticeship, he worked a short time for a person in Hatton Garden; but he disliked London extremely, still panting for his native home, to whose braes and bonny banks he joyously returned; where he was occupied in cutting figures and ornaments for books; and now received his first prize from the Society of Arts for

the "Old Hound," in an edition of Gay's *Fables*. A glance at this cut will show what a low state wood-engraving was at, when a public society deemed it worthy a reward; yet even in this are readily visible some lines and touches of the future great master of this delicious art. He never omitted visiting itinerant caravans of animals, from whose living looks and attitudes he made spirited drawings. This led to his *History of Quadrupeds*, 1790; the first block, however, of which, he cut the very day of his father's death, Nov. 15, 1785. From this work he obtained very considerable celebrity; which led him shortly to draw and engrave the wild bull at Chillingham, Lord Tankerville's, the largest of all his wood-cuts, impressions of which have actually been sold at twenty guineas each; and also the zebra, elephant, lion, and tiger, for Pidcock (Exeter 'Change,) copies whereof are now extremely scarce and valuable. He also executed some curious works on copper, to illustrate a *Tour through Lapland*, by Matthew Consett, Esq.; and his *Quadrupeds* having passed through seven editions, his fame was widely and well established. The famous typograper, Bulmer, of the Shakspeare Press (a native of Newcastle,) now employed John Bewick, who, at the age of fourteen, had also been aprenticed to Bielby, in co-operation with his brother Thomas, to embellish a splendid edition of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* and *Hermit*, Parnell's *Poems*, and Somerville's *Chase*. The designs and execution of these were so admirable and ingenious, that the late king, George III. doubted their being worked on wood, and requested a sight of the blocks, at which he was equally delighted and astonished. It is deeply to be lamented we have so few specimens of the talents of John Bewick, who died of a pulmonary complaint, 1795, at the early age of thirty-five.

I now, in this hasty, feeble, and divaricated biographical sketch, approach the great and favourite work of my admired friend, *The History of British Birds*. The first volume of this all-delighting work was published in 1797, jointly by Bielby and Bewick, but was afterwards continued by Bewick. This beautiful, accurate, animated, and (I may really add) wonderful production, having passed through six editions, each of very numerous impressions, is now universally known and admired.

The first time I had a *personal* interview with my venerable friend was at Newcastle upon Tyne, on Wednesday, October 1, 1823, after perambulating the romantic regions of Cumberland and Westmoreland, with my friend, John E. Bowman, Esq., F. L. S. We had been told that he retired from his work-bench on evenings to the "Blue Bell on the side," for the purpose of reading the news. To this place we repaired, and readily found ourselves in the presence of the great man. For my part, so warm was my enthusiasm, that I could have rushed into his arms, as into those of a parent or benefactor. He was sitting by the fire in a large elbow-chair, smoking. He received us most kindly, and in a very few minutes we felt as old friends. He appeared a large, athletic man, then in his seventy-first year, with thick, bushy, black hair, retaining his sight so completely as to read aloud rapidly the smallest type of a newspaper. He was dressed in very plain, brown clothes, but of good quality, with large flaps to his waistcoat, grey woollen stockings, and large buckles. In his under-lip he had a prodigious large quid of tobacco, and he leaned on a very thick oaken cudgel, which, I afterwards learned, he cut in the woods of Hawthornden. His broad, bright, and benevolent countenance at one glance, bespoke powerful intellect and unbounded good-will, with a very visible sparkle of merry wit. The discourse at first turned on politics (for the paper was in his hand,) on which he at once openly avowed himself a warm whig, but clearly without the slightest wish to provoke opposition. I at length succeeded in turning the conversation into the fields of natural history, but not till after he had scattered forth a profusion of the most humorous anecdotes, that would baffle the most retentive memory to enumerate, and defy the most witty to depict. I succeeded by mentioning an error in one of his works; for which, when I had convinced him, he thanked me, and took the path in conversation we wished. In many instances, I must remark, though frequently succeeding to the broadest humour, his countenance and conversation assumed the emitted flashes and features of absolutely the highest sublimity; indeed, to an excitement of awful amazement, particularly when speaking on the works of the Deity.

The Naturalist.

DURATION OF LIFE.

It appears from well authenticated documents, that the mean term of Roman

life, among the citizens, was 30 years—that is to say, taking 1,000 persons, adding the years together they each attained, and dividing the total by the number of persons, the result is 30. In England, at the present time, the expectation of life, for persons similarly situated, is at least 50 years, giving a superiority of 20 years above the Roman citizen. The mean term of life among the *easy* classes at Paris is at present 42. At Florence, to the *whole* population, it is still not more than 30.

We have gleaned these interesting facts from a review of Dr. Hawkins's *Elements of Medical Statistics*; and as the subject is like human life itself, of exhaustless interest, we shall proceed with a few more:

Counties of England and Wales.

In 1780, the annual mortality of England and Wales was 1 in 40. By the last census (of 1821,) the yearly mortality had fallen to 1 in 58, nearly one-third. The rate of mortality is of course not equal throughout the country. According to Dr. Hawkins, this is mainly influenced by the proportion of large towns which any district or county contains. The lowest well-ascertained rate of mortality in any part of Europe is that of Pembrokeshire and Anglesey, in Wales, where only one death takes place annually out of eighty-three individuals. Sussex enjoys the lowest rate of mortality of any English county; it is there 1 in 72. Middlesex, on the other hand, affords the other extreme, 1 in 47; yet here, where the rate of mortality is higher than in any part of England, great improvements in the mean duration of life are taking place; for in 1811, the mortality was as great as 1 in 36. Kent, Surrey, Lancashire, Warwickshire, and Cheshire, are the counties where, next to Middlesex, the deaths are most numerous. The three last named counties enjoy many natural advantages, but these are more than counterbalanced by the number and density of their manufacturing towns. It is a circumstance well worthy of note, that the aguish counties of England do not, as might have been expected, stand high in the list. In Lincolnshire, the rate of mortality is only 1 in 62. Dr. Hawkins hesitates whether to attribute this to the large proportion of dry and elevated district which that county possesses, or to the exemption of fenny countries generally from consumption. We are strongly inclined to suspect that the latter is the true explanation of the fact. The notion was originally thrown out by the late ingenious physician, Dr. Wells, who even went so far as to advise the removal of consumptive patients to the heart of the Cambridgeshire fens, rather than to Hastings or Sidmouth.

The author goes on to remark, "that the decline in the mortality is even more striking in our cities than in our rural districts. While the metropolis has extended itself in all directions, and multiplied its inhabitants to an enormous amount,—in other words, while the seeming sources of its unhealthiness have been largely augmented, it has actually become more friendly to health." In the middle of the last century, the annual mortality was about 1 in 20. By the census of 1821, it appeared as 1 in 40: so that in the space of seventy years, the chances of existence are exactly *doubled* in London,—a progress and final result, adds the author, without a parallel in the history of any other age or country. The high rate of mortality in London about the year 1750, exceeding considerably that of former years, has been attributed to the great abuse of spirituous liquors, which were then sold without the very necessary check of high duties. One of the results of these statistical investigations which, *à priori*, we should least have been prepared for, is the uncommon healthiness of Manchester. The rate of mortality there at the present time does not appear to exceed 1 in 74.

The statistics of the sexes afford some curious results. The relative numbers of the sexes are the same in all parts of the world,—namely, at birth, twenty-one males to twenty females, but as the mortality among males during infancy exceeds that of females, the sexes at the age of fifteen are nearly equal. A late French writer, M. Giron, thinks himself warranted in the opinion, that agricultural pursuits favour an increase in the male, while commerce and manufactures encourage the female population. There exists throughout the world considerable variety in the proportion of births to marriages, but, upon an average, we may state it at about four to one. It has been uniformly found, however, that improvements in the public health are attended by a *diminution* of marriages and births. The great principle is this: as the number of men cannot exceed their means of subsistence, *if men live longer, a less number is born*, and the human race is maintained at its due complement with fewer deaths and fewer

births, a contingency favourable in every respect to happiness. The author illustrates this very important principle by the population returns both of England and France.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKSPEARE.

ON reading in a provincial paper,* a passage entitled, "*Ornaments of the Bench and Bar.*"

IMITATE no one you despise,
Said one *whose* mind was *great*,
Did he not *think?* despise not him
You *cannot* imitate.

TALBOTE.

SIMPLICITY.

MAJOR R—— was not long since riding near a building which presented to his admiring gaze a fine specimen of antique Saxon architecture. Desirous to learn something respecting it, he made some inquiries of a man, who as it happened was the *souter* of the village. This learned wight informed the inquisitive stranger that the building in question was reckoned a noble specimen of *Gothic* architecture, and was built by the *Romans*, who came over with Julius Cæsar. "Friend," said the Major, "you make anachronisms." "No, no, Sir," replied the man, "indeed I don't make *anachronisms*, for I never made any thing but *shoes* in my life."

THE same gentleman, one day fitting on a new under-waistcoat, which he had ordered to be made of a material that should resist rain and damp, said to the tailor in attendance, "But are you sure that it is impervious." "O dear, no, Sir," replied the man, with a look of astonishment, "I certainly can't pretend to say that it is *impervious*, for it is *wash-leather*." M. L. B.

SOME men make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantage by it; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it.

ARLEQUINS.

IN Paris, small lumps of mixed meats sold in the market for cats, dogs, and the poor, are called *Arlequins*. They are the relics collected from the plates of the rich, and from the restaurateurs

* The Manchester Courier, 25th July.

BY love's delightful influence the attack of ill-humour is resisted; the violence of our passions abated; the bitter cup of affliction sweetened; all the injuries of the world alleviated; and the sweetest flowers plentifully strewed along the path of life.

AT the meeting on the Covent Garden stage, the other day, a gentleman inquired for Mr. Kemble: "He's just *gone off*," replied another, evidently connected with the theatre. Such is the force of habit.

THE late Margravine of Anspach wrote an impromptu charade, and presented it to her husband, Lord C., as the person most interested in the subject of it, and most capable of judging of its truth:—

"Mon premier est un tyran— mari-
Mon second est un monstre— age;
Et mon tout est—le diable— marriage."

A FARMER applied to a county magistrate for a warrant:—"A warrant, for what?" says the magistrate, "To *take up the weather*, please your worship."

P. T. W.

N. B. Warrant refused.

CONVERSATION, *(from Swift.)*

NATURE hath left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

SHUTER, THE COMEDIAN.

A FRIEND overtaking Shuter one day in the street, said to him, "Why, Ned, are you not ashamed to walk the streets with twenty holes in your stockings? why don't you get them mended?"—"No, my friend," said Ned, "I am above it; and if you have the pride of a gentleman, you will act like me, and walk with twenty holes rather than have one darn."—"How," replied the other, "How do you make that out?"—"Why," replied Ned, "a hole is the *accident* of the *day*, but a darn is *premeditated poverty*."

A NABOB, in a severe fit of the gout, told his physician he suffered the pains of the damned. The doctor coolly answered, "What, *already*."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

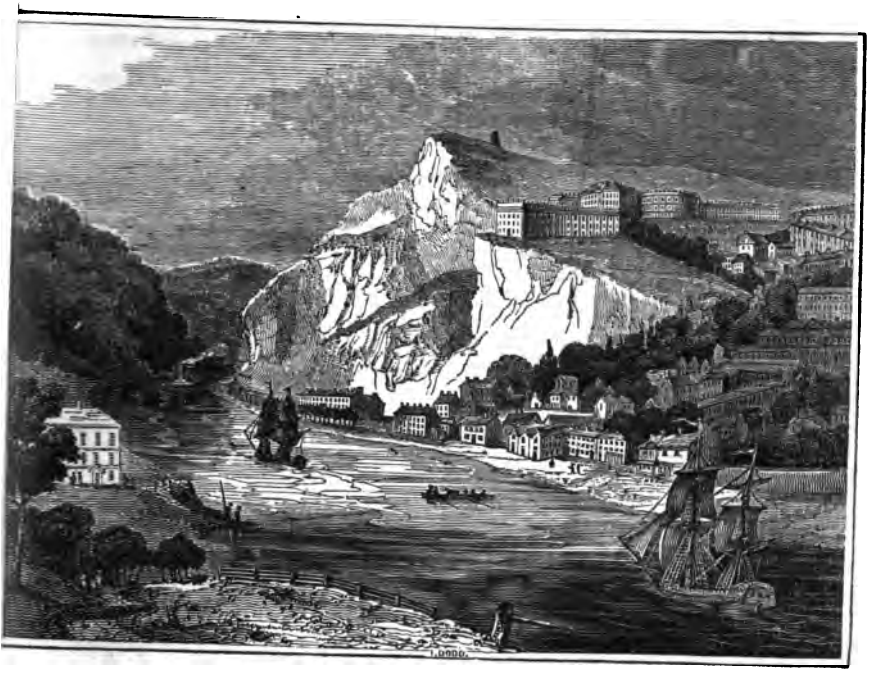
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 390.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1829. [PRICE. 2d.

Clifton.



CLIFTON is the Montpellier of England, and is associated with all that is delightful in nature: of this, the Engraving before us is a true picture, whether we contemplate the winding Avon; the sublime beauty of its rocks—

> Clifton's airy rocks,

(as Mr. Bowles poetically calls them), the picturesque scenery of the opposite shore; or the abodes of cottage comforts which cluster into a rural village beside the cliff till the eye reaches a splendid range of crescents and terraces which art has reared on the stupendous brow above.

Clifton is situated on the south and west of the cliff, or hill, (whence its name), one mile westward of the city of Bristol, over great part of which it commands a very pleasing prospect, as also of the ships that, on the flood and ebb tides, sail up and down the Avon. From the opposite shore the richly cultivated lands of Somersetshire present themselves in a very beautiful landscape, rising gradually four or five miles from the verge of the river to the top of Dundry Hill, whereon is a high tower, esteemed the Proteus of the weather, as being commonly enveloped with mist, so as scarcely to be visible, against rain; but, on the contrary, if it be seen clear and distinct in the morning, it denotes the approach of a fine day.

The salubrious situation of Clifton has long since attracted the wealthy. Hence, the hill is nearly covered with superb buildings, (for which the freestone of the country affords peculiar facilities), till the village has almost become an elegant city. The Downs are covered with verdure all the year, and the turf abounds with aromatic plants, growing wild, which are not to be met with elsewhere in England. Here are also discernible ancient fortifications and intrenchments; and coins of the later Roman emperors have frequently been found about the camp; there are other

military works opposite, on the Somersetshire side of the Avon. Besides the above remains, on Clifton Downs, is an old tower with a brick floor, but without any roof. *(See the Engraving.)* From three open spaces, formerly doors, are exquisite views: in front an extensive prospect of Gloucestershire; on the right, part of Clifton, and in the background Dundry Hill; and on the left, King's Road, with the ships at anchor, the Bristol Channel, and the mountains of South Wales. At the end of the Downs stands the mansion of Sir William Draper, once so conspicuous in the public mind from the severe chastisement he received from Junius. To the left is an expensive monument erected by Sir William, who was colonel of the 79th regiment, to the memory of his soldiers who fell in the East Indies, in 1768; and to the right is a pillared tribute to the patriotic Earl of Chatham, with a brief Latin inscription by Sir William Draper.

Our view of Clifton is from the Ferry, and is from an effective lithograph, of very recent date.

Added to the charms of the romantic scenery of Clifton are the attractions of the Bristol Hot Wells, in the vicinity; upon which fashion has conferred too great celebrity to render description needful. The richness and grandeur of the scenery of the Hot Wells are almost inconceivable; in some places the rocks, venerably majestic, rise perpendicularly, or overhanging, craggy and bare; and in others they are clothed with luxuriant shrubs and stately trees. From the bottom of these cliffs, on the east bank of the river, issues the Bristol Hot Well water. The spring rises out of an aperture in the solid rocks and is computed to discharge about forty gallons in a minute.

The author of the *History and Beauties of Clifton Hot Wells*, in describing this scenery, says, "One of the sublimest and most beautiful scenes in nature is exhibited by those bold and rugged eminences behind the crescent, known by the name of *St. Vincent's Rocks*, which appear to have been rent asunder by some violent convulsion of nature." They are misshapen and massy projections, nearly 300 feet in height. Pieces of this rock, when broken, have much the appearance of a dark, red marble; and when struck by a substance of corresponding hardness, emit a strong sulphureous smell. It is sometimes used as a substitute for foreign marble for chimney-pieces; but principally for making lime. In the fissures of these rocks are found those fine crystals usually called Bristol stones, which are so hard as to cut glass, and sustain the action of fire and of *aqua-fortis*; this, however, is only the case with such as are tinged. The imperfect ones, in which there appears something like small hairs, white specks, or bubbles of air and water, turn white when calcined.

On these rocks, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles has the following lines:—

How beauteous the pale rocks above the shore
Uplift their bleak and furrow'd aspect high!
How proudly desolate their foreheads, hoar,
That meet the earliest sunbeam of the sky!

Bound to yon dusky mart, with pennants gay,
The tall bark on the winding water's line,
Between the river cliffs plies her hard way,
And peering on the sight the white sails shine.

LITERARY PROBLEM.

(For the Mirror.)

It is not perhaps generally known, that in the writings of Sodates, a poet of Thrace, many of the verses may be turned and read different ways, without either losing the measure or sense; for instance the following, which may be read backwards:—

"Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor
Si bene te, tua laus taxat, sua laute tenebis
Sole modere pede, ede perede, melos."

His writings are nearly extinct, and are for the most part of a very immoral kind. He wrote some verses against Philadelphus Ptolemy, and was, in consequence, put into a cage of lead and thrown into the sea. K. K.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

THE GENOESE.*

(For the Mirror.)

The Genoese women, are almost without exception *beautiful*, and many of them retain their loveliness for a longer period than is usual in warm climates; I have seen very handsome females turned of forty. They are excessively fond of adorning themselves on Sundays and all festive occasions, with a profusion of rich and expensive gold ornaments; indeed the married women cannot be seen without them, for they are an essential part of their hymeneal dower. A young woman, upon the occasion of her nuptials, is obliged to pur-

* The intelligent friend from whose conversation the writer gleaned the following account, has resided three years in Genoa, and therefore is fully competent to speak of the customs of its inhabitants. This paper is derived from the same source as that entitled "*A Recent Visit to Rompetti.*"—Vide Mirror, vol. xiii p. 276.

chase a set of gold trinkets, should the existence of her mother prevent her inheriting those which are already in the family; and in order to make this important purchase, no small property is required, since as much as three or four hundred francs are often given for a pair of ear-rings, seven or eight hundred for a necklace, chain, bracelets, or other articles individually; a few more trifling ornaments complete the set, with a curious kind of gold filagree cap, or net, for the head. These trinkets are in fact *necessary* adjutants to Genoese domestic economy, since, though as heir-looms they are never sold, except three or four sets should, from family casualties, become the property of an individual, yet there is neither law nor prejudice against pawning them; and, in pawn they generally are, from the week's commencement to its end, being redeemed on the Saturday night, only to be worn on Sunday, and pledged again on the Monday morning. There are shops in Genoa expressly for the sale of these bridal ornaments, which are worn there, exclusively by the inferior classes; for the higher orders of society if seen in such, would forfeit, whether foreigners or citizens, all pretentions to rank and fashion; however, the Genoese gold trinkets, may be, and are, much worn by the *Hidalgos* of many a place afar from that of their manufacture. These ornaments are not wrought into more than four fashions, which never vary. The Genoese women marry at fifteen or sixteen years of age, and it is impossible to imagine a creature more innocent, childish-looking, and perfectly beautiful, than a young bride in her nuptial attire.

The female children of genteel parentage are, in Genoa, allowed to visit amongst themselves in balls and fêtes, until they have attained the age of fourteen; when, being considered marriageable, instead of "*coming out*" as in England, they are kept strictly at home; allowed indeed to see a little company there, but there only, except when taken *per favour*, once or twice to the opera, to which they go purposely in an undress, sit at the back of the box, so as not to be seen, or if accidentally beheld, they are not to be recognised. When a girl reaches the appointed years of discretion, the sole consideration of her parents is, to *marry* her, and in this matter *she*, poor thing, has no voice, as I shall proceed to prove. Negotiating matches, making proposals, and arranging marriages, are affairs confided to the prudence and mediation of certain busy old ladies, who find their account in bringing about weddings, since they receive a regular *per centage* upon them. One of these emissaries of Hymen will call on a parent who has a son, reported to be an eligible match, and open the business by talking of the young man, until an opportunity occurs of inquiring whether he is not soon to be settled, and how much will be allowed him? These queries being answered to the good lady's satisfaction, she proceeds a step further, and enumerates the principal families of her acquaintance, who have daughters to *dispose* of, adding an accurate description of each Signorina's person, connexions, property, expectancies, and other advantages. A lady having been selected as an eligible match for the youth, the parents on both sides being agreed, and the young gentleman duly informed of their arrangements for his happiness, he is allowed to commence paying his addresses to the fair one, by sending her a large, and peculiarly constructed bouquet, the acceptance of which, is in fact an acceptance of himself, and the girl is immediately considered a *Sposina*, or betrothed one. The bouquet, and herself, in full dress, are forthwith carried to the opera, where the former is laid, and the latter seated, immediately in front of the box; when, numerous are the eyes and glasses levelled at the new *Sposina*, upon this her first appearance in public. On this interesting and trying occasion, her accepted lover stands during the performance behind her chair, and is assiduous in his attentions. The next amusement at which, according to etiquette the *Sposina* appears, is a ball, to which she goes attended by her lover, and one or both of her parents. The bouquet, the emblem of her engagement goes with her, which never quits her hand, except when she dances, and is then laid on her seat, until her return. She is not allowed to dance with any one but her brother, intended husband, or his most intimate friend to whom perhaps as a *favour*, he may choose to introduce her. The duty of the engaged man is, to present his *Sposina* every morning up to the period of their union, with a fresh bouquet, the size of which intimates the degree of affection and respect that he entertains for her. But should the lover's finances be slender, and his nuptials long delayed, he must find this elegant custom a very ruinous one, since the price of the best of these bouquets (and who durst for

his own credit's sake present an inferior one?) is five or six francs. The *Sposina* appears everywhere and every day with a bouquet in her hand, closely attended by her lover, and either or both of her parents; and a female, a stranger in Genoa, commits a breach of etiquette by walking through the streets carrying a nosegay, besides subjecting herself to the impertinence of a thousand eyes, that ask, "*Are you* a *Sposina?*" The wedding is celebrated with splendour, the fortune of the bride being sometimes expended in purchasing a magnificent dress, which is then deemed essential. Amongst the highest classes, the English custom of the bride and bridegroom quitting the wedding party immediately after the performance of the marriage-ceremony, for a tour, has commenced; but this innovation upon their established national manners, has not yet obtained a very general footing. The *match-maker* is, upon the wedding-day, presented with a sum of money adequate to the trouble she has taken to effect the alliance; for a lack of beauty, or fortune on the lady's side, mars her matrimonial prospects, and causes as great difficulties respecting her settlement in life, at Genoa, as in some other places I could mention rather nearer home. Once, being in company with an ancient dame, who had brought about a marriage that astonished all Genoa, she informed me, that she received as her *douceur* upon the occasion, 50*l.* This, I am to conclude, was a liberal recompense; for the *Sposina*, in that instance, was so plain, (a circumstance unusual with the Genoese women,) and afflicted with so bad a breath, as to be an object of disgust with all the men who heard of her. The *bouquets* which I have mentioned, are peculiar in structure, and beautiful in appearance: they are composed of the most brilliantly coloured flowers, disposed round a large central flower, in tiers, or rows, of the same colour; as, first perhaps, a row of red, then white, then purple, then yellow, then blue, &c. &c.; the stalks are cut short, curiously attached to wire by fine silk or thread, and being bound compactly together, so that the stalks and wires brought into a point, form a convenient handle, the petals of the flowers stand out in lines of the most vivid hues, making a kind of smooth, expanded, circular, and convex, surface. The manufacture of these bouquets, one of which takes a considerable time to complete, is a distinct occupation, and the sale of them, quite a trade; and though made elsewhere than at Genoa, those of that town are most esteemed, and sent over all parts of Italy. The flowers composing these bouquets, will keep for at least a fortnight as fresh and beautiful as when first gathered, and are capable of bearing long journeys, for they are constantly forwarded in boxes made expressly for them, to Turin, which is about a hundred miles from Genoa, where they arrive fresh and uninjured. An English nobleman indeed, not long since, having a quick conveyance, dispatched a Genoese bouquet to his family in Englund, who received it in its pristine beauty. Besides being presented by lovers to their affianced brides, they are the gifts of friend to friend on most festive occasions, such as weddings, christenings, birthdays, Saint's days, and holidays; and always upon New Year's day, which is as great an occasion for the transfer of gifts in Italy, as it is in France. The freshness and beauty of these bouquets, of which several were sent to me during my residence in Genoa, are to be thus preserved: at night put your flowers into a glass or vase, *without water*, since the stalks bound together in the manner described have lost the power of suction and could not be benefitted by it; then, lightly sprinkle, or water (with a watering-pot, the rose of which is finely bored,) the flowery head of the bouquet, and carefully cover it with a fine, light handkerchief, also moistened. This attention paid every night will preserve these beautiful nosegays, fresh and fair for many weeks.

M. L. B.

THE NAUTILUS.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

(For the Mirror.)

HARK! 'tis the song of the sailor shell,
Sweet on the breezes swelling:
Rearing its arms to the breathing gale,
Over the billows sailing.
Calm is the eve,
The wavelets heave
Their crests to the setting sun,
Glitter awhile
In his golden smile,
And their brilliant course is run.
Hasten, my brothers, our boat along,
Off to our sea side dwelling:
Haste! while the Nautilus' evening song
Sweet on the breeze is swelling.

Up with the sail! for the earliest boat
Lies 'neath the world of waters:
Ceased is the wild harmonious note
That melody's soul first taught us.*

* The Nautilus, or Sailor-shell, is said to be the origin of Music and Navigation.

Over the sea
The wind blows free,
The spray in the air is hurl'd:
Clouds in the wave
Their bosoms lave;
Then quick be our sail unfurl'd,
Haste ye, my brothers, ere night comes on,
Over the world of waters:
Sing to high heaven, the mellow song
The Nautilus' note first taught us.

W. PEARCE.

PARAPHRASE ON BISHOP HEBER'S PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

(For the Mirror.)

LIFE, like a mighty river, bears us on
A rapid tide, we ne'er can rest upon,
Adown the narrow stream, at first, we glide
Thro' fruits and flowers that fringe the grassy side.
The playful murmurings of its windings seem
Soft, as the far-off music of a dream,
Over our heads the trees their blossoms shed:
Flowers on the brink their mingled odours shed.
Beauty around, above us, Hope within;
Eager we grasp each dazzling charm to win.
But hurried on and on, we ne'er can stay
Our little bark to anchor or delay.
For now, how full, how deep, how vast the river
On which we glide, that stays its journey never!
As rolling years bring with them joy and woe,
Dark, and more various, seems our voyage to grow.
Buoyant we ride on waves of hope and joy,
Down, down, we sink, when earthly cares annoy!
Futile and vain, alike each hope or fear
On, on, we glide, there is no resting here.
For far behind is left each joy and woe,
The mighty river ne'er will cease to flow!
And, rough and smooth, it hastens to its home,
Glides by each futile hope and pleasure gone.
Until within our ears the ocean roars,
And the bleak billows break upon the shores;
Beneath our keel the bounding waves arise,
And the land fessens from our aching eyes.
The floods of "Time's wide ocean" round us swell,
Earth take of us thy long and last farewell!
For witness of our *future voyage* there's none
But *He*, the Infinite, Eternal One!

Kirton Lindsey. ANNIE R.

ON VEILS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

IN No. 385, of the MIRROR, one of your Correspondents gives an account of the "*Origin* of *wearing* the veil," in which he attributes it to Penelope, the beautiful wife of Ulysses. Now, for my own part, I feel inclined to query this statement of *C. K. W.* first by his own account of the origin, and second by Scripture.

Your Correspondent, speaking of the decision which the wife of Ulysses was to give, says, "the beautiful Penelope finding herself in this dilemma, *blushed*, and without making the least reply, drew *her* veil over her face," &c. By this I think it is clearly understood that veils were common in Greece when this occurrence took place; or why say "*her* veil," which readily implies, that it was customary to wear them, and also that it was near her at the time; although, perhaps, she *might* have been the first to use it upon such an occasion, namely, to hide her blushes from the observation of her father when she decided upon accompanying her husband in preference to staying with her parent. 2nd. In Scripture we find the veil used in Moses' time, and even by Moses himself,* 1491 years before Christ; but the earliest *mention* of it which I can find in the Old Testament is in Genesis, xxiv. 65, (before Christ 1857 years,) where it says "Rebekah took a veil when she saw Isaac coming towards her, and covered herself;" it being customary even in those early times to wear them, especially with brides. Now, by referring to the History of Greece, it appears that Sparta, near which this scene of Penelope's is said to have taken place, was not *founded* or instituted till about A. M. 2650, or before Christ 1354, which alone makes a difference of 500 years, setting aside the time from the foundation of Sparta to the period in which Ulysses lived.

I therefore come to the conclusion that your Correspondent is mistaken with regard to the origin of wearing the veil; for it is allowed by all that the Bible is the most ancient work extant, therefore to that we must go for such information as cannot be derived from any other source. I beg leave to conclude this paper with a few observations, and some extracts from different writers, on the veils worn in the East, which may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to your numerous readers.

By perusing the various accounts given us by travellers in the East, it appears that great importance is attached to the veil. The strictness with which the ladies keep their faces covered and hidden from the sight of men, is common in the East, for they are generally of the most exquisite beauty; and would take it as the greatest insolence which could be offered to them, should their veils at any time be drawn aside.

"Veil answers to the Hebrew word *tzaiph*, translated by a veil, a scarf, or mantle, with which the eastern women

* Exodus, xxxiv. 33, 34, and 35.

covered their head and face. The Hebrew has also *haradidim*, or veils to sit at table in. The veil was a kind of crape, so that they could see through it, or at least a passage was left for the light to come to their eyes." *Calmet*, vol. ii. art. Veil.

Veils are usually worn both in the house and when abroad, and are of four kinds; one of which is a kind of handkerchief, which the Eastern ladies wear over the face and the temples. This handkerchief or veil has a net work at the place of the eyes, like point or thread lace, in order that it may be seen through.

Chardin, in his *Voyage en Perse*, tom. ii. p. 50, says, "The Armenian women, contrary to the Mahometan women, have, even when in the house, the lower part of the face veiled, even including the nose, if they are married. This is in order that their nearest relations and their priests, who have the liberty of visiting them, may see only a part of their face; but the girls wear this veil only to the mouth, for the contrary reason, in order that they may be seen enough to judge of their beauty, and to talk of it. * * * Girls are not *shut up* in Persia till they attain the age of six or seven years; before that age they go out of the seraglio, sometimes with their father, so that they may then be seen. I have seen some wonderfully pretty. They show the neck and bosom, and more beautiful cannot be seen."

Hanway gives the followihg account, *Travels in Persia*, vol i. 185:—"The women in Ghilan are fair, their eyes and hair black; but here, as in other places, they often use a drug with which they blacken their eyes. In this province their features are small: these, as well as their stature, partaking much of the delicate. But in general the Georgians are most esteemed for the charms of their persons. The females who do not labour in the field, are seldom seen abroad, except in a morning before the sun rises, and then they are covered with *veils*, which reach down to their feet. When they travel on horseback, every lady of distinction is not only veiled, but has generally a servant; who runs or rides before her to clear the way; and on such occasions the men, even in the market-places, *always turn their backs till the women are past*, it being thought the highest ill manners to look at them; but this awful respect is a proof of the slavery in which they are doomed to live. The care which they take to conceal their faces, to avoid the imputation of acting indelicately, and contrary to custom, has made so strong an impression on them, that I was told of a woman who being accidentally surprised when bathing, showed her whole person except her face; to hide which all her solicitude was employed."

From Volney, vol. ii. p. 481, we have the following:—"In Asia the women are rigorously secluded from the society of men; constantly shut up in their houses, they have no communication but with their husband, their father, their brother, or at most their cousin german. Carefully *veiled* in the streets, they dare hardly speak to a man, even on business. Everybody must be strangers to them; it would be indecent to fix your eyes on them; and you must let them pass you as if there were something contagious in their nature. The situation of the women among the Orientals, occasions a great contrast between their manners and ours. Such is their delicacy on this head, that they never speak of them; and it would be esteemed highly indecent to make any inquiries of the men respecting the women of their family. They are unable to conceive how our women go with their faces uncovered; when, in their country, an uplifted veil is the mark of a prostitute, or the signal for a love adventure."

Pitt's account coincides with the above. "At Algiers, if there are two, three, or four families in one house, as many times there happens to be, yet they may live there many years and never see one another's wife." p. 63. "The women wear veils, so that a man's own wife may pass him in the street and he not have the least knowledge of her. They will not stop to speak with men, or even with their own husbands in the street." p. 67.

Niebuhr says, p. 44. "A man never salutes women in public; he would even commit an indecency if he looked at them steadily. An Arab lady who met us in a wide valley of the desert of Mount Sinai, went out of the way, gave her camel to be led by her servant, and walked on foot till we were passed; another, who met us in a narrow way, and who was on foot, sat down, and turned her back towards us."

We see by the above, the importance attached to this part of female dress in the East. The females of the Jewish nation, as referred to above, in the case of Rebekah, wore the veil as a token of modesty, reverence, or *subjection* to their husbands. Chardin also says,

(Voyage en Perse) speaking of a peculiar sort of veil, "Only married women wear it; and it is the mark by which it is known *that they are under subjection* or power."

I will not enlarge further upon the subject, but leave it to your readers to draw their own conclusions.

JOSEPH TEMPLE E—K.

The Sketch-Book.

A NIGHT IN A SEDAN CHAIR.

From the German of Theodore Koerner.

(For the Mirror.)

I CAME from a party where the wine had not been spared, and the guests had but just separated, in a state of tolerable elevation. It was a drear and stormy autumn night. On reaching the door of my abode, I first became aware that I had forgotten the key. As I could not imagine that any one would be awake at this late hour,—for it now drew near twelve—and, besides, as I lived on the fourth story, I had humanity enough not to alarm the whole street, by ringing and shouting, for admittance. As this was a circumstance of no very infrequent occurrence, I was not long perplexed for a shelter; but directed my steps, as usual, towards the sedan stand, at the market place, where of course I still met with society, though fast locked in the fetters of sleep. In the hall, lay stretched and snoring, the whole corps of the honourable company of sedan chairmen; and on a bench near the wall, lay, as usual, the sleeping guardian of the night. Without troubling myself much about my companions, I gently opened a sedan—crept into the corner—and slept much the sooner for "the good wine having done its good office" on me.

I had slept but a very short time when I heard it strike twelve; the watchman now arose, and blew a blast upon his horn that thrilled through my every nerve, and sang:—

List—Christians list!—the passing bell
Of twelve, has just now told its knell,
And midnight is, when evil sprites,
Scare the tired sense, with wild affrights.
Now close your eyes in peace, and rest
Till morning rays illume the west:
Praise God the Lord!

A second time he blew his horn, and the sound re-echoed fearfully through the old Town House; the storm howled terrificaliy, and the rain pattered against the panes of my dwelling. In spite of the injunction of the watchman, I opened my eyes, and beheld him advancing towards the other end of the market-place, where he stopped to repeat his song; and again occasionally from street to street, till his voice died away in the distance. At this moment I was seized with an indefinable sensation of dread. I would have run after the watchman, but the rain deterred me. He, too, might have sung of something else than exactly of that fearful hour of night—

"When tombs do yawn and graves yield up their dead."

I did not feel at all comfortable. I was, notwithstanding, just about to nestle myself up again in the corner, and once more close my eyes, when they lighted on two, tall, meagre forms, whom I immediately recognised by their garb as chairmen. There was something mysterious in their movements, as if they were consulting on matters of grave import—of their discourse I could understand nothing—and their voices sounded to me, in the chair, something like the noise made by a brush when drawn over the surface of a sheet of paper. I was considering what might be the result of all this, when they suddenly seized hold of the chair, and marched off. I ought now indeed to have called out to them, but partly from a curiosity to discover the cause of this singular nocturnal ramble, and partly from a fear of being roughly treated for my obtrusiveness, I was induced to remain quietly in my corner. My weight did not seem to attract their notice; but how great was my astonishment on observing that my bearers were carrying me, in unvarying circles, round the market place, though at every turn they contracted the space they traversed—and that the usual heavy-sounding tread of the chairmen was changed for a noiseless, gliding pace. I looked out to see whether they had not drawn off their boots, but I was soon convinced by the evidence of my eyes that their heavy boots were in unison with the rest of the customary apparel of that class. Their evolutions now became gradually narrower, and I, in the same proportion, more anxious and excited. At length they stopped, panting, under the lamp-post which stands in the middle of the market place, and I was once more greeted by those low, hoarse sounds, which I have already mentioned, and it was only by dint of the most attentive listening, that I could distinguish the following words:

We are formed of the mist of the grave,
We bear to the feast of the slain,
There we carry the free and the slave,
The host and his numberless train,
Yonder we carry—to and fro,
Nor end our labours e'er shall know.

At this moment a mist floated before my eyes—I endeavoured to shout—but although I used the utmost exertion, I could not produce a sound—I felt as if palsied and enchained—my situation was desperate—what species of civility could I expect from the spirits, (for that they were supernatural beings I could no longer doubt) of those chairmen who during their mortal career are so noted for their brutality? After a short halt, they recommenced their march at the same stealthy pace, through how many streets I cannot now tell, for fear almost deprived me of my senses. We came to the town gate—it opened—and my conductors bore me directly towards—the churchyard! I was in a fever of excitement. They no sooner reached this desired spot, than they stopped, and I heard their accursed voices for the third time. They opened the door, as if waiting for some one—I endeavoured to embrace this opportunity to escape, or to call out, but my strength had totally deserted me; every limb felt paralyzed. And now a whole legion of similar fiends swarmed around my conductors, and one after another, sprang in upon me, apparently no more remarking my presence than if I had formed part of the cushion. The first that fell upon me was a cold, heavy carcass that might have been buried, at farthest, about three days. I thought horror and disgust would have destroyed me. Then came a countless myriad of the skeletons of the defunct, all crowding into the sedan, as if it had been the ark of Noah. At length, to all appearance, the whole of the inhabitants of the churchyard were safely seated upon and beside me, and the tombstones which had pertinaciously adhered to many a greasy soul, added not a little to the load which lay rattling and groaning upon me. A monstrous skeleton which lay at my side—with its eternal grin—made the most horrible inroads into my right side with its bony elbow, and such a smell—even now I wonder that every sense did not leave me. The patience of my bearers seemed however now to be exhausted. They still battled at the door with hundreds of this amiable fraternity; at length they dashed the door to with a force that made the windows quiver, and made off with me and my noble troop. And now it was that the rattling, and groaning, and the elbow manœuvre were first fully brought into action, and in their endeavours to seat themselves more conveniently, my accursed freight jolted from one side to the other till I thought my knees would have broken down under their burthen. One would imagine that in such numerous society I should have been warmly seated, yet no icehouse ever was colder. At every step that our bearers took, the icy mass of putridity before me, shook together—my flesh creeps even now at the recollection. The company, growing merry, began to sing—and with organs similar to those I had already remarked in our guides; but what airs! what tunes! The corpse before me seemed to be a leading singer; his soul-moving, heart-rending treble, sounded something like scraping slate pencil upon glass; the stave was of the following joyous import:—

See, how glows the deadly wine,
Upon the bony lip,
And arranged in spectral line,
Our joyous numbers trip.
See—attentive at her side,
The ghastly lover woos his bride;
Whilst sepulchral music flowing,
Scares the dawning day from growing.

To the latest hour of my existence, I shall retain a vivid recollection of this auricular martyrdom. After a ride of about half an hour, during which, my situation was more horrible than I can depict, our conductors stopped at another churchyard; the door was now opened, and as each passed forward to escape, a terrific squabble ensued between the cargo and my two attendants, probably about the fare. A third time I strained every nerve to call out, but it was absolutely impossible; at length, however, their quarrel seemed to have been adjusted; the chairman shut the door, still grumbling, and I was again, thank God, alone—could once more breathe freely—and by degrees became warmer. My conductors took their way through the gate back again, and I became more easy in the reflection that, in consonance with old habits of good order, they would probably replace the chair in its original situation; but, to my astonishment and terror, I now first became aware that the size of my conductors was rapidly enlarging. Instantly their statures became more exalted, their forms more aerial, and their strides more gigantic; and I could see distinctly into the first floor of the houses of the street through which we were passing. In the square where stands the monument of our late lamented monarch, their forms became really terrific, and as the foremost strode past, he swept the statue from its pedestal with his coat, with as much apparent ease as if it had been a wax doll. In the next street, I could, without difficulty, look into the third floor of the

houses we were passing, and on reaching the market place, I found myself elevated to the altitude of the church-clock; my bearers having become as attenuated as the conductor. Here all consciousness left me, and what farther became of me, I know not. On recovering myself, I lay in the chair which stood in its old place. It was already near mid-day; I therefore crept softly out of my fearful tenement, and luckily escaped unobserved. My friends to whom I related my adventure, said, that I had dreamed—that I had been visited by the nightmare—but to me it has always appeared singular, that for the whole of the next day, my coat had a smell as earthy as if it had lain in a grave; and that the storm should this very night have thrown down the statue of the king from its pedestal.

J. H. F.

Spirit of Discovery.

Waterproof Composition.

Mr. Henry Hunt, the patentee of the "Waterproof Composition," informs us that for the above invention we are indebted to the scientific researches of Baron Charles Wetterstedz, the brother of one of the ministers of state at the Court of Sweden, by whom it was employed to prevent the infection of the plague, by means of absorption through the pores of the soles of boots and shoes; but he accidentally discovered that it rendered them waterproof, during a thaw in Sweden, when his boots, being prepared with this composition, resisted the snow-water, and remained perfectly dry, whilst the boots of other persons were saturated, and resembled tripe.

Mr. Scott, an experienced engineer, has experimented upon leather prepared with Mr. Hunt's Composition, and found it "impervious to moisture at all degrees of pressure that leather will bear." The best tannage becomes saturated at from ten to fourteen pounds upon the inch, whilst that prepared with the Composition, was not penetrated at 180 lbs. upon the inch. With such testimony, we need not add our recommendation of "the Waterproof Composition" as likely to prove of great benefit, especially to our sporting and country friends.

Preservation of Canvass.

The *Literary Gazette* informs us, that an inhabitant of Troyes, in Champagne, has discovered a method of preparing canvass, and every other description of coarse linen, so as to resist damp, and prevent the approach of insects and vermin, and that the inventor promises to make his discovery public.

Bacon.

An American journal says, that Elder leaves bruised in a mortar, with a little water, will destroy skippers in bacon, without injuring the meat.

Ale.

Ale brewers usually put into the bung-hole of each cask, when stowed away, a handful of half boiled hops impregnated with wort, the object of which is to exclude the atmospheric air by covering the surface of the liquid; but some brewers, more rigidly attentive, insert (privately) at the same time, about one ounce of powdered black rosin, previously mixed with beer, which swims on the surface, but after a time is partially absorbed.—*Lib. Useful Know.*

Beer Poisons.

Cocculus Indicus is largely imported into this country, considering that few know for what other purpose it is used than to adulterate beer. We suspect what was at one time generally sold to brewers for Cocculus Indicus was really *Nux Vomica* (used to poison rats), and that the brewers' druggists when making their defence, passed Nux Vomica for Cocculus Indicus, on the same principle as the forgers of bank notes plead guilty to the lesser indictment. *Opium*, we believe, is still in use; for we have known seizures of that article in the custody of ale brewers, within the last two years.—*Library of Useful Know.*

Bees.

A Correspondent of the *Magazine of Natural History*, says, "the superstition respecting bees prevails in some parts, as to informing them of any great public event that takes place."

Swan River Settlement.

The soil of Swan River, from its moist state, is better adapted to the cultivation of tobacco and cotton than any other part of Australia. Both these articles are intended to be cultivated on a large scale, as also sugar and flax, with various important articles of drugs that the climate is peculiarly adapted to the growth of.—*Parliamentary Papers.*

The Harvest Bug

Is so minute as to be visible only to the keenest eyes, and then only when on any very smooth white surface. Ladies and children are the first to complain of their attacks; and chiefly where

any part of the dress fits closely to the skin. There they seat themselves at the intersection of the lines, and lay such firm hold with their feet and jaws, that they cannot be displaced by rubbing, nor by washing, unless a powerful spirit or acid be used. By a microscope, the bug will be seen to have eight legs, two feelers, and an abdomen something egg-shaped; colour livid red; and in size no bigger than the point of a small needle. They lacerate the epidermis in some way or other, as a small hole is observable where they have been seated; and cause extreme itching and considerable inflammation of the part. —*Magazine of Natural History.*

We should think *Eau de luce* or ammonia a remedy for their bite.

Adulterated Flour.

If flour adulterated with potato starch be sprinkled upon black paper, and examined by a powerful lens, or a microscope, the starch may be detected by the brilliancy of its grains.

Notes of a Reader.

A BOTTLE OF GOOD WINE.

THE following (from the *Ramblings of a Desultory Man*, in the *New Monthly Magazine*:) is in the best vein of a *bon vivant* and will be easily credited:—

"After dinner we ordered a bottle of Sautern, which was marked in the carte at two francs ten sous. It was in a kind of despair that we did it, for the red wine was worth nothing. It came—people may talk of Hocheim, and Burgundy, and Hermitage, and all the wines that ever the Rhone or the Rhine produced, but never was their wine like that one bottle of Sautern. It poured out as clear as the stream of hope ere it has been muddied by disappointment, and it was as soft and generous as early joy ere youth finds out its fallacy. We drank it slowly, and lingered over the last glass as if we had a presentiment that we should never meet with any thing like it again. When it was done, quite done, we ordered another bottle. But no—it was not the same wine. We sent it away and had another—in vain; —and another—there was no more of it to be had.

"It was like one of those days of pure unsophisticated happiness, that sometimes break in upon life, and leave nothing to be desired; that come unexpectedly, last their own brief space, like things apart, and are remembered for ever." We remember just such a bottle of *Grave* at Abbeville.

ST. SAVIOUR, SOUTHWARK.*

AMONG the fine old localities of London is the neighbourhood of the church of St. Saviour, Southwark; this is one of the noblest and largest churches in London, and when the new London Bridge is finished, might be made a noble object from the approach on the Borough side. It is a positive disgrace if it be suffered to remain in its present dilapidated state by the parishioners. The massy spaciousness of the structure, and the solidity of its walls, strike the stranger who first beholds it with admiration. In this church lies old Gower the poet, and there are several very curious relics of the olden time scattered about within its walls. Its date is believed to be anterior to London Bridge. All the ground along the river near it towards Blackfriars' Bridge is filled with remains celebrated in the annals of the church, and what is singular, also of the theatre.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

HUMAN LIFE.

HUMAN life is like a river—
Its brightness lasts not on for ever—
That dances from its native braes,
As pure as maidhood's early days;
But soon, with dark and sullen motion,
It rolls into its funeral ocean,
And those whose currents are the slightest,
And shortest run, are aye the brightest:
So is our life—its latest wave
Rolls dark and solemn to the grave.
Ettrick Shepherd.

SHUMLA.

THE following description of Shumla, by an experienced officer, will at this moment, be particularly interesting:—

"What is properly called the town of Shumla, is nearly surrounded by a rampart of Mount Hæmus, or the Balkan, which descends on both sides in the form of a horse-shoe. The steep slopes of this great fence are covered with detached rocks and close thorny bushes.

* In connexion with the decay of this venerable pile, we notice with sincere regret the recent and premature death of Mr. George Gwilt, jun., who assisted his father in the restoration of the tower and the choir of St. Saviour's, (see MIRROR, vol. xiii p. 227.) Though little advanced in his 27th year, he had already proved an honour to his family and his profession of an architect, by the production of a design for the restoration of the church, for which a premium of one hundred guineas was awarded to him about five years since. Of his excellent disposition and many good qualities as a friend and associate, we are enabled to speak with equal confidence; and seldom has it been our lot to meet with so much good sense and correct taste in an individual as we were wont to enjoy in the society of the deceased. This is far from a full eulogium on his merits; but as the above extract presented an opportunity, we could not omit this slight tribute to the memory of A LAMENTED FRIEND.

The nature of the ground makes it a most advantageous position for the Turkish soldier, who when sheltered by these inequalities, rapid steeps and a few intrenchments, displays all the address of the most skilful marksman. Like some orators, who cannot express themselves unless when partly concealed by a table or tribunal, the Turk cannot use his musket unless he can rest it on a stone or against the trunk of a tree, but then his aim is infallible.

"The town is about a league in length, with half that breadth, and may contain from thirty to thirty-five thousand souls. The fortifications are of barbarian architecture; a ditch, with a simple rampart, partly of earth, partly of brick, flanked here and there with little towers, which serve neither for support nor resistance, and which contain not above seven or eight fusileers. But it is not the town itself which is to be considered, but the vast intrenched field in the centre of which it is placed, and which is capable of containing an immense army, with its magazines, its utensils and equipage, without the enemy having the power to throw a single shell into the place, or disturb it by any manœuvre whatever.

"The air is extremely healthy in the elevated positions of the Balkan and in the narrow valleys which lie between its ridges.....On the other hand, there cannot be a more unhealthy country than that which extends from the Balkan to the borders of the Danube and Pruth. This difference between the climate of the mountains and the plain is the most formidable defence which nature has given Shumla. While the enemy is encamped in wet grounds and pestilential marshes, in want of wood, of provisions, and sometimes of men in health to take care of the sick; the Turks breathe a keen, dry air, and have an inexhaustible supply of fuel in the forests which surround them. In summer, Shumla is an agreeable abode; the town is surrounded by pleasant gardens, by vineyards, and a stream running from the mountains maintains the verdure of the fields. In time of peace it may be entered without hindrance, and the Turks allow the curious to walk about and survey all the posts. In this there is perhaps a secret pride, joined with the wish to communicate to others the conviction which they themselves feel, that the place is inexpugnable."

COURT FLATTERY.

HERE is a draught of "delicious essence," proffered by the lord of the Burmese granaries to the British embassy:—"The most glorious monarch, the lord of the golden palace, the sun-rising king, holds dominion over that part of the world which lies towards the rising sun; the great and powerful monarch, the King of England, rules over the whole of that portion of the world which lies towards the setting sun. The same glorious sun enlightens the one and the other. Thus may peace continue between the two countries, and for ever impart mutual blessings to both. Let no cloud intervene, or mist arise, to obscure its genial rays.

A BARGAIN.

THE Archbishop of Saltzburg paid, in 1745, 995 scudi for his pallium, and 31,338 for his confirmation; *i. e.* (roughly speaking) about 7,000*l.* The pallium consists of two stripes of white wool, cut from two lambs offered up, in St. Agnes's Church, on St. Agnes's Day, spun into a sort of cloth by the nuns of St. Agnes, and consecrated by the Pope on the altar of St. Peter's.

CITY PAGEANTS.

IN the reign of James I. the sober liverymen of London decked themselves, on days of state, with chains of gold, pearl, or diamonds. The wealthy merchant, Sir Paul Pindar, had a diamond valued at thirty thousand pounds, which he lent to the king on great occasions, but refused to sell. It was said by the Prince of Anhalt, in 1610, after seeing "the pleasant triumphs upon the water, and within the city, which at this time, were extraordinary, in honour of the lord mayor and citizens," that "there was no state nor city in the world that did elect their magistrates with such magnificence, except the city of Venice, unto which the city of London cometh very near. These exhibitions were more splendid, and, though quaint and whimsical, savoured more of intellect and invention than the similar "triumphs" of the present day.—*Quarterly Review.*

BRUSSELS is rapidly advancing in the art of printing; one individual published no less than 250,000 volumes in the year 1827. Books are published much cheaper than in Paris, which creates no small jealousy there. Didot projected to bring his press into Brussels, but found that he had been forestalled by the labours of more than one printer. Neither the type nor the paper equal

the printing of London or Edinburgh, or perhaps Paris; but they are daily improving, and an immense number of books are exported.—*New Mon. Mag.*

HUBER, a German priest, relates a curious instance, in his own experience, of the mischief done by hasty proceedings. When he first went to his parish, he found, to his great disgust, only the common books of devotion, viz.:—P. Cochem, the Great and Little Garden, the Spiritual Soul-watcher, &c. The very first occasion which offered, he attacked these books publicly and vehemently from the pulpit. The people were shocked and offended; they said that their fathers knew how to pray as well as fresh teachers, and would not look at his new volumes of prayer. Taught by his ill success to vary his plan, on a subsequent occasion he took occasion to speak in proper terms of respect of the piety of the composers of those early books, but added that many improvements, as they all knew, were constantly making in agriculture, masonry, &c., and so they must see that this might be the case with books. He then proceeded in the pulpit to compare the old and one of his new books of devotion, and before the evening he had numerous applications for copies.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

MOONLIGHT.

WHEN sunbeams on the river blaze,
You on its glory scarce can gaze;
But when the moon's delirious beam,
In giddy splendour woos the stream,
Its mellow'd light is so refined,
'Tis like a gleam of soul and mind;
Its gentle ripple glittering by,
Like twinkle of a maiden's eye;
While all amazed at Heaven's steepness,
You gaze into its liquid deepness,
And see some beauties that excel—
Visions to dream of, not to tell—
A downward soul of living hue,
So mild, so modest, and so blue

Etrick Shepherd.

PERILS OF TRAVEL.

HUMBOLDT and his party, on their memorable ascent of the volcano of Tunguragna, in the Nevado del Chimborazo, at the elevation of 19,300 feet, the highest spot ever trod by man, suffered severely. The air was reduced to half its usual density, and felt intensely cold and piercing. Respiration was laborious; and blood oozed from their eyes, their lips, and their gums. Another peculiarity of great elevations, noticed by travellers, is the astonishing clearness of the atmosphere. Captain Head was struck with it in the case of a condor shot, which appeared to fall within thirty or forty yards; but on sending one of his miners to bring it back, to his astonishment he found that the distance was such, as to take up above half an hour, going and returning. In Norway, a friend of the present writer stepped out of a boat to visit a spot, as he conceived, of a few hundred yards distant, when in fact it proved to be some miles. In the Pyrenees, the celebrated cascade of Gavarni appears about a short mile from the auberge, where travellers frequently leave their mules to rest, while they proceed on foot, little aware that they are thereby exposing themselves to a long and laborious walk of above an hour's duration. In the Andes, Humboldt remarks this phenomenon; stating that in the mountains of Quito he could distinguish the white poncho of a person on horseback, at the distance of seventeen miles. He also notices the extreme clear and steady light of the stars, which we can vouch to be true to a most extraordinary degree even in Europe, having distinctly seen the planet Venus, in a dazzling sunshine, at half past eleven, from the summit of the port of Venasque, in the Pyrenees.

London Review.

TITLES.

EVERYBODY knows that titles and dignities are not only integral parts of the person, but its most distinctive attributes. When Earl Grey said he would stand or fall by his order, it was as if he had said, he would stand or fall by himself. Take a noble lord, and, if the process be possible, abstract him mentally from his titles and privileges, and offer the two lots separately for sale in the market, who would not buy the latter if they could? who would, in most cases, even bid for the first? It is the title that is asked everywhere to dinner; it is the title receives all the bows and prostrations, that gets the nomination to so many places, that commands the regiments and ships-of-war, and "robs the Exchequer with unwashed hands." The man who owns it, may be what he can, an honest man, or a scoundrel, a mushroom or an Howard, a scholar, or a brute, a wit or a blockhead, *c'est égal.* Proud, haughty, highdaring, free England, is not this true to the letter?—*New Monthly Magazine.*

AT Thetford, not far from his beloved Newmarket, James I. was threatened with an action of trespass for following his game over a farmer's corn.—*Quarterly Review.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

"SIR DAN DANN'LY, THE IRISH HAROE."

From "Walks in Ireland," in the Monthly Magazine.

In spite of all that yet remains, it must be admitted with a sigh, that the glory of Donnybrook has departed in the person of the renowned Daniel Donnelly, better known among his admiring followers, by the sounding title of "Sir Dan Dann'ly, the Irish haroe." Of course if you know any thing of the glorious science of self-defence, a necessary accomplishment which I hope you have not neglected amidst the general diffusion of knowledge which distinguishes this happy age, of course if you have cultivated that noble art which teaches us the superiority of practical demonstration over theoretical induction, the recollection of that celebrated champion must fill your mind with reverence for his exploits, mingled with regret that he was snatched so soon from the path of glory.

I was fortunate enough to possess the friendship of that great man, and I esteem among the happiest days of my life, that on which I was lucky enough to attract his attention: it was during a *row* at Donnybrook Fair. I was defending myself with whatever energy I possess, against overwhelming odds, when suddenly, as if Mars himself had listened to my invocation, and descended to the fray, Dan rushed from his tent to show fair play, and in an instant my cowardly assailants fled, as if scattered by a whirlwind. From that hour, gratitude on my part, and a consciousness of protection on his, cemented an intimacy between us.

During the fair week, Dan Donnelly's tent (he always kept one after he became a celebrated character) was always crowded to excess by all classes, high and low; some attracted by admiration of the good things of this life dispensed by the amiable Lady Dann'ly, others by the convivial and facetious qualities of her redoubted spouse; in the evening, especially, you were sure to find him the centre of a circle of wondering listeners, detailing some of his extraordinary adventures, the most astonishing of which it was heresy in the eyes of his followers to doubt for an instant, though my love of truth obliges me to confess, that one or two I have heard him relate sounded a little apocryphal. But great and extraordinary characters are not to be judged of by common rules; for instance, his account of the manner in which he obtained the honour of knighthood from the hands of our present gracious sovereign, then Prince Regent, always appeared to me to differ in some material circumstances from the ordinary routine of court etiquette, and rather to resemble one of those amusing and instructive narratives denominated fairy tales. But on this delicate subject perhaps the safest course is to suffer the reader to judge for himself: so without further circumlocution, I will submit my lamented friend's account to his perusal, in the precise words in which I have so often had the pleasure of hearing it:—

"My jewels, I was lyin' in bed one mornin', restin' myself, in regard ov bein' dhrunk the night afore, wid Scroggins an' Jack Randall, an' some more ov the boys; an' as I was lyin' on the broad ov my back, thinkin' ov nothin', a knock came to my door. 'Come in, says I, 'iv you're fat.' So the door opened sure enough, an' in come a great big chap, dhressed in the most elegantest way ever you see, wid a cockade in his hat, an' a plume ov feathers out ov id, an' goolden epulets upon his shouldhers, an' tossels an' bobs of goold all over the coat ov him, jist like any lord ov the land. 'Are you Dan Dann'ly,' says he;—'Throth an' I am,' says I; 'an' that's my name sure enough, for want ov a better; an' what do'ye want wid me now you've found me.'—'My masther is waitin' to spake to ye, an' sint me to tell you to come down to his place in a hurry.'—'An' who the devil *is* your masther?' says I; 'an' didn't think ye had one, only yourself, an' you so fine.'—'Oh,' says he, 'my masther is the Prence Ragin.'—'Blur an' ouns,' says I; 'tell his honour I'll be wid him in the twinklin' ov a bedpost, the minit I take my face from behind my beard, an' get on my clane flax; but stop a bit,' says I; 'where does the masther live?'—'Down at Carltown Palace,' says he; 'so make yourself dacent, an' be off wid yourself afther me.' Wid that away he wint.

"Up I gets, an' away I goes, the instant minit I put on my duds, down to Carltown Palace. An' it's it that's the place; twicet as big as the castle, or Kilmainham gaol, an' groves ov threes round about it, like the Phaynix Park. Up I goes to the gate, an' I gives a little asy rap to show I wasn't proud; who should let me in but the 'dentical chap that come to ax me up. 'Well, Dan,' says he, 'you didn't let the grass

grow undher your feet; the masther's waitin', so away in wid ye as fast as ye can.'—'An' which way will I go? says I.—'Crass the yard,' says he, 'an' folley your nose up through the house, ever 'till you come to the dhrawin'-room door, an' then jist rap wid your knuckle, an' ye'll get lave to come in.' So away I wint acrass the yard, an' it's there the fun was goin' on, soldiers marchin', and fiddlers playin', and monkeys dancin', an' every kind ov diversion, the same as ourselves here at Donnybrook Fair, only it lasts all the year round, from mornin' till night, I'm tould.

"When I come to the house, in I wint, bowin' an' doin' my manners in the most genteelest way to all the grand lords an' ladies that was there, folleyin' their own divarsion, the same as thim that was in the yard, every way they liked—dhrinkin', an' singin,' an' playin' ov music, and dancin' like mad! I wint on, on, on, out ov one room an' into another, till my head was fairly addled, an' I thought I'd never come to the ind. And sich grandeur!—why, the playhouse was nothin' to id. At last I come to a beautiful big stairs, an' up I wint; an' sure enough there was the drawin'-room door, reachin' up to the ceilin' almost, an' as big as the gate ov a coach-house, an' wrote on a board over the door, 'No admittance for strangers, only on business.'—'Sure,' says I, 'I'm come on the best ov business, whin the Prence is afther sendin' his man to tell me to come on a visit.'—An' wid that I gave a knock wid my knuckle the way I was bid. 'Come in,' says a voice; and so I opened the door.

"Oh! then, ov all the sights ever I see, an' it's that was the finest! There was the Prence Ragin' himself, mounted up upon his elegant throne, an' his crown, that was half a hundred weight ov goold, I suppose, on his head, an' his sceptre in his hand, an' his lion sittin' on one side ov him, an' his unicorn on the other.'—'Morrow, Dan,' says he, 'you're welcome here.'—'Good morning, my Lord,' says I, 'plase your Reverence.'—'An' what do you think ov my place,' says he, 'Dan, now you're in it?'—'By Dad! your worship,' says I, 'it bates all the places ever I see, an' there's not the like ov id for fun in the wide world, barrin' Donnybrook Fair.'—'I never was at the fair,' says he, 'bud I'm tould there's plenty ov sport there for them that has money, an' is able to take their own part in a row.'—'Throth, Majesty,' says I, 'your honour may say that; an' iv your holiness 'ill come an' see us there, it's myself that 'ill give you a dhrop ov what's good, an' show ye all the divarsion ov the place—ay, an' leather the best man in the fair, that dare say, Black is the white ov your eye!'—'More power to ye, Dan!' says he, laughin'; 'an' what id you like to dhrink now?'—'Oh, by Gor!' says I, 'I'm afeard to take any thing, for I was dhrunk last night, an' I'm not quite study yet.—'By the piper that played afore Moses,' says he, 'ye'll not go out ov my house till ye dhrink my health;' so wid that he mounted down off his throne, an' wint to a little black cupboard he had snug in the corner, an' tuck out his gardy vine an' a couple of glasses. 'Hot or cowld, Dan?' says he.—'Cowld, plase your reverence,' says I. So he filled a glass for me, an' a glass for himself.—'Here's towards ye, Dan,' says he.—'The same to you, Majesty!' says I;—an' what do ye think it was? May I never tell a lie iv id wasn't as good whiskey as ever you see in your born days. 'Well,' says I, 'that's as fine sperits as ever I dhrunk, for sperits like id; might I make bould to ax who does your worship dale wid?'—'Kinahan, in Dublin,' says he.—'An' a good warrant he is,' says I: so we wint on, dhrinkin' and chattin', till at last, 'Dan,' says he, 'I'd like to spar a round wid ye.' 'Oh,' says I, 'Majesty, I'd be afeard ov hurtin' ye without the gloves.'—'Arrah, do you think it's a brat ov a boy ye're spakin' to?' says he; 'do ye're worst, Dan, and divil may care!' An' so wid that we stud up.

"Do you know he has a mighty purty method ov his own, bud thin, though id might do wid Oliver, it was all nonsense wid me, so afore you could say Jack Latin, I caught him wid my left hand undher the ear, an' tumbled him up on his throne. 'There now,' says I, 'Majesty, I tould ye how id would be, but you'd never stop until you got yourself hurt.'—'Give us your fist, Dan,' says he, 'I'm not a bit the worse of the fall; you're a good man, an' I'm not able for you.'—'That's no disgrace,' says I, 'for it's few that is; but iv I had you in thrainin' for six months, I'd make another man ov ye;' an' wid that we fell a dhrinkin' again, ever till we didn't lave a dhrop in the bottle; an' then I thought it was time to go, so up I got.—'Dan,' says he, 'before you lave me I'll make you a knight, to show I have no spite again ye for the fall.'—'Oh,' says I, 'for the matter ov that, I'm sure ye're too honourable a gintleman to hould spite for what was done in fair

play, an' you know your reverence wouldn't be easy until you had a thrial ov me.'—'Say no more about id, Dan,' says he, laughin', 'bud kneel down upon your bended knees.' So down I kneeled.—'Now,' says he, 'ye wint down on your marrow bones plain Dan, but I give ye lave to get up Sir Dan Dann'ly, Esquire.'—'Thank your honour,' says I, 'an' God mark you to grace wherever you go.' So wid that we shook hands, an' away I wint. Talk of your kings and prences, the Prence Ragin' is the finest Prence ever I dhrunk wid."

I'D BE A PARODY.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

I'd be a Parody, made by a ninny
On some little song with a popular tune,
Not worth a halfpenny, sold for a guinea,
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon;
I'd never sigh for the sense of a Pliny,
(Who cares for sense at St. James's in June?)
I'd be a Parody, made by a ninny,
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon.

Oh! could I pick up a thought or a stanza,
I'd take a flight on another bard's wings,
Turning his rhymes into extravaganza,
Laugh at his harp—and then pilfer its strings!
When a poll-parrot can croak the cadenza
A nightingale loves, he supposes he sings!
Oh, never mind, I will pick up a stanza,
Laugh at his harp—and then pilfer its strings!

What though you tell me each metrical puppy
Might make of such parodies *two pair a day*;
Mocking birds think they obtain for each copy
Paradise plumes for the parodied lay:—
Ladder of fame! if man *can't* reach thy top, he
Is right to sing just as high up as he may;
I'd be a Parody, made by a puppy,
Who makes of such parodies two pair a day!

Sharpe's Magazine.

The Anecdote Gallery.

VISIT TO FERNEY IN 1829.

Sharpe's London Magazine, (No. 3.), CONTAINS a pleasant article under the above title, describing the present state of Ferney, the residence of Voltaire, an engraving of which appeared in our No. 384. We would willingly have made the journey, and written our description in the Poet's *salon*, could we have "stayed time;" but as the old dials quaintly tell us, time "tarryeth for no man," and we were then compelled to adopt the most recent description.

Such of this last "Visit to Ferney" as relates to the Château will therefore be interesting, as a supplement to our previous illustration:—

"The road leading from Geneva to this celebrated spot is delightful, bordered on each side with superb villas, and presenting picturesque points of view only to be found in the environs of that enchanting city. A handsome avenue conducts the traveller to the château, the architecture of which is nothing very remarkable. After mounting three steps, and crossing a narrow vestibule, we entered the *salon*, which in its day received most of the wits and celebrated personages of Europe: for as a contemporary of Voltaire observed, 'to have been admitted at Ferney, is to have taken out a patent for genius.' The appearance of this salon is far from brilliant: a few indifferent pictures, some old red tapestry, and antiquated furniture compose the whole of its ornaments. To the left we entered the chamber of Voltaire.

"On one side of the apartment an humble mausoleum has been reared, the sanctity of which was not however respected by the sabres of the Austrians. The inscription on the top (a happy inspiration of the husband of Mademoiselle Varicourt), contains these simple words: 'Mon cœur est ici; et mon esprit est partout.' The most elaborate panegyric could not have conveyed a finer eulogium.

"On entering, the spectator is struck with the view of a bed of simple materials, and which was pillaged by the Austrians. Hung round the room are the portraits of Frederick, of Catharine, of Lekain—one of Voltaire himself, taken at the age of forty, and full of expression, with a number of *silhouettes* of the celebrated men of the day.

"The window of this apartment looks upon the gardens, and upon a little wood, which has undergone many changes since the death of Voltaire. Time however has hitherto respected a long and thick row of elm trees, whither he was wont to repair at sunrise, and where he usually meditated and recited aloud the scenes of his tragedies when finished, to any one whom he could find. His jealousy of criticism on such occasions is matter of record.

"The gardener at present belonging to the château was there during the latter period of Voltaire's life, and related to us with much *naïveté* several anecdotes, not generally known, of his master.

"Where the thickly-spreading branches of the elm trees present the slightest opening, the spectator enjoys one of the most beautiful views that can be imagined. In the distance, that giant of the hills—Mont Blanc, crowned with its eternal snows, rises majestically. At the base of the mountain the eye is gratified with the sight of variegated plains, smiling with verdure, and cultivated with the

most industrious care. The Rhone with its silver stream floats through the beautiful country that surrounds Geneva, which may be said to describe an amphitheatre just above the lake.

"A spacious park, not far from the château, usually formed the termination of Voltaire's rambles: in its cool shades he delighted to indulge his poetic meditations. To this place he was in the habit of driving daily in a little open calèche, drawn by a favourite black mare. The space which separates the park from the château, and which forms a gentle acclivity, is planted with vines."

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

A WELSH RABBIT.

COLONEL A—— baiting for the first time in his life at a Welsh inn, thought he would order for his dinner, a dish which *must* be perfection in its own country: viz. a *Welsh rabbit*. The dinner hour arrived, and the colonel lifting up the cover of the dish next him, exclaimed in angry astonishment to the waiter, upon beholding a large, dry-looking, fleshy animal before him. "What the d—l d'ye call *this*, a Welsh rabbit?" "Why, noo, noo, Sir!" replied the man, perfectly cool, and unconscious of the error, "Noo, it certainly an't exactly a *Welsh* rabbit, but 'tis a *Monmouthshire* one!" J. R.

ODD MEAL.

THE celebrated David Hartley entertained, at his apartments in Merton College, of which he was fellow, a party of his friends; they all dined well, *comme de raison*; and there was every likelihood that the evening would conclude with the utmost festivity, when a letter was brought to the naturalist; after due apology, he opened and read it; then starting up, he rushed out of the room. He soon returned, with horror on his face and a basketful of feathers in his hand; "Gentlemen, what do you think we have been eating?" Some of the guests began to fear they had been poisoned; even the boldest felt qualms. "Oh! that the letter had but arrived before the bird!" Then holding up some of the feathers, and letting them fall into the basket to display them to the company, he relieved their apprehensions, while he revealed the cause of his own grief, "we have eaten a nondescript." Though no blame could attach to him, there was something in all appearance so disreputable in the untoward accident by which, under his auspices, a scientific object had been treated in so vulgar a manner, that Hartley did not quickly recover from the mortification.

THE COMEDY OF LIFE.

THE world is the stage; men are the actors; the events of life form the piece; fortune distributes the parts; religion governs the performance; philosophers are the spectators; the opulent occupy the boxes; the powerful the amphitheatre; and the pit is for the unfortunate; the disappointed snuff the candles; folly composes the music; and time draws the curtain.

DUKE OF GRAFTON.

THE late duke, when hunting, was thrown into a ditch, at the same time a young curate called out, "*Lie still, my lord,*" leaped over him, and continued the chase. Such apparent want of feeling, might be presumed, was properly resented. But on being helped out by his attendants, his grace said, "*that man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal, had he stopped to have taken care of me I would never have given him any thing:*" his grace being delighted with an ardour similar to his own, or with a spirit that would not stoop to flatter.

C. C.

BE ignorance thy choice when knowledge leads to woe.

A MAGISTRATE NO SAILOR.

A SAILOR who had been making a riot, was taken before a justice, who ordered him to find bail. "I have no bail," said Jack. "Then I'll commit you," said the justice. "You will!" said the sailor, "then the Lord send you the rope that stops the wind when the ship's at anchor." "What do you mean by that?" said the justice. "Why," said Jack, "it's the hanging rope at the yard-arm."

A COUNSELLOR was one day asked by a judge why he was always employed in knavish causes. "Why, my lord," said the counsellor, "I have been so much in the habit of losing good causes, that I think I had better undertake bad ones."

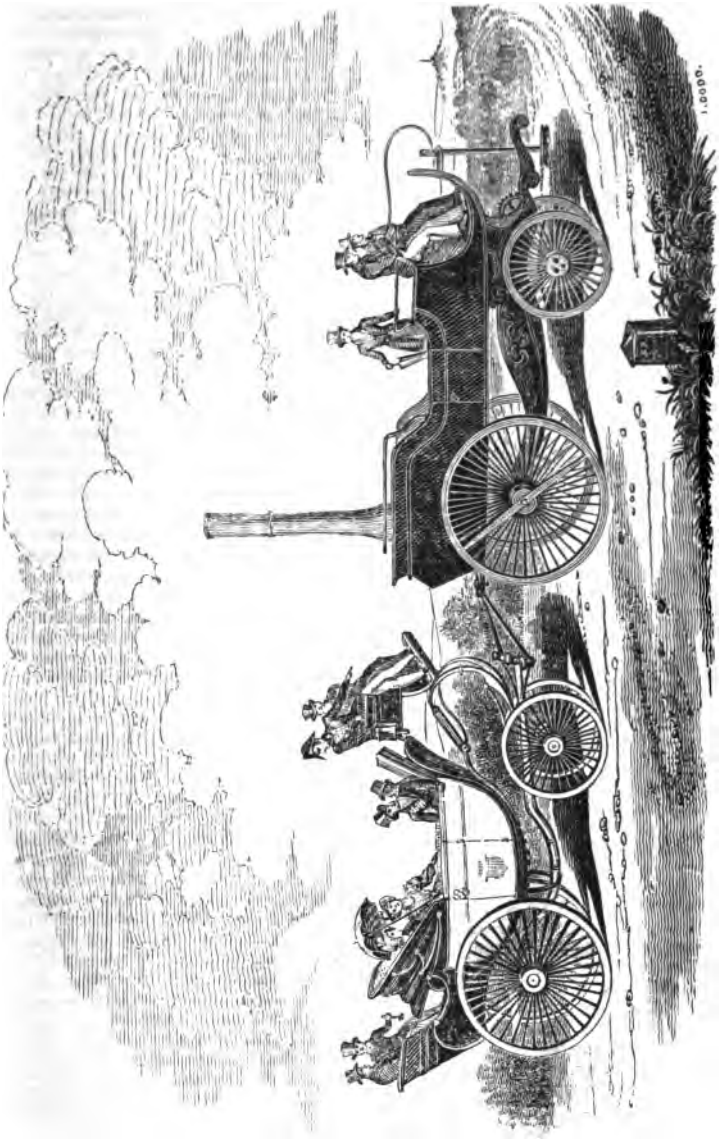
Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, *Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; and by ERNEST FLEISCHER*, 636, *New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 391.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1829. [Price 2*d*.



GURNEY'S IMPROVED STEAM CARRIAGE

MR. GURNEY'S IMPROVED STEAM CARRIAGE.

Mr. Gurney, in perfecting this invention, has followed Dr. Franklin's advice—to tire and begin again. It is now four years since he first commenced his ingenious enterprise; and nearly two years since we reported and illustrated the progress he had made. (*See* Mirror, vol. x. page 393, or No. 287.) He began with a large boiler, but public prejudice was too strong for it; and knowing people talked of high pressure accidents; the steam, could not, of course, be altogether got rid of, so to divide the danger, Mr. Gurney made his boiler in forty welded iron pipes; still the steam ran in a main pipe beneath the whole of the carriage, and the evil was but modified. At length the inventer has detached the engine and boiler, or locomotive part of the apparatus, which is now to be fastened to the carriage, and may be considered as a STEAM-HORSE, with no more danger than we should apprehend from a restive animal, in whose veins the steam or mettle circulates with too high a pressure. Fair trials have been made of the Improved Carriage on our common roads, the Premier has decided the machine "to be of great national importance," from sundry experiments witnessed by his grace, at Hounslow Barracks; and the coach is announced "really to start next month (the 1st) in working—not experimental journeys—for travellers between London and Bath."* Crack upon crack will follow joke upon joke; the *Omnibus*, with its phaeton-like coursers will be eclipsed; and a journey to Bath and the Hot Wells by steam will soon be an every-day event.

Descriptions of Mr. Gurney's carriage have been so often before the public, that extended detail is unnecessary. Besides, all our liege subscribers will turn to the account in our No. 287. The recent improvements have been perspicuously stated by Mr. Herapath, of Cranford, in a letter in the *Times* newspaper, and we cannot do better than adopt and abridge a portion of his communication.

"The present differs from the earlier carriage, in several improvements in the machinery, suggested by experiment; also in having no propellers;† and in having only four wheels instead of six; the apparatus for guiding being applied immediately to the two fore-wheels, bearing a part of the weight, instead of two extra leading wheels bearing little or none. No person can conceive the absolute control this apparatus gives to the director of the carriage, unless he has had the same opportunities of observing it which I had in a ride with Mr. Gurney. Whilst the wheels obey the slightest motions of the hand, a trifling pressure of the foot keeps them inflexibly steady, however rough the ground. To the hind axle, which is very strong, and bent into two cranks of nine inches radius, at right angles to each other, is applied the propelling power by means of pistons from two horizontal cylinders. By this contrivance, and a peculiar mode of admitting the steam to the cylinders, Mr. Gurney has very ingeniously avoided that cumbersome appendage to steam-engines, the fly-wheel, and preserves uniformity of action by constantly having one cylinder on full pressure, whilst the other is on the reduced expansive. The dead points—that is, those in which a piston has no effect from being in the same right line with its crank,—are also cleared by the same means. For as the cranks are at right angles, when one piston is at a dead point, the other has a position of maximum effect, and is then urged by full steam power; but no sooner has the former passed the dead point, than an expansion valve opens on it with full steam, and closes on the latter. Firmly fixed to the extremities of the axle, and at right angles to it, are the two 'carriers'—(two strong irons extending each way to the felloes of the wheels.) These irons may be bolted to the felloes of the wheels or not, or to the felloes of one wheel only. Thus the power applied to the axle is carried at once to the parts of the wheels of least stress—the circumferences. By this artifice the wheels are required to be of no greater strength and weight than ordinary carriage-wheels; and, like them, they turn freely and independently on the axle; but one or both may be secured as part and parcel of the axle, as circumstances require. The carriage is consequently propelled by the friction or hold which either or both hind-wheels, according as the power is applied to them jointly or separately, have on the ground. Beneath the hind part drop two irons, with flat feet, called 'shoe-drags.' A well-contrived apparatus, with a spindle passing up through a hollow cylinder, to which the guiding handle is affixed,

* "Literary Gazette," Sept. 19, 1829.

† The propellers, I am informed, are not absolutely discarded. They are now not fixed, but movable, and reserved for extreme possible emergencies, or for certain military purposes.

enables the director to force one or both drags tight on the road, so as to retard the progress in a descent, or if he please, to raise the wheels off the ground. The propulsive power of the wheels being by this means destroyed, the carriage is arrested in a yard or two, though going at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour. On the right hand of the director lies the handle of the throttle-valve, by which he has the power of increasing or diminishing the supply of steam *ad libitum*, and hence of retarding or accelerating the carriage's velocity. The whole carriage and machinery weigh about 16 cwt., and with the full complement of water and coke 20 or 22 cwt., of which, I am informed, about 16 cwt. lie on the hind-wheels."

Mr. H. then enumerates the principle of the improvements:—"That troublesome appendage the fly-wheel, as I have observed, Mr. Gurney has rendered unnecessary. The danger to be apprehended in going over rough pitching, from too rapid a generation of steam, he avoids by a curious application of springs; and should these be insufficient, one or two safety valves afford the *ultimatum* of security. He ensures an easy descent down the steepest declivity by his 'shoe-drags,' and the power of reversing the action of the engines. His hands direct, and his foot literally pinches obedience to the course over the roughest and most refractory ground. The dreadful consequences of boiler-bursting are annihilated by a judicious application of tubular boilers. Should, indeed, a tube burst, a hiss about equal to that of a hot nail plunged into water, contains the sum total of alarm, while a few strokes with a hammer will set all to rights again. Lastly, he has so contrived his 'carriers,' that they shall act without confining the wheels, by which means there is none of that sliding and consequent cutting up of the road, which, in sharp turnings, would result from inflexible construint.

"Hills and loose, slippery ground are well known to be the *res adversæ* of steam-carriages; on ordinary level roads they roll along with rapid facility. In every ascent there are two additional circumstances inimical to progressive motion. One is, that carriages press less on the ground of a hill than on that of a plain, thus giving the wheels a less forcible grasp or bite. But this may be easily remedied in the structure of a carriage, and is not of very material consequence in the steepest hills that we have. The other is more serious. When a carriage ascends a hill, the weight or gravity of the whole is decomposable into two—one perpendicular, and the other parallel to the road. The former constitutes the pressure on the road, the latter the additional work the engine has to perform. Universally this is the same part of the whole carriage and its load together, which the perpendicular ascent of the hill is of its length. With these principles, if we knew the bite of the wheels on the road, we could at once subject the powers of Mr. Gurney's carriage to calculation.

"Now, from one of the experiments made in the barrack-yard, at Hounslow, I find we can approximate towards it. For instance, with one wheel only fixed to the 'carriers,' the carriage drew itself and load of water and coke (about 1 ton), with three men on it, and a wagon behind of 16 cwt. containing 27 soldiers. This, at the rate of 1¼ cwt. to a man, in round numbers is 4 tons. Estimating the force of traction of spring carriages at a twelfth of the total weight, it consequently gives a hold or bite on the road of 1-12 of 4 tons, or 6 2-3rds cwt. per wheel, or 13 1-3rd cwt. for the two wheels. This is likewise the propelling force of the carriage. Supposing, therefore, we were ascending a hill of 1 foot rise in 8, which I am assured exceeds in steepness any hill we have, we should be able to draw a load behind of 2 tons 2 cwt., or between 3 and 4 tons altogether. * * * * *

"On a good level road I think it not improbable it might draw, instead of 7 tons which our experiment would give, from 10 to 11, besides its own weight, or 100 ordinary men, exclusive of 2 or 3 tons for carriages; and up one of our steepest hills, 3 tons besides itself, or 25 men besides a ton for a carriage. This it would do at a rate of 8, 9, or 10 miles an hour. For it is a singular feature in this carriage, and which was remarked by many at the time, that it maintained very nearly the same speed with a wagon and 27 men, that it did with the carriage and only 5 or 6 persons. But there is a fact connected with this machine still more extraordinary. For instance, every additional cwt. we shift on the hind or working wheels, will increase the power of traction in our steepest hills upwards of 4 cwt., and on the level road half a ton. Such, then, is the paradoxical nature of steam-carriages, that the very circumstance which in animal exertion would weaken and retard, will here multiply their strength and accelerate. This, no doubt, Mr. Gurney's ingenuity will soon turn to profitable account.

"It has often been asserted that carriages of this sort could not go above 6 or 7 miles an hour. I can see no reasonable objection to 20. The following fact, decided before a large company in the barrack-yard, will best speak for itself:—At eighteen minutes after three I ascended the carriage with Mr. Gurney. After we had gone about half way round, 'Now,' said Mr. Gurney, 'I will show you her speed.' He did, and we completed seven turns round the outside of the road by twenty-eight minutes after three. If, therefore, as I was there assured, two and a half turns measured one mile, we went 2.8 miles in ten minutes; that is, at the rate of 16.8, or nearly 17 miles per hour. But as Mr. Gurney slackened its motion once or twice in the course of trial, to speak to some one, and did not go at an equal rate all the way round for fear of accident in the crowd, it is clear that sometimes we must have proceeded at the rate of upwards of twenty miles an hour."

The Engraving will furnish the reader with a correct idea of such of Mr. Gurney's improvements as are most interesting to the public. The present arrangement is certainly very preferable to placing the boiler and engine in immediate contact with the carriage, which is to convey goods and passengers. Men of science are still much divided on the practical economy of using steam instead of horses as a travelling agent; but we hope, like all great contemporaries they may whet and cultivate each other till the desired object is attained. One of them, a writer in the *Atlas*, observes, that "if ultimately found capable of being brought into public use, it would probably be most convenient and desirable that several locomotive engines should be employed on one line of road, in order that they might be exchanged at certain stages for the purposes of examination, tightening of screws, and other adjustments, which the jolting on passing over the road might render necessary, and for the supply of fuel and water."

An effectively-coloured lithographic of Mr. Gurney's carriage (by Shoesmith) has recently appeared at the printsellers', which we take this opportunity of recommending to the notice of collectors and scrappers.

PUNNING SATIRE ON AN INCONSTANT LOVER.

You are as faithless as a *Carthaginian*,
To love at once, *Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny, Anne.* SWIFT.

BRIMHAM ROCKS* BY MOONLIGHT.

(For the Mirror.)

THE sun hath set, but yet I linger still,
Gazing with rapture on the face of night;
And mountain wild, deep vale, and heathy hill,
Lay like a lovely vision, mellow, bright,
Bathed in the glory of the sunset light,
Whose changing hues in flick'ring radiance play,
Faint and yet fainter on the outstretch'd sight,
Until at length they wane and die away,
And all th' horizon round fades into twiligh. gray.

But, slowly rising up the vaulted sky,
Forth comes the moon, night's joyous, sylvan queen,
With one lone, silent star, attendant by
Her side, all sparkling in its glorious sheen;
And, floating swan-like, stately, and serene,
A few light fleecy clouds, the drapery of heav'n,
Throw their pale shadows o'er this witching scene,
Deep'ning its mystic grandeur—and seem driven
Round these all shapeless piles like Time's wan spectres risen

From out the tombs of ages. All around
Lies hushed and still, save with large, dusky wing
The bird of night makes its ill-omened sound:
Or moor-game, nestling 'neath th' flowery ling
Low chuckle to their mates—or startled, spring
Away on rustling pinions to the sky,
Wheel round and round in many an airy ring,
Then swooping downward to their covert hie,
And, lodged beneath the heath again securely lie.

Ascend you hoary rock's impending brow,
And on its windy summit take your stand—
Lo! Wilsill's lovely vale extends below,
And long, long heathy moors on either hand
Stretch dark and misty—a bleak tract of land,
Whereon but seldom human footsteps come;
Save when with dog, obedient at command,
And gun, the sportsman quits his city home,
And brushing through the ling in quest of game doth roam.

And lo! in wild confusion scattered round,
Huge, shapeless, naked, massy piles of stone
Rise, proudly towering o'er this barren ground,
Scowling in mutual hate—apart, alone,
Stern, desolate they stand—and seeming thrown
By some dire, dread convulsion of the earth
From her deep, silent caves, and hoary grown
With age and storms that Boreas issues forth
Replete with ire from his wild regions in the north.

How beautiful! yet wildly beautiful,
As group on group comes glim'ring on the eye,
Making the heart, soul, mind, and spirit full
Of holy rapture and sweet imagery;

* Yorkshire. This wonderful assemblage lies scattered in groups, covering a surface of nearly forty acres of heathy moor. The numerous rocking-stones, rock-idols, altars, cannon rocks, &c. evidently point out this spot as having been used by the Druids in their horrid and mysterious ceremonies. The position of some of these rocks is truly astonishing; one in particular resting upon a base of a few inches, overhangs on all sides many feet; while others seem suspended and balanced as if they hung in air.

Till o'er the lip escapes th' unconscious sigh,
And heaves the breast with feeling, too too deep
For words t' express the awful sympathy,
That like a dream doth o'er the senses creep,
Chaining the gazer's eye—and yet he cannot
weep.

But stands entranced and rooted to the spot,
While grows the scene upon him vast, sublime,
Like some gigantic city's ruin, not
Inhabited by men, but Titans—Time
Here rests upon his scythe and fears to climb,
Spent by th' unceasing toil of ages past,
Musing he stands and listens to the chime
Of rock-born spirits howling in the blast,
While gloomily around night's sable shades are
cast

Well deemed I ween the Druid sage of old
In making this his dwelling place on high;
Where all that's huge and great from Nature's
mould,
Spoke this the temple of his deity;
Whose walls and roof were the o'erhanging sky,
His altar th' unhewn rock, all bleak and bare,
Where superstition with red, phrensied eye
And look all wild, poured forth her idol prayer,
As rose the dying wail,* and blazed the pile in
air.

Lost in the lapse of time, the Druid's lore
Hath ceased to echo these rude rocks among;
No altar now is stained with human gore;
No hoary bard now weaves the mystic song;
Nor thrust in wicker hurdles, throng on throng,
Whole multitudes are offered to appease
Some angry god, whose will and power of wrong
Vainly they thus essayed to soothe and please—
Alas! that thoughts so gross man's noblest
powers should seize.

But, bowed beneath the cross, see! prostrate
fall
The mummeries that long enthralled our isle;
So perish error! and wide over all
Let reason, truth, religion ever smile;
And let not man, vain, impious man defile
The spark heaven lighted in the human breast;
Let no enthusiastic rage, no sophist's wile
Lull the poor victim into careless rest,
Since the pure gospel page can teach him to be
blest.

Weak, trifling man, O! come and ponder here
Upon the nothingness of human things—
How vain, how very vain doth then appear
The city's hum, the pomp and pride of kings;
All that from wealth, power, grandeur, beauty
springs,
Alike must fade, die, perish, be forgot;
E'en he whose feeble hand now strikes the
strings
Soon, soon within the silent grave must rot—
Yet Nature's still the same, though we see, we
hear her not.

J. HORNER.

Wilsill, near Pateley Bridge,
Sept. 1829.

* Human sacrifices formed part of the religious rites of the Druids.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

PLEDGING HEALTHS.

THE origin of the very common expression, to *pledge* one drinking, is curious: it is thus related by a very celebrated antiquarian of the fifteenth century. "When the *Danes* bore sway in this land, if a native did drink, they would sometimes stab him with a dagger or knife; hereupon people would not drink in company unless some one present would be their *pledge* or surety, that they should receive no hurt, whilst they were in their draught; hence that usual phrase, I'll *pledge you*, or be a pledge for you." Others affirm the true sense of the word was, that if the party drank to, were not disposed to drink himself, he would put another for a *pledge* to do it for him, else the party who began would take it ill. J. W.

RUSSIAN SUPERSTITION.

THE extreme superstition of the Greek church, the national one of Russia, seems to exceed that of the Roman Catholic devotees, even in Spain and Portugal. The following instance will shew the absurdity of it even among the higher classes:—

A Russian princess, some few years since, had always a large silver crucifix following her in a separate carriage, and which was placed in her chamber. When any thing fortunate happened to her in the course of the day, and she was satisfied with all that had occurred, she had lighted tapers placed around the crucifix, and said to it in a familiar style, "See, now, as you have been very good to me to-day, you shall be treated well; you shall have candles all night; I will love you; I will pray to you." If on the contrary, any thing happened to vex the lady, she had the candles put out, ordered her servants not to pay any homage to the poor image, and loaded it herself with the bitterest reproaches. INA.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

Fruits.

THIS Part (5) completes the volume of "Vegetable Substances used in the

Arts and in Domestic Economy." The first portion—*Timber Trees* was noticed at some length in our last volume (page 309,) and received our almost unqualified commendation, which we are induced to extend to the Part now before us. Still, we do not recollect to have pointed out to our readers that which appears to us the great recommendatory feature of this series of works — we mean the arrangement of the volumes —their subdivisions and exemplifications —and these evince a master-hand in compilation.

Every general reader must be aware that little novelty could be expected in a brief History and Description of Timber Trees and Fruits, and that the object of the Useful Knowledge Society was not merely to furnish the public with new views, but to present in the most attractive form the most entertaining facts of established writers, and illustrate their views with the observations of contemporary authors as well as their own personal acquaintance with the subjects. In this manner, the Editor has taken "a general and rapid view of fruits," and, considering the great hold their description possesses on all readers, we are disposed to think almost too rapid. We should have enjoyed a volume or two more than half a volume of such reading as the present; but as we are not purchasers, and are unacquainted with the number to which the Society propose to extend their works, we ought not perhaps to raise this objection, which, to say the truth, is a sort of negative commendation. Hitherto, we have been accustomed to see compilations of pretensions similar to the present, executed with little regard to neatness or unity, or weight or consideration. Whole pages and long extracts have been stripped and sliced off books, with little rule or arrangement, and what is still worse, without any acknowledgment of the sources. The last defect is certainly the greatest, since, in spite of ill-arrangement, an intelligent inquirer may with much trouble, avail himself of further reference to the authors quoted, and thus complete in his own mind what the compiler had so indifferently begun. The work before us is, however, altogether of a much higher order than general compilations. The introductions and inferences are pointed and judicious, and the facts themselves of the most interesting character, are narrated in a condensed but perspicuous style; while the slightest reference will prove that the best and latest authorities have been appreciated. Thus, in the History and Description of Fruits, the Transactions of the Horticultural Society are frequently and pertinently quoted to establish disputed points, as well as the journals of intelligent travellers and naturalists; with occasional poetical embellishments, which lend a charm even to this attractive species of reading.

To quote the history of either Fruit entire, would not so well denote the character of the work as would a few of the most striking passages in the descriptions. In the introductory chapter we are pleased with the following passage on *Monastic Gardens*.

"The monks, after the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, appear to have been the only gardeners. As early as 674, we have a record, describing a pleasant and fruit-bearing close at Ely, then cultivated by Brithnoth, the first Abbot of that place. The ecclesiastics subsequently carried their cultivation of fruits as far as was compatible with the nature of the climate, and the horticultural knowledge of the middle ages. Whoever has seen an old abbey, where for generations destruction only has been at work, must have almost invariably found it situated in one of the choicest spots, both as to soil and aspect; and if the hand of injudicious improvement has not swept it away, there is still the 'Abbey-garden.' Even though it has been wholly neglected—though its walls be in ruins, covered with stone-crop and wall-flower, and its area produce but the rankest weeds—there are still the remains of the aged fruit trees—the venerable pears, the delicate little apples, and the luscious black cherries. The chestnuts and the walnuts may have yielded to the axe, and the fig trees and vines died away;—but sometimes the mulberry is left, and the strawberry and the raspberry struggle among the ruins. There is a moral lesson in these memorials of the monastic ages. The monks, with all their faults, were generally men of peace and study; and these monuments show that they were improving the world, while the warriors were spending their lives to spoil it. In many parts of Italy and France, which had lain in desolation and ruin from the time of the Goths, the monks restored the whole surface to fertility; and in Scotland and Ireland there probably would not have been a fruit tree till the sixteenth century, if it had not been for their peaceful labours. It is generally supposed that the monastic orchards were in their greatest perfection from the twelfth to the fifteenth century."

Again, the

Naturalization of Plants.

"The large number of our native plants (for we call those native which have adapted themselves to our climate) mark the gradual progress of our civilization through the long period of two thousand years; whilst the almost infinite diversity of exotics which a botanical garden offers, attest the triumphs of that industry which has carried us as merchants or as colonists over every region of the earth, and has brought from every region whatever can administer to our comforts and our luxuries,—to the tastes and the needful desires of the humblest as well as the highest amongst us. To the same commerce we owe the potato and the pine-apple; the China rose, whose flowers cluster round the cottage-porch, and the Camellia which blooms in the conservatory. The addition even of a flower, or an ornamental shrub, to those which we already possess, is not to be regarded as a matter below the care of industry and science. The more we extend our acquaintance with the productions of nature, the more are our minds elevated by contemplating the variety, as well as the exceeding beauty, of the works of the Creator. The highest understanding does not stoop when occupied in observing the brilliant colour of a blossom, or the graceful form of a leaf. Hogarth, the great moral painter, a man in all respects of real and original genius, writes thus to his friend Ellis, a distinguished traveller and naturalist:—'As for your pretty little seed-cups, or vases, they are a sweet confirmation of the pleasure Nature seems to take in superadding an elegance of form to most of her works, wherever you find them. How poor and bungling are all the imitations of Art! When I have the pleasure of seeing you next, we will sit down, *nay, kneel down if you will,* and admire these things.'

* * * * * *

"It is one of the proudest attributes of man, and one which is most important for him to know, that he can improve every production of nature, if he will but once make it his own by possession and attachment. A conviction of this truth has rendered the cultivation of fruits, in the more polished countries of Europe, as successful as we now behold it."

The work then divides into *Fruits of the Temperate Climates*, and of *Tropical Climates*; the first are subdivided into Fleshy, Pulpy, and Stone Fruits and Nuts, in preference to a strict geographical arrangement. Under "the Apple" occur some very judicious observations on

Cider.

"The cider counties of England have always been considered as highly interesting. They lie something in the form of a horse-shoe round the Bristol Channel; and the best are, Worcester and Hereford, on the north of the channel, and Somerset and Devon on the south. In appearance, they have a considerable advantage over those counties in which grain alone is cultivated. The blossoms cover an extensive district with a profusion of flowers in the spring, and the fruit is beautiful in autumn. Some of the orchards occupy a space of forty or fifty acres; and the trees being at considerable intervals, the land is also kept in tillage. A great deal of practical acquaintance with the qualities of soil is required in the culture of apple and pear trees; and his skill in the adaptation of trees to their situation principally determines the success of the manufacturer of cider and perry. The produce of the orchards is very fluctuating; and the growers seldom expect an abundant crop more than once in three years. The quantity of apples required to make a hogshead of cider is from twenty-four to thirty bushels; and in a good year an acre of orchard will produce somewhere about six hundred bushels, or from twenty to twenty-five hogsheads. The cider harvest is in September. When the season is favourable, the heaps of apples collected at the presses are immense—consisting of hundreds of tons. If any of the vessels used in the manufacture of cider are of lead, the beverage is not wholesome. The price of a hogshead of cider generally varies from 2*l.* to 5*l.*, according to the season and quality; but cider of the finest growth has sometimes been sold as high as 20*l.* by the hogshead, direct from the press—a price equal to that of many of the fine wines of the Rhine or the Garonne."

* * * * * *

Old Apple Trees.

"At Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where Milton spent some of his earlier years, there is an apple tree still growing, of which the oldest people remember to have heard it said that the poet was accustomed to sit under it. And upon the low leads of the church at Romsey, in Hampshire, there is an apple tree still bearing fruit, which is said to be two hundred years old."

The *Fig* and the *Vine* are equally in

teresting, and in connexion with the latter we notice the editor's mention of the fine vineyard at Arundel Castle. Aubrey describes a similar vineyard at Chart Park, near Dorking, another seat of the Howards. "Here was a vineyard, supposed to have been planted by the Hon. Charles Howard, who, it is said, erected his residence, as it were, in the vineyard." Again, "the vineyard flourished for some time, and tolerably good wine was made from the produce; but after the death of the noble planter, in 1713, it was much neglected, and nothing remained but the name. On taking down the house, a stone resembling a millstone, was found, by which the grapes were pressed."* We were on the spot at the time, and saw the stone in question. Vines are still very abundant at Dorking, the soil being very congenial to their growth. "Hence, almost every house in this part has its vine; and some of the plants are very productive. The cottages of the labouring poor are not without this ornament, and the produce is usually sold by them to their wealthier neighbours, for the manufacture of wine. The price per bushel is from 4*s.* to 16*s.*; but the variableness of the season frequently disappoints them in the crops, the produce of which is sometimes laid up as a set-off to the rent."†

We have heard too of attempts in England to train the vine on the sides of hills, and a few years since an individual lost a considerable sum of money in making the experiment in the Isle of Wight.

At page 257, observes the editor,

A Vineyard

"Associated as it is with all our ideas of beauty and plenty, is, in general, a disappointing object. The hop plantations of our own country are far more picturesque. In France, the vines are trained upon poles, seldom more than three or four feet in height; and 'the pole-clipt vineyard' of poetry is not the most inviting of real objects. In Spain, poles for supporting vines are not used; but cuttings are planted, which are not permitted to grow very high, but gradually form thick and stout stocks. In Switzerland, and in the German provinces, the vineyards are as formal as those of France. But in Italy is found the true vine of poetry, 'surrounding the stone cottage with its girdle, flinging its pliant and luxuriant branches over the rustic veranda, or twining its long garland from tree to tree.'‡ It was the luxuriance and the beauty of her vines and her olives that tempted the rude people of the north to pour down upon her fertile fields:—

'The prostrate South to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles and her golden fields;
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.'§

"In Greece, too, as well as Italy, the shoots of the vines are either trained upon trees, or supported, so as to display all their luxuriance, upon a series of props. This was the custom of the ancient vine-growers; and their descendants have preserved it in all its picturesque originality.‖ The vine-dressers of Persia train their vines to run up a wall, and curl over on the top. But the most luxurious cultivation of the vine in hot countries is where it covers the trellis-work which surrounds a well, inviting the owner and his family to gather beneath its shade. 'The fruitful bough by well' is of the highest antiquity."

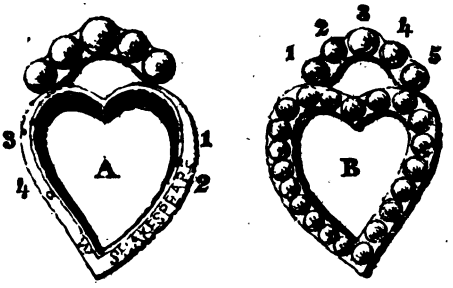
Passing over the Mulberry, Currant, Gooseberry, and the Strawberry, the account of the Egg Plant is particularly attractive; and that of the Olive is well-written, but too long for extract.

Among the *Tropical Fruits*, the Orange and the Date are very delightful; and equal in importance and interest are the Cocoa Nut and Bread Fruit Tree. In short, it is impossible to open the volume without being gratified with the richness and variety of its contents, and the amiable feeling which pervades the inferences and incidental observations of the writer.

A word or two on the embellishments and we have done. These are far behind the literary merits of the volume, and are discreditable productions. Where so much is well done it were better to omit engravings altogether than adopt such as these: "they imitate nature so abominably." The group at page 223 is a fair specimen of the whole, than which nothing can be more lifeless. After the excellent cuts of Mr. Loudon's Gardener's and Natural History Magazines, we turn away from these with pain, and it must be equally vexatious to the editor to see such accompaniments to his pages.

* Picturesque Promenade round Dorking. Second Edit 12mo. 1823, p. 258, 259.
† Ibid p. 143.
‡ The Alpenstock, by C. J. Latrobe, 1829
§ Gray's Alliance of Education and Government.
‖ See the second Georgic of Virgil.

Shakspeare's Brooch.



(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

HAVING frequently observed in your valuable publication the great attention which you have paid to every thing relating to the "Immortal Bard of Avon," I beg leave to transmit to you two drawings (the one back, the other front) of a brooch or buckle, found near the residence of the poet, at New Place, Stratford, among the rubbish brought out from the spot where the house stood. This brooch is considered by the most competent judges and antiquarians in and near Stratford, to have been the personal property of Shakspeare. A. is the back; 1 and 2, faint traces of the letters which were nearly obliterated, by the person who found the relic, in scraping to ascertain whether the metal was precious, the whole of it being covered with gangrene or verdigris. 3 and 4 are the remains of the hinge to the pin. Fortunately the W. at the corner was preserved. B. represents the front of the brooch; 1, 3, and 5, are red stones in the top part (similar in shape to a coronet) 2 and 4 are blue stones in the same; the other stones in the bottom or heart are white, though varying rather in hue, and all are set in silver. HJTHWC.

N. B. The above is shown to the curious by the individual who found it — a poor man named Smith, living in Sheep Street, Stratford.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals

THE greater portion of the following Notes will, we are persuaded, be new to all but the bibliomaniacs in theatrical lore. They occur in a paper of 45 pages in the last *Edinburgh Review*, in which the writer attributes the Decline of the Drama to a variety of causes—as late hours, costly representations, high salaries, and excessive taxation—some of which we have selected for extract. In our affection for the Stage, we have paid some attention to its history, as well as to its recent state, and readily do we subscribe to a few of the Reviewer's opinions of the cause of its neglect. But to attribute this falling off to "taxes innumerable" is rather too broad: perhaps the highly-taxed wax lights around the box circles suggested this new light. We need not go so far to detect the rottenness of the dramatic state; still, as the question involves controversy at every point, we had rather keep out of the fight, and leave our Reviewer without further note or comment.

NOTES ON THE DRAMA.

(From the Edinburgh Review, No. 98.)

Origin of Admission Money.

There were at Athens various funds, applicable to public purposes; one of which, and among the most considerable, was appropriated for the expenses of sacrifices, processions, festivals, spectacles, and of the theatres. The citizens were admitted to the theatres for some time gratis; but in consequence of the disturbances caused by multitudes crowding to get seats, to introduce order, and as the phrase is, to keep out improper persons, a small sum of money was afterwards demanded for admission. That the poorer classes, however, might not be deprived of their favourite gratification, they received from the treasury, out of this fund, the price of a seat—and thus peace and regularity were secured, and the fund still applied to its original purpose. The money that was taken at the doors, having served as a ticket, was expended, together with that which had not been used in this manner,

to maintain the edifice itself, and to pay the manifold charges of the representation.

" Dramatic Representations natural to Man."

Travellers inform us, that savages, even in a very rude state, are found to divert themselves by imitating some common event in life: but it is not necessary to leave our own quiet homes to satisfy ourselves, that dramatic representations are natural to man. All children delight in mimicking action; many of their amusements consist in such performances, and are in every sense *plays*. It is curious, indeed, to observe at how early an age the young of the most imitative animal, man, begin to copy the actions of others; how soon the infant displays its intimate conviction of the great truth, that " all the world's a Stage." The baby does not imitate those acts only, that are useful and necessary to be learned; but it instinctively mocks useless and unimportant actions and unmeaning sounds, for its amusement, and for the mere pleasure of imitation, and is evidently much delighted when it is successful. The diversions of children are very commonly dramatic. When they are not occupied with their hoops, tops, and balls, or engaged in some artificial game, they amuse themselves in playing at soldiers, in being at school, or at church, in going to market, in receiving company; and they imitate the various employments of life with so much fidelity, that the theatrical critic, who delights in chaste acting, will often find less to censure in his own little servants in the nursery, than in his majesty's servants in a theatre-royal. When they are somewhat older they dramatize the stories they read; most boys have represented Robin Hood, or one of his merrymen, and every one has enacted the part of Robinson Crusoe, and his man Friday. We have heard of many extraordinary tastes and antipathies; but we never knew an instance of a young person, who was not delighted the first time he visited a theatre. The true enjoyment of life consists in action; and happiness, according to the peripatetic definition, is to be found in energy; it accords, therefore, with the nature and etymology of the drama, which is, in truth, not less natural than agreeable. Its grand divisions correspond, moreover, with those of time; the contemplation of the present is Comedy--mirth for the most part being connected with the present only—and the past and the future are the dominions of the Tragic muse.

Grecian Theatres.

The climate of Athens being one of the finest and most agreeable in the world, the Athenians passed the greatest part of their time in the open air; and their theatres, like those in the rest of Greece and in ancient Rome, had no other covering than the sky. Their structure accordingly differed greatly from that of a modern playhouse, and the representation in many respects was executed in a different manner. But we will mention those peculiarities only which are necessary to render our observations intelligible.

The ancient theatres, in the first place, were on a much larger scale than any that have been constructed in later days. It would have been impossible, by reason of the magnitude of the edifice, and consequently of the stage, to have changed the scenes in the same manner as in our smaller buildings. The scene, as it was called, was a permanent structure, and resembled the front of Somerset House, of the Horse Guards, or the Tuileries, and was in the same style of architecture as the rest of the spacious edifice. There were three large gateways, through each of which a view of streets, or of woods, or of whatever was suitable to the action represented, was displayed; this painting was fixed upon a triangular frame, that turned on an axis, like a swivel seal, or ring, so that any one of the three sides might be presented to the spectators, and perhaps the two that were turned away might be covered with other subjects, if it were necessary. If parts of Regent Street, or of Whitehall, or the Mansion House, and the Bank of England, were shown through the openings in the fixed scene, it would be plain that the fable was intended to be referred to London; and it would be removed to Edinburgh, or Paris, if the more striking portions of those cities were thus exhibited. The front of the scene was broken by columns, by bays and promontories in the line of the building, which gave beauty and variety to the façade, and aided the deception produced by the paintings that were seen through the three openings. In the Roman Theatres there were commonly two considerable projections, like large bow-windows, or bastions, in the spaces between the apertures; this very uneven line afforded assistance to the plot, in enabling different parties to be on the stage at the same time, without seeing one another.

The whole front of the stage was called the scene, or covered building, to distinguish it from the rest of the theatre, which was open to the air, except that a covered portico frequently ran round the semicircular part of the edifice at the back of the highest row of seats, which answered to our galleries, and was occupied, like them, by the gods, who stood in crowds upon the level floor of their celestial abodes.

Immediately in front of the stage, as with us, was the orchestra; but it was of much larger dimensions, not only positively, but in proportion to the theatre. In our playhouses it is exclusively inhabited by fiddles and their fiddlers; the ancients appropriated it to more dignified purposes; for there stood the high altar of Bacchus, richly ornamented and elevated, and around it moved the sacred Chorus to solemn measures, in stately array and in magnificent vestments, with crowns and incense, chanting at intervals their songs, and occupied in their various rites, as we have before mentioned. It is one of the many instances of uninterrupted traditions, that this part of our theatres is still devoted to receive musicians, although, in comparison with their predecessors, they are of an ignoble and degenerate race.

The use of masks was another remarkable peculiarity of the ancient acting. It has been conjectured, that the tragic mask was invented to conceal the face of the actor, which, in a small city like Athens, must have been known to the greater part of the audience, as vulgar in expression, and it sometimes would have brought to mind most unseasonably the remembrance of a life and of habits, that would have repelled all sympathy with the character which he was to personate. It would not have been endured, that a player should perform the part of a monarch in his ordinary dress, nor that of a hero with his own mean physiognomy. It is probable, also, that the likeness of every hero of tragedy was handed down in statues, medals, and paintings, or even in a series of masks; and that the countenance of Theseus, or of Ajax, was as well known to the spectators as the face of any of their contemporaries. Whenever a living character was introduced by name, as Cleon or Socrates, in the old comedy, we may suppose that the mask was a striking, although not a flattering portrait. We cannot doubt, that these masks were made with great care, and were skilfully painted, and finished with the nicest accuracy; for every art was brought to a focus in the Greek theatres. We must not imagine, like schoolboys, that the tragedies of Sophocles were performed at Athens in such rude masks as are exhibited in our music shops. We have some representations of them in antique sculptures and paintings, with features somewhat distorted, but of exquisite and inimitable beauty.

The Roman Stage.

The Drama of ancient Rome possesses little of originality or interest. The word *Histrio* is said to be of Etruscan origin; the Tuscans, therefore, had their theatres; but little information can now be gleaned respecting them. It was long before theatres were firmly and permanently established in Rome; but the love of these diversions gradually became too powerful for the censors, and the Romans grew, at last, nearly as fond of them as the Greeks. The latter, as St. Augustine informs us, did not consider the profession of a player as dishonourable: "Ipsos scenicos non turpes judicaverunt, sed dignos etiam præclaris honoribus habuerunt."—*De Civ. Dei.* The more prudish Romans, however, were less tolerant; and we find in the Code various constitutions levelled against actors, and one law especially, which would not suit our senate, forbidding senators to marry actresses; but this was afterwards relaxed by Justinian, who had broken it himself. He permitted such marriages to take place on obtaining the consent of the emperor, and afterwards without, so that the lady quitted the stage, and changed her manner of life. The Romans, however, had at least enough of kindly feeling towards a Comedian to pray for the safety, or refection, of his soul after death; this is proved by a pleasant epitaph on a player, which is published in the collection of Gori:—

"Pro jocis, quibus cunctos oblectabat,
Si quid oblectamenti apud vos est
Manes, insontem reficite
Animulam."

Costume.

It is probable that the imagination of the spectator could without difficulty dispense with scenes, particularly if the surrounding objects were somewhat removed from the ordinary aspect of every-day things; if the performance were to take place, for example, in the hall of a college, or in a church.

The costume that prevails at present almost universally, is so barbarous and mean, and it changes in so many minute

particulars so frequently, that it is impossible to conceive the hero of a tragedy actually wearing such attire. A more picturesque dress seems therefore to be indispensable; but the essentials of the costume of any time, from which dramatic subjects could be taken, are by no means costly. All that is absolutely necessary in vestments to content the fancy, might be procured at a trifling expense, and the hero or heroine might be supplied with the ordinary apparel of Greece, or Rome, or of any other country, at a small price. We must carefully distinguish, however, between the necessaries and the luxuries of deception; the form, and sometimes the colour, demand a scrupulous accuracy; the texture is always unimportant. We may comprehend, therefore, how the old English theatre, notwithstanding the small outlay on decorations, by a strict attention to essentials, possessed considerable attractions; we may readily believe, that there were many companies who were maintained by their trade; "that all those companies got money and lived in reputation, especially those of the Blackfriars, who were men of grave and sober behaviour."

The Old Drama.

Our literature is remarkably rich in old dramas; but they are of little use to the present age. Fastidiousness and hypocrisy have grown for many years, slowly but surely, and have at last arrived at such a pitch, that there is hardly a line in the works of our old comic writers, which is not reprobated as immoral, or at least vulgar. The excessive squeamishness of taste of the present day is very unfavourable to the genius of comedy, which demands a certain liberty and a freedom from restraints. This morbid delicacy is a great evil, for it renders the time of limitation in all comic writings exceedingly short. The ephemeral duration of the fashion, which is all the production of a man of wit can now enjoy, discourages authors. There is no motive to bestow much care on such compositions, and they fall below the ambition of men of real talents—for the best part of the reward of literary labour consists in the lasting admiration of posterity; and as some new fastidiousness will consign to oblivion, in a short time, every comic production, it is plain that such a reward cannot be reasonably anticipated. We are more completely, than any other nation, the victims of fashion. Every thing here must either be in the last and newest fashion, or it must cease to be. The despotism of fashion in dress, in furniture, and in the pattern of the edges of plate, is perhaps inconvenient—it is, however, not very important; but it is a cruel grievance that it should interfere with and annihilate an entire department of our literature.

Hours of Representation.

Dramatic representations were formerly given, not only in Greece and Rome, but in England also, in the daytime, and in the open air. "The Globe, Fortune, and Bull, were large houses, and partly open to the weather, and there they always acted by daylight;" and plays were first acted in Spain in the open courts of great houses, which were sometimes covered, in whole or in part, with an awning to keep off the sun. The word *sale*, which is used as a stage direction, meaning not *exit*, but he enters, *i. e.* he comes out of the house into the open air, is an evidence of the old practice. We are inclined to think that the morning is more favourable to dramatic excellence than the evening. The daylight accords with the truth and sobriety of nature, and it is the season of cool judgment: the gilded, the painted, the tawdry, the meretricious—spangles and tinsel, and tarnished and glittering trumpery—demand the glare of candlelight and the shades of night. It is certain, that the best pieces were written for the day; and it is probable, that the best actors were those who performed whilst the sun was above the horizon. The childish trash which now occupies so large a portion of the public attention could not, it is evident, keep possession of the stage, if it were to be presented, not at ten o'clock at night, but twelve hours earlier. Much would need to be changed in the dresses, scenery, and decorations, and in many other respects, in the pieces, the solid merits of which would be able to undergo the severe ordeal; and if we consider *what* changes would be required to adapt them to the altered hours, we shall find that they will be all in favour of good taste, and on the side of nature and simplicity. The day is a holy thing; Homer aptly calls it ιερον ημαρ, and it still retains something of the sacred simplicity of ancient times. It is, at all events, less sophisticated and polluted than the modern night, a period which is not devoted to wholesome sleep, but to various constraints and sufferings, called, in bitter mockery, Pleasure. The late evening, being a modern invention, is therefore devoted to fashion; to recur to the simple and pure in theatricals, it would pro-

bably be necessary to effect an escape from a period of time, which has never been employed in the full integrity of tasteful elegance; and thus to break the spell, by which the whole realm of fancy has long been bewitched. An absurd and inconvenient practice, which is almost peculiar to this country, of attending public places in that uncomfortable condition, which is technically called being dressed, but which is in truth, especially in females, being more or less naked and undressed, might more easily be dispensed with by day, and on that account, and for many other reasons, it would be less difficult to return home.

Decline of the Drama.

It is not unlikely that the drama would be more successful if it were conducted more plainly, and in a less costly style. The perfection of the machinery and scenery of the modern theatres, seems to be unfavourable to the goodness of composition and acting; since the accessaries are so excellent, the opinion is encouraged, that the principals are less important, and may be neglected with impunity. The effect of good scenery at the first glance is, no doubt, very striking, but it soon passes away. If we saw a Garrick acting Shakspeare in a large hall, without any scenes, we should cease in a few minutes to be sensible of the want of them. We are almost disposed to believe, that exactly in proportion as scenery has been improved, good acting has declined.

The present age is too much inclined to make human life, in every department, resemble a great lottery, in which there are a very few enormous prizes, and all the rest of the tickets are blanks. The stage has not escaped the evil we complain of; on the contrary, it is a striking instance of the mischief of this unequal partition. The public are of opinion, that it is impossible to reward a small number of actors too highly, and to pay the remainder at too low a rate; to neglect the latter enough, or to be sufficiently attentive to the former. On our stage, therefore, the inferior parts, and indeed all but one or two, and especially in tragedies, where the inequality is more intolerable, and more inexcusable, are sustained in a very inadequate manner. In foreign theatres, on the contrary, and especially in France, the whole performance is more equal, and consequently more agreeable. There is perhaps less difference than is commonly supposed between the best performers and those in the next class. Whatever the difference be, it is an inconvenience and an imperfection that ought to be palliated; but we aggravate it. The first-rate actor always does his best, because the audience expect it, and reward him with their applause; but no one cares for, or observes, the performer of second-rate talents: whether he be perfect in his part, and exert himself to the utmost, or be slovenly and negligent throughout, he is unpraised and unblamed. The general effect, therefore, of our tragedies, is very unsatisfactory; for that is far greater, where all the characters are tolerably well supported, than where there is one good actor, and all the other parts are inhumanly murdered. This latter is too often the case on our stage for with us art does little, nothing being taught systematically. The French players, on the contrary, are thoroughly drilled, and well instructed, in every requisite.

BISHOPS' SLEEVES.

To Joan it has been always conceded that she is as good as her lady in the dark, but it is only of late years that Joan has presumed to rival her mistress in the light. The high price of silks and satins protected the mistress against this usurpation of her servant in the broad day. Clad in these, she was safe, as in a coat of mail, from the attack of the domestic aspirant, who was seldom able to obtain possession of the outworks of fashion beyond an Irish poplin or a Norwich crape. The silks and satins were a wall of separation, as impenetrable as the lines of Torres Vedras, or the court hoop and petticoat of a drawing-room in the reign of George III. The new liberal commercial system has entirely changed the position of the parties. The cheapness of French silks, and other articles of dress, has placed female finery within the reach of even moderate wages, and a kitchen-wench will not condescend to sweep the room in any thing less than a robe of *Gros de Naples* or *batiste*. Something must be done on the part of the mistress to arrest the progress of invasion, and assert the vested rights of the superior classes of female society. Invention is the first quality of genius, and to woman it is granted in a high degree. Thus gifted, the mistress, in a happy moment, conceived the idea of bishops' sleeves, an article of dress which precludes all hope or chance of imitation in the kitchen. A muffled cat might as well attempt to catch mice, as a maid-servant to go about the business of the house in bishops' sleeves. She could not re-

move the tea-equipage from the table without the risk of sweeping the china upon the floor; if she handed her master a plate, he must submit to have his head wrapped up in her sleeve; and what a figure must the cook present after preparing her soups and sauces! The female servant thus accoutred might, indeed, perform the office of a flapper, and disperse the flies; but although this was an office of importance among the ancients, it is dispensed with at a modern table. With the introduction of bishops' sleeves, the rivalry on the part of the maid must cease, and the mistress remain in undisturbed possession of her pre-eminence. Every friend of good order, every one who would retain each individual female in her proper place in society, and prevent its members from trespassing on each other, must, therefore, rejoice in bishops' sleeves; and devoutly pray, that differing from every other fashion that ever preceded it, the fashion of bishops' sleeves may endure for ever.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Spirit of Discovery.

Iris Lunaris.

That rare and beautiful phenomenon the *Iris Lunaris*, or moonlight rainbow, was observed by Mr. W. Colbourne, jun. and a friend of his, from an eminence about a quarter of a mile from Sturminster, on the evening of the 14th instant, about twenty minutes before nine o'clock, in the north-west. Its northern limb first made its appearance; but after a few minutes, the complete curvature was distinctly and beautifully displayed. The altitude of its apex seemed to be nearly forty degrees. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the appearance of this arch of milky whiteness, contrasted as it was with the sable rain fraught clouds which formed the background to this interesting picture. It continued visible more than five minutes, and gradually disappeared at the western limb. RURIS.

Sturminster.

Westphalia Hams

Are prepared in November and March. The Germans place them in deep tubs, which they cover with layers of salt and saltpetre, and with a few laurel leaves. They are left four or five days in this state, and are then completely covered with strong brine. At the end of three weeks they are taken out, and left to soak for twelve hours in clear well-water; they are then exposed, during three weeks, to a smoke produced by the branches of juniper.—*From the French.*

London Porter.

The bitter contained in porter, if taken wholly from hops, would require an average quantity of ten or twelve pounds to the quarter of malt, or about three pounds per barrel; so that if we consider the fluctuation in the price of hops, we shall not be surprised at the numerous substitutes, by which means the brewer can procure as much bitter for sixpence as would otherwise cost him a pound.

Quassia is, probably, the most harmless of all the illegal bitters. The physicians prescribe the decoction to their patients to the extent of a quarter of an ounce of the bark a day—as much as the brewer was accustomed to put into nine gallons of his porter.—*Library of Useful Knowledge.*

Black Game

Have increased greatly in the southern counties of Scotland and north of England within the last few years. It is a pretty general opinion, though an erroneous one, that they drive away the red grouse; the two species require very different kinds of cover, and will never interfere.—*Note to White's Selborne, by Sir W. Jardine.*

Birds of Prey.

All birds of prey are capable of sustaining the want of food and water for long periods, particularly the latter, but of which they also seem remarkably fond, drinking frequently in a state of nature, and during summer washing almost daily.—*Ibid.*

Egypt.

M. Champollion, in one of his recent letters, tells us that the whole of the island of Elephantina would hardly make a park fit for a good citizen of Paris, although certain modern chronologists would fain make it into a *kingdom*, in order to dispose of the ancient Egyptian dynasty of the Elephantines.

In another letter dated March last, he says, "Our establishment is in the Valley of Kings, which may truly be called the abode of death, as not a blade of grass is to be found in it, nor any living creature, except the jackall and hyæna, which the night before last devoured, at the distance of 100 steps from our palace, the ass which had carried my Barabra servant Mahomet, during the time that he was agreeably passing the night of the Ramadan in our kitchen, which

is in a royal tomb, entirely dilapidated." —*Translated in the Literary Gazette.*

Beet-Root Sugar.

The *Anti-Slavery Monthly Reporter* for September, among the advantages which will probably lead to the discontinuance of the cultivation of sugar by slaves, enumerates the rapid extension of the manufacture of beet-root sugar in France; a prelude, as the editor conceives, to its introduction into this country, and especially into Ireland.

Dry Rot.

The American Commodore Barron recommends pumping air from the holds of vessels as a remedy against dry rot; the common mode of ventilation, by forcing pure air, or dashing water into the hold, being found an imperfect preservative.

Alloyed Iron Plate.

Iron, coated with an alloy of tin and lead, so as to imitate tin plate, and not to rust, is now manufactured to a considerable extent in Paris; and its use for sugar-pans and boilers, and in the construction of roofs and gutters is expected to be very considerable.

Interesting Question.

Whether in the sea there be depths where no creature is able to live, or whether a boundary be assigned to organic life within those depths, cannot be ascertained. It, however, clearly appears from the observations made by Biot, and other naturalists, that fishes, according to their different dispositions, live in different depths of the ocean.—*From the German.*

Cats.

In Kamtschatka, Greenland, Lapland, and Iceland, there are no cats, nor does the lynx in Europe extend farther than Norway.—*Ibid.*

Vessels made of the Papyrus.

The last number of the *Magazine of Natural History* contains an article of great interest, on Vessels made of the Papyrus, illustrated with cuts, from which it appears that vessels have from the earliest times, been formed from the paper reed, and that they are at present in use in Egypt and Abyssinia. The author is John Hogg, Esq. M.A. F.L.S. &c. whose antiquarian attainments have greatly assisted him in the elucidation of this very curious subject.

*Remains of La Perouse.**

M. Derville, who commanded the Astrolabe, in the late voyage undertaken to search for traces of the expedition of La Perouse, considers the island, the summits of which were observed fifteen leagues to windward, by the frigates La Récherche and L'Esperance, which composed the expedition of Admiral D'Entrecasteaux, in 1793, and to which the name of the Isle de la Récherche was then given, to be the identical island, Vanikoro (or Vanicolo) on the shores of which the remnants of La Perouse's vessel have been found. The geographical position of latitude and longitude of the Isle of Vanikoro, agrees exactly with that of the island to which the name of Récherche was given by D'Entrecasteaux. That island was then confounded with the number of other islands, which had been seen by the expedition, and which it had been found impossible to examine in detail.—*Athenæum.*

* For a Report of this discovery, see MIRROR, vol. xiii. p. 409.

Study of Chemistry.

Numbers there are, far above the lower classes, who still consider the elements of all things as consisting of earth, air, fire, and water; an error which classical learning, no less than the expressions of common parlance, tends to perpetuate. Let us hope that the days are at hand, if not already arrived, in which the acquirement of such fundamental knowledge will be looked upon as at least equally necessary with the study of languages, and the cultivation of taste and imagination.—*Library of Useful Knowledge.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD WORSTED.

WORSTED, in the county of Norfolk, though formerly a town of considerable trade, and much celebrity, is now reduced to a village, and the manufactures, which obtained a name from the place, are removed to Norwich and its vicinity.

Shakspeare has not been very courteous towards the *worsted gentry*; had he lived in our times, they might have *worsted* him for a libel: he says in *King Lear*, "A base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three suited, hundred pound, filthy, *worsted* stocking knave."

P. T. W.

I ASKED a poor man, how he did? He said, he was like a washball, always in decay.—*Swift.*

CAT-FANCIER.

LADY MORGAN gives the following anecdote in her *Book of the Boudoir*. "The first day we had the honour of dining at the palace of the Archbishop of Taranto, at Naples, he said to me, you must pardon my passion for cats, *(la mia passione gattesca)* but I never exclude them from my dining-room, and you will find they make excellent company." Between the first and second course the door opened, and several enormously large and beautiful Angola cats were introduced by the names of Pantalone, Desdemona, Otello, &c. They took their places on chairs near the table, and were as silent, as quiet, as motionless, and as well behaved, as the most *bon ton* table in London could require. On the bishop requesting one of the chaplains to help the Signora Desdemona, the butler stepped up to his lordship, and observed, "My Lord, La Signora Desdemona will prefer waiting for the roast."

ANCIENT FAMILY.

THERE was much sound truth in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his ancient family: "*So much the worse for you*," said the peasant, as we ploughmen say, "*the older the seed the worse the crop*."

AT North Ferryby, in Yorkshire, the following very instructive lines are inscribed on a handsome tablet to the memory of Sir T. Etherington, an Alderman of Hull, and late a resident in the above place:—

"Taught of God we should view losses, sickness, pain, and death, but as the several trying stages by which a good man, like Joseph, is conducted from a tent to a court; sin his disease, Christ his physician, pain his medicine, the Bible his support, the grave his rest, and death itself an angel expressly sent to relieve the worn out labourer, or crown the faithful soldier!"

LOUIS XIV. was presented with an epitaph by an indifferent poet, on the celebrated Moliere. "I would to God," said he, "that Moliere had brought me yours."

ON MEMORY.

WHAT an unknown and unspeakable happiness would it be to a man of judgment, and who is engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, if he had but a power of stamping all his own best sentiments upon his memory in some indelible characters; and if he could but imprint every valuable paragraph and sentiment of the most excellent authors he has read, upon his mind, with the same speed and facility with which he read them?—*Watts*.

UPON a stone in St. Margaret's churchyard, at Lynn, in Norfolk, is the following inscription to the memory of William Scrivenor, Cook to the Corporation, who died in the year 1684:—

Alas! alas! *Will Scrivenor's* dead, who by his art,
Could make death's skeleton edible in each part,
Mourn, squeamish stomachs, and ye curious palates,
You've lost your dainty dishes and your salades;
Mourn for yourselves, but not for him i'th' least
He's gone to taste of a more heav'nly feast.

AT Whitchingham Magna, in the same county, is the following epitaph to Thomas Alleyne, gent. who died Feb. 3, 1650, and his two wives:—

Death here advantage hath of life I spye,
One husband with two wives at once may lye.

A RECENT American newspaper has the following notice to its readers:—"The editor, printer, publisher, foreman, and oldest apprentice (*two* in all,) are confined by sickness, and the whole establishment is left in the care of the *devil*."

FORTITUDE OF A SAILOR.

A VETERAN, at the battle of Trafalgar, who was actively employed at one of the guns, having his leg shot off below the knee, observed to an officer, "That's but a shilling touch; an inch higher and I should have had my eighteenpence for it;" alluding to the scale of pensions allowed for wounds. The same man, as they were lifting him on a brother tar's shoulders, said to one of his friends, "Bob, take a look for my leg, and give me the silver buckle out of my shoe; I'll do as much for you, please God, some other time."

BUFFON'S SON.

THE son of Buffon was a very dolt. Rivarol said of him, he is the worst chapter of his father's Natural History.

Printed and Published by J LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

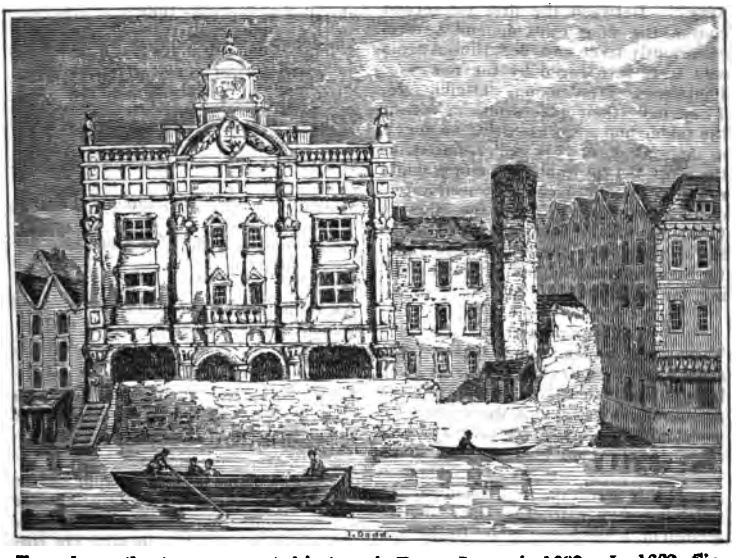
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 392.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1829. [Price 2*d*

The Duke's Theatre, Dorset Gardens.



The above theatre was erected in the year 1671, about a century after the regular establishment of theatres in England. It rose in what may be called the brazen age of the Drama, when the prosecutions of the Puritans had just ceased, and legitimacy and licentiousness danced into the theatre hand in hand. At the Restoration, the few players who had not fallen in the wars or died of poverty, assembled under the banner of Sir William Davenant, at the Red Bull Theatre. Rhodes, a bookseller, at the same time, fitted up the Cockpit in Drury Lane, where he formed a company of entirely new performers. This was in 1659, when Rhodes's two apprentices, Betterton and Kynaston, were the stars. These companies afterwards united, and were called the Duke's Company. About the same time, Killigrew, that eternal caterer for good things, collected together a few of the old actors who were honoured with the title of the "King's Company," or "His Majesty's Servants," which distinction is preserved by the Drury Lane Company, to the present day, and is inherited from Killigrew, who built and opened the first theatre in Drury Lane, in 1663. In 1662, Sir William Davenant obtained a patent for building "the Duke's Theatre," in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, which he opened with the play of "the Siege of Rhodes," written by himself. The above company performed here till 1671, when another "Duke's Theatre" was built in Dorset Gardens,* by Sir Christopher Wren, in a similar style of architecture to that in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The company removed thither, November 9, in the same year, and continued performing till the union of the Duke and the King's Companies, in 1682; and performances were continued occasionally here until 1697. The building was demolished about April, 1709, and the site is now occupied by the works of a Gas Light Company.

The Duke's Theatre, as the engraving shows, had a handsome front towards the river, with a landing-place for visiters by water, a fashion which prevailed in the early age of the Drama, if we may credit the assertion of Taylor, the water poet, that about the year

* At the end of Dorset-street, now communicating with Fleet-street, through Salisbury-square and Salisbury-court.

1596, the number of watermen maintained by conveying persons to the theatres on the banks of the Thames, was not less than 40,000, showing a love of the drama at that early period which is very extraordinary.* All we have left of this aquatic rage is a solitary boat now and then skimming and scraping to Vauxhall Gardens.

The upper part of the front will be admired for its characteristic taste; as the figures of Comedy and Tragedy surmounting the balustrade, the emblematic flame, and the wreathed arms of the founder.

Operas were first introduced on the English stage, at Dorset Gardens, in 1673, with "expensive scenery;" and in Lord Orrery's play of Henry V., performed here in the year previous, the actors, Harris, Betterton, and Smith, wore the coronation suits of the Duke of York, King Charles, and Lord Oxford.

The names of Betterton and Kynaston bespeak the importance of the Duke's Theatre. Cibber calls Betterton "an actor, as Shakspeare was an author, both without competitors:" in his performance of *Hamlet*, he profited by the instructions of Sir William Davenant, who embodied his recollections of Joseph Taylor, instructed by SHAKSPEARE to play the character! What a delightful association — to see Hamlet represented in the true vein in which the sublime author conceived it! Kynaston's celebrity was of a more equivocal description. *He* played *Juliet* to Betterton's *Romeo*, and was the Siddons of his day; for women did not generally appear on the stage till after the Restoration. The anecdote of Charles II. waiting at the theatre for the stage *queen* to be *shaved* is well known.

Pepys speaks of Harris, in his interesting *Diary*, as "growing very proud, and demanding 20*l.* for himself extraordinary more than Betterton, or any body else, upon every new play, and 10*l.* upon every revive; which, with other things, Sir William Davenant would not give him, and so he swore he would never act there more, in expectation of his being received in the other house;" (this was in 1663, at the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.) "He tells me that the fellow grew very proud of late, the King and every body else crying him up so high," &c. Poor Sir William, he must have been as much worried and vexed as Mr. Ebers with the Operatics, or any Covent Garden manager, in our time; whose days and nights are not very serene, although passed among the *stars*.

In one of Pepys's notices of Hart, he tells us "It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children brought upon the stage; the child crying, she, by force, got upon the stage, and took up her child, and carried it away off the stage from Hart." This pleasant playgoer likewise says, in 1667-8, "when I began first to be able to bestow a play on myself, I do not remember that I saw so many by half of the ordinary prentices and mean people in the pit at 2*s.* 6*d.* a-piece as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12*d.* and then the 18*d.* places, though I strained hard to go in then when I did; so much the vanity and prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular."

It may be at this moment interesting to mention that the first Covent Garden Theatre was opened under the patent granted to Sir William Davenant for the Dorset Gardens and Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatres. We must also acknowledge our obligation for the preceding notes to the *Companion to the Theatres*, a pretty little work which we noticed *en passant* when published, and which we now seasonably recommend to the notice of our readers.

* The *Globe*, the *Rose*, and the *Swan*, were on Bankside; besides which there were, either then or after, six other theatres on the Middlesex bank of the Thames.

FOUR SONNETS.

(For the Mirror.)

SPRING.

SEASON of sighs perfumed, and maiden flowers,
Young Beauty's birthday, cradled in delight
And kept by muses in the blushing bowers
Where snow-drops spring most delicately white!
O'! it is luxury to minds that feel
Now to prove truants to the giddy world,
Calmly to watch the dewy tints that steal
O'er opening roses—'till in smiles unfurled
Their fresh-made petals silently unfold.
Or mark the springing grass—or gaze upon
Primeval morning till the hues of gold
Blaze forth and centre in the glorious sun!
Whose gentler beams exhale the tears of night,
And bid each grateful tongue deep melodies indite.

SUMMER.

Now is thy fragrant garland made complete,
Maturing yea but as its many dyes
Mingle in rainbow hues divinely sweet,
They fade and fleet in unobserved sighs!
Yet now all fresh and fair, how dear thou art,
Just born to breathe and perish! touched by

From lifeless Winter to a beating heart,
From scathing blasts to Summer's balmy even!
Methinks some angel from the bowers of bliss,
In May descended, scattering blossoms round,
Embraced each opening flower, bestowed a kiss,
And woke the notes of harmony profound;
But ere July had waned, alas, she fled,
Took back to heaven the flowers, and left the
falling leaves instead.

AUTUMN.

FIELD flowers and breathing minstrelsy, farewell!
The rose is colourless and withering fast,
Sweet Philomel her song forgets to swell,
And Summer's rich variety is past!
The sear leaves wander, and the hoar of age
Gathers her trophy for the dying year,
And following in her noiseless pilgrimage,
Waters her couch with many a pearly tear.
Yet there is one unchanging friend who stays
To cheer the passage into Winter's gloom—
The redbreast chants his solitary lays,
A simple requiem over Nature's tomb,
So, when the Spring of life shall end with me,
God of my Fathers! may I find a changeless
Friend in thee!

WINTER.

THE trees are leafless, and the hollow blast
Sings a shrill anthem to the bitter gloom,
The lately smiling pastures are a waste,
While beauty generates in Nature's womb;
The frowning clouds are charged with fleecy
snow,
And storm and tempest bear a rival sway;
Soft gurgling rivulets have ceased to flow,
And beauty's garlands wither in decay:
Yet look but heavenward! beautiful and young
In life and lustre see the stars of night
Untouch'd by time through ages roll along,
And clear as when at first they burst to light.
And then look from the stars where heaven appears
Clad in the fertile Spring of everlasting years!

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

EXERCISE, AIR, AND SLEEP.

(Abridged from Mr. Richards's "Treatise on Nervous Disorders.")

THE generality of people are well aware of the vast importance of exercise; but few are acquainted with its *modus operandi*, and few avail themselves so fully as they might of its extensive benefits. The function of respiration, which endues the blood with its vivifying principle, is very much influenced by exercise; for our Omniscient Creator has given to our lungs the same faculty of imbibing nutriment from various kinds of air, as He has given to the stomach the power of extracting nourishment from different kinds of aliment; and as the healthy functions of the stomach depend upon the due performance of certain chemical and mechanical actions, so do the functions of the lungs depend upon the due performance of proper exercise.

Man being an animal destined for an active and useful life, Providence has ordained that sloth shall bring with it its own punishment. He who passes nearly the whole of his life in the open air, inhaling a salubrious atmosphere, enjoys health and vigour of body with tranquillity of mind, and dies at the utmost limit allotted to mortality. He, on the contrary, who leads an indolent or sedentary life, combining with it excessive mental exertion, is a martyr to a train of nervous symptoms, which are extremely annoying. Man was not created for a sedentary or slothful life; but all his organs and attributes are calculated for an existence of activity and industry. If therefore we would insure health and comfort, we must make exercise—to use Dr. Cheyne's expression—a part of our religion. But this exercise should be *in the open air*, and in such places as are most free from smoke, or any noxious exhalations; where, in fact, the air circulates freely, purely, and abundantly. I am continually told by persons that they take a great deal of exercise, being constantly on their feet from morning till night; but, upon inquiry, it happens that this exercise is not in the open air, but in a crowded apartment, perhaps, as in a public office, a manufactory, or at a dress maker's, where twenty or thirty young girls are crammed together from nine o'clock in the morning till nine at night, or, what is nearly as pernicious, in a house but thinly inhabited. Exercise this cannot be called; it is the worst species of labour, entailing upon its victims numerous evils. Good air is as essential as wholesome food; for the air, by coming into immediate contact with the blood, enters at once into the constitution. If therefore the air be bad, every part of the body, whether near the heart or far from it, must participate in the evil which is produced.

It is on this account that exercise *in the open air* is so materially beneficial to digestion. If the blood be not properly prepared by the action of good air, how can the arteries of the stomach secrete good gastric juice? Then, we have a mechanical effect besides. By exercise the circulation of the blood is rendered more energetic and regular. Every artery, muscle, and gland is excited into action, and the work of existence goes on with spirit. The muscles press the blood-vessels, and squeeze the glands, so that none of them can be idle; so that, in short, every organ thus influenced must be in action. The consequence of all this is, that every function is well performed. The stomach

digests readily, the liver pours out its bile freely, the bowels act regularly, and much superfluous heat is thrown out by perspiration. These are all very important operations, and in proportion to the perfection with which they are performed will be the health and comfort of the individual.

There is another process accomplished by exercise, which more immediately concerns the nervous system. "Many people," says Mr. Abernethy, "who are extremely irritable and hypochondriacal, and are constantly obliged to take medicines to regulate their bowels while they live an inactive life, no longer suffer from nervous irritation, or require aperient medicines when they use exercise to a degree that would be excessive in ordinary constitutions." This leads us to infer that the superfluous energy of the nerves is exhausted by the exercise of the body, and that as the abstraction of blood mitigates inflammations, in like manner does the abstraction of nervous irritability restore tranquillity to the system. This of course applies only to a state of high nervous irritation; but exercise is equally beneficial when the constitution is much weakened, by producing throughout the whole frame that energetic action which has been already explained.

A debilitated frame ought never to take so much exercise as to cause fatigue, neither ought exercise to be taken immediately *before* nor immediately *after* a full meal. Mr. Abernethy's prescription is a very good one—to rise early and use active exercise *in the open air*, till a slight degree of fatigue be felt; then to rest one hour, and breakfast. After this rest three hours, "in order that the energies of the constitution may be concentrated in the work of digestion;" then take active exercise again for two hours, rest one, and then dine. After dinner rest for three hours; and afterwards, in summer, take a gentle stroll, which, with an hour's rest before supper, will constitute the plan of exercise for the day. In wet or inclement weather, the exercise may be taken in the house, the windows being opened, "by walking actively backwards and forwards, as sailors do on ship-board."

We now come to the consideration of *air*. Pure air is as necessary to existence as good and wholesome food; perhaps more so; for our food has to undergo a very elaborate change before it is introduced into the mass of circulating blood, while the air is received at once into the lungs, and comes into immediate contact with the blood in that important organ. The effect of the air upon the blood is this: by thrusting out as it were, all the noxious properties which it has collected in its passage through the body, it endues it with the peculiar property of vitality, that is, it enables it to build up, repair, and excite the different functions and organs of the body. If therefore this air, which we inhale every instant, be not pure, the whole mass of blood is very soon contaminated, and the frame, in some part or other speedily experiences the bad effects. This will explain to us the almost miraculous benefits which are obtained by *change of air*, as well as the decided advantages of a free and copious ventilation. The prejudices against a free circulation of air, especially in the sick chamber, are productive of great evil. The rule as regards this is plain and simple: admit as much fresh air as you can; provided it does not *blow in* upon you *in a stream*, and provided you are not in a state of profuse perspiration at the time; for in accordance with the Spanish proverb—

"If the wind blows on you through a hole
Make your will, and take care of your soul."

but if the *whole of the body be exposed at once* to a cold atmosphere, no bad consequences need be anticipated.

A great deal has been said about the necessary quantity of *sleep*; that is, how long one ought to indulge in sleeping. This question, like many others, cannot be reduced to mathematical precision; for much must depend upon habit, constitution, and the nature and duration of our occupations. A person in good health, whose mental and physical occupations are not particularly laborious, will find seven or eight hours' sleep quite sufficient to refresh his frame. Those whose constitutions are debilitated, or whose occupations are studious or laborious, require rather more; but the best rule in all cases is to sleep till you are refreshed, and then get up. If you feel inclined for a snug nap after dinner indulge in it; but do not let it exceed *half an hour*; if you do, you will be dull and uncomfortable afterwards, instead of brisk and lively.

In sleeping, as in eating and drinking, we must consult our habits and feelings which are excellent monitors. What says the poet?—

"Preach not to me your musty rules,
Ye drones, that mused in idle cell,
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well."

One particular recommendation I would propose in concluding this subject, from the observance of which much

benefit has been derived—it is to sleep in a room as large and as airy as possible, and in a bed but little encumbered with curtains. The lungs must respire during sleep, as well as at any other time; and it is of great consequence that the air should be as pure as possible. In summer curtains should not be used at all, and in winter we should do well without them. In summer every wise man, who can afford it, will sleep out of town—at any of the villages which are removed sufficiently from the smoke and impurities of this overgrown metropolis.

The Novelist.

AN INCIDENT AT FONDI.

"Away—three cheers—on we go."

THE morning was delightful; neither Corregio, nor Claude, with all their magic of conception could have made it lovelier. The heaven expanded like an azure sea—and the dimpling clouds of gold were its Elysian isles—not unlike the splendid images we are apt to admire in the poems of *Petrarch* and *Alamanni*. The music of the birds kept time to the sound of the postilions' whips—the streams sung a fairy legend, and the merry woods, touched with the brilliant glow of an Italian sun, breathed into the air a delicious sonata. Such a morning as this was formed for something memorable! The Grand Diavolo and his bravest ruffians awaited the travellers' approach.

The carriage had pursued the direction of the path at a speed unequalled in the annals of the postilions; but the termination of the dell did not appear. Huge impending cliffs with their crown of trees imparted a shadowy depth to the solitude, which the travellers did not seem to relish.

"How cursed inconvenient is this dell with its frightful woods," said the baronet to his smiling daughter, "one might as well be sequestered in Dante's Inferno. Look at those awful rocks—my mind misgives me as I view them. Sure there are no brigands concealed hereabout!"

"Hope not, Pa'," replied the graceful Rosalia; but the last word had scarcely died on her lips, ere a discharge of shot was heard. The baronet opened his carriage door, and leaped on the ground.

"Hollo! John, Tom, pistols here, my lads, a pretty rencontre this! Stand by Rosalia, my own self and purse I don't value a groat, but stand the brunt, lads; here they come—oh, that I had met them at Waterloo!"

This attack perplexed the thoughts of the poor baronet. He regarded it as a romance in which he was to become the hero. But his present situation did not allow him the fascination of a dream. The brigands advanced from their concealment, and their chief, who seemed a most pleasant and polite scoundrel, commanded his men to inspect the luggage of the travellers.

"Humph! and is that all?" growled the baronet.

"I want a thousand crowns," said the chief, in a gentle tone, "you may then proceed."

"Humph! and won't five hundred do?"

"I insist!" returned the brigand, placing his hand on his sword!

This menace was enough. It produced an awful consternation in the countenance of the Englishman. He, dear man, felt his heart quake within him, as he paid the brigand his enormous demand. But a second trial was reserved for him—he turned to his carriage—his daughter was not there! where could she be? He heard a laugh, and on raising his head, saw the identical object of his care! She waved her delicate white handkerchief from the steeps above, while an Italian officer stood beside her laughing with all his might. The suspicions of the father were realized. He was the tall intriguing scamp who had charmed the eyes of Rosalia at the inn!

Away ran the sire, but the guilty pair seemed to fly with the wings of love attached to their heels; up the steep he clambered, scaring all the birds from their solitudes; still the lovers kept on before; they passed the bridge of Laino; the infuriated sire pursued; spire, tree, castle, church, stream; and in short the most beautiful features of the landscape appeared in the chase, but the fugitives did not stop to survey them. Away they pressed down the sunny slope, through the glen, along the margin of the Casparanna, swifter to the eye of the agonized parent than Jehu's chariot-wheels. Now they flag—they sit down amid the ruins of yonder old chapel—he will reach them now; alas! how vain are the calculations of man! In leaping across the Cathanna Mare, he received a shot in his arm; the cursed Italian had fired at him, and he fell, like a wounded bird into the stream!

* * * *

"Dear pa', how you kick one!" ex-

claimed the beauteous little daughter of the Englishman; "surely you have had a troublesome dream." "Dream! let me see," said the baronet, rubbing his eyes; "then I'm not drowned, and we are again at Albano, are we, and this is our merry host, and thank God, Rosalia, you are safe, and I must kiss you, my sweet girl." This was a pleasant scene! R. AUGUSTINE.

TIME.

IN IMITATION OF THE OLDEN POETS.

(For the Mirror.)

TIME is a taper waning fast!
Use it, man, well whilst it doth last:
Lest burning downwards it consume away,
Before thou hast commenced the labour of the day.

Time is a garden of a goodly soil!
Plenty shall crown thine honest toil:
But if uncultivated, rankest weeds
Shall choke the efforts of the rising seeds.

Time is a leasehold of uncertain date!
Granted to thee by everlasting fate.
Neglect not thou, ere thy short term expire,
To save thy soul from ever-burning fire.

LEAR.

SEPULCHRAL ENIGMA.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THE following Sepulchral Enigma against Pride, is engraved on a stone, in the Cathedral Church of Hamburgh:

"O, Mors, cur, Deus, negat, vitam,
be, se, vis, nos, bis, nam."

CANON.

Ordine daprimam mediæ mediamqæ sequenti,
Debita sic nosces fata, superbe, tibi.
Quid mortalis homo jactas tot quidve superbis?
Cras forsan fies, pulvis et umbra levis,
Quid tibi opes prosunt? Quid nunc tibi magna potestas?
Quidve honor? Aut præstans quid tibi forma? Nihil.

Vide *Variorum in Europa itinerum deliciæ, &c. Nathane Chitreo, Editio Secunda*, 1599.

The above inscription and Canon are from a very scarce book, *me penes*; if they are deemed worthy of a place in your entertaining miscellany, and no solution or English version should be offered to your notice for insertion, I will avail myself of your permission to send one for your approval.

Your's, &c. Σ.

THE VINE.—A FRAGMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

See! o'er the wall, the white-leav'd clutch-vine
Shoots its redundant tendrils; and doth seem,
Like the untam'd enthusiast's glowing heart,
Ready to clasp, with an abundant love.
All nature in its arms!

C. COLA.

The Cosmopolite.

ON LIBERTY.

"I don't hate the world, but I laugh at it for none but fools can be in earnest about trifle."

So says Gay of the world, in one of his letters to Swift, and we have adapted the quotation to our idea of liberty. True it is that Addison apostrophizes liberty as a

Goddess, heavenly bright!

but we hope our laughter will not be considered as indecorous or profane. Our great essayist has exalted her into a Deity, and invested her with a mythological charm, which makes us doubt her existence; so that to laugh at her can be no more irreverend than to sneer at the belief in apparitions, a joke which is very generally enjoyed in these good days of spick-and-span philosophy. Whether Liberty ever existed or not, is to us a matter of little import, since it is certain that she belongs to the grand hoax which is the whole scheme of life. The extension of liberty into concerns of every-day life is therefore reasonable enough, and to prove that we are happy in possessing this ideal blessing, seems to have been the aim of all who have written on the subject. One, however, if we remember right, sets the matter in a grave light, when he says to man—

Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost.

He who loves to scatter crumbs of comfort in these starving times, will not despair at this sublime truth, but will seek to cherish the love of liberty, or the consolation for the loss of it wherever he goes.

The reader need not be told that we are friends to the spread of liberty: indeed, we think she may "triumph over time, clip his wings, pare his nails, file his teeth, turn back his hour-glass, blunt his scythe, and draw the hob-nails out of his shoes;" but to show how this may be done, we must run over a few varieties of liberty for the benefit of such as do not enjoy the inestimable blessings of being *free and easy*: we quote these words, vulgar as they are; for, of all words in our vernacular tongue, to express comfort and security from ill, commend us to the expletive of *free and easy*. We had rather not meddle with civil or religious liberty: they are as combustible as the Cotopaxi, or the new governments, of South America; and our attempts at reformation do not extend beyond paper and print, which the unamused reader may burn or not, as he

pleases without searing his own conscience or exciting our revenge. To be sure, a few of our examples may border on civil liberty; but we shall not seek to find parallels for the Ptolemaian cages, or the Tower of Famine, in our times; neither shall we feast upon the horrors of the French Revolution, nor the last polite reception of the Russians by headless Turks; notwithstanding all these examples would bear us out in our idea of the love of liberty, and the evils of the loss of it.

Kings often want liberty, even amidst the multitude of their luxuries. They are not unfrequently the veriest slaves at court, and liege and loyal as we are, we seldom hear of a king eating, drinking, and sleeping as other people do, without envying him so happy an interval from the cares of state, and the painted pomp of palaces. This it is that makes the domestic habits of kings so interesting to every one; and many a time have we crossed field after field to catch a glimpse of royalty, in a plain green chariot on the Brighton road, when we would not have put our heads out of window to see a procession to the House of Lords. Some kings have even gone so far in their love of plain life as to drop the king, which is a very pleasant sort of unkingship. Frederick the Great, at one of his literary entertainments adopted this plan to promote free conversation, when he reminded the circle that there was no monarch present, and that every one might think aloud. The conversation soon turned upon the faults of different governments and rulers, and general censures were passing from mouth to mouth pretty freely, when Frederick suddenly stayed the topic, by saying, "Peace, peace, gentlemen, have a care, the king is coming; it may be as well if he does not hear you, lest he should be obliged to be still worse than you." Our Second Charles was very fond of liberty, and of dropping the king, or as some writers say, he never took the office up: this was for another purpose, in times when

License they mean when they cry liberty.

Voluntarily parting with one's liberty is, however, very different to having it taken from us, as in the anecdote of the citizen who never having been out of his native place during his lifetime, was, for some offence, sentenced to stay within the walls a whole year; when he died of grief not long afterwards.

State imprisonment is like a set of silken fetters for kings and other great people. Thus, almost all our palaces have been used as prisons, according to the caprice of the monarch, or the violence of the uppermost faction. Shakspeare, in his historical plays, gives us many pictures of royal and noble suffering from the loss of liberty. One of the latter, with a beautiful antidote, is the address of Gaunt to Bolingbroke, after his banishment by Richard II.:—

All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports, and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee:
But thou the king: woe doth heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exiled thee: or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest:
Suppose the singing birds musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Even Napoleon, whose wounds were almost green at his death, sought to chase away the recollections of his ill-starred splendour, by rides and walks in the island, and conversation with his suite in his garden; and Louis XVIII. after his restoration to the throne of France, passed few such happy days as his exile at Hartwell, which though only a pleasant seat enough, had more comfort than the gilded saloons of Versailles, or the hurly-burly of the Tuileries, with treason hatching in the street beneath the windows, and revolution stinking in the very nostrils of the court. Shakspeare might well call a crown a

Polished perturbation! golden care!

and add—

O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

Goldsmith has somewhat sarcastically lamented that the appetites of the rich do not increase with their wealth: in like manner, it would be a grievous thing could liberty be monopolized or scraped into heaps like wealth; a petty tyrant may persecute and imprison thousands, but he cannot thereby add one hour or inch to his own liberty.

Another and a very common loss of liberty is by pleasure and the love of fame, especially by the slaves of fashion and the lovers of great place;

Whose lives are others' not their own.

Pleasure for the most part, consists in fits of anticipation; since, the extra liberty or license of a debauch must be

repaid by the iron fetters of headache, and the heavy hand of *ennui* on the following day: even the purblind puppy of fashion will tell you, if you make free with your constitution, you must suffer for it; and this by a species of slavery. To dance attendance upon a great man for a small appointment, and to *boo* your way through the world, belongs to the worst of servitude. Congreve compares a levee at a great man's to a list of duns; and Shenstone still more ill-naturedly says, "a courtier's dependant is a beggar's dog."

Making free, or taking liberties with your fortune, brings about the slavery, if not the sin, of poverty; and to take a liberty with the wealth of another is about as sure a road to slavery as picking pockets is to house-breaking. Debt is another of those odious badges which mark a man as a slave, and let him but go on to recovery, that like a snake in the sunshine, he may be the more effectually scotched and secured. Gay says to Swift, "I hate to be in debt; for I can't bear to pawn five pounds worth of my liberty to a tailor or a butcher. I grant you, this is not having the true spirit of modern nobility; but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education;" and every man will own that a greater slave-master is not to be found at Cape Coast than the law's follower, who says, "I 'rest you;" and then "brings you to all manner of unrest." One of these fellows is even greater than the sultan of an African tribe in all his glory; though he neither bears the insignia of rank nor power—none of the little finery which wins allegiance and honour—yet he constrains you "by virtue," and brings about a compromise and temporary cessation of your liberty.

Taking liberties with the pockets or tables of one's relations and friends, is at best, but a dangerous experiment. It cannot last long before they beg to be excused the liberty, &c., and like the countryman with the golden goose, you get a cold, fireless parlour, or a colder hall reception for your importunity; and, perchance, the silver ore being all gone, you must put up with the French plate. One of the most equivocal, if not dangerous, forms of correspondence is that beginning with "I take the liberty;" for it either portends some well tried "sufferer" as Lord Foppington calls him; a pressing call from a fundless charity; or at best but a note from an advertising tailor to tell you that for several years past you have been paying 50 per cent. too high a price for your clothes; but, like most good news, this comes upon crutches, and the loss is past redemption.

What is called the liberty of the subject we must leave for a dull barrister to explain: in the meantime, if any reader be impatient for the definition, a night's billeting in Covent Garden watchhouse will initiate him into its blessings; he is not so dull as to require to be told how to get there. The liberty of the press is another ticklish subject to handle—like a hedgehog—all points; but we may be allowed to quote, as one of the most harmless specimens of the liberty of the press—the production of THE MIRROR, as we always acknowledge the liberty by reference to the sources whence our borrowed wealth is taken. This is giving credit in one way, and taking credit for our own honesty.

Liberty-boys and brawlers would be new acquaintance for us. We are not old enough to remember "Wilkes and 45;" the cap of liberty is now seldom introduced into our national arms, and this and all such emblems are fast fading away. People who used to spout forth Cowper's line and a half on liberty, have given up the profession, and all men are at liberty to think as they please. Still ours is neither the golden nor the silver age of liberty: it is more like paper and platina liberty, things which have the weight and semblance without their value.

The only odd rencontre we ever had with a liberty advocate was with L'Abbe Gregoire, one of the cabinet advisers of Napoleon, and to judge by his writings, a benevolent man. On visiting him at Paris, we put into our pocket a little work of our leisure, containing upwards of 6,000 quotations on almost every subject. The Abbé, who understands English well, was delighted with the variety, and on calling again in a few days, we found the venerable patriot had been searching for all the passages on *liberty*, which he had distinguished by registers: what an evidence is this of his ruling passion. At the time we did not recollect that to M. Gregoire is attributed the republican sentiment "the reign of Kings is the martyrology of nations:" his conversation proved him an enthusiast, but we think this liberty rather too strong. PHILO.

REVENGE.

'Twas lordly hate that rul'd
Indomitable. 'Twas a thirst that naught
But blood of him who broke this aching heart
Could quench!—therefore I struck ——.

CYMBELINE.

The Naturalist.

THE FLYING DRAGON.

This beautiful species of the lizard tribe was one of the wonders of our ancestors, who believed it to be a fierce animal with wings, and whose bite was mortal; whereas, it is perfectly harmless, and differs from other lizards merely in its being furnished with an expanding membrane or web, strengthened by a few radii, or small bones. It is about twelve inches in length, and is found in the East Indies and Africa *(Blumenbach)*, where it flies through short distances, from tree to tree, and subsists on flies, ants, and other insects. It is covered with very small scales, and is generally of ash-colour, varied and clouded on the back, &c. with brown, black, and white. The head is of a very singular form, and furnished with a triple pouch, under and on each side the throat.

Barbarous nations have many fabulous stories of this little animal. They say, for instance, that, although it usually lives in the water, it often bounds up from the surface, and alights on the branch of some adjacent tree, where it makes a noise resembling the laughter of a man.

The curious reader who is anxious to see a specimen of the Flying Dragon, will be gratified with a young one, preserved in a case with two Cameleons, and exposed for sale in the window of a dealer in articles of *vertu*, in St. Martin's Court, Leicester Square.

COCHINEAL TRANSPLANTED TO JAVA.

The success with which the cultivation of the nopal and the breeding of the insect which produces cochineal has been practised at Cadiz, and thence at Malta, is well known. A French apothecary is said to have made the experiment in Corsica, but on a very confined scale; and the King of the Netherlands, on information that the Isle of Java was well adapted for the cultivation of this important article of merchandize, determined on attempting the transplantation into that colony. As the exportation of the trees and of the insect is prohibited by the laws of Spain, some management was requisite to acquire the means of forming this new establishment. The following were those resorted to:—His Majesty sent to Cadiz, and there maintained, for nearly two years, one of his subjects, a very intelligent person, who introduced himself, and by degrees got initiated into the *Garden of Acclimation* of the Economic Society, where the breeding of this important insect is carried on. He so well fulfilled his commission (for which the instructions, it is said, were drawn up by his royal master himself), that he succeeded in procuring about one thousand nopals, all young and vigorous, besides a considerable number of insects; and, moreover, carried on his plans so ably, as to persuade the principal gardener of the Garden of Acclimation to enter for six years into the service of the King of the Netherlands, and to go to Batavia. Between eight and ten thousand Spanish dollars are said to have been the lure held out to him to desert his post. In the service of the Society he gained three shillings a day, paid in Spanish fashion, that is, half, at least, in arrear. A vessel of war was sent to bring away the precious cargo, which, being furtively and safely shipped, the gardener and the insects were on their voyage to Batavia before the least suspicion of what was going on was entertained by the Society.—*From the French.*

BEES' NESTS.

A French journal says, in the woods of Brazil is frequently found hanging from the branches the nest of a species of bee, formed of clay, and about two feet in diameter. It is more probable that these nests belong to some species of wasp, many of which construct hanging nests. One sort of these is very common in the northern parts of Britain, though it is not often found south of Yorkshire.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ASSASSINATION OF MAJOR LAING.

THE *Literary Gazette* of Saturday last contains the following very interesting intelligence respecting the assassination of Major Laing, and the existence of his Journal:—"In giving this tragical and disgraceful story to the British public, (says the Editor), we may notice that the individual who figures so suspiciously in it, viz. Hassouna d'Ghies, must be well remembered a few years ago in London society. We were acquainted with him during his residence here, and often met him, both at public entertainments and at private parties, where his Turkish dress made him conspicuous. He was an intelligent man, and addicted to literary pursuits; in manners more polished than almost any of his countrymen whom we ever knew, and apparently of a gentler disposition than the accusation of having instigated this infamous murder would fix upon him."

The account then proceeds with the following translation from a *Marseilles Journal*:—

It was about three years ago, that Major Laing, son-in-law of Colonel Hammer Warrington, consul-general of England in Tripoli, quitted that city, where he left his young wife, and penetrated into the mysterious continent of Africa, the grave of so many illustrious travellers. After having crossed the chain of Mount Atlas, the country of Fezzan, the desert of Lempta, the Sahara, and the kingdom of Ahades, he arrived at the city of Timbuctoo, the discovery of which has been so long desired by the learned world. Major Laing, by entering Timbuctoo, had gained the reward of 3,000*l.* sterling, which a learned and generous society in London had promised to the intrepid adventurer who should first visit the great African city, situated between the Nile of the Negroes and the river Gambaron. But Major Laing attached much less value to the gaining of the reward than to the fame acquired after so many fatigues and dangers. He had collected on his journey valuable information in all branches of science: having fixed his abode at Timbuctoo, he had composed the journal of his travels, and was preparing to return to Tripoli, when he was attacked by Africans, who undoubtedly were watching for him in the desert. Laing, who had but a weak escort, defended himself with heroic courage: he had at heart the preservation of his labours and his glory. But in this engagement he lost his right hand, which was struck off by the blow of a yatagan. It is impossible to help being moved with pity at the idea of the unfortunate traveller, stretched upon the sand, writing painfully with his left hand to his young wife, the mournful account of the combat. Nothing can be so affecting as this letter, written in stiff characters, by unsteady fingers, and all soiled with dust and blood. This misfortune was only the prelude to one far greater. Not long afterwards, some people of Ghadames, who had formed part of the Major's escort, arrived at Tripoli, and informed Colonel Warrington that his relation had been assassinated in the desert. Colonel Warrington could not confine himself to giving barren tears to the memory of his son-in-law. The interest of his glory, the honour of England, the affection of a father—all made it his duty to seek after the authors of the murder, and endeavour to discover what had become of the papers of the victim. An uncertain report was soon spread that the papers of Major Laing had been brought to Tripoli by people of Ghadames; and that a Turk, named Hassouna Dghies, had mysteriously received them. This is the same Dghies whom we have seen at Marseilles, displaying so much luxury and folly, offering to the ladies his perfumes and his shawls—a sort of travelling Usbeck, without his philosophy and his wit. From Marseilles he went to London, overwhelmed with debts, projecting new ones, and always accompanied by women and creditors. Colonel Warrington was long engaged in persevering researches, and at length succeeded in finding a clue to this horrible mystery. The Pasha, at his request, ordered the people who had made part of the Major's escort to be brought from Ghadames. The truth was at length on the point of being known; but this truth was too formidable to Hassouna Dghies for him to dare to await it, and he therefore took refuge in the abode of Mr. Coxe, the consul of the United States. The Pasha sent word to Mr. Coxe, that he recognised the inviolability of the asylum granted to Hassouna; but that the evidence of the latter being necessary in the prosecution of the proceedings relative to the assassination of Major Laing, he begged him not to favour his flight. Colonel Warrington wrote to his colleague to the same effect. However, Hassouna Dghies left Tripoli on the 9th of Au-

gust, in the night, in the disguise, it is said, of an American officer, and took refuge on board the United States corvette *Fairfield*, Captain Parker, which was then at anchor in the roads of Tripoli. Doubtless, Captain Parker was deceived with respect to Hassouna, otherwise the noble flag of the United States would not have covered with its protection a man accused of being an accomplice in an assassination.

It is fully believed that this escape was ardently solicited by a French agent. It is even said, that the proposal was first made to the captain of one of our (French) ships, but that he nobly replied, that one of the king's officers could not favour a suspicious flight—that he would not receive Hassouna on board his ship, except by virtue of a written order, and, at all events in open day, and without disguise.

The *Fairfield* weighed anchor on the 10th of August, in the morning.

The Pasha, enraged at this escape of Hassouna, summoned to his palace Mohamed Dghies, brother of the fugitive, and there, in the presence of his principal officers, commanded him, with a stern voice, to declare the truth. Mohamed fell at his master's feet, and declared upon oath, and in writing, that his brother Hassouna had had Major Laing's papers in his possession, but that he had delivered them up to a person, for a deduction of forty per cent. on the debts which he had contracted in France, and the recovery of which this person was endeavouring to obtain by legal proceedings.

The declaration of Mohamed extends to three pages, containing valuable and very numerous details respecting the delivery of the papers of the unfortunate Major, and all the circumstances of this strange transaction.

* * * * * *

The shape and size of the Major's papers are indicated with the most minute exactness; it is stated that these papers were taken from him near Timbuctoo, and subsequently delivered to the person abovementioned *entire, and without breaking the seals of red wax*—a circumstance which would demonstrate the participation of Hassouna in the assassination; for how can it be supposed otherwise, that the wretches who murdered the Major would have brought these packages to such a distance without having been tempted by cupidity, or even the curiosity so natural to savages, to break open their frail covers?

Mohamed, however, after he had left the palace, fearing that the Pasha in his anger would make him answerable for his brother's crime, according to the usual mode of doing justice at Tripoli, hastened to seek refuge in the house of the person of whom we have spoken, and to implore his protection. Soon afterwards the consul-general of the Netherlands, accompanied by his colleagues the consuls-general of Sweden, Denmark, and Sardinia, proceeded to the residence of the person pointed out as the receiver, and in the name of Colonel Warrington, and by virtue of the declaration of Mohamed, called upon him instantly to restore Major Laing's papers. He answered haughtily, that this declaration was only a tissue of calumnies; and Mohamed, on his side, trusting, doubtless, in a pretended inviolability, yielding, perhaps, to fallacious promises, retracted his declaration, completely disowned it, and even went so far as to deny his own hand-writing.

This recantation deceived nobody; the Pasha, in a transport of rage, sent to Mohamed his own son, Sidi Ali; this time influence was of no avail. Mohamed, threatened with being seized by the *chiaous*, retracted his retractation; and in a new declaration, in the presence of all the consuls, confirmed that which he made in the morning before the Pasha and his officers.

One consolatory fact results from these afflicting details: the papers of Major Laing exist, and the learned world will rejoice at the intelligence; but in the name of humanity, in the name of science, in the name of the national honour—compromised, perhaps, by disgraceful or criminal bargains—it must be hoped that justice may fall upon the guilty, whoever he may be.

A COFFEE-ROOM CHARACTER.

It was about the year 1805 that we were first ushered into the dining-house called the Cheshire Cheese, in Wine-office-court. It is known that Johnson once lodged in this court, and bought an enormous cudgel while there, to resist a threatened attack from Macpherson, the author, or editor, of *Ossian's Poems*. At the time we first knew the place (for its visiters and keepers are long since changed for the third or fourth time,) many came there who remembered Johnson and Goldsmith spending their evenings in the coffee-room; old half-pay officers, staid tradesmen of the neighbourhood, and the like, formed the principal portion of the company.

Few in this vast city know the alley

in Fleet-street which leads to the saw-dusted floor and shining tables; those tables of mahogany, parted by green-curtained seats, and bound with copper rims to turn the edge of the knife which might perchance assail them during a warm debate; John Bull having a propensity to commit such mutilations in the "torrent, tempest, and whirlwind" of argument. Thousands have never seen the homely clock that ticks over the chimney, nor the capacious, hospitable-looking fire-place under,* both as they stood half a century ago, when Fleet-street was the emporium of literary talent, and every coffee-house was distinguished by some character of note who was regarded as the oracle of the company.

Among these was old Colonel L—e, in person short and thick-set. He often sacrificed copiously to the jolly god, in his box behind the door; he was a great smoker, and had numbered between seventy and eighty years. Early in the evening he was punctually at his post; he called for his pipe and his "go of rack," according to his diurnal custom; and surveying first the persons at his own table, and then those in other parts of the room, he commonly sat a few minutes in silence, as if waiting the stimulating effect of the tobacco to wind up his conversational powers, or perhaps he was bringing out defined images from the dim reminiscences which floated in his sensorium. If a stranger were near, he commonly addressed him with an old soldier's freedom, on some familiar topic which little needed the formalities of a set introduction; but soon changed the subject, and commenced fighting "his battles o'er again." He talked much of Minden, and the campaigns of 1758 and 59. He boasted of having carried the colours of the 20th regiment, that bore the brunt of the day there, and mainly contributed to obtain a "glorious victory," as Southey, in his days of uncourtliness, called that of Blenheim. But though thus fond of showing "how fields were won," he was equally delighted with recounting his acquaintance with more peaceful subjects. He had known Johnson and Goldsmith, together with the list of worthies who honoured Fleet-street by making it their abode between thirty and forty years before, and were at that time visitants of the house. "At this very table," said he, speaking of that which is situated on the right-hand behind the door, "Johnson used always to sit when he came here, and Goldsmith also. I knew them well. Johnson overawed us all, and every one became silent when he spoke." The colonel observed of Goldsmith, "That no one would have thought much of him from his company, though he had a great name in the world."

The colonel also knew something of Churchill, described him as by no means prepossessing in person, and one of the last who could have been supposed capable of writing as he wrote. The colonel, in his old age, imagined he too had a taste for poetry, and boasted of Goldsmith's having asserted (perhaps jokingly) that he possessed a talent for writing verse. This idea working in his mind for years, had induced him to print, in his old age, what he called, to the best of my recollection, "A Continuation of the Deserted Village." He always brought a copy with him of an evening, and was fond of referring to it, and passing it round for the company to look at—a weakness pardonable in a garrulous old man. On revisiting the house, for old acquaintance sake, after an absence of some years from London, I missed him from his accustomed place, which I observed to be occupied by a stranger. On inquiry, I found that he was departed to where human vanity and human wisdom are upon a level, and where man is alike deaf to the voice of literary and military ambition.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

* We may add that still fewer have seen the characteristic whole-length portrait of "*Harry*," *the waiter*, which has been placed over the fire-place, by subscription among the frequenters of the room *Wageman* is the painter, and nothing can describe the *bonhommie* of Harry, who has just drawn the cork of a pint of port, exulting in all the vainglory of crust and bees' wing.—Ed. Mirror.

Notes of a Reader.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1830.

We feel it a duty to the proprietors of these elegant works, as well as to our readers, to give the following *annonces* of the several volumes for 1830:—

The *Keepsake* is very forward. Among the contributors are Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and the author of "Anastasius." Sir Walter's contribution is a dramatic romance, in imitation of the German; and Lord Byron's are ten letters written by him between 1821, and the time of his lordship's death.

The *Forget-Me-Not* will contain a very gem—being the first known attempt at poetry, by Lord Byron, copied from the autograph of the noble poet, and certified by the lady to whom it was

addressed—the object of his lordship's first, if not his only real attachment.

Mr. Ackermann has likewise announced a *Juvenile* Forget-Me-Not. so as to remember all growths.

The *Literary Souvenir* is in a state of great forwardness. Among the contributors are the authors of "Kuzzilbash;" "Constantinople in 1828;" "The Sorrows of Rosalie;" and "Rouge et Noir." The pencils of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Howard, Collins, Chalon, Harlowe, and Martin, have furnished subjects for the illustrations.

The *Amulet*, among its illustrations will contain an engraving from Mulready's picture of an English Cottage; another from Wilkie's "Dorty Bairn;" and another from a drawing by Martin, engraved by Le Keux, for which he is said to have received one hundred and eighty guineas. Mr. Hall, the editor, has likewise been equally fortunate in an accession of literary talent.

The *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*, under the superintendence of Mrs. S. C. Hall, also promises unusual attractions, both in picture and print.

The *Juvenile Keepsake*, edited by Mr. T. Roscoe, is said to be completed.

Another Juvenile Annual, to be called the *Zoological Keepsake*, is announced, with a host of cuts to enliven the "birds, beasts, and fishes" of the smaller growth.

The *Gem* will re-appear as the *Annual Gem*, with thirteen embellishments, superintended by A. Cooper, R. A.

The *Bijou* promises well. The embellishments are of the first order, from pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Stothard, Wilkie, and the lamented Bonington. Among the gems are a splendid portrait of *the King*, from the president's picture, in the possession of Sir William Knighton, Bart.; and a portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Arbuthnot.

The *Winter's Wreath* will bloom with more than its accustomed beauty. Among the contributors we notice, for the first time, the author of "Rank and Talent."

Religious Annuals are on the increase. One of the novelties of this class is '*Emmanuel*," to be edited by the author of "Clouds and Sunshine," of the excellence of which we have many grateful recollections. The *Iris*, to be edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, is another novelty in this way.

The *Musical Bijou* has among its composers, Rossini, Bishop, Kalkbrenner, Rodwell, J. Barnet, and others. The lyrists and prose writers are Sir Walter Scott, T. H. Bayley, the Ettrick Shepherd, Messrs. Planché, Richard Ryan, &c.

One of the most splendid designs of the season is a "*Landscape Annual, or the Tourist in Italy and Switzerland*," from drawings by Prout; the literary department by T. Roscoe, Esq. and to contain the most attractive views which occur to the traveller on his route from Geneva to Rome. Some of the plates are described as extremely brilliant.

Two *Transatlantic Annuals*, the *Atlantic Souvenir*, published at Philadelphia, and the *Token*, published at Boston—may be expected in London.

The foregoing are all the announcements we have been able to collect. We miss two or three established favourites; but we hope to make their promises the subject of a future paragraph.

THE GOOSE.

In England the goose is sacred to St. Michael; in Scotland, where dainties were not going every day,

"'Twas Christmas sent its savoury goose."

The Michaelmas goose is said to owe its origin to Queen Elizabeth's dining on one at the table of an English baronet on that day when she received tidings of the dispersion of the Spanish Armada, in commemoration of which she ordered the *goose* to make its appearance every Michaelmas. In some places, particularly Caithness, geese are cured and smoked, and are highly relishing. Smoked Solan geese are well known as contributing to the abundance of a Scottish breakfast, though too rank and fishy-flavoured for unpractised palates.

The *goose* has made some figure in English history. The churlishness of the brave Richard Cœur de Lion, a sovereign distinguished for an insatiable appetite and vigorous digestion, in an affair of roast goose, was the true cause of his captivity in Germany. The king, disguised as a palmer, was returning to his own dominions, attended by Sir Fulk Doyley and Sir Thomas de Multon, "brothers in arms," and wearing the same privileged garb. They arrived in Almain, (Germany,) at the town of Carpentras, where,

"A *goose* they dight to their dinner,
In a tavern where they were.
King Richard the fire bet;
Thomas to him the spit set:
Fouk Doyley tempered the wood;
Dear a-bought they that good;"

for in came a *Minstrasie*, or she-Minstrel, with offer of specimens of her art in return for a leg of the goose and a cup of the wine. Richard, who loved "rich meats," and cared little at this time for their usual accompaniment, "minstrelsy,"—

"—— bade that she would go:
That turned him to mickle woe.
The Minstralle took in mind,
And said, ye are men unkind:
And if I may ye shall *for-think*
Ye gave me neither meat nor drink!"

The lady, who was English, recognised the king, and denounced him to the king of Germany, who ordered the pilgrims into his presence, insulted Richard, said him shame," called him *taylard*, probably for his affection for *goose*, and finally ordered him to a dungeon. But Richard, a true knightly eater, who, besides roast goose, liked to indulge in

"Bread and wine,
Piment and clarry good and fine;
Cranes and swans, and venison;
Partridges, plovers, and heron,—

was neither dainty nor over-nice. At a pinch he could eat any thing, which on sundry emergencies stood him in great stead. *Wax* and *nuts*, and tallow and grease mixed, carried him through one campaign, when the enemy thought to have starved out the English army and its cormorant commander. The courage and strength of Richard were always redoubled after dinner. It was then his greatest feats were performed. — *Romance of Cœur de Lion.*

The livers of geese and poultry are esteemed a great delicacy by some *gourmands*; and on the continent great pains are taken to procure fat overgrown livers. The methods employed to produce this diseased state of the animals are as disgusting to rational taste as revolting to humanity. The geese are crammed with fat food, deprived of drink, kept in an intolerably hot atmosphere, and fastened by the feet (we have heard of nailing) to the shelves of the fattening cribs. The celebrated *Strasburg pies*, which are esteemed so great a delicacy that they are often sent as presents to distant places, are enriched with these diseased livers. It is a mistake that these pies are wholly made of this artificial animal substance.

TURKEY.

COLONEL ROTTIERS, a recent traveller in Turkey, holds out the following temptation to European enterprise:—

The terrestrial paradise, which is supposed to be situated in Armenia, appeared to M. Rottiers to stretch along the shores of the Black Sea. The green banks, sloping into the water, are sometimes decked with box-trees of uncommon size, sometimes clothed with natural orchards, in which the cherries, pears, pomegranates, and other fruits, growing in their indigenous soil, possess a flavour indescribably exquisite. The bold eminences are crowned with superb forests or majestic ruins, which alternately rule the scenes of this devoted country, from the water's edge to the summit of the mountains. The moral and political condition of the country contrasts forcibly with the flourishing aspect of nature. At Sinope there is no commerce, and the Greeks having, in consequence, deserted the place, the population is at present below 5,000. This city, once the capital of the great Mithridates, enjoys natural advantages, which, but for the barbarism of the Turkish government, would soon raise it into commercial eminence. It has a deep and capacious harbour—the finest timber in the world grows in its vicinity—and the district of the interior, with which it immediately communicates, is one of the most productive and industrious in Asiatic Turkey. Amasia, the ancient capital of Cappadocia, Tokat, and Costambol, are rich and populous towns. Near the last is held an annual fair, commencing fifteen days before the feast of Ramadan, and which is said to be attended by at least fifty thousand merchants, from all parts of the east. From the nature of the country in which it is situated, M. Rottiers is disposed to believe that Sinope holds out peculiarly strong inducements to European enterprise. He also had an opportunity of observing, that its defences were gone totally to ruin, and significantly remarks, that it could not possibly withstand a *coup de main*. Amastra, a great and wealthy city while possessed by the Genoese in the middle ages, is now a wretched village, occupied by a few Turkish families, whose whole industry consists in making a few toys and articles of wooden ware. It stands on a peninsula, which appears to have been formerly an island, and the Isthmus uniting it to the mainland is wholly composed, according to the account of Mr. Eton, who surveyed part of this coast, of fragments of columns and marble friezes.

GEORGIAN WINE.

THE chief production of Georgia is wine, which is of excellent quality, and so abundant in the countries situ-

ated between the Caspian and the Black Seas, that it would soon become a most important object of exportation, if the people could be induced to improve their methods of making and preserving it. At present the grapes are gathered and pressed without any care, and the process of fermentation is so unskilfully managed, that the wine rarely keeps till the following vintage. The skins of animals are the vessels in which it is kept. The hair is turned inwards, and the interior of the bag is thickly besmeared with asphaltum or mineral tar, which renders the vessel indeed perfectly sound, but imparts an abominable flavour to the wine, and even adds to its acescence. The Georgians have not yet learned to keep their wine in casks, without which it is vain to look for any improvements in its manufacture. Yet the mountains abound in the requisite materials, and only a few coopers are requisite to make the commencement. The consumption of wine in Georgia, and above all at Tiflis, is prodigiously great. From the prince to the peasant the ordinary ration of a Georgian, if we may believe M. Gamba, is one *tonque*, (equal to five bottles and a half of Bordeaux) per day. A *tonque* of the best wine, such as is drunk by persons of rank, costs about twenty sous; the inferior wines are sold for less than a sous per bottle.—*Foreign Quar. Rev.*

HISTORICAL FIDELITY.

THE court historiographer of the Burmese, has recorded in the national chronicle his account of the war with the English to the following purport:—In the years 1186 and 87, the Kula-pyu, or white strangers of the west, fastened a quarrel upon the Lord of the Golden Palace. They landed at Rangoon, took that place and Prome, and were permitted to advance as far as Yandabo; for the king, from motives of piety and regard to life, made no effort whatever to oppose them. The strangers had spent vast sums of money in their enterprise; and by the time they reached Yandabo, their resources were exhausted, and they were in great distress. They petitioned the king, who, in his clemency and generosity, sent them large sums of money to pay their expenses back, and ordered them out of the country."—*Crawfurd's Embassy to Ava.*

To quote a vulgar proverb, this is making the best of a bad job.

DRESS.

How far a man's clothes are or are not a part of himself, is more than I would take on myself to decide, without farther inquiry; though I lean altogether to the affirmative. The inhabitants of the South Sea Islands were astonished and alarmed when they first saw the Europeans strip. Yet they would have been much more so, could they have entered into the notions prevalent in the civilized world on the subject of a wardrobe; could they have understood how much virtue lies inherent in a superfine broad cloth, how much respectability in a gilt button, how much sense in the tie of a cravat, how much amiability in the cut of a sleeve, how much merit of every sort in a Stultz and a Hoby. There are who pretend, and that with some plausibilty, that these things are but typical; that taste in dress is but the outward and visible sign of the frequentation of good company; and that propriety of exterior is but evidence of a general sense of the fitness of things. Yet if this were really the case, if there were nothing intrinsic in the relation of the clothes to the wearer, how could a good coat at once render a pickpocket respectable; or a clean shirt pass current, as it does, with police magistrates for a clean conscience. In England, a handsome *toggery* is a better defensive armour, than "helm and hauberk's twisted mail." While the seams are perfect, and the elbows do not appear through the cloth, the law cannot penetrate it. A gentleman, (that is to say, a man who can pay his tailor's bill,) is above suspicion; and benefit of clergy is nothing to the privilege and virtue of a handsome exterior. That the skin is nearer than the shirt, is a most false and mistaken idea. The smoothest skin in Christendom would not weigh with a jury like a cambric ruffle; and moreover, there is not a poor devil in town striving to keep up appearances in spite of fortune, who would not far rather tear his flesh than his unmentionables; which can only arise from their being so much more important a part of himself.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE French have a kind of irritable jealousy towards the English, which makes them forget their general politeness. Give them but a civil word, make the least advance, and they receive you with open arms; but show them that cold reserve with which an Englishman generally treats all strangers, and every Frenchman's hand is on his sword.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

JACK SHEPPARD.

WHEN this notorious felon was under sentence of death, the Right Hon. Charles Wolfran Cornwall, then Speaker of the House of Commons, was strongly solicited to apply to his majest, for a pardon, as he was related to him. "No," said Mr. Cornwall, "I should deserve public censure if I attempted to contribute to the prolongation of the life of a man who has so frequently been a nuisance to society, and has given so many proofs that kindness to him would be cruelty to others. Were my own son to offend one-tenth part so often as he has done, I should think it my duty rather to solicit his punishment than his pardon." C. C.

EPITAPH

On S—— E——, an intelligent and amiable boy, who was unfortunately drowned while bathing.

Though gentle as a dove, his soul sublime,
For heav'n impatient, would not wait for time;
Ere youth had bloom'd his virtues ripe were seen,
A man in intellect! a child in mien!
A hallow'd wave from mercy's fount was pour'd,
And, wash'd from clay, to bliss his spirit soar'd.

A HOLY HERMIT.

A HERMIT, named Parnhe, being upon the road to meet his bishop who had sent for him, met a lady most magnificently dressed, whose incomparable beauty drew the eyes of every body on her. The saint having looked at her, and being himself struck with astonishment, immediately burst into tears. Those who were with him wondering to see him weep, demanded the cause of his grief. "I have two reasons," replied he, "for my tears; I weep to think how fatal an impression that woman makes on all who behold her; and I am touched with sorrow when I reflect that I, for my salvation, and to please God, have never taken one-tenth part of the pains which this woman has taken to please men alone."

BUNGLING TRANSLATION.

AT a country village in Yorkshire, was an old established cobbler, who cracked his joke, loved his pipe and lived happy. In short, he was a sober and industrious man. His quiet, however, was disturbed by an unexpected opposition in his trade, at the same village, and to add to his misfortune, the new comer established himself directly opposite to the old cobbler's stall, and at the same time to show his learning and probity, painted in large letters over his door, "*Mens conscia recti.*" To conceive the meaning of this, the poor cobbler laboured night and day, but unsuccessfully; he at last determined that this "*conscia recti*" was a new sort of shoe made for *men's* use; he therefore painted over *his* door, "*Men's and Women's conscia recti,*" where it remains still.

A SCHOOLBOY reading Cæsar's "Commentaries" came to translate the following passage thus: "Cæsar venit in Galliâ summâ diligentia." "Cæsar came into Gaul on the top of the Diligence." O. O.

VERY BAD.

A WAG, who "will be the death of us," says he bought a cake the other evening: "It is *thundering* weight," observed the baker: "I hope it will not *lighten* before I get it home," was the equivocal reply. Q.

IMPROMPTU

ON hearing a *Watchman* cry the hour on Tuesday morning, September 29, the last of his duty.

"Farewell! mine occupation's gone,"
He sung in "half-past five;"
Here ends his call, his beat is done,
How then can he survive. TOM.

UNEXPECTED MEETING.

A YOUNG author was reading a tragedy to a gentleman, who soon discovered that he was a great plagiarist. The poet perceiving his auditor very often pull off his hat at the end of a line, asked him the reason. "I cannot pass an old acquaintance," replied the critic, "without that civility."

WHITE-WASHING GENIUS.

A WRETCHED artist was talking pompously about decorating the ceiling of his saloon. "I am whitewashing it," said he, "and in a short time I shall begin painting."—"I think you had better," replied one of his audience, "paint it *first*, and *then* white-wash it."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House.) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

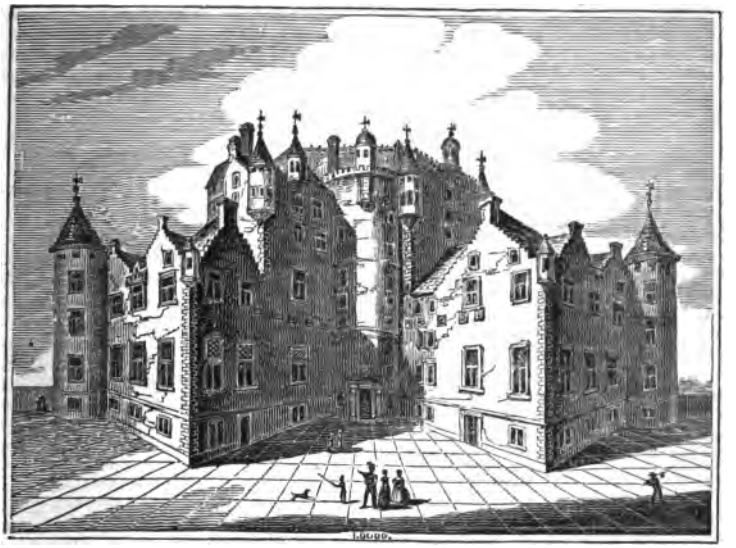
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 393.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1829. [PRICE 2*d*.

Glammis Castle.



HERE is a castellated palace, or princely castle, associated with many great and daring events in the roll of Scottish history. It stands in the valley of Strathmore, in a park of 160 acres, a little to the north of Glammis, a village of Angus, N.B. The original foundation is of high antiquity; for Malcolm II. was assassinated here in the year 1034, and the chamber in which he expired is still shown. Two obelisks, one near the Manse, and the other in a neighbouring field, denote the places where he was attacked. In this castle also, according to some historians, Macbeth murdered Duncan. We notice, however, that Sir Walter Scott, in his recently-published version of the story of Macbeth, states the murder to have been committed at "a great castle near Inverness," in which he is corroborated by Bæthius, who says, the castle stood upon an eminence south-east of Inverness. But Fordun says the murder was perpetrated near Elgin; and others say at Cawdor Castle.

The Castle originally consisted of two rectangular towers, longer than broad, with walls of fifteen feet in thickness; they were connected by a square projection, and together formed a figure somewhat like the letter Z, saving that in the castle all the angles were right ones; this form gave mutual defence to every part of the building. It contains a spiral staircase of 143 steps, reaching from the bottom to the top of the building.

Glammis Castle is still the seat of the Strathmore family. It was given by Robert I. of Scotland, in the year 1376, with his daughter, to John Lyon, Lord Glammis, chancellor of Scotland. Great alterations and additions were made to the building by Patrick, Earl of Strathmore, his lineal heir and successor: these improvements, according to the above cited plan, a date carved on a stone on the outside of the building, and other authorities, were made in the year 1606, and not in 1686, as is said in an old print engraved about that time, and from which our view is copied. The architect employed on this occasion, as tradition reports, was Inigo Jones; indeed, the work seems greatly to resemble Heriot's Hall at Edinburgh, and other buildings designed by him. The great hall was finished in the year 1621; it is a handsome room with

a carved ceiling, adorned with heads and ornaments in stucco. Among the apartments shown to visiters, are a wardrobe containing a curious collection of old state dresses; the armoury, in which are preserved the sword and coat of mail of Macbeth, as well as some articles supposed to have been carried off by Malcolm's murderers, and found in the Loch of Forfar, during the last century; and the chapel built about 1500, the furniture of which remains in its original state. Here also are about one hundred portraits; among which is a large picture, in a carved frame, representing Earl Patrick and his three sons; in the background is a view of the castle, as it was in the year 1683. At that time there were three gates leading from the park. Some idea may be formed of the extent of this establishment from the circumstance of eighty beds being made up within the house, for the Pretender and his retinue, during their sojourn here, besides those for the inferior servants, in the offices out of doors. The forfeiture of the estate was prevented by the earl's brother being killed at the head of his regiment on Shiremore.

In the courtyard is shown a stone, on which is engraved a cross and divers figures, said to allude to the murder of Malcolm, and the death of the murderers, who attempting to cross the Lake of Forfar, then slightly frozen over, the ice broke, and they were drowned: this stone is described and engraved by Mr. Pennant, in his Tour through Scotland.

By way of enlivening these historical data, and as an epigrammatic conclusion to our description, we subjoin a pleasant little anecdote related by Sir Walter Scott, of a certain old Earl of Strathmore, who, in superintending some improvements of the castle, displayed an eccentric love of uniformity. "The earl and his gardener directed all in the garden and pleasure-grounds upon the ancient principle of exact correspondence between the different parts, so that each alley had its brother—a principle now renounced by gardeners. It chanced once upon a time that a fellow was caught committing some petty theft, and, being taken in the manner, was sentenced by the Bailie M'Wheeble of the jurisdiction to stand for a certain time in the baronial pillory, called the *jougs*, being a collar and chain attached to the uppermost portal of the great avenue which led to the castle. The thief was turned over accordingly to the gardener as the ground officer, to see the punishment duly inflicted. When the Thane of Glammis returned from his morning ride, he was surprised to find both sides of the gateway accommodated each with a prisoner. He asked the gardener, whom he found watching the place of punishment, as his duty required, whether another delinquent had been detected? 'No, my lord,' said the gardener, in the tone of a man excellently well satisfied with himself, 'but I thought the single fellow looked very awkward standing on one side of the gateway, so I gave half-a-crown to one of the labourers to stand on the other side *for uniformity's sake.*'"

ON LOCALITIES:

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS OF LONDON.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

No intellectual enjoyment, in my opinion, can surpass the delight we experience when traversing those spots of the habitable earth where celebrated warriors fought, minstrels sang, philosophers pondered, or where philanthropists have immortalized their names by deeds of charity. To roam through the romantic vales of Italy—surrounded at all turns by the sad memorials of its former magnificence—the mighty ruins of its temples and palaces, and the mutilated remains of its statues and triumphal columns, conveying to the mind mournful images of the fallen fates of those who had for ages been its proud possessors; where the Mantuan bard first caught inspiration from the deathless muse; where Tully charmed the listening throng, whilst defending with mild persuasion the arts and the sciences he loved, and condemning in terrible denunciations the mad ambition that threatened the destruction of his country; to wander among its groves, and say, here Ovid, in lonely exile, soothed his sorrows with the melody of his heaven-inspired strain; here Petrarch wooed his much-loved Laura in sonnets soft as the affection that gave them birth; here Tasso made history and Jerusalem immortal by crowning them with the garlands of his Promethean genius; and here Ariosto, Dante, Metastasio, and a galaxy of poets and philosophers shed the splendour of their gifted imaginations on the expiring greatness of their country.

Where is the portion of the civilized globe that has not some delightful reminiscence connected with it? There is not a country in the world, even the most barbarous, where the inhabitants will not feel pride and pleasure in pointing out to your attention some sacred

spot ever dear to their memories: some battle-field or scene of conquest; some warrior's grave; some monarch's sepulchre, or some chieftain or legislator's dwelling. And what shall we say of the classic soil of Greece? where the eye cannot turn, or the foot move to a place which is not eternalized by its associations: where the waters will not remind you of Castalian founts; the flowers of Parnassian wreaths; the eminences of the Phocian hills; and where the air of all breathes inspiration. To a mind prone to contemplation, a walk through Athens must awaken the most exquisite reveries. Although "fallen from its high estate," there is enough in the tottering ruins which yet remain to recall the history of its ancient grandeur: the shattered Acropolis and the Pyræus tell the tale of other days, in language at once pathetic and intelligible—

"The time has been when they were young and proud,
Banners on high and battles pass'd below!"

The mind must be distracted with the multiplicity of its recollections; all that is great or good or glorious in our nature, must be identified with some forcible remembrance; and heroes, poets, statesmen, patriots, legislators, philosophers, and the historical events connected with their names, must congregate before us in sublime and touching similitude. "Alas, poor country!"—On those shores the monuments of science and of art, which drew admirers from the remotest corners of the earth, are now demolished by the savage and cowardly slaves of a despot, who is himself a slave; the eloquence which swayed the passions of applauding multitudes is dumb; the pencil of Appelles that breathed over the canvass, and the chisel of Praxiteles that gave life and animation to shapeless blocks, are now no more; and the all-powerful lyre, whose sweeping chords would rouse the soul to rage or melt it into pity, is now, and perhaps FOR EVER, mute and unstrung!

These observations, which you may think too enthusiastic, were elicited by the perusal of an article in your No. 388, entitled "A Desultory Chapter on Localities." Your Correspondent states, that "it is needless to travel to foreign countries in search of localities. In our own metropolis and its environs a diligent inquirer will find them at every step." The following Collection will serve to confirm the truth of his statement, and should you deem it worthy "a local habitation" in your excellent journal, I doubt not it will prove interesting, if not quite new to many of your readers.* C. E.

"IN St. Giles' Church lie Chapman, the earliest and best translator of Homer; and Andrew Marvell, the wit and patriot, whose poverty Charles II. could not bribe.—Who would suppose that the Borough was the most classical ground in the metropolis? And yet it is undoubtedly so. The Globe Theatre was there, of which Shakspeare himself was a proprietor, and for which he wrote his plays. Globe-lane, in which it stood, is still extant, we believe, under that name. It is probable that he lived near it: it is certain that he must have been much there. It is also certain that on the Borough side of the river, then and still called the Bank-side, in the same lodging, having the same wardrobe, and some say, with other participations more remarkable, lived Beaumont and Fletcher. In the Borough, also, at St. Saviour's, lie Fletcher and Massinger in one grave; in the same church, under a monument and effigy, lies Chaucer's contemporary, Gower; and from an inn in the Borough, the existence of which is still boasted, and the site pointed out by a picture and inscription, Chaucer set out his pilgrims and himself on their famous road to Canterbury.

"To return over the water, who would expect any thing poetical from East Smithfield? Yet there was born the most poetical even of poets, Spenser. Pope was born within the sound of Bow-bell, in a street no less anti-poetical than Lombard-street. So was Gray, in Cornhill. So was Milton, in Bread-street, Cheapside. The presence of the same great poet and patriot has given happy memories to many parts of the metropolis. He lived in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet-street; in Aldersgate-street, in Jewin-street, in Barbican, in Bartholomew-close; in Holborn, looking back to Lincoln's Inn Fields; in Holborn, near Red-lion-square; in Scotland-yard; in a house looking to St. James' Park, now belonging to an eminent writer on legislation, and lately occupied by a celebrated critic and metaphysician; and he died in Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields; and was buried in St. Giles', Cripplegate.

"Ben Jonson, who was born 'in Hartshorne-lane, near Charing-cross,' was at one time 'master' of a theatre in Barbican. He appears also to have visited a tavern called the Sun and

* Is not this very interesting extract by Leigh Hunt?—We have not his *Indicator* at hand for reference.

Moon, in Aldersgate-street; and is known to have frequented with Beaumont and others, the famous one called the Mermaid, which was in Cornhill.

"The other celebrated resort of the great wits of that time was the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street, close to Temple-bar. Ben Jonson lived also in Bartholomew-close, where Milton afterwards lived. It was in the passage from the cloisters of Christ's Hospital into St. Bartholomew's. Aubrey gives it as a common opinion, that at the time when Jonson's father-in-law made him help him in his business of bricklayer, he worked with his own hands upon the Lincoln's Inn garden wall, which looks upon Chancery-lane, and which seems old enough to have some of his illustrious brick and mortar still remaining.

"Under the cloisters in Christ's Hospital (which stand in the heart of the city unknown to most persons, like a house kept invisible for young and learned eyes) lie buried a multitude of persons of all ranks; for it was once a monastery of Gray Friars. Among them is John of Bourbon, one of the prisoners taken at the battle of Agincourt. Here also lies Thomas Burdet, ancestor of the present Sir Francis, who was put to death in the reign of Edward IV., for wishing the horns of a favourite white stag, which the King had killed, in the body of the person who advised him to do it. And here too (a sufficing contrast) lies Isabella, wife of Edward II.

'She, wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
Who tore the bowels of her mangled mate.'
GRAY.

"Her 'mate's' heart was buried with her, and placed upon her bosom! a thing that looks like the fantastic incoherence of a dream. It is well we did not know of her presence when at school; or after reading one of Shakspeare's tragedies, we should have run twice as fast round the cloisters at night time, as we used. Camden, 'the nourrice of antiquitie,' received part of his education in this school; and here also, not to mention a variety of others known in the literary world, were bred two of the most powerful and deep-spirited writers of the present day; whose visits to the cloisters we well remember.

"In a palace on the site of Hatton-garden, died John of Gaunt. Brook House, at the corner of the street of that name in Holborn, was the residence of the celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, the 'friend of Sir Philip Sydney.' In the same street, died, by a voluntary death, of poison, that extraordinary person, Thomas Chatterton—

'The sleepless boy, who perished in his pride.'
WORDSWORTH.

He was buried in the workhouse in Shoe-lane; a circumstance, at which one can hardly help feeling a movement of indignation. Yet what could beadles and parish officers know about such a being? No more than Horace Walpole. In Gray's Inn, lived, and in Gray's Inn Garden meditated, Lord Bacon. In Southampton-row, Holborn, Cowper was a fellow-clerk to an attorney with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow. At the Fleet-street corner of Chancery-lane, Cowley, we believe, was born. In Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, was the house of Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, the precursor of Spenser, and one of the authors of the first regular English tragedy. On the demolition of this house, part of the ground was occupied by the celebrated theatre built after the Restoration, at which Betterton performed, and of which Sir William Davenant was manager. Lastly, here was the house and printing-office of Richardson. In Bolt-court, not far distant, lived Dr. Johnson, who resided also for some time in the Temple. A list of his numerous other residences is to be found in Boswell.* Congreve died in Surrey-street, in the Strand, at his own house. At the corner of Beaufort-buildings, was Lilly's, the perfumer, at whose house the Tatler was published. In Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, Voltaire lodged while in London, at the sign of the White Peruke. Tavistock-street was then, we believe, the Bond-street of the fashionable world; as Bow-street was before. The change of Bow-street from fashion to the police, with the theatre still in attendance, reminds one of the spirit of the Beggar's Opera. Button's Coffee-house, the resort of the wits of Queen's Anne's time, was in Russell-street—we believe, near where the Hummums now stand. We think we recollect reading also, that in the same street, at one of the corners of Bow-street, was the tavern where Dryden held regal possession of the arm chair. The whole of Covent-garden is classic ground, from its association with the dramatic and other wits of the times of Dryden and Pope. Butler lived, perhaps died, in Rose-street, and was buried in Covent-garden Churchyard; where Peter Pindar the other day followed him.

* The Temple must have had many eminent inmates. Among them, it is believed, was Chaucer, who is also said, upon the strength of an old record, to have been fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet-street.

In Leicester-square, on the site of Miss Linwood's exhibition and other houses, was the town mansion of the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester, and the family of Sir Philip and Algernon Sydney. In the same square lived Sir Joshua Reynolds. Dryden lived and died in Gerrard-street, in a house which looked backwards into the garden of Leicester House. Newton lived in St. Martin's-street, on the south side of the square. Steele lived in Bury-street, St. James'; he furnishes an illustrious precedent for the loungers in St. James'-street, where scandal-mongers of those times delighted to detect Isaac Bickerstaff in the person of captain Steele, idling before the Coffee-house, and jerking his leg and stick alternately against the pavement. We have mentioned the birth of Ben Jonson, near Charing-cross. Spenser died at an inn, where he put up on his arrival from Ireland, in King-street, Westminster—the same which runs at the back of Parliament-street to the Abbey. Sir Thomas More lived at Chelsea. Addison lived and died in Holland House, Kensington, now the residence of the accomplished nobleman who takes his title from it. In Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, lived Handel; and in Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, Gibbon. We have omitted to mention that De Foe kept a hosier's shop in Cornhill; and that, on the site of the present Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, stood the mansion of the Wriothesleys, Earls of Southampton, one of whom was the celebrated friend of Shakspeare. But what have we not omitted also? No less an illustrious head than the Boar's, in Eastcheap—the Boar's Head Tavern, the scene of Falstaff's revels. We believe the place is still marked out by a similar sign. But who knows not Eastcheap and the Boar's Head? Have we not all been there time out of mind? And is it not a more real, as well as notorious thing to us, than the London Tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting taps?

"Before we rest our wings, however, we must take another dart over the city, as far as Stratford at Bow, where, with all due tenderness for boarding-school French, a joke of Chaucer has existed as a piece of local humour for nearly four hundred and fifty years. Speaking of the Prioress, who makes such a delicate figure among his Canterbury Pilgrims, he tells us, among her other accomplishments, that—

'French she spake full faire and featously;'

adding with great gravity,

'After the school of Stratford atte Bowe;
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.'

CURIOUS FACTS RELATING TO SLEEP.

(For the Mirror.)

"NEXT to those nourishments that sustain the body (says Dr. Venner) moderate and seasonable sleep is most profitable and necessary. It helps digestion, recreates the mind, repairs the spirits, and comforts and refreshes the whole body." It is also observed by Dr. Hufeland, that "sleep is one of the wisest regulations of nature, to check and moderate at fixed periods, the incessant and impetuous stream of vital consumption. It forms as it were, stations for our physical and moral existence, and we thereby obtain the happiness of being daily reborn, and of passing every morning through a state of annihilation, into a new and refreshed life."

The writer of the article "Sleep," in Rees's *Cyclopædia*, says, "the proportion of time passed in sleep differs in different persons, and at different ages. From six to nine hours may be reckoned about the average proportion. Men of active minds whose attention is engaged in a series of interesting enjoyments, sleep much less than the listless and indolent, and the same individual will spend fewer hours in this way, when strongly interested in any pursuits, than when the stream of life is gentle and undisturbed. The Great Frederic of Prussia, and John Hunter, who devoted every moment of their time to the most active employments of body and mind, generally took only four or five hours' sleep. A rich and lazy citizen, whose life is merely a chronicle of breakfast, dinners, suppers, and sleep, will slumber away ten or twelve hours daily. When any subject strongly occupies us, it keeps us awake in spite of ourselves. The newly born child sleeps most of its time, and seems to wake merely for the purpose of feeding. Very old persons sleep much of their time; in the natural progress towards death, the animal faculties are first extinguished; accordingly, when they begin to decline in decrepit old age, the periods of their intermissions are longer. The celebrated De Moivre, when eighty-three years of age, was awake only four hours out of the twenty-four; and Thomas Parr at last slept the greatest part of his time. An eye-witness relates that some boys, completely ex-

hausted by exertion, fell asleep amid all the tumult of the battle of the Nile; and other instances are known of soldiers sleeping amid discharges of artillery, and all the tumult of war. Couriers are known to sleep on horseback, and coachmen on their coaches. A gentleman who saw the fact, reported, to the writer of this article, that many soldiers in the retreat of Sir John Moore, fell asleep on the march, and continued walking on. Even stripes and tortures cannot keep off sleep beyond a certain time. Noises at first prevent us from sleeping, but their influence soon ceases, and persons rest soundly in the most noisy situations. The proprietors of some vast iron-works, who slept close to them, through the incessant din of hammers, forges, and blast furnaces, would awake if there were any interruption during the night. And a miller, being very ill and unable to sleep, when his mill was stopped, on his account, rested well and recovered quickly when the mill was set going again. Great hunger prevents sleep, and cold affecting a part of the body has the same effect. These causes operated on the unfortunate women who lived thirty-four days in a small room overwhelmed by snow, and with the slightest sustenance, they hardly slept the whole time." P. T. W.

PERU: SIMPLICITY OF PASTORAL LIFE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

After all that has been written and said on South America, by many recent travellers, it may probably be thought that the following remarks are rather out of time; but as a single fact may sometimes serve to show the state of a country more forcibly than volumes, I am induced to relate an anecdote which will throw a little light on the present situation of one portion of the natives of Peru.

The Andes take their rise literally at the "end of the World;" for Cape Horn certainly deserves that epithet, and the Straights of Magellan, which divide Terra del Fuego from the continent are comparatively no more than a mountain stream in a hilly country, so that that island may without any impropriety be deemed a part of it. The Andes are not one continuous chain of mountains; but an immensity of piles raised one on another, at different elevations of which are extensive plains, termed "Pampas," some of which appear as boundless as the horizon, and totally divested of herbage. On one of these plains, called the Pampa of Diesmo, in the province of Junin, I was detained some days at the only hut to be seen for leagues. One of the *arrebros*, or muleteers, with me, a native of Madrid, remarked on the solitude of the spot, adding, with a sigh, "This was a different place when first I visited it." Within about half a mile from where we were then conversing was an astonishing freak of Nature. In the midst of the plain were about one hundred naked rocks rising abruptly from the surface, in detached groups, some of which were as high as St. Paul's, and many appeared like the spires of a cathedral. Pointing to these eminences, the muleteer went on to say, "for five months these rocks were my refuge from white men, and from them have I seen an army of twenty-five thousand men traverse this plain again and again; their only support for nearly fourteen months being drawn from the spot." On asking an explanation, he bid me look round and say if I thought I could count the number of sheep on the Pampa. I readily answered I did not think there were fifty. "What will you say, sir," said he, "when I tell you that sixteen years since, there were, *on this plain alone, eight hundred thousand sheep!* besides oxen; at that time there was scarcely an Indian that did not possess at least two thousand, and this was only a part of the wealth of Peru. The desolation that now exists may justly be laid to the account of a revolution, which has only been the means of creating a spirit of animosity amongst those who before were cordially united; you yourself must be aware that if it were known I was a Godo, (Old Spaniard), my life would not be worth an hour's purchase; another thing you have yourself experienced, is the total absence of hospitality in Peru. This is also an effect of the revolution; for at the time I alluded to, a stranger in this country need not expend a maravedi in travelling; but those days, I fear, will never return."

This conversation occurred in the summer of 1827, and there are a few readers of the Mirror who were then in Peru, who will readily recognise the writer. Viator.

ON FEAR.

By Sir Thomas More.

If evils come not, then our fears are vain,
And if they do, fear but augments the pain.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

SKIMINGTON RIDING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I have been amused by the accounts given in a former volume of the MIRROR, of the curious custom called "Stanging;" may I be allowed to edge in a few words descriptive of a ceremony belonging to the same order, which prevails in my native county, (Dorset), instituted and practised on the same occasions as those mentioned in vol. xii., but differing from them in many material points, and in my opinion partaking more of the theatrical cast than either of those two mentioned by your correspondents. Having been an eye witness to one or two of these exhibitions, I am enabled to give an accurate account of the same. The name which they give to this ceremony, as near as I can make out from the pronunciation, is *Skimington Riding;* the origin of which name I have endeavoured in vain to ascertain. The ceremony commences by two fellows armed with stump brooms mounting on a ladder borne by four or five more of the crowd, when sitting back to back, they commence a fierce attack on each other with the brooms over their shoulders, maintaining at the same time as the procession advances, a scolding dialogue, or rather duet; one of them squeaking to represent the angry tones of the better half, while the other growls his complaints an octave below. In this manner, accompanied by the shouts of the crowd, the rattling of old tin kettles, and the blowing of cow's horns, producing altogether a horrible din, they parade before the dwelling house of some peace-breaking couple; and should they be in possession of any word or words made use of by the unhappy pair in their squabbles, you may be sure such expressions are repeated with all due emphasis by the performers on the (stage) ladder. After making as much noise as they possibly can before the fated dwelling, where they sometimes meet with a most ungracious reception, they proceed in the same style through all the streets of the parish in order that the whole place may be apprized of the conduct of the offending couple; and they keep up the game as long as they possibly can.

Sturminster. RURIS.

A SEA-SIDE MAYOR.

(For the Mirror.)

AT Yarmouth, a person is selected from among those employed on the beach during the fishing season, who is denominated the *Sea-side Mayor*, his office being to inflict certain punishments and penalties on such fishermen as are found guilty of pilfering herrings, &c.

The fishing commences in the latter part of September, a day or two previous to which a procession goes round the town, the object and order of which are as follow:—

A person grotesquely attired, and carrying a trident, to represent Neptune,* precedes, followed by four or five men bearing colours with inscriptions of "Prosperity to the town of Yarmouth." "Death to our best Friends," (meaning the herrings), "Success to the Herring Fishery," &c. Then follows a band of musicians. The Sea-side Mayor (dressed as a sailor, and wearing a gilt chain around his neck, brings up the rear, in a handsome boat built for the occasion, and borne on the shoulders of ten or a dozen men, wearing white ribands on the breast of their jackets and on their hats.

In this order the procession calls at the shops of different tradespeople, or any one at all connected with the herring fishery, where they solicit contributions, and those who are disposed to be liberal, are honoured with a tune from the musicians, and the cheering of the mayor. After parading the town they retire to a tavern to dinner.

A great number of French and Dutch fishing boats resort to Yarmouth at the herring fishing, and on the Sunday previous to the 21st of September, "Dutch Fair," as it is denominated, is held on the beach, and presents a novel and interesting appearance.

From twenty to thirty of their flat bottomed boats are run on shore at high water, and as the tide recedes, are left high and dry. Dutch pipes, dried flounders, wooden shoes, apples, and gingerbread, are then offered for sale, and if the weather be fine, the beach is thronged with company, many of whom come from a great distance.

W. S. L.

* An individual named Joseph Penny, was for many years the representative of Neptune. He was a man of daring spirit, and there are many living at this time who were indebted to his intrepidity for being rescued from drowning. In the month of November 1825, accompanied by his son, he went off from the beach in an open boat, to a vessel in distress, soon after which the boat was washed ashore, with the body of the son entangled in the rigging; but the father was never again heard of.

SAXON NAMES OF THE MONTHS.

(For the Mirror.)

DECEMBER, which stood first, was styled "Mid-winter monath." January was "Aefter-yula," or after Christmas. February "Sol-monath," from the returning sun. March "Rhede, or Rhede monath," rough, or rugged month. April "Easter monath," from a favourite Saxon goddess, whose name we still preserve. May was "Trimilchi," from the cows being then milked thrice in the day. June "Sere monath," dry month. "July "Mæd monath," the meads being then in their bloom. August was "Weod monath," from the luxuriance of weeds. September "Hærfest monath." October they called "Winter fylleth," from winter approaching with the full moon of that month. And lastly, November was styled "Blot monath," from the blood of the cattle slain that month, and stored for winter provision. Verstegan names the months somewhat differently.

P. T. W.

CURIOUS BEQUEST.

(For the Mirror.)

JOHN WARDELL, by will, dated August 29, 1656, gave to the Grocers' Company, a tenement known by the name of the White Bear, in Walbrook, to the intent that they should yearly, within thirty days after Michaelmas, pay to the churchwardens of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, £4. to provide a good and sufficient iron and glass lantern, with a candle, for the direction of passengers, to go with more security to and from the water side, all night long, to be placed at the north-east corner of the parish church of St. Botolph, from the Feast Day of St. Bartholomew to Lady Day; out of which sum £1. is to be paid to the sexton for taking care of the said lantern.

H. B. A.

SLEEPERS IN CHURCH.

(For the Mirror.)

RICHARD DAVEY, in 1659, founded a free-school at Claverley, Salop, and directed to be paid yearly the sum of eight shillings to a poor man of the said parish, who should undertake to awaken sleepers, and to whip out dogs from the church of Claverley, during divine service.

H. B. A.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE EPPING HUNT.

By Thomas Hood, Esq.

WE remember the appearance of Mr. Hood's first work—*Odes and Addresses to Great People;* and many a reviewer and printer rejoiced in the light columns which it furnished them by way of extract. They made up very prettily beside a theological critique, a somewhat lumbering book on political economy, or a volume of deep speculations on geology. Hood's little book, a mere thin pocket size, soon grew into notice and favour; the edition ran off, and one or two more impressions have followed. A host of imitators soon sprung up, but we are bound to acknowledge that from the above to the present time, Mr. Hood has kept the field—the Pampa of pun — to himself, and right sincerely are we obliged for the many quips and quiddities with which he has enabled us to *garnish our* pages. We say garnish, for what upon earth can better resemble the garnishings of a table than Mr. Hood's little volumes: how they enliven and embellish the feast, like birds and flowers cut from carrots, turnips, and beet-root; parsley fried *crisp;* cascades spun in sugar, or mouldings in almond paste, at a pic-nic supper party.

We love a good motto, and one like Mr. Hood's speaks volumes:

"HUNTS ROASTED"——

Next comes an advertisement of the author's endeavour to record a yearly revel (the Epping Hunt,) already fast hastening to decay. Mr. Hood is *serious*, as the following epistle will show:—

"It was penned by an underling at the Wells, a person more accustomed to riding than writing."

"SIR,—About the Hunt. In anser to your Innqueries, their as been a great falling off laterally, so much so this year that there was nobody allmost. We did a mear nothing provisionally, hardly a Bottle extra, wich is a proof in Pint. In short our Hunt may be sad to be in the last Stag of a Decline.

"I am, Sir,
"With respects from
"Your humble Servant,
"BARTHOLOMEW RUTT."

Then begins the tale.

JOHN HUGGINS was as bold a man
As trade did ever know,
A warehouse good he had, that stood
Hard by the church of Bow.

There people bought Dutch cheeses round,
And single Glos'ter flat,—
And English butter in a lump,
And Irish—in a *pat*.

Six days a week beheld him stand,
His business next his heart,
At *counter* with his apron tied
About his *counter-part*.

The seventh in a sluice-house box,
He took his pipe and pot;
On Sundays for *eel-piety*,
A very noted spot.

Huggins gets "Epping in his head," and resolves to go to "the Hunt."

Alas! there was no warning voice
To whisper in his ear,
Thou art a fool in leaving *Cheap*
To go and hunt the *deer!*

No thought he had of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs;
Not *chicken-hearted* he, altho'
'Twas whisper'd of his *eggs!*

Ride out he would, and hunt he would,
Nor dreamt of ending ill;
Mayhap with Dr. *Ridout's* fee,
And Surgeon *Hunter's* bill.

* * * * * *

To say the horse was Huggins' own,
Would only be a brag;
His neighbour Fig and he went halves,
Like Centaurs, in a nag.

And he that day had got the gray,
Unknown to brother cit;
The horse he knew would never tell,
Altho' it was a *tit*.

A well bred horse he was I wis,
As he began to show,
By quickly "rearing up within
The way he ought to go."

And so he jogged to Tot'n'am Cross,
An ancient town well known,
Where Edward wept for Eleanor
In mortar and in stone.

A royal game of fox and goose,
To play on such a loss;
Wherever she set down her *orts*,
Thereby he put a *cross*.

Now Huggins had a crony here,
That lived beside the way;
One that had promised sure to be
His comrade for the day.

His friend had gone to Enfield Chase:

Then Huggins turned his horse's head,
And crossed the bridge of Lea.

Thence slowly on thro' Laytonstone,
Past many a Quaker's box,—
No friends to hunters after deer,
Tho' followers of a *Fox*.

And many a score behind—before—
The self-same route inclin'd,
And minded all to march one way,
Made one great march of mind.

Gentle and simple, he and she,
And swell, and blood, and prig;
And some had carts, and some a chaise,
According to their gig.

Some long-ear'd jacks, some knacker's hacks,
(However odd it sounds,)
Let out that day *to hunt*, instead
Of going to the hounds!

And some had horses of their own,
And some were forc'd to job it;
And some, while they inclin'd to *Hunt*,
Betook themselves to *Cob-it*.

All sorts of vehicles and vans,
Bad, middling, and the smart;
Here roll'd along the gay barouche,
And there a dirty cart!

And lo! a cart that held a squad
Of costermonger line;
With one poor hack, like Pegasus,
That slav'd for all the Nine!

* * * * *

And so he paced to Woodford Wells,
Where many a horseman met,
And letting go the *reins*, of course,
Prepared for *heavy wet*.

And lo! within the crowded door,
Stood Rounding, jovial elf;
Here shall the Muse frame no excuse,
But frame the man himself.

The portrait is excellent:

A snow white head a merry eye,
A cheek of jolly blush;
A claret tint laid on by health,
With master reynard's brush.

A hearty frame, a courteous bow,
The prince he learn'd it from:
His age about three-score and ten,
And there you have Old Tom.

In merriest key I trow was he,
So many guests to boast;
So certain congregations meet,
And elevate the host.

They start—

But Huggins, hitching on a toe,
Branch'd off from all the rest.

Then comes the motley mob—

Idlers to wit—no Guardians some,
Of Tattlers in a squeeze;
Ramblers, in heavy carts and vans,
Spectators up in trees.

Butchers on backs of butcher's hacks,
That shambled to and fro'!
Bakers intent upon a buck,
Neglectful of the *dough!*

Change Alley Bears to speculate,
As usual, for a fall;
And green and scarlet runners, such
As never climb'd a wall!

'Twas strange to think what difference
A single creature made;
A single stag had caused a whole
*Stag*nation in their trade.

The deer is brought—

Now Huggins from his saddle rose,
And in the stirrups stood;
And lo! a little cart that came
Hard by a little wood.

In shape like half a hearse,—tho' not
For corpses in the least;
For this contained the *deer alive*,
And not the *dear deceased!*

Robin bounds out, and the hunt starts: Huggins—

Away he went, and many a score
Of riders did the same,
On horse and ass—like high and low
And Jack pursuing game.

Good lord! to see the riders now,
Thrown off with sudden whirl,
A score within the purling brook,
Enjoy'd their "early purl."

A score were sprawling on the grass,
And beavers fell in showers;
There was another *Floorer* there,
Beside the Queen of Flowers!

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to show;
But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in *Statue* quo.

"O, dear! O, dear!" now might you hear,
"I've surely broke a bone;"
"My head is sore,"—with many more
Such speeches from the *throng*.

* * * * * *

Away they went then dog and deer,
And hunters all away,—
The maddest horses never knew
Mad staggers such as they!

Some gave a shout, some roll'd about,
And antick'd as they rode,
And bu.chers whistled on their curs,
And milkmen *tally-ho'd!*

About two score there were, not more,
That galloped in the race;
The rest, alas! lay on the grass,
As once in Chevy Chase!

And by their side see Huggins ride,
As fast as he could speed;
For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
At mercy of his steed.

No means he had, by timely check,
The gallop to remit,
For firm and fast, between his teeth,
The biter held the bitt.

Trees raced along, all Essex fled
Beneath him as he sate,—
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate!

"Hold hard! hold hard! you'll lame the dogs:"
Quoth Huggins, "so I do,—
I've got the saddle well in hand,
And hold as hard as you!"

And now he bounded up and down,
Now like a jelly shook:
Till bump'd and gall'd—yet not where Gall,
For bumps did ever look!

And rowing with his legs the while,
As tars are apt to ride;
With every kick he gave a prick,
Deep in the horse's side!

But soon the horse was well avenged,
For cruel smart of spurs,
For, riding through a moor, he pitched
His master in a furze!

Where sharper set than hunger is
He squatted all forlorn;
And like a bird was singing out
While sitting on a thorn!

Right glad was he, as well as might be,
Such cushion to resign:
"Possession is nine points," but his
Seemed more than ninety nine.

Yet worse than all the prickly points
That enter'd in his skin,
His nag was running off the while
The thorns were running in!

A jolly wight comes by upon

A sorry mare, that surely came
Of pagan blood and bone;
For down upon her knees she went,
To many a stock and stone!

Now seeing Huggins' nag adrift,
This farmer, shrewd and sage,
Resolv'd by changing horses here,
To hunt another stage!

So up on Huggins' horse he got,
And swiftly rode away,
While Huggins mounted on the mare
Done brown upon a bay!

And off they set, in double chase,
For such was fortune's whim,
The Farmer rode to hunt the stag,
And Huggins hunted him.

* * * * *

And, far remote, each scarlet coat
Soon flitted like a spark,—
Tho' still the forest murmur'd back
An echo of the bark.

But sad at soul John Huggins turn'd:
No comfort he could find;
Whilst thus the "Hunting Chorus" sped
To stay five bars behind.

For tho' by dint of spur he got
A leap in spite of fate—
Howbeit there was no toll at all,
They could not clear the gate.

And, like Fitzjames, he cursed the hunt,
And sorely cursed the day,
And mus'd a new Gray's elegy
On his departed gray.

Huggins now betook him to the Wells—the Hunt was o'er—and many a joke is told—

How Huggins stood when he was rubb'd
By help and ostler kind,
And when they cleaned the clay before,
How "worse remain'd behind."

And one, how he had found a horse
Adrift—a goodly gray!
And kindly rode the nag, for fear
The nag should go astray.

Huggins claims the horse, and offers "a bottle and a pound" for his recovery:

The wine was drunk,—the money paid,
Tho' not without remorse,
To pay another man so much,
For riding on his horse.

MORAL.

Thus Pleasure oft eludes our grasp,
Just when we think to grip her;
And hunting after Happiness,
We only hunt a slipper.

The tale occupies less than thirty pages, and may be read whilst smoking a cigar. It is all quaint fun, whim, humour, and frolic, and one of those merry morsels which amuse us more than the whole leaven of utilitarianism; and if to laugh and learn be your maxim, why read the "Epping Hunt." After this, hold your sides, and look at the *cuts*, designed by George Cruikshank, and engraved by Branston, Bonner, Slader, and T. Williams. Old Tom Rounding is the frontispiece, in a cosy chair, and glass in hand—framed with foxes', and Towler and Jowler's heads, antlers, &c. The rich twinkle of Tom's eye, and the benevolent rotundity of his form, are admirable. Huggins hitched on a tree is the next—then comes "the beast charging in Tom's rear;" his perturbed look and the saucy waggery of a round headed wight who has climbed into an adjoining tree are a good contrast; Huggins "sitting on a thorn" is another ludi-

erous picture of perturbation; the cit on the grass, with "cattle grazed here" on a tree, is the fifth; and Huggins being cleared of clay by two of Tom Roundhead's helpers, with mop and broom, completes the cuts and catastrophes of the Epping Hunt.

The engravings, one and all, are exceedingly clever, and *proof impressions*, (which we observe are advertised,) will soon find their way into scores of scrap-books.

The Sketch-Book.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

(For the Mirror.)

When the unfortunate Cedric (who had imbued his hands in the blood of another,) was endeavouring by flight to a distant land to evade the arm of justice, there existed a belief in a supernatural being, whose exclusive office was,

To guide the whirlwind and direct the storm.

It was imagined that he circumnavigated the globe in a chariot of fire that was wafted on the wings of the wind through the illimitable fields of æther, but that he ever kept within the bounds of our atmosphere. His course was preceded by thunder and lightning—and storm and tempest followed him wherever he went. He visited every climate in succession, and had a vast concourse of inferior spirits at his command. He never paused in his terrible career, but to witness the shipwreck of a felon, and then only was he visible to mortal view. He was The Spirit of the Storm!

The recollection of this personage occurred to the mind of Cedric, accompanied with no very pleasing associations, just as the Levantine cleared the mouth of the harbour, and was bearing a full sail before a propitious northern gale for India.

A quick voyage had almost brought the vessel successfully to the desired port, when an accident, fatal in its termination occurred, which we shall endeavour to relate.

There was on board an old man who had long been in the habit of reading the almanac, observing the changes of the wind and moon, the rising and setting of the sun, the degree of heat or cold, dryness or dampness of the atmosphere, the form and colour of the clouds, the rising and falling of the mercury, and several other similar indications of the weather, who for his knowledge in these matters, had obtained the epithet of "weatherwise," and indeed not without reason, for although he might sometimes be wrong in his prognostications to the no small amusement of others, and to his own mortification; yet in general they were pretty correct, especially of the approach of a storm in a tropical climate.

One fine evening whilst walking on the deck, he carelessly observed, that there would be a heavy sea gale, accompanied by rain, before morning. The captain of the vessel, who happened to be within hearing, cursed the poor fellow for his prediction, declaring that he kept the whole crew in a state of alarm, and vowing that if he foretold another tempest he would throw him overboard. The old man, who had a considerable opinion of his own talents, calmly replied, "*experientia docet.*"

Cedric, from being one of the most daring and reckless spirits of his age, on hearing the above parley, and aware of their proximity to a rocky and dangerous shore, became terrified. The fear of a wreck overcame his once undaunted but now agitated frame, and a stiff glass of grog was found necessary to support him.

At midnight (having previously been sleeping soundly, composed by the soporific effects of the dram, lulled by the music of the rising breeze, and the gentle undulations of the reeling vessel) he was flung several yards from his hammock, and received a contusion on the head, which for some time deprived him of his senses. When he had somewhat recovered, the rocking of the vessel, the howling of the wind, and the creeking of the timbers, told him but too truly that the old man's prophecy was being fulfilled.

He went hastily on deck, half dressed and nearly frantic through fear, to ascertain his opinion of the probable extent of the danger to which they were exposed. But, alas! the old man, who had been placed at the helm as the only person capable of conducting the vessel in so perilous a situation, had been swept overboard by one of the early surges. He spoke to many, but none seemed disposed to listen to him; each person being too much engaged with his own concerns to attend to those of others.

Every hand seemed paralyzed; the vessel without a steersman at the helm—without a sailor to haul down a shroud, was cleaving the ocean at the mercy of the winds and the waves!

His sense of guilt at this moment was overpowering; hitherto (partly occasioned by ignorance, and partly by

depraved habits of life) a degree of thoughtlessness had possessed him, which it is almost impossible to conceive could reign in the breast of a being endued with reason. Now indeed his eyes were open to his fate—to his earthly fate; a strange foreboding came upon him; it was a species of instinctive horror; he could not look beyond it. Whether there was a being who ruled the world, or whether there was not, had never been the subject of his meditations; yet a secret whisper intimated to him that death would not be the bound of his hopes and his fears—of his joys and his sorrows.

He was conscious of the blackness of his crime, which indeed was of the deepest dye, and that he had never till then experienced the arm of vengeance. He shuddered as the violence of the tempest increased.

He had braved the seas — he had fought with the enemies of his country; but never did fear paralyze the daring Cedric before. He fell senseless on the deck entangled in the shattered cordage, whereby he was preserved from being washed overboard by the mountain billows, which every moment engulfed the vessel, threatening immediate destruction to all on board.

The murkiest cloud that ever hid the skies from the view of man, now rode in universal blackness over the horror-stricken crew, which, opening every pore, as though at once to overwhelm creation, poured forth its contents like one vast sea descending to overflow another. The winds gathered from every quarter with unparalleled fury. Thunders rolled with that incessant clamour which pervades a field of earthly battle; but artillery, whose dreadful note hath made the hardiest and the boldest quake, utters with but feeble voice to that which that night growled on the craggy shores of India. And lightnings fell, as when Elijah called on heaven to answer him, and fire descended to proclaim the true Jehovah's name, and hail the one true prophet!

The Levantine now struck with tremendous force against a rock, which lay concealed amidst the swelling waters, and instantaneously disappeared, leaving the wretched crew floating on the surface—borne on the billows!

Cedric, by the tumultuous fury of the element, was thrown on a shelf of one of the steep rocks which form a natural barrier between the sea and land; being recovered from his stupor, he was again awake to the horrors that surrounded him; what had become of his comrades he knew not—he thought not. He clung to a fragment of the precipice with the desperation and firm grasp of madness—while every successive tide that rolled over his head became stronger and stronger.

He counted the billows as they passed over him; he watched the receding wave — he looked sternly at the approaching one. Time with him was fast ebbing. The wave that was to wash him into eternity was already curling towards him in fearful whiteness, which the glare of lightnings that seemed to illuminate the universe showed him in all its terrors.

At the same time he distinguished a towering rock which the darkness had hitherto obscured, but which now rose in awful majesty before him, amidst the spray and foam of the heaving surges, and seemed a sea-god's throne! The sublimity and magnificence of the storm were now at their height! On the summit of the conical rock, which was reddened by the fierce blaze of the brilliant fires that incessantly played around it, appeared a colossal figure, arrayed in white, whose long tresses and flowing robes streamed with the wind. The figure pointed at the hopeless Cedric with a deadly smile on his countenance. Cedric glared wildly at the unearthly vision. The last whelming wave approached and buried him for ever in the foaming sea.

The spectre mounted his car, attended by an innumerable host of tributary spirits, and was borne on the whirlwind to visit other climes. He was the Spirit of the Storm!

CYMBELINE.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD FAVOURITE.

"In his wine he would volunteer an imitation of somebody, generally of Incledon. His imitation was vocal; I made pretensions to the oratorical parts; and between us, we boasted, that we made up the entire phenomenon."

LEIGH HUNT'S BYRON.

"OF Incledon? poor Charles Incledon!" said I, turning to his portrait in the "Storm," hanging in goodly fellowship with a few of the idols of my theatrical days, Siddons, Kemble, Bannister, Mrs. Jordan, and G. Cook, in my littl book-room—"Poor Charles Incledon. The mighty in genius, the high in birth, the conceited in talent, have not forgotten thee, then—and will even con descend to imitate thee, to imitate *thee* w o wast *inimitable!*" I arose and walk d about

my little sanctum in meditative mood. The days of old came o'er me—the benefit nights—the play-bills, with the "Storm," "Black-eyed Susan," &c. in the largest type, as forming the most attractive morceaux in the bill of fare. Then followed the squeeze in June! through that horrid passage in the old Covent Garden Theatre!—then the well-earned climax—Incledon in blue jacket, white trousers, red waistcoat, smart hat and cane—the representative of Britain's best defenders, in holiday garb—unaccompanied by orchestra or instruments, depending upon naught but "the human voice divine," after his usual walk before the lights, and repeatedly licking his lips, (as if he thought that the sweet sounds which were accustomed to flow from them must leave honey behind), —rolling forth with that vast volume of voice, at once astonishing and delightful —"All in the downs the fleet lay moored;" and then followed the strain of love, manly love and constancy, in the beautiful language of Gay, and in tones so rich, so clear, so sweet! every faculty was absorbed in the sense of hearing! the hair seemed to rise, the flesh to stir! the silence of the audience was holy—they durst not, they could not, even applaud that which so enchanted them, for fear of losing a note—I really think I could have struck any one who could have shouted a "bravo!" Never were Milton's lines,

> "Soft Lydian airs
> Married to immortal verse,
> Such as the meeting soul may pierce
> In notes, with many a winding bout
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
> With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
> The melting voice through mazes running,
> Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony."

so illustrated as in the last line of Gay's "Black-eyed Susan,"—

> "Adieu, she cried, and waved her lily hand,"

as sung by Incledon in his prime.

'Tis strange! here was "a voice that hath failed," and little or nothing said of it—"Died at Worcester, on —— the celebrated vocalist, Charles Incledon," without further comment, was all that most of the periodicals said at his decease. I recollect nothing worthy of him being put forth, no essay upon his voice and style—and why? because poor Charles Incledon had ceased to be the fashion!

The time is somewhat advanced, but the quotation at the head of this article has brought to my mind what ought to have been done by abler hands; and I will endeavour to point out what we possessed in this singer, and what we have lost by his death.

And how am I qualified for the task? With respect to the knowledge of the *science* of music I cannot boast—but Rousseau says—"Disoit autrefois un sage, c'est au poete à faire de la poesie, et au musicien à faire de la musique; mais il n'appartient qu'au philosophe de *bien* parler de l'une et de l'autre." And there are hearts, such as inspired the poet when he wrote—

> "Withdraw yourself
> Unto this neighbouring grove; there shall you see
> How the sweet treble of the chirping birds,
> And the sweet stirring of the moved leaves,
> Running delightful descant to the sound
> Of the base murmuring of the bubbling brook,
> Becomes a concert of good instruments,
> While twenty babbling echoes round about,
> Out of the stony concave of their mouths,
> Restore the vanish'd music of each close,
> And fill your ears full with redoubled pleasure."*

such as warmed Spenser when he wrote his "Bowre of Blesse;" Tasso his "Gardens of Armida;" Collins his "Melancholy," who

> "Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul"—

such hearts, I say, and such as have drunk with unsatiated thirst at the fountains of these "masters of the lay," are better qualified to speak upon a question of the "concord of sweet sounds" than all the merely scientific musicians, whether professors or amateurs, in the world.

"Of melody aye held in thrall," I profess myself an admirer of that English music which preceded the appearance of Mr. Braham—the music of Arne, Jackson, Carter, Storace, Linley, Shield, Davy, even of Dibdin, and of those fine airs, (the names of whose composers are now little better than traditional), which glow in the Beggar's Opera. And of this music there never was heard a singer equal to Incledon, and perhaps never will. The pathos, the richness, the roundness, the satisfying fulness to the ear, which characterize these composers, can never be mastered by the *merely scientific* singer; *they* composed for the *voice*, and without that organ in its most perfect state, complete justice can never be done to their strains.

I before said these masters flourished previous to the debut of Mr. Braham; for it is in a great measure owing to that gentleman, and the false taste he introduced and has kept alive, that they are now so seldom heard in our theatres, concerts, or drawing-rooms. We have lost the notes of melody and feeling,

* "Lingua," Dodsley's Old Plays.

and what have we in their stead? The glitter and plagiarism of Rossini, the ponderous science of Weber, and the absolute trash of all our English composers. The last mentioned gentlemen certainly came into court "in forma pauperis,"—satisfied with the merit of arrangers, harmonizers, &c., and are found to confess, when detection is probable, that the very soul of their pieces —the melody*—is taken from such an Italian, such a Sicilian, Greek, nay even Russian air.

I think I can, in some degree, account for the fashion these composers have gained, and why, I fear, they are likely to maintain it. It is that the *public have become too musical*. Every female, from the highest to the lowest, whose parents can purchase a pianoforte, and pay a master, *must* learn music; the number of teachers and pupils are multiplied without end; and out of either class how many are there qualified by nature as singers? Not two in fifty. What follows? By labour and attention *science* may be acquired, although *voice* cannot. The voiceless teacher may instruct his voiceless pupil in the foppery of an art, the *spirit* of which is unattainable by either; pieces merely scientific are placed by him on her piano—are performed to the credit of both, with vast execution, as far as respects the science and the harmony—but as for the singing, as singing ought to be, 'tis

"Worse than the howling of Irish wolves against the moon."

Well—*Miss*, from the expense and pains bestowed upon her, must, of course, be the musical oracle of the family; the father must forego his favourite old songs, written by "*honest* Harry Carey," (as Ritson insists on his being called); the mother is laughed to scorn if she mentions "Auld Robin Gray," "Mary's Dream, "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?"—or such obsolete stuff;—and even the brothers, who might stickle a little for Moore's melodies,

"With thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"

are silenced with, "Pooh! any body can sing them."

Thus is the family taste made up; and this extends to the patronage o singers in the style alone deemed correct, as it is the *quantity* of public patronage which must influence the manager of either theatre or concert in the persons he engages. And thus has the great extension of musical taste been injurious to music.

But, to return to our old favourite. All who remember him must likewise remember his powers of attraction ere this blight of *fashion* had come over us. Witness his various benefits, and above all, that at the Opera House, producing, it is said, 1,500*l*. Such marks of public favour, added to the constant request of company, both public and private, and to a man who, like Incledon, *loved* his art, were sure to be productive of *vanity*—vanity, the besetting sin of all great men, from Alexander on his Persian throne, to Mr. Kean enthroned in the Coal Hole.—His education had been limited. The songs chiefly in vogue at the early part of the late war were *nautical*, which led him to a bold, free style; these were his faults—vanity, want of cultivation, and a freedom of manner approaching to excess. But he had a qualification as a singer which threw all these into shade. The "Spectator," I believe, somewhere says it is necessary for a good dancer to have a good understanding; but I think it is much more necessary for a good singer to have a *good and feeling heart*; and whether singing or acting his part in the drama of life, with family, friends, or brother (not forgetting sister) performers, Charles Incledon had as warm a heart as ever beat.

I cannot completely effect my purpose of reminding the public of what they have lost in this fine singer, without recurrence to the songs in which he earned his fame. "Pleasant is the recollection of the joys that are passed," says Ossian; and what a delightful storehouse of melody is opened by the remembrance of these songs! At the head of the list, in unapproachable beauty, stand his "Black-eyed Susan," "Storm," "Old Towler," and "Lads of the Village;" songs which few voices can attempt, and none dare hope to equal him in. Then, as operas, we had first his Macheath, a part in which, notwithstanding what has been said of his slovenly acting, I think him unequalled. His was the voice to burst forth in the rich melodies of that *equivocal* piece—*he* was the *gentleman* who, if ruined by excess, could become the *highwayman*—his was the dashing, manly style to ensnare either a Polly or a Lucy. Poor Macheath is now emasculated, because *no man* has voice to sing his songs. I have heard Mr. Young has played the part, and "report speaks goldenly" of

* "Melody is the essence of Music," said Mozart to Michael Kelly: "I compare a good melodist to *a fine racer*, and counter-points to *stick post-horses*."

his singing, and I deeply regret not having heard him. I understand he sings Moore's melodies better than any body; and think it likely, from the few "snatches" I have heard him give. By the bye, excepting the hurried, thick utterance of Incledon when speaking, there is great resemblance, as far as regards voice, between that singer and Mr. Young.

As a Shakspearean, I must class next his two sweet songs in "As You Like it." His was the pipe to be listened to amongst the warblers of "Ardenne," in Dr. Arne's delicious "Blow! blow! thou Winter's wind," and "Under the green-wood tree." "Oh!" as Jaques says, "I can suck melancholy from the recollection of these songs as a weasel sucks eggs." Then follow Jackson of Exeter's "Lord of the Manor," and Dibdin's "Quaker" and "Waterman;" pieces after Incledon's own heart; all free, rich, clear melody, without glitter.

But of all the composers of his own day, Shield* was his favourite; and justly. He furnished him with most of his popular songs. The singer was the peculiar organ of the composer—his "Thorn," his "Mouth which a Smile," "Tom Moody," "Heaving the Lead," and many, many others, seem to have faded away with the voice of the melodist.

But I find, were I to run through, as I proposed, all the songs *peculiar* to my hero, I should, most likely, tire my reader. The delight with which I dwell upon them is a species of egotism; I will therefore only name a few more, and "leave him alone with his glory." —"Sally in our Alley," the song Addison was so fond of; what an *association!* "Post Captain," "Brown Jug." In his decline, even "His father he lost," and "On Lethe's banks," in Artaxerxes;—hear the singers of the present day sing these songs! "Bay of Biscay," "When Vulcan forged," the second of "All's Well," "Bet, sweet blossom," "Will Watch," "Last Whistle," &c. &c. Alas! alas! and all this is over! He has piped his last whistle, and poor Charles "sleeps in peace with the dead!"

In concluding, I cannot but observe, that no singer has so completely identified himself with particular songs. Those in which he most excelled, he stamped as his own—no one can touch them "while his memory be green," When the race who heard him has faded away, some one may attempt them; but *I* should as soon think of going to see Mr. Kean play Coriolanus, as to hear another sing "Black-eyed Susan." My mind is filled—I have Kemble's noble patrician *perfect* before me; I have Gay's ballad in Incledon's notes as fully in "my mind's *ear*," and I would not have them displaced.

Blackwood's Magazine.

* Let the lover of melody look over the list of works published, in the obituary of that beautiful composer!

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

The following is inscribed on a black Tablet in Sherborne Church, Dorset:

THIS Monument was erected by
Mr. Thomas Mansel, of this Towne,
in remembrance of a great hailstorme,
May 16th, 1709,
between the hours of one and four in
the afternoon;
which stopping the course of a small
river, west of this church, caused of a
sudden an extraordinary flood in the
Abbey Garden and Green,
running with so rapid a stream, that it
forced open the north door of the
church, displaced and removed about
1,222 feet of the pavement, and was
two feet and ten inches high as it
passed out at this south door.

Sturminster. RUBIS.

ANTIQUITY AND INTEREST.

IN the kitchen of a public house called the Cross in Hand, at Waldron, in Sussex, there is an ancient couple, who appear to have been companions for more than seven hundred years. These are a pair of dog, or brandirons, with the date of 1115 on each. Suppose their original cost to have been five shillings; this sum put out at simple interest, together with the principal, would now have amounted to nine pounds, twelve shillings, and sixpence; but at compound interest it would be two hundred and fifty eight billions, seven hundred and eighty four millions, two hundred and thirty thousand, six hundred and fifty six pounds sterling.

J. B.—Y.

KING JAMES I. mounting a horse that was unruly, said, "The de'il tak' my saul, sirrah, an ye be na quiet, I'll send ye to the five hundred kings in the House of Commons—they'll soon tame you."

On the road to Hastings are two hotels, nearly opposite one another, the one kept by a person of the name of Hogsflesh, the other by a person named Bacon. T. R. W.

A JUDICIOUS TITLE.

On a vacancy on the Scotch bench, a certain advocate of some standing at the bar, but by no means remarkable for the brilliancy of his parts, or the extent of his legal knowledge, was in full expectation of being appointed to the vacant gown. This is done by a court letter, signed with the King's sign manual. In the full flutter of his darling hopes, he one day encountered an old brother lawyer, notorious for the acidity of his temper, and the poignancy and acrimony of his remarks. "Weel, friend Robby," said the latter, "I hear you're to get the vacant gown." —"Yes, Mr. C—k, I have every reason to believe so."—"Have ye gotten doon your letter yet frae London?"—"No: but I expect an express every minute."—"Nae doot, nae doot; have you bethocht yoursel o' what teetle ye're to tak'? Lord H—n will never do; ye ken that's the teetle o' ane o' oor grandest dukes. Gudesake, for a bit session lordy, like you, to gang by that style and teetle o' ane high and michty prince! that wad be a bonny boorlesque on a' warldly honours and dignities. Weel a weel, let that be a pass over. Noo a teetle ye maun hae, that's as clear as the licht, and there's ane come just now into my head that will answer ye to a T; when ye're a lord, freend, Robby, ye'll be Lord Preserve Us?"—"You are very impertinent Mr. C—k," replied the nettled judge expectant; "I am sure you may find a waur."—There never, perhaps, was, or will be, comprehended so much pithy meaning and bitter sarcasm in a single syllable, as that which formed the astounding response—"Whaur (where)?"

GREGORY THE GREAT A PUNSTER.

Gregory the great was a punster, as appears from an anecdote related of him, and which gave the first impulse to his exertions to promulgate Christianity in this country. It was sometime before he was advanced to St. Peter's chair, and when he was only a deacon in the church, that he saw some handsome youths for sale in the open market: struck with their appearance, he inquired whence they were, and was answered they were *Angli (English.)* "They are rightly called," said he, "for they seem Angeli," (of or belonging to angels,) and asking what province they were of among the Angli; he was told of *Deira* (part of the kingdom of Northumbria.) Ah, exclaimed he, *De ira Dei sunt liberandi.* Learning farther that their king was named *Alle*, he said how fitly may he sing *Alle*lujahs to God, who possesseth such subjects. From that time he seriously endeavoured to bring about the conversion of the English nation, and a few years afterwards, being Pope, he happily effected it by the travels and labours of St. Augustine, who was the first Archbishop of Canterbury.

EPITAPH

In St. Mary's Churchyard, Lambeth.

God takes the good, too good to stay,
He leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

MUSIC.

Voluntary composed under the impulse of peculiar sensibility, by Rainer, of Frankfort.

Fol, di, lol, tol, tiddle lol de de di do ral tal lil liddle lal lal de ra.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

The following is a literal copy of a notice upon a gate between Cheltenham and Gloucester:—

"Here is No Public Road: whosdomnever trespass on wil be proccuted to the hutmast Reglar." C. J. T.

HONOURABLE SERVICE.

If one has served thee, tell the deed to many,
Hast thou served many, tell it not to any.

THE ONLY SON.

During the French Revolution, every one was called *brother*. A jacobin, entering a coffee-room, and seeing a man reading the paper, said, "brother, when you have done with that, I'll thank you for it." No reply.—He repeated, "brother, when you have read the paper I'll thank you for it." Still no reply; indignant at the circumstance, he went and slapped the party on the shoulder, repeating his demand a third time. "I beg your pardon," said the young man, "I did not think you were speaking to me, for I am an *only son.*"

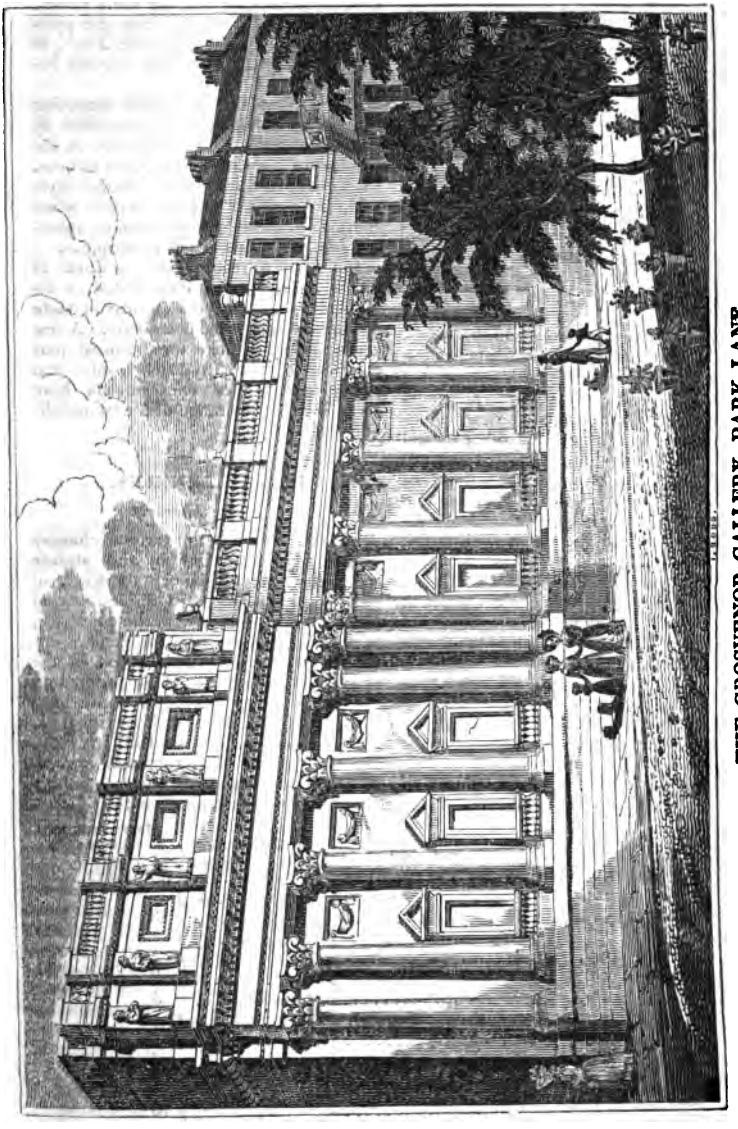
Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 394.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1829. [Price 2*d*.



THE GROSVENOR GALLERY, PARK LANE.

LORD GROSVENOR'S GALLERY, PARK LANE.

At the commencement of our Twelfth Volume, we took occasion to allude to the public spirit of the Earl of Grosvenor, in our description of his splendid mansion—Eaton Hall, near Chester. We likewise adverted to his lordship's munificent patronage of the Fine Arts, and to the erection of the Gallery which forms the subject of the annexed Engraving.

The Gallery forms the western wing of Lord Grosvenor's spacious town mansion in Park Lane. It is from the designs of Mr. Cundy, and consists of a colonnade of the Corinthian order, raised upon a plain joined stylobate. Over each column of the principal building is an isolated statue with an attic behind them, after the manner of the ancient building called by Palladio the Forum of Trajan at Rome. On the acroteria of the building are vases on a balustrade, and between the columns is a series of blank windows with balustraded balconies and triangular pediments, which Mr. Elmes thinks are so introduced as to disfigure the other grand parts of the design. Above these are sunk panels, with swags or garlands of fruit and flowers. Mr. E. is likewise of opinion that, "but for the stopped-up windows, and the overpowering and needless balustrade over the heads of the statues, this building would rank among the very first in the metropolis; even with these trifling drawbacks, that can easily be remedied before the whole is completed, it is grand, architectural, and altogether worthy of its noble proprietor."

The reader need not be told that the above Gallery has been erected for the reception of the superb Grosvenor collection, the first effectual foundation of which was laid by the purchase of the late Mr. Agar's pictures for 30,000 guineas, and it has since been gradually enlarged until it has become one of the finest collection in England. It is not confined to works of the old masters, but embraces the best productions of some of the most celebrated modern painters. The Earl of Grosvenor has, for some years, been in the habit of admitting the public in the months of May and June, to inspect his pictures, under certain restrictions.

The Picture Gallery is but a portion of the improvements contemplated by Lord Grosvenor. The mansion, in the distance of the Engraving is, we believe, to be rebuilt in a correspondent style with the Gallery, and the whole when completed, will be one of the most splendid establishments in the metropolis.

Indeed, the recent embellishment of several mansions in Park Lane is already indicative of the improved taste of their distinguished occupants. A few years since the Lane for the most part consisted of unsightly brick fronts; but stone and plaster encasements have given it the appearance of a new neighbourhood.

HENRY JENKINS.

(For the Mirror.)

A TABLE showing the various changes in his religion, which by the statute were required of Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton-upon-Swale, in the county of York, in compliance with the principle, that the English Constitution is essentially identified with the religion of the state, and making it his bounden duty (as that of every subject) to conform to it. Henry Jenkins was born in 1501, and died at the age of 169, in 1670. He consequently was required by law, to adopt the following changes in his religious creed and practice :—

	Reigns of	The Constitution being essentially	Henry Jenkins should have been during
1st from 1501 to 1534	Henry VII. and VIII.	Catholic	33 years.
2nd from 1534 to 1547	Henry VIII.	Between Catholic & Church of England.	13
3rd from 1547 to 1553	Edward VI.	Churchof England	6
4th from 1553 to 1558	Mary	Catholic	5
5th from 1558 to 1649	Elizabeth, James I. Charles I.	Churchof England	91
6th from 1649 to 1654	Interregnum	Fanatic	4
7th from 1654 to 1660	Protectorate	Presbyterian	7
8th from 1660 to 1670	Charles II.	Churchof England.	10
			169 years, the age of Henry Jenkins.

Jenkins was buried at Bolton-upon-Swale. A handsome pyramid marks his grave, as the oldest Englishman upon record, and in the church is a monument to his memory, with the following inscription, written by Dr. Thomas Chapman:—

Blush not marble!
To rescue from oblivion
The memory of
Henry Jenkins,
A person obscure in birth,
But of a life truly memorable.
For
He was enriched
With the goods of nature
If not of fortune;
And happy
In the duration
If not variety
Of his enjoyments,
And tho' the partial world
Despised and disregarded
His low and humble state,
The equal eye of Providence
Beheld and blessed it
With a Patriarch's health and length of days
To teach mistaken man
These blessings
Were entailed on temperance,
A life of labour, and a mind at ease.
He lived to the amazing age of
169 years,
Was interred here the 6th December,
1670,
And had this justice done to his memory,
1743.

ARTHUR EBOR.

VENERATION OF CATS IN ANCIENT DAYS, AND VALUE OF KITTENS, &c.

(For the Mirror.)

The cat was held in high veneration by the ancient Egyptians. When a cat died in a house, the owner of the house shaved his eye-brows; they carried the cats when dead into consecrated houses to be embalmed, and interred them at Bubastis, a considerable city of Lower Egypt. If any killed a cat, though by accident, he could not escape death. Even in the present day they are treated with the utmost care in that country, on account of their destroying the rats and mice. They are trained in some of the Grecian islands to attack and destroy serpents, with which those islands abound.

In the time of Howel Dha, *Howel the Good*, Prince of Wales, who died in the year 948, laws were made both to preserve and fix the prices of different animals; among which the cat was included, as being at that early period of great importance, on account of its scarcity and utility. The price of a kitten before it could see, was fixed at one penny; till proof could be given of its having caught a mouse, two-pence; after which it was rated at four-pence, a great sum in those days, when the value of specie was extremely high. It was likewise required, that the animal should be perfect in its senses of hearing and seeing, should be a good mouser, have its claws whole, and if a female, be a careful nurse. If it failed in any of these qualifications, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one should steal or kill the cat that guarded the prince's granary, the offender was to forfeit either a milch ewe, her fleece, and lamb, or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail, (its head touching the floor) would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail. From these circumstances (says Pennant) we may conclude that cats were not originally natives of these islands, and from the great care taken to improve and preserve the breed of this prolific creature, we may with propriety suppose that they were but little known at that period.

When Mr. Baumgarten was at Damascus, he saw there a kind of hospital for cats; the house in which they were kept was very large, walled round, and was said to be quite full of them. On inquiring into the origin of this singular institution, he was told that Mahomet, when he once lived there, brought with him a cat, which he kept in the sleeve of his gown, and carefully fed with his own hands. His followers in this place, therefore, ever afterwards paid a superstitious respect to these animals; and supported them in this manner by public alms, which were very adequate to the purpose." Browne, in his *History of Jamaica*, tells us, "A cat is a very dainty dish among the negroes."

P. T. W.

ST. DUNSTAN'S, FLEET STREET.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In your account of this church, in No. 388, I perceive you state that the clock and figures were put up in 1761, whereas I find by reference to works on this subject, that they were so placed in 1671.*

* Occasioned by a transposition of figures. In vol xi referred to in the above page, the date stands 1671.

There are many curious monuments in this church, and among others, is the beautiful one to the memory of Sir Richard Hoare, Knt. who was Lord Mayor of London in the memorable year 1745, at which "alarming crisis," in the words of the inscription, "he discharged the great trust reposed in him with honour and integrity, to the approbation of his sovereign and the universal satisfaction of his fellow citizens." He died in 1754, and was buried in this church. The monument, which is of marble, consists of a sarcophagus, above which is a cherub in the act of crowning a beautiful bust of Sir Richard with a laurel wreath, above is a shield of arms, within an orb ar. sa. a spread eagle of the first bearing an escutcheon of pretence ar. a lion ppr. in chief in base a chev. gu. charged with three escallop shells of the first, impaling a saltire sa. between four crosses fitchè of the same. Crest, a griffin's head erased ar. An inscription on the base informs us the monument was restored in 1820, at the expense of the parish, "in testimony of their grateful sense of obligation to a family whose eminent virtue and munificence it is intended to perpetuate."

In the vestry of this church is preserved a finely executed portrait of the "Virgin Queen," in stained glass; and there is also another window consisting of the effigy of St. Matthias, but this is not to be compared with the other for execution. A. P. D.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

(For the Mirror.)

One of the finest buildings in Constantinople is a fountain in an open square, near the seraglio gate; it is a place built and maintained by the Grand Vizier, for the people to come and draw water, who have it served out to them in great jugs by people who are constantly in attendance to fill them; the jugs are chained to the place, and stand in rows about four feet from the ground, between gilt iron bars in front of the building. There are men always ready inside to draw the water and fill the jugs, which till people come are kept full; these men receive a yearly salary.

The houses are chiefly built of wood, and reach so far over the top that in some of the streets it would be very possible to get from the windows of one house to another across the street. By this manner of building, any one who has seen the place will not wonder at the frequent and fatal conflagrations there, for if once a fire break out it must burn till it comes to some garden or large vacant place to stop at. The Bussard is the most regular part of the city, and has a number of parallel streets crossing one another, and covered at the top with planks which keep out the rain and sun. Here all the richest and finest goods in Constantinople are put out to show, as a pattern or sample of the merchants' stock, for sale in their warehouses at home. Every street has its particular trade, so that there is no mixture of shops as in other capitals. One street is occupied by goldsmiths, another by silk and brocade merchants; grocers and tailors have also different streets to themselves. The city is always shut up at ten at night, so that no one can have entrance or get out after that time. Indeed there is scarcely any one in the streets after dusk, for every one then goes to rest, so that when daylight is gone no business can be transacted; but the people are obliged to pray every night one hour and a half after dark, when the priests go up into the towers of the mosques, and in a loud voice call crowds to prayers in these words: — "God is great; (three times) give testimony there is but one God, yield yourselves to his mercy, and pray to him to forgive your sins. God is great (three times more) there is no other God but God. Ina.

The Novelist.

THE BACHELOR'S REVENGE.

(For the Mirror.)

Mr. Hardingham, or as some of his very intimate friends used to call him, Jack Hardingham, lived in a dull looking house in —— Square, his profession (the law) was dull, his fire and fireside were dull; and as he sat by the former one dull evening, in the dullest of all his dull humours, and of such the lonely bachelor had many, he sighed, kicked his shins, and looked into his books; but as that was like gazing upon a very ugly face, he shut them again, and rang the bell. It was answered by a portly dame, whose age might be about some four or five and forty, whose complexion was fair, whose chubby cheeks were brilliantly rosy, and whose black eyes were so vividly lustrous, that one might have fancied the delicate cap-border near them, in danger from their fire Over her full-formed bust, she wore a clear, and stiffly-

starched muslin habit-shirt of purest white, a beautiful lace-edged ruff around her throat, over her ample shoulders was thrown a fawn-coloured shawl, and she wore also, a silver gray gown of the material called Norwich crape, with an apron rivalling in whiteness cap, habit-shirt, and ruff. We are particular in describing the costume of this fair creature, because when *dress* is invariably the same, it has unity with *person;* it is identified with its wearer, and our affections even are caught and retained by it, in a manner of which few are aware. On the exterior of the lady whom we have endeavoured to portray, "housekeeper" was as indelibly stamped as the effigy of our king on the coin of the realm; and in a most soft and insinuating tone, she said, "Would you be pleased to want any thing, sir?"

"Yes, Mrs. Honeydew—go and ask if they can't let me have De Vere."

"Yes, sir."

"Or the Chronicles of the Canongate."

"Yes, sir."

"Or Anne of Geierstein."

"Yes, sir."

"Or the Loves of the Poets."

"Yes, sir."

"Or, d'ye hear, hang it, tell Mr. Mason there are seven or eight other new works, the names of which I have forgotten, and he must recollect."

"Certainly, sir."

"Stop, stop—don't be in such a hurry—tell him, he has never ordered for me the Quarterly, as I desired—that I want to see the United Service Journal, and Blackwood for the month; and that if he chooses to charge four pence a night for his new novels, I'll not read one of them."

"Of course, sir; I'll tell him, for 'tis a shame, a real shame, for any body to *repose* on, as one may say, a gentleman like yourself. Never fear, but I'll tell him."

The lady retired, the door closed, and Mr. Hardingham sighed, "A worthy creature is Martha Honeydew." "Come in," cried the gentleman in a most amiable tone, as he presently recognised his housekeeper's tap at the parlour door, and with a curtsey she entered.

"O law, law! Mr. Hardingham, sir—Mr. Mason says—but I don't like to give you all his message, indeed I don't—Mr. Mason says—but I hope you'll never send me on such an *arrant* again—he says, sir—O but I'm sorry for it, that I am—he says then, that the *Quarter* you *ax'd* for, ar'n't come yet, and there's time enough for you to read it in when it *do;* that the Blackwood and the Officers' Magazine are *hout;* that you may go without your new novels afore he'll let you have 'em *chaiper* than other folks, (and there's a shocking shame, sir!) and as for the works you mentioned, there's fifty new ones at least to choose from; but he can't remember what you don't be pleased to recollect yourself. Dear heart! to think of a gentleman like you, sir, being *trated* thus; why, my blood *biled* within me; and I wouldn't demean myself to bring back any thing for you from that place; but I took the liberty, sir, to get you 'Damon and Dorinda,' a sweet pretty thing, from another."

"Ah!" sighed the bachelor, "I see there's nobody in this world cares for poor Jack Hardingham, but Martha Honeydew;" and he felt sorry that his housekeeper had departed ere his lips had emitted this grateful praise. Yes, Mr. Hardingham felt vexed he scarcely knew why; and uncommonly discontented he knew not wherefore; but had he troubled himself to analyze such feelings, he would have discerned their origin to be solitude and idleness. Mrs. Honeydew brought tea; she had buttered a couple of muffins superlatively well; and making her master's fire burn exceedingly bright, placed them on the cat before it, and a kettle, which immediately commenced a delicate bravura, upon the glowing coals; then, modestly waiting at the distance of a few paces from her master until the water quite boiled, she fixed her brilliant eyes upon his countenance with an expression *intended* to be *piteous*.

"Mrs. Honeydew—Martha," said Hardingham in a low querulous tone, "I fancy I'm going to have a fit of the gout, or a bilious fever."

"*Fancy*, indeed, sir; why, I never saw you looking haler."

"Ay, Ay, so much the worse; a fit of apoplexy then maybe."

"Lauk, lauk! sir; a fit of the blue devils more likely. How can you talk so? A fit of *perplexity!* Dear, dear! how some men do go on to be sure;" pouring the steaming water upon the tea.

"You are a kind comforter, Martha; nobody ever raises my spirits like you. Get me my little leathern trunk."

"Why, then, that I won't;" getting it down from a closet-shelf as she spoke. "I wish it was burnt with all my heart, that I do; making you so *lammancholy* as it always *do*."

And well might this trunk make Mr. Hardingham melancholy, for it was the

receptacle of letters and little gifts of a lady who had jilted him in early life; and upon whom he had often vowed vengeance. She was yet unmarried; but—no—her once devoted admirer was resolved to follow the lady's advice, and place his "affections upon a worthier object than Caroline Dalton;" and, thought he to himself, she shall at last *see* that I have *found one*; nor shall wild Tom, my graceless nephew, who lives upon my fortune, ever more touch one penny of it. The postman rapped, and in a few minutes his housekeeper appeared with many apologies for bringing to him her own newspaper, but perhaps in it he might be able to find the names of some of the new novels that he wished to have.

"Martha Honeydew," cried Hardingham with a smile, the first he had sported that week, "I am, as you know, a man of but few words, and straightforward in my dealings; say that you can fancy me, and I'll marry you to-morrow."

Mrs. Honeydew's reply will be surmised; Caroline Dalton saw who was preferred before her, and the bachelor's revenge ruined wild Tom; for Hardingham settled all his property upon his wife, and a pretty life the amiable creature led him. M. L. B.

Retrospective Gleanings.

LETTER OF LORD STRAFFORD.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following is literally copied from an original autograph of the unfortunate Lord Strafford, and may prove interesting to your numerous readers.

C. J. T.

"*Sweete Harte.*—It is *longe* since I *writt* unto you, for I am here in such a *troubel* as gives *mee* little or *noe respett*. The *chardge* is now *cum in*, and I am now *abel* I *prayse* God, to *telle* you that I *conceaue* there is nothing *capitall*, and for the *reste* I *knowe* at the *worste* his *may* will *pardonne* all without hurting my fortune, and then *wee* shall *be happie* by God's grace. Therefore *comfortt* yourself, for I trust these *cloudes* will away and *thate wee* shall have *faire weathere afterwarde*.

"Fare well, your *louinge husbande*,
"Tower of *Londonne*, "STRAFFORDE.
"4th Feb. 1640.
"My Wife."

STONE PILLARS AND CROSSES

(For the Mirror.)

It appears from the accounts of the earliest historians, that single stones, or rude pillars were raised on various occasions, in the most remote ages. Of these we have frequent notices in the Old Testament, as of that raised by Jacob at Lug, afterwards named Bethel; a pillar was also raised by him at the grave of Rachel. The Gentiles set up pillars for idolatrous purposes. The Paphians worshipped their Venus under the form of a white pyramid, and the Brachmans the great God under the figure of a little column of stone. Many large stones are found at this day in Wales and Cornwall, which are supposed to have been raised by the Phœnicians and Grecians, who frequently resorted thither for tin and other metals.

In Ireland some of these large stones have crosses cut on them, supposed to have been sculptured by Christians, out of compliance with Druidical prejudices, that the converts from Paganism not easily diverted from their reverence for these stones, might pay them a kind of justifiable adoration, when thus appropriated to the use of Christian memorials, by the sign of the Cross. Some signs of adoration are at this day paid to such stones, in the Scottish Western Isles; they are called *bowing stones*. In the Isle of Barra there is one about seven feet high, and when the inhabitants come near, they take a religious turn round it, according with ancient Druidical custom.

Stones were raised also as memorials of *civil contracts*; as by Jacob, in his contract with Laban, when the attendants of the latter raised a heap, to signify their assent to the treaty. Those conical, pyramidal, and cylindric stones, perpendicularly raised, which are seen in the British Isles, were formerly introduced in general, to ascertain the boundaries of districts. On these, representations of the crucifixion were frequently cut, and the name of crosses were given to the boundary stones in general, though remaining without this symbol. Many instances might be given of these termini. At High Cross, on the intersection of the Watling Street and Foss Roman roads, there was formerly a pillar which marked the limits of Warwickshire and Leicestershire—the present column is of modern date; another distinguished the boundaries of Asfordby and Frisby, in the latter county. One at Crowland, in the county of Lincoln, the inscription on which

gifts caused considerable dispute amongst antiquarians, has been much noticed. A famous one near Landoris, in Fifeshire, placed, as Camden says, as a boundary between the districts of Fife and Stathern, was also a place of sanctuary.

Stone pillars, or crosses were also raised to record remarkable events; as where a battle had been fought, or over persons of distinction slain therein. Crosses were likewise erected where any particular instance of mercy had been shown by the Almighty, or where any person had been murdered by robbers, or had met with a violent death; where the corpse of any great person had rested on its way to interment, as those splendid ones erected by Edward I. in memory of his beloved Queen Elinor; often in churchyards, and in early times at most places of public concourse; in market-places, perhaps to repress all idea of undue gain or extortion; and at the meeting of four roads.

Penances were often finished at crosses. Near Stafford stood one called *Weeping Cross*, from its being a place designated for the expiation of penances, which concluded with weeping and other signs of contrition. A great number of sepulchral crosses were erected in Great Britain and Ireland, soon after prayers for the dead came into use, by the desire of individuals, at their places of interment, to remind pious people to pray for their souls.

The ancient practice of consecrating Pagan antiquities to religious purposes, has been continued to times comparatively modern; thus, Pope Sixtus V. purified the Antonine column and that of Trajan, dedicating them to St. Peter and St. Paul, whose statues, of a colossal size, he placed on their summits. Succeeding Popes followed these examples, dedicating ancient columns, pillars, and obelisks to different Saints and Apostles.

A CORRESPONDENT.

Notes of a Reader.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, No. 1.

IT is seldom that we "turn critics;" but our very bile rises at the ill-timed dedication of this work to the King, as the "first fruits of the combined exertions of a few of your majesty's subjects, educated within the GROSSLY misrepresented UNIVERSITY of LONDON." It is quite unnecessary for us to explain *why* this Dedication deserves the epithet we have chosen: it stands with the signature of "the Proprietors," and we hope is not the act of the editors; but for the credit of the University, the publishers, the proprietors, and editors, we recommend their friends to cancel the leaf bearing this very offensive inscription, whether they care or not for the golden opinions of all sorts of people.

If the present Number be a fair sample of the *London University Magazine*, we can promise the reader but little amusement in our "Notes" from its pages. It may prove useful enough to the students of the University, but it wofully lacks the attractive features of a Magazine for the public; it may suit the library-table, but not the "excellent coffee room," or the "retired cigar room" of the University Hotel. "On a general Judgment—A new System of communicating Scientific Information in a Tabular form—On the Study of the Law and Medicine—On Apoplexy," and the general business of the University, are very grave matters for little more than 100 pages. "On the Metamorphosis of Plants," by Goethe, is more attractive; but Magazine readers do not want the lumber of law and medicine—the dry material of parchment, or the blood and filth of the physiological chair. How different too, is all this from the pleasantry and attic wit of "*The Etonian*," into whose volumes we still dip with undiminished gratification.

As we have enumerated the least attractive of the papers in the London University Magazine, we ought also to run over the lighter portions of its pages. These are "A young head, and, what is still better, a young heart," —discursive enough—"A Tale of the Irish Rebellion—the Guerilla Bride, a Poem," beginning

"It is a tale of Spain—Romantic Spain!"

—and a Sketch of the Irish Exchequer Court. A description of the University, with a Vignette view, and ground plan, is perhaps, the most interesting of the whole Number; but as dramatic critics sometimes say of a new performer, we had rather see him in another character before we form an estimate of his talents—so we wait for better things from the London University Magazine.

THE EDINBURGH JOURNAL OF NATURAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL SCIENCE, No. 1.

WE expected much from the announcement of this work, and are not disappointed in its first Number. It con-

tains original papers—scientific Reviews—geographical and natural History Collections—and an abundance of scientific intelligence—somewhat on the plan of Mr. Loudon's excellent Magazines. We have not at present room for extract; but the Number before us will furnish several interesting Notes for a portion of our next publication. *A Tour in the Island of Jersey* is one of the most amusing articles we have read for some time, and we hope to abridge it for our columns.

THE FOREIGN REVIEW.

THE Eighth Number of this valuable Journal is just published, and its table of contents is exceedingly attractive. Among these are Phrenology—a characteristic article on Germany—the French and Italian Drama—anecdotical papers on Napoleon and General Jackson and the United States of America, and the History of the Cid. Ours will be a pleasing task to "note" through this Number.

UNPUBLISHED LINES ON DR. JOHNSON.

By the late Dr. Wolcot. (Peter Pindar.)

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile;
Casts of manure a wagon-load around
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?—
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat;
Creates a whirlwind from the earth to draw
A goose's feather or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter!
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore.
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder, or a rumbling cart!

New Monthly Magazine.

GAS LIGHTS.

WE have now been so long accustomed to this new light in the streets, that, like all other terrene goods, we have almost become insensible to its blessings. Yet let him who desires to know what he owes to chemistry and "Old Murdoch," turn into any of the streets still lighted with oil, and then come back to the nocturnal day of the Strand or Pall Mall. The parish oil lamps were like light-houses on the ocean; guides, not lights; the gas has become a perpetual full moon; and it may assuredly be pronounced one of the most splendid and valuable applications of chemistry. Why has not old Murdoch his statue? He deserves it even better than his master; for the master was well paid in solid pudding. In other days, that statue would have equalled the Colossus at Rhodes, and the demi-philosopher would have breathed flame like the Chimera; in the fabulous ages before that, he would have come down to us a god, or a demi-god, the rival of Prometheus, Hercules, and Atlas. Why not cast him in Achillean brass, the rival of the great hero of gunpowder and Waterloo, and make him breathe gas like the Dragon of Wantley, to illuminate the triumphal arch. Ingrata Patria!

The new light! yes, much has been heard of its power and influence; but what has the new light of all the preachers done for the morality and order of London, compared to what has been effected by this new light. Old Murdoch alone, has suppressed more vice than the Suppression Society; and has been a greater police officer into the bargain than old Colquhoun and Sir Richard Birnie united. It is not only that men are afraid to be wicked when light is looking at them, but they are ashamed also; the reformation is applied to the right place. Where does vice resort? Where it can hide; in darkness, says the preacher, because its deeds are deeds of darkness. Seek it in Pudding-lane, and Dyot-street, and the abysses of Westminster. Why was not this new light preached to them long ago: twenty bushels of it would have been of more value than as many chaldrons of sermons, and taking even the explosions of the inspector into the bargain. But it is well, that this is at length to be compulsory; since it is never too late. Thieves and rogues are like moths in blankets: bring the sun to shine on them, and they can neither live nor breed. Let the Duke of Wellington place a gas-lamp at every door of these infernal abodes; and since they cannot be smoked out, make their houses as much like glass, on the principle of the old Roman, as we can compass. This is the remedy; at least till common sense will condescend to the better expedient of pulling down and laying open all these retreats of misery and vice; the disgrace and the nuisance of London, and not less a standing inhumanity to the poor themselves. — *Westminster Review.*

CAPE WINES.

THE commerce at the Cape is wine; and the vine has already increased tenfold, since the colony became British. But unfortunately more attention has been hitherto paid to quantity than to quality, except on the farms which yield Constantia. The latter have an eastern

exposure, and are sheltered from the south-west, the only injurious blast. The soil being a deposit from the neighbouring mountains, is light, but enriched by manure. The subsoil, which is even more important, is still lighter, being mixed with sand and broken stone; on the contrary, in Drachenstein, where the chief vineyards are at present, the subsoil being clay, the wine receives an unpleasant flavour, the idea of which is inseparably associated with the very name of Cape wine. It is unnecessary to enter into the subject of its manufacture. If the subsoil be bad, so will the wine be. The vine does not require a rich subsoil. In Italy, flags are laid to prevent the roots from penetrating into clay; and in England, rubbish is thrown in to make a subsoil that shall not be so rich as to produce leaves, instead of fruit. It would be advantageous were premiums offered for wine that had not been produced from clay of subsoil, but had been reared in trellis, as requiring less labour than the standard, and made on a pure and good system, instead of being mixed with Cape brandy, or sulphuric acid, &c. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, Cape wine is generally sold in England under the names, and at the prices, of Madeira, Sherry, Teneriffe, Stein, Pontac, and above all, Hock.—*Gill's Repository.*

A VIEW OF LONDON.

THE finest view in London is from the top of Whitehall Place, looking towards the river; but then you must see it as I did, at the same hour, and under similar circumstances.

It was about a fortnight since I beheld that memorable spectacle. I was on my way home, having dined with a friend, who, though not an habitual votary of Bacchus, occasionally sacrifices to the god with intense and absorbing zeal. After dinner we adjourned to the Opera, having inly determined to renew at supper our intimacy with certain flasks of Champagne, which lay in their icy baths coolly expecting our return. We carried our determination into effect to the fullest extent; and at half-past three o'clock we parted, deeply impressed with a sense of each other's good qualities, and with as keen and lively an appetite for the sublime and beautiful as an X of Champagne * usually imparts to its warm-hearted admirers. My way led me through Whitehall, at least I found myself there, as "Charles," the guardian of the night, was announcing the fourth hour. As my good fortune would have it, I happened to look towards the river, and never, while memory holds her seat, shall I forget the sight which presented itself. Six distinct St. Pauls lifted themselves through the cloudless morning air (so pure, that the smoke of a single cigar would defile it: I extinguished mine in awe) towards the blue transparent sky; nearer, and beneath this stately city of temples, were four Waterloo Bridges, piling their long arcades in graceful and harmonious regularity one above the other, with the chaste and lofty symmetry of a mighty aqueduct; while far away, in the dim distance, a dome of gigantic dimensions was faintly visible, as if presiding over the scene, linking shadow and substance, uniting the material with the intellectual world, like the realization of a grand architectural dream. Talk not to me of the Eternal City—in her proudest days of imperial magnificence she could not furnish such a view—thrice be that Champagne lauded!—*Monthly Magazine.*

* *Reader*—What does he mean by an X of Champagne?
Editor—An unknown quantity, you fool.

NEW YORK.

THE distant view of New York, almost free from smoke, is singularly bright and lively; in some respects it refreshes a recollection of the sea-bound cities of the Mediterranean. The lower parts of the interior, next to the warehouses, resemble Liverpool; but the boast of the city is Broadway, a street that for extent and beauty, the Trongate of Glasgow, which it somewhat resembles in general effect, alone excels. The style of the Trongate is, if the expression may be used, of a more massy and magnificent character, but there is a lightness in that of Broadway which most people will prefer. Those who compare the latter with Oxford-street, in London, do it injustice; for, although the shops in Oxford-street display a richer show of merchandize, the buildings are neither of equal consequence nor magnitude. Regent-street in London, is of course always excepted from comparisons of this kind.

The portico of the Bowery Theatre is immeasurably the finest *morceau* of architecture in the city. It resembles that of Covent-Garden, but seems to be nobler and greater; and yet I am not sure if, in point of dimensions, it is larger, or so large as that of Covent-Garden. The only objection to it—and my objection is stronger against the

London theatre—is the unfitness. In both cases, the style and order are of the gravest Templar character, more appropriate to the tribunals of criminal justice, than to the haunts of Cytherea and the Muses.—*New Monthly Mag.*

THE TRUE FORNARINA.

The account of a journey which was taken in the year 1664, by Cosmo, the son of Ferdinand II. de Medici, was written at the time, by Philip Pizzichi, his travelling chaplain. This work was published for the first time at Florence, about seven months ago. It contains some curious notices of persons and things, and among them, what will interest every lover of the fine arts. It is this—speaking of Verona, he mentions the Curtoni gallery of paintings, and says, "The picture most worthy of attention is the lady of Raffaello, so carefully finished by himself, and so well preserved that it surpasses every other." The editor of these travels has satisfactorily shown that Raffaelo's lady here described is the true Fornarina; so that of the three likenesses of her said to be executed by this eminent artist, the genuine one is the Veronese, belonging to the Curtoni gallery, now in the possession of a lady Cavellini Brenzoni, who obtained it by inheritance.—*Monthly Magazine.*

ITALIAN SCENERY.

Happy is the man, who, leaving the Alps behind him, has the plains of Lombardy on his right hand and on his left, the Apennines in view, and Florence as the city towards which he directs his steps. His way is through a country where corn grows under groves of fruit trees, whose tops are woven into green arcades by thickly-clustering garlands of vines; the dark masses of foliage and verdure which every where appear, melt insensibly, as he advances, into a succession of shady bowers that invite him to their depths; the scenery is monotonous, and yet ever various from the richness of its sylvan beauty, possessing all the softness of forest glades without their gloom. Towards Bologna, the landscape roughens into hills, which grow into Apennines, but Arcadia still breathes from slopes and lawns of tender green, which take their rise in the low stream-watered valleys, and extend up the steep ascent till met midway by the lofty chestnut groves which pale them in. To these gentler features succeeds the passage of the Apennines, which here, at least, are not as the author of "Italy as it Is," describes them, "the children of the Alps—smiling and gentle and happy as children should be," but, as we remember them, their summits form themselves into a wild, dreary region, sown with sterile mountain-tops, and torn to pieces by wind and storm; the only glimpse of peace is derived from the view on either side of the sea, which sometimes shows itself on the horizon, a misty line, half silver, half ether. This barren wilderness again softens into gracefully-swelling hills turned towards Florence. The fair olive tree and the dark cypress mingle their foliage with the luxuriant chestnut boughs, and the frequent marble villa flashes a white gleam from amid its surrounding laurel bowers. The sky is more beautiful than earth, and each symbolize peace and serene enjoyment. —*Westminster Review.*

MUSICAL MARVEL.

One of the most amusing stories in ancient history, of the successful and happy use of fine music, is told of Arion, who, when about to be thrown overboard by some mutinous sailors, begged leave to sing to his lute one funeral strain before his death. Having obtained leave, he stood upon the prow with his instrument, chanted with a loud voice his sweetest elegy, and then threw himself into the sea. A dolphin, as the story goes, charmed with his music, swam to him while floating on the waves, bore him on his back, and carried him safely to Cape Tænarus, in Sparta, from whence he went to Corinth. It would have been well for the mutineers if their taste for music had been as great as the dolphin's, for the history not only affords a grand instance of the power of music, but of retributive justice, as the sailors accidentally going to Corinth, paid the penalty of their evil intentions with their lives.

POPULATION OF AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Martin mentions a very curious fact. The increase of population, he says, has been most rapid, and is to be accounted for by the number of females born, the proportion being, with regard to males, as three to one! The great preponderating number of females brought forth among domesticated animals, will account for the countless herds of cattle which overspread the colony.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE BLACK LADY OF ALTENOTTING.

With the exception of the shrine of the Three Kings at Cologne, there exists throughout Germany no spot of greater sanctity, no altar of richer endowments, than the Chapel of the Black Lady, on the frontier of Bavaria. The hearts of its sovereign electors have been deposited, from century to century, within the consecrated cells; nor is there an historic event, involving the interests of their own, or the adjacent kingdoms, which is not supposed to have been influenced by her potent interposition. A sufficient history, in fact, of the destinies of the whole empire, might be recorded in a mere catalogue of the national offerings to the shrine of Altenötting.

In rambling through the eastern provinces of Bavaria, some few springs ago, I chanced to arrive one glowing afternoon at the post-house of an inconsiderable town; which, from the grass-grown tranquillity of its streets, and from a peculiar air of self-oblivion, appeared to be basking fast asleep in the sunshine. There was little to admire in the common-place character of its site, or the narrow meanness of its distribution; yet there was something peculiar in its look of dreamy non-identity; and had it not been for the smiling faces of the fair-haired Bavarian girls, who were to be seen glancing here and there, with their embroidered purple bodices and coifs, and silver-chained stomachers, I could believe myself to have reached some enchanted realm of forgetfulness.

As I entered the Platz, or market-square, of the little town, chiefly with a view to the nearer inspection of the cunning workmanship of the aforesaid carcanets of silver, a light sprinkling of April rain began to moisten the pavement—one of those unheard, unseen, revivifying showers, which weep the earth into freshness, and the buds into maturity. I was anxious, however, to withdraw my mere human nature from participation in these herbaceous advantages; and looking about for some shelter which might preserve me from the mischiefs of the shower, without depriving me of its refreshing fragrance, I espied in the centre of the Platz—a square of no mighty area—a low, rotunda-like building, with slated roof, overhanging and resting upon wooden pillars, so as to form a sort of covered walk.

I settled with myself that this was the market-house of the town, and hastened to besiege so desirable a city of refuge. But during my rapid approach, I observed that the external walls of the nameless edifice beneath the arcade were covered, and without a single interstitial interval, by small pictures in oil-colours, equal in size, and equal in demerit, and each and all representing some calamitous crisis of human existence—a fire, a ship-wreck, a boat-wreck, a battle, a leprosy! It occurred to me at the same moment, that this gallery of mortal casualties and afflictions must be a collection of votive offerings, and that the seeming market-house was, probably, a shrine of especial sanctity. And so it was!—the shrine of "The Black Lady of Altenötting."

Instigated by somewhat more than a traveller's vague curiosity, I entered the chapel; the brilliancy of which, eternally illuminated by the reflection of a profusion of silver lamps upon the thousand precious objects which decorate the walls, forms a startling contrast with the dim shadows of the external arcade. In most cases, the entrance to a religious edifice impresses the mind with a consciousness of vastness, and a sensation of awe:—

"——————— the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And strike an aching chilliness to the breast."

But the chapel of the Black Virgin is diminutive as a boudoir, and yet retains the usual character of listening and awful stillness, the ordinary impression of local sanctity. A few peasants were seen kneeling in utter immobility and self-abstraction beneath a lamp, which seemed to issue in a crimson flame from a colossal two-fold silver heart, suspended from the ceiling—their untutored minds were elevated into the belief of a heavenly commune.

In a glass case above the altar, is deposited this far-famed effigy of the Holy Galilean virgin—a hideous female negro, carved in wood, and holding an infant Jesus in her arms of the same hue and material; and exhibited in its extremity of ugliness by the reflected glare of the silver and diamonds, and gems of every description, by which she is surrounded. Chests, mimic altars, models of ships, crowns and sceptres, chalices and crosses of gold and silver and enamel, and enriched with

Turkish blue and emerald green,

and every jewel of every land, lie amassed in gorgeous profusion in the adjoining cases, and seemed to realize the

fabled treasures of the preadamite Sultans. Boasting themselves as gifts of gratitude or invocation from emperors and popes, kings, princes, palsgraves, and all the other minor thrones and dominions of the earth, these splendid offerings form the most plausible illustration of the miraculous power attributed to the image of the Black Lady, which has been deposited in its actual abode since the year of Grace 696. In the course of the Thirty Years' War, this important relic and its treasury were twice removed into the city of Salzburg, for security from the Swedish invaders; and twice brought back in solemn triumph to their ancient sanctuary.

But a mightier charm than that of gems or metals, the most precious or the most beautiful, connects itself with the chapel of Altenötting—its association with historical names of all ages, from Charlemagne and Otto of Wittelsbach, whose monuments we find inscribed in Runic characters, to Pius the Sixth, whose dedication, "O clemens, O pia Virgo Oettingana!" is graven in a "fine Roman hand." It contains sepulchral vaults of the families of Wallenstein, Tilly, Montecuculi, besides those of divers electors, archbishops, and archdukes, whose titles speak far less stirringly to the heart; altogether forming an illustration of the past, which brings the dark ages in living majesty before our eyes.

Alternately dazzled and disgusted by this fruitless waste of splendour, this still more fruitless waste of national credulity, I was pondering over the domestic virtues of a certain "Franziska Barbara, Countess of Tilly," as recorded over her grave, when the chants of the priests, who had been engaged in the celebration of mass before the altar, suddenly ceased; and, as the last fumes of the incense circled upwards to the blackened roof, there arose another and a solitary voice, evidently of lay intonation, and deepened by that persuasive earnestness of devotion which, like an electric chain, connects in holy feeling all sects of the Christian church. It spoke in the fulness of gratitude, and in the humbleness of prayer; and although the dialect was tinged with village barbarism, and its thankfulness addressed to the Black Virgin, I heard in its simple solemnity only the beauty of holiness; and, overlooking the visible shrine, beheld in its ultimate object the tribunal of divine mercy!

The devout speaker was one of a peasant family who had entered the chapel unobserved, during my contemplation of its glittering decorations. He was apparently a Bavarian farmer, somewhat advanced in years, and wearing, in addition to his richly-substantial holiday attire, a deep green shade over his eyes, which accounted for the character of his thanksgivings to the miraculous image. "I thank thee, O most benign and saintly Maria!" had been the tenour of his prayer, "for the scattered and glorious gifts of Heaven, which had become as vain things to my soul, till thy grace renewed them in its knowledge. I thank thee for the summer skies and the green pastures—for the footsteps which no longer crave a helping hand—for the restored faces of my beloved ones—and, above all, O holiest Virgin! I glorify thy name in gratitude for the precious means by which the blessing of sight hath been again vouchsafed me!"

This last mode of expression excited my curiosity, and when the little group of votaries had concluded their ceremonies, had affixed their consecrated tapers at the shrine, and deposited their oblations with its officiating priests, I followed their joyful footsteps out of the chapel, and was again struck by the delicious transition from the heated and incense-laden atmosphere of its interior, to the pure, balmy April air without, gushing with the sweetness of the passing shower.

The ceremonies of the day were still far from their conclusion. The historical painter of Altenötting was in attendance in the arcade, bearing the votive picture which was to perpetuate the latest miracle of the Black Lady; and as far as I could observe or ascertain of the sacerdotal hangman of the consecrated gallery, the oldest and most weather-stained of the pictures was made to yield precedence to the new comer. Having profited by a stranger's privilege, and the English garb, which is held as sacred as a herald's tabard in many a foreign land, to unite myself to the little group, and address some casual inquiries to its frank and overjoyous members—old Philipp Stroer himself, the hero of the day, deigned to take the picture from the hands of the sacristan, and to ciceronize for my especial edification. I trust his restored vision was not yet sufficiently acute to admit of his noting the smile which, in spite of my better will, stole over my face, as I contemplated the phenomenon of bad taste, and worse execution, which he thrust upon my observation It represented his worthy but very un-

picturesque self in the hands of an oculist, and the endurance of a cataract. The eyes of his surrounding family were fixed with eager interest upon the event of the operation. "And what," said I, anxious to make some sympathy in this domestic crisis—"and what is the name of the surgeon whose efforts have been blessed by the protection of the Black Lady?"

"The surgeon!"

"Yes; the oculist who is represented in the picture."

"That, sir, is no oculist, no surgeon; it is my Karl, sir, my beloved son!" I shall never forget the voice, struggling with emotion, in which the old man pronounced the words "*mein sohn!*"

The story of that son was one of deep, though humble interest. Trained in the agricultural habits of his forefathers, and destined to succeed to the laborious honours of the Stroerische farm, young Karl, to whom his gray-haired father was an object of the fondest and most reverential affection, beheld with horror the gradual advances of the disease which was about to render the remaining years of life a burden to the sightless man. With the fractiousness of advancing age and growing infirmity, old Philipp obstinately refused to seek the assistance of any learned leech of the country round. Brannau and Burchhausen boasted each of a chirurgic wonder, but Stroer misdoubted or defied their skill. "His frail body," he said, "was in the hands of a heavenly Providence, to which, as might best beseem, he bequeathed its guidance." Meanwhile, the perilous uncertainty of his footing, and the growing isolation of his existence, became more and more perceptible, when one day, just as an acknowledgement of "total eclipse" had fallen from his quivering lips, the prop and stay of his household, his beloved son Karl was missing from the farm! The first moment of uncertainty touching his destinies was a trying one, but it was also brief. A few days brought a letter from Munich, in which the absconded son implored his father's forgiveness, forbearance, and patience, during some ensuing months. Time, he wrote, might alone explain the motives of duty which had caused his apparent error.

Patience is a difficult virtue to the sick and the unhappy. The blind man, pining for his absent Karl, had need of all his trust in the excellence of his favourite child: at times, misdoubtings naturally arose; for the few months lengthened into seven, eight—eleven—a whole year, and the wanderer came not again.

At length, one autumn evening, a general shriek from the little household apprized Philipp Stroer of some unwonted occurrence, and straightway a voice demanded his blessing, and warm tears were wept upon his hand, and he knew that his son was at his feet! The story of Karl's absence was briefly and feelingly explained. Moved by his father's obstinate aversion to place himself in the hands of a strange practitioner, he had resolved to qualify himself for so precious a charge; and having interested an eminent surgeon of Munich by the detail of his affecting anxieties sufficiently to insure his instructions in the single branch of surgery requisite for his purpose, Karl had passed his days in infirmaries and hospitals, denying himself the common sustenance of nature, in order to maintain the respectability of garb necessary for his admittance to the lectures of his scientific preceptor. At length, his ardent endeavours were rewarded by a certificate of expertness; and a patent of nobility would have afforded him a far less gratifying excitement. Nor did Heaven withhold its blessing from a cause thus hallowed by filial devotion; the operation, which quickly followed his arrival at the farm, was attended with perfect success. For some days, indeed, the old man still maintained his resistance; but when he was assured that Karl had preceded his departure for Munich by a pilgrimage to Altenötting, and that the especial favour of the Black Lady had sanctified his undertaking, he became more passive—the result was a perfect restoration to sight.

"And where," I exclaimed, "is this excellent, this worthy Karl of yours at at present?"

"By your side," replied a chorus of voices; and following their indication, I turned towards a young man of sturdy appearance, who acknowledged my salute with prompt and open frankness. He wore the common peasant costume of the country, and laughed away my honest praises as a mere exaggeration. "I had nothing to fear from my absence," said he, looking towards a very beautiful girl who stood beside him, "for I was secure of the good faith of my Hannchen, and I knew that the Black Lady would bless my enterprise!"

I could not presume to despise this strange union of intelligence and bigotry; nay, so intimately is the remembrance of the family of Stroer connected

in my mind with that of the miraculous idol, that I must acknowledge some sort of lingering superstitious reverence towards the shrine of the Black Virgin of Altenötting.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE RIVER.

River, River, little River,
Bright you sparkle on your way,
Over the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River, River, swelling River,
On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River, River, brimming River,
Broad and deep and *still* as Time,
Seeming *still*—yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River, River, rapid River,
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

River, River, headlong River,
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Anecdote Gallery.

YOUTH OF MOZART.

Abridged from the Foreign Quarterly Review.

When we bring into one view all the qualifications of Mozart as a composer and practical musician, the result is astounding. The same man, under the age of thirty-six, is at the head of dramatic, sinfonia, and piano-forte music—is eminent in the church style—and equally at his ease in every variety, from the concerto to the country dance or baby song: he puts forth about 800 compositions, including masses, motetts, operas, and fragments of various kinds; at the same time supporting himself by teaching and giving public performances, at which he executes concertos on the piano-forte, the violin, or the organ, or plays *extempore*. But when we learn that the infant Mozart, at four years of age, began to compose, and by an instinct perception of beauty to make correct basses to melodies; and also that he became a great performer on two instruments, without the usual labour of practice, we cease to be surprised at the mechanical dexterity of his fingers in after-life, when composition and other pursuits had engrossed the time usually employed in preserving the power of execution.

The father of Mozart held the situation of Vice Kapell-meister and violinist in the chapel of the archbishop of Salzburg. In the service of this haughty and ignorant nobleman, (who appears to have been a complete feudal tyrant, and to have represented all the pride and insolence for which the then beggarly princes of Germany were remarkable), he was so ill paid, that notwithstanding his utmost exertions as an instructor, it was with difficulty he supported a wife and family. Anna Maria,* born August 29, 1751, and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, born January 27, 1756, were the only two of seven children who survived. The sister made such progress on the harpsichord, that in the first journeys which the father took in order to display the talents of his children, she divided the public attention with her brother. Wolfgang, however, not only profited as a player, from the careful instruction which both the children received from their parent, but began then to exhibit the extraordinary precocity of his musical mind; the minuets and other little movements which he composed from the age of four to seven show a consistency of thought and a symmetry of design which promised a maturity of the highest genius. Of the first expedition of Leopold Mozart with his son and daughter, in January, 1762, little account is preserved, further than that they visited Munich, and played concertos on the harpsichord before the royal family. In the following autumn, (Wolfgang being then in his seventh year), the father proceeded in the same company to Vienna; the journey was made by water, and the family gave concerts at the principal towns they passed, as occasion served. Leopold Mozart writes, "On Tuesday we arrived at Ips, where two Minorites and a Benedictine who accompanied us, said mass,† during which our little Wolfgang *tumbled about* upon the organ and played so well, that the Franciscan fathers, who were just sitting down to dinner with some guests, left the table, and ran with all their company into the choir, where they were filled with wonder." A little before, he says, "the children are as merry as when they were at home. The boy is friendly with everybody, but particularly with military

* This lady is at present living in Salzburg, and in 1826 had not entirely given up her occupation as an instructress in piano-forte playing. Many pupils have been brought up under her, who by a peculiar neatness and precision of performance, evince the excellent tuition of Nanette Mozart.

† Probably at a convent.

officers, as though he had known them all his life. He is the admiration of all."* At the Court of Vienna the family was received with great favour, the Emperor Francis I. being mightily pleased with "the little magician," as he used playfully to call young Mozart. "There is nothing wonderful," said the emperor one day, joking with him, "in playing with all the fingers, but to play with *one* finger and with the keys covered, would really be surprising." Upon which the child instantly performed in this manner with as much neatness and certainty as if he had long practised it. The father writes, "you will scarcely believe me when I tell you how graciously we have been received. The empress took Wolfgang on her lap, and kissed him heartily." It was at this time that Mozart began to display the feeling of a great artist; just before he commenced a concerto, seeing himself surrounded by people of the Court, he asked the emperor—"is not M. Wagenseil here? *he* understands these things." Wagenseil was called forward to the harpsichord; "I am going to play one of your concertos," said the boy, "will you turn over for me?"

As yet Mozart had only played on keyed instruments, but on his return to Salzburg he practised privately on a little violin which he had purchased in Vienna, and, to the surprise of his father and some friends who had met to play over some new trios, he performed the second violin part, and then the first, with correctness, though without method. His horror of the sound of the trumpet in childhood, and the early passion he displayed for arithmetic, are well known; to the last he was fond of figures, and was extremely clever in making calculations; though very improvident in his pecuniary affairs. The peculiar delicacy of Mozart's organization is displayed in the fine sense of hearing which he evinced at a tender age. Schachtner, a trumpeter, who used to visit his father, had a violin that Wolfgang was fond of playing upon, which he used to praise extremely for its soft tone, calling it the "*butter fiddle.*" On one occasion, as the boy was amusing himself on his own little violin, he said to Schachtner, "if you have left your violin tuned as it was when I last played upon it, it must be full half-a quarter of a note flatter than mine." Those present laughed at a nicety of distinction, upon which the most critical ear could hardly pronounce; but the father, who had many proofs of the extraordinary memory and exquisite feeling of his son, sent for the instrument, and it was found to be as the boy had said. Although he daily gave fresh instances of his extraordinary endowments, he did not become proud or conceited, but was always an amiable and tractable child. The affection and sweetness which characterize his airs were inherent in his disposition, and the following anecdote accounts for the prevalence of those delightful qualities in his vein of melody:—"Mozart loved his parents, particularly his father, so tenderly, that every night before going to bed he used to sing a little air that he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing the second to him. During the singing he often kissed his father *on the top of the nose*, (the epicurism of childish fondness), and as soon as this solemnity was over, he was laid in bed, perfectly contented and happy."

The young artist, in his eighth year, began to show a manly intellect. It was in the third tour through Germany to Paris, London, &c. that the fame of Mozart extended throughout Europe; but as many particulars of this period of his life are already known, from the account published by Daines Barrington in the Philosophical Transactions, the Letters of Baron Grimm, and other sources, we shall only notice the newest and most interesting incidents of this part of the Biography. From Wasserburg, Leopold Mozart writes, "We went up to the organ to amuse ourselves, where I explained the pedals to Wolfgang. He began instantly to make an attempt with them, pushed back the stool and preluded standing, treading the bass to his harmonies as if he had practised for months." The violin-playing of Nardini, whom the party heard at Ludwigsberg, is much praised by Leopold Mozart for the neatness of the execution, and the beauty and equality of the tone. At Frankfort, Wolfgang one morning on waking began to cry. His father asked him the reason. He said he was so sorry at not being able to see his friends Hagenaur, Wenal

* The following anecdote is recorded in the history of this journey:—Little Mozart one day, on a visit to the empress, was led into her presence by the two princesses, one of whom was afterwards the unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoinette. Being unaccustomed to the smoothness of the floor, his foot slipped and he fell. One of the princesses took no notice of the accident, but the other Marie Antoinette, lifted him up and consoled him. Upon which he said to her, "you are very good, I will marry you." She related this to her mother, who asked Wolfang how he came to make this resolution. He answered, "from gratitude—she was so kind to me—whereas her sister gave herself no trouble."

Sp'tzeder, and Reibl. Though the children performed before all the persons of distinction they met on their route, yet as they were often rewarded with costly presents, swords, snuff-boxes, trinkets, &c. instead of money, the father had much anxiety on this account. He says, in a letter from Brussels, "At Aix we saw the Princess Amelia, sister to the King of Prussia, but she has no money. If the kisses which she gave my children, especially to Master Wolfgang, had been louis d'ors, we might have rejoiced." In Paris, little Mozart performed feats which would have done honour to an experienced Kapell-meister, transposing at sight, into any key whatever, any airs which were placed before him, writing the melody to a bass, or the bass to a melody, with the utmost facility and without premeditation. His deep acquaintance with harmony and modulation surprised every one, and his organ-playing was particularly admired. A very pleasant picture of the musical family was painted in Paris, of which an engraving is given in the Biography. Mozart's sister relates, that when they were at Versailles, Madame de Pompadour had her brother placed upon a table, and that as he approached to salute her, she turned away from him; upon which he said indignantly, "I wonder who she is, that she will not kiss me—the empress has kissed me!" At Versailles the whole court was present to hear the little boy of eight years play upon the organ, and he was moreover treated by the royal family with great distinction, particularly by the queen. When she dined in public, young Mozart had the honour to stand near her, to converse with her constantly, and now and then to receive some delicacy from her hand. The father writes, "the queen speaks as good German as we do. As, however, the king understands nothing of it, the queen interprets all that our *heroic* Wolfgang says."

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

AN ATTACHMENT.

Mr. Best, in his *Memorials*, says, I told my friend, Sir J., that Mr. —— said, that among other fishes good for food, he was particularly *attached* to a smelt. "—— him;" said Sir J., "I wish a smelt was attached to *him*—to his nose for a week, till it stank, and cured him of his attachment."

WINE.

Some people are very proud of their wine, and court your approbation by incessant questions. One of a party being invited by Sir Thomas Grouts to a second glass of his "old East India," he said that one was a dose—had rather not double the *Cape;* and at the first glass of champagne, he inquired whether there had been a plentiful supply of gooseberries that year.

GEORGE III.

Was known to make no secret of his own plans or notions. "Have you ever been in Parliament Mr. Law?" asked the King, when Law was attending at the levee on his appointment as Attorney-General. The answer was in the negative. "That is right; my Attorney-General ought not to have been in Parliament; for then, you know, he is not obliged to eat his own words." On the esplanade at Weymouth, he used to stop and speak to some children. "Well, little boy, what will you be? Will you be a soldier?" Then turning to one of his attendants, "I know the children by the nursemaids."

INGENIOUS DEFENCE.

At a celebrated watering-place a man was fined five shillings and costs for being found in a state of inebriation, when he made an elaborate appeal to their Worships (the Bench) *in mitigation of damages*, founded upon the extreme hardship he had undergone in being fined *four* several times *for the same offence!* C. C.

PURCHASING A HUSBAND

A country girl, desirous of matrimony, received from her mistress a present of a five-pound bank-note for her marriage portion. Her mistress wished to see the object of Susan's favour; and a very diminutive fellow, swarthy as a Moor, and ugly as an ape, made his appearance. "Ah, Susan," said her mistress, "what a strange choice you have made!" — "La, ma'am," said Susan, "in such hard times as these, when almost all the tall fellows are gone for soldiers, what more of a man than this can you expect for a five-pound note?"

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 636, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

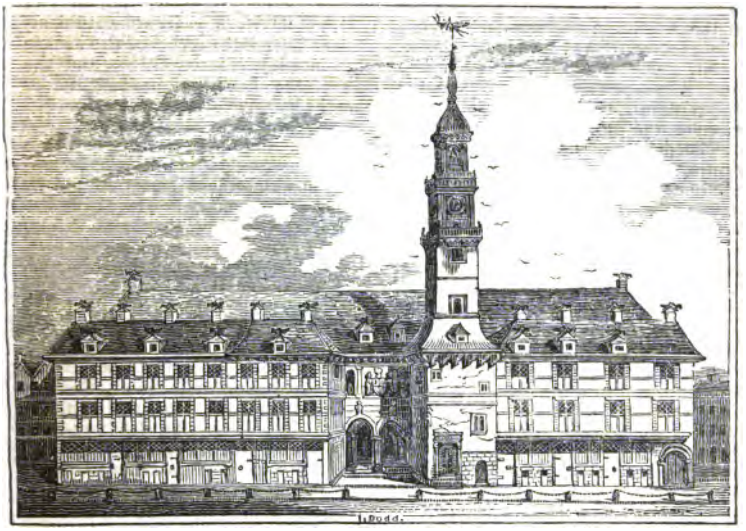
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 395.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1829. [Price 2*d*.

The Original Royal Exchange.



(From a Correspondent.)

Four centuries since the Merchants of London could not boast of a public Exchange. They then assembled to transact business in Lombard-street, among the Lombard Jews, from whom the street derives its name, and who were then the bankers of all Europe. Here too they probably kept their *benches* or *banks*, as they were wont to do in the market-places of the continent, for transacting pecuniary matters; and thus drew around them all those of whose various pursuits money is the common medium.

At length, in 1534, Sir R. Gresham, who was agent for Henry the Eighth at Antwerp, and had been struck with the advantages attending the *Bourse*, or Exchange, of that city, prevailed upon his Royal Master to send a letter to the Mayor and Commonalty of London, recommending them to erect a similar building on their manor of Leadenhall. The Court of Common Council, however, were of opinion that such a removal of the seat of business would be impracticable, and the scheme was therefore dropped; but in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Gresham, who succeeded to the Antwerp agency, happily accomplished what had been denied to the hopes of his father. In 1564 Sir Thomas proposed to the Corporation—"That if the City would give him a piece of ground, in a commodious spot, he would erect an Exchange at his own expense, with large and covered walks, wherein the merchants might assemble and transact business at all seasons, without interruption from the weather, or impediments of any kind." The Corporation met the proposal with a spirit of equal liberality; and in 1566 various buildings, houses, tenements, &c. in Cornhill, were purchased for rather more than £3,530, and the materials re-sold for £478, on condition of pulling them down and carrying them away.—The ground plot was then levelled at the charge of the City, and possession given to Sir Thomas, who in the deed is styled, "Agent to the Queen's Highness," and who laid the foundation of the new Exchange on the 7th of June following; and the whole was covered in before November 1567.

The plan adopted by Sir Thomas, in

the formation of his building, was similar to the one at Antwerp. An open area was inclosed by a quadrangle of lofty stone-buildings, with a colonnade as at present, supported by marble columns of the Doric order, over which ran a cornice, with Ionic pilasters above, having niches between, containing statues of the English Sovereigns. The entrances were from Cornhill and Broad-street. Over the first, between two Ionic three-quarter columns, were the Royal Arms, and on either side were those of the City and Sir Thomas; on the north side, but not exactly in the centre, rose a Corinthian pillar to about the same height as the tower in front, surmounted with the grasshopper. In every other respect it was similar to the south, of which the previous engraving is a view.

Over the arcade were shops, to which you ascended by two staircases, north and south. Above stairs were about* one hundred shops, varying from 2¾ feet to 20 in breadth and forming a sort of bazaar, then called the Pawne. These shops, for the first two or three years did not answer the expectation of the founder, for such was the force of habit, that the merchants, notwithstanding all the inconveniences attending Lombard-street, could not be prevailed upon to avail themselves of the new mart.

The building had been opened two or three years, when the Queen signified her intention of paying it a visit of inspection; but so many of the shops still remained unoccupied, that Sir Thomas found it necessary to go round to the shopkeepers, and beseech them "to furnish and adorne it with wares and wax lights, in as many shoppes as they either could or woulde, and they should have all those so furnished rent-free for that yeare."—*Stowe*.

Her Majesty on the day fixed (Jan. 23, 1570), having dined with the founder, at his house in Bishopsgate-street, returned by the way of Cornhill, and entered on the south side; and having viewed it, she expressed herself much pleased; and, with the national spirit which so eminently distinguished her, commanded that, instead of the foreign name *Bourse*, by which the citizens had begun to call it, it should be styled, in plain English—The Royal Exchange—which was proclaimed by sound of trumpet:—

"Proclaim through every high street of the city,
This place be no longer called a Burse;
But since the building's stately, fair, and strange,
Be it for ever called—The Royal Exchange!"†

The building could not have been very substantial, for by an entry in the Ward-book of Cornhill ward, we find that in 1581, not fourteen years after its completion, some of the arches of the arcade were in an unsafe condition, and the lives of the merchants passing under were in danger. And further—in 1603 another entry states, that the east and north walls were also unsafe; and thus it continued wanting still greater repairs, in which the Mercers' Company expended vast sums of money, till it was entirely destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.

Sir Thomas Gresham, by his will, bequeathed this building, with his house in Bishopsgate-street, to the Mercers' Company and the Corporation of London, in joint trust: the house as a college, and the produce of the Exchange for the payment, in the first place, of the salaries of the lecturers and the other expenses of the college; and secondly, of certain annual sums to different hospitals, prisons, and almshouses.

Such was the origin of the Royal Exchange. After its destruction, in 1666, the funds in the hands of Sir Thomas Gresham's trustees amounted to no more than £234. 8*s*. 2*d*.; but, with a spirit beyond all praise, they contributed from their own resources the necessary sum for rebuilding the Exchange, which was completed and opened September 28, 1669, the total cost being £58,962, which the City Corporation and the Mercers' Company defrayed equally between them. Since that period it has undergone several reparations; but a most complete and substantial one was commenced in 1820, under the direction of Mr. Geo. Smith, architect to the Mercers' Company, the estimated expense of which was nearly £33,000; and staircases on the north, south, and west sides have since been built of stone, at an expense of about £6,000.

The emoluments derived by Lady Gresham from the Royal Exchange are stated to have amounted to £751. 5*s*. per annum; and these she continued to enjoy till her decease, in the year 1596; but the Mercers' Company, instead of profiting by the donation, had, after the

* From an old Vestry-book belonging to St. Michael's we also learn the rents of the shops, which were at first only forty shillings, in the course of a few years were raised to four marks; afterwards to four pounds, and after the fire they were let at ten shillings per foot.

† Second part of "Queen Elizabeth's bles"—a Play, by T. Heywood, 1609.

late repairs, expended out of their own fund no less a sum than £200,500.

We are indebted to an active Correspondent for the original of the engraving (a pencil drawing), and the abridgment of the previous description, from a neatly compiled work—the *Percy* History of London, and from original and authentic sources. We are, however, compelled to omit the "dimensions of the ground on which the original Exchange stood," notwithstanding our Correspondent has been at the pains to copy the items from "an old record in the Chamber of London, never before made public." The document is of considerable value, in illustrating the topography of ancient London; but its interest is hardly popular enough for our pages.

SONNET,

ON LEAVING WINCHESTER.

WINTON—ere thee I leave in hoary pride,
Thy hallow'd temples, and thine aged towers,
Lifting their heads amid the rural bowers
That grace fair Itchen's ever-rippling tide,
I gaze—and think how many a century
Hath slowly roll'd along, since in their might
The British Chieftain and the Roman Knight
First met in thee to triumph or to die.
But now in peace along thy vale I rove,
Or mark with awe thy venerable pile
Of mitred pomp, and down the lengthen'd aisle
Listen to notes divine, with those I love.
These are the charms that memory must renew,
Till I shall gaze again, with reverence due.

TOSCAR.

EQUANIMITY.

HORACE. Part of Ode 3rd, Book 3rd, paraphrased.

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum"

Nor direful rage, nor bois'trous tumult loud,
Nor looks infuriate of the threat'ning crowd—
Nor haughty tyrants, with their angry scowl,
Like beasts that o'er the traveller's pathway prowl—
Nor southern storm, that o'er the ocean raves,
And swells in mountain heights its restless waves,
Can aught avail, with all their force combined,
To shake the man with firm, though tranquil, mind!
Guided by Justice and by Wisdom's laws,
Secure he stands to guard his righteous cause.
What—tho' in awful haste the tott'ring world,
By Heaven's command, be into ruin hurl'd:
As on a rock unshaken he remains,
Upborne by Him who all the just sustains!
Des ruction's thunders rage from pole to pole—
Yet he undaunted smiles, and bids them calmly roll!

TOSCAR.

ST. SEPULCHRE'S BELL.

(For the Mirror.)

AMONG the list of benefactions in the parish church of St. Sepulchre is the following, relative to the tolling of the church-bell on the eve of the execution of unhappy criminals:

"Robert Doue, Citizen and Merchant Tailor of London, gave to the parish church of St. Sepulchre's the somme of £50. That after the several Sessions of London, when the prisoners remain in the gaole as condemned men to death, expecting execution on the morrow following, the clarke (that is, the parson) of the church shoold come in the night time, and likewise in the morning, to the window of the prison where they lye, and there ringing certain tolls with a hand-bell appointed for the purpose, he doth afterwards (in most Christian manner) put them in mind of their present condition and ensuing execution, desiring them to be prepared therefore as they ought to be. When they are in the cart, and brought before the wall of the church, there he standeth ready with the same bell, and after certain toles rehearseth an appointed praier, desiring all the people there present to pray for them. The Beadle, also, of Merchant Taylors' Hall hath an honest stipend allowed to see that this is duly done."

It has been a very ancient custom, on the night previous to the execution of condemned criminals, for the bellman of the above parish to go under Newgate, and, ringing his bell, repeat the verses beneath (which, by the above extract, it would appear, should be the duty of the clergyman), as a friendly admonition to the wretched prisoners:

"All you that in the condemned hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die!
Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near
That you before the Almighty must appear:
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not t' eternal flames be sent.
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord above have mercy on your souls!
Past twelve o'clock!"

In the case of Stephen Gardener, who was executed at Tyburn, in 1724, the bellman chanted the above verses. This man, with another, being brought to St. Sepulchre's watch-house, on suspicion of felony, which, however, was not validated, they were dismissed. "But," said the constable to Gardener, "beware how you come here again, or this bellman will certainly say his verses over you;" for the dreaded bellman happened to be then in the watch-house.—Such proved to be the case, for the same man suffered the penalty of the law, for housebreaking, "the day and year first above mentioned."

W. H. H.

The Contemporary Traveller.

NOTES OF A TOUR IN THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

By Alexander Sutherland, Esq. Member of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh.

We lost sight of the Needles at sunset. There was little wind; but a heavy weltering sea throughout the night. Nevertheless, our bark drove merrily on her way, and at day-break the French coast, near Cape de la Hogue, was dimly visible through the haze of morning. At dawn the breeze died away; and as the tide set strongly against us, it was found necessary to let go an anchor, in order to prevent the current from carrying us out of our course. The surface of the ocean, though furrowed by the long deep swell peculiar to seas of vast extent, looked as if oil had been poured upon it. The vessel pitched prodigiously too; but neither foam-bubbles nor spray ruffled the glassy expanse. Wave after wave swept by in majesty, smooth and shining like mountains of molten crystal; and though the ocean was agitated to its profoundest depths, its convulsed bosom had a character of sublime serenity, which neither pen nor pencil could properly describe.

The night-dew had been remarkably heavy, and when the sun burst through the thick array of clouds that impended over the French coast, the cordage and sails discharged a sparkling shower of large pellucid drops. In the course of the forenoon, a small bird of the linnet tribe perched on the rigging in a state of exhaustion, and allowed itself to be caught. It was thoughtlessly encaged in the crystal lamp that lighted the cabin, where it either chafed itself to death, or died from the intense heat of the noon-day sun, which shone almost vertically on its prison. At the time this bird came on board, we were at least ten miles northward of the island of Alderney, the nearest land.

At one P.M. tide and wind favouring, we weighed anchor, and stood away for the Race of Alderney, which separates that island from Cape de la Hogue. In the Race the tide ran with a strength and rapidity scarcely paralleled on the coasts of Britain. The famous gulf of Coryvreckan in the Hebridean Sea, and some parts of the Pentland Firth, are perhaps the only places where the currents are equally irresistible. To the latter strait, indeed, the Alderney Race bears a great resemblance; and an Orkney man unexpectedly entering it, would be in danger of mistaking Alderney for Stroma, and Cape de la Hogue for Dunnet Head. In stormy weather the passage of the Race is esteemed by mariners an undertaking of some peril—a fact we felt no disposition to gainsay; for though the day was serene, and the swell from the westward completely broken by the intervention of the island, the conflict of counter-currents was tremendous. At some places the water appeared in a state of fierce ebullition, leaping and foaming as if convulsed by the action of submarine fires; at others it formed powerful eddies, which rendered the helm almost of no avail in the guidance of the vessel.

We steered as near to Alderney, or Aurigni as it is frequently called, as prudence warranted. It is a high, rugged, bare-looking island, encompassed by perilous reefs, but supporting a pretty numerous population. The only arborescent plants discernible from the deck of our vessel, were clumps of brushwood. The grain on the cultivated spots was uncut, and several windmills on the higher grounds, indicated the means by which the islanders, who have very little intercourse with the rest of the world, reduce their wheat into flour. The southern side of the island is precipitous, and its eastern cape terminates in a fantastic rock called the Cloak, which our captain consulted as a landmark in steering through the Race. There is only one village in Alderney—a paltry place, named St. Anne, or in common parlance La Ville; and there a detachment of troops is generally stationed. Small vessels only can enter the harbour, which is shelterless, and rendered difficult of access by a sunken reef. At sunset Alderney was far astern, and three of its sister islands, Sark, Herm, and Jethau, were in view ahead.

It was impossible to behold, without a portion of romantic enthusiasm, the dazzling radiance of the orb of day, as it went down in splendour beyond the gleaming waves. A thousand affecting emotions are liable to be excited by the prospect of that mighty sea whose farther boundaries lie in another hemisphere—whose waters have witnessed the noblest feats of maritime enterprise, and the fiercest conflicts of hostile fleets. Where shall we find the man to whom science is dear, who dreams not of Columbus, when he first feels himself rocked by the majestic billows of the Atlantic—who regards not the golden

line of light, which the setting sun casts over the waste of waters, as a type of the intellectual illumination experienced by the ocean pilgrim, when he first steered his bark into its solitudes? Who can survey, even the hither strand of that vast sea, without reflecting that the waves that break at his feet have laved the palm-fringed shores of America; and that the bones of millions—the pride, and pomp, and treasure of nations—repose in the same capacious tomb?

Anxious to be a spectator of the perils that beset navigation among these islands, I repaired to the deck before day-break, at which time, according to our captain's calculation, we were likely to double the Corbiére—a well-known promontory on the western side of Jersey—which requires to be weathered with great circumspection. Jersey was already visible on our larboard bow—a lofty precipitous coast. Wind and tide were in our favour, and we swept smoothly and rapidly round the cape; but the jagged summits of the reefs that environ it, and the impetuosity of the currents, bore incontestible evidence to the verity of the tales of misfortune which our captain associated with its name. The rock which bears the appellation of the Corbiére, is close in shore, and so grotesque in form, as to be readily singled out from the adjacent cliffs. A reef, visible only at low water, shoots from it a considerable distance into the sea, and another ledge of the same aspect, lies still farther seaward; consequently the course of a careful pilot, is to hold his way free through the channel between them. If a landsman may be permitted to make an observation on a nautical point, I would say that our steersman kept the peak of the Corbiére exactly on a level with the adjacent precipices, till we were directly abreast of the headland, and then stood abruptly in-shore till within a few fathoms of the cliffs, under the shadow of which he afterwards held a steady course till we opened the bay of St. Aubin.

The fantastic and inconstant outline of the Corbiére, as we were hurried swiftly past it, was a subject of surprise and admiration. When first seen through the haze of morning, it resembled a huge elephant supporting an embattled tower; a little after, it assumed the similitude of a gigantic warrior in a recumbent posture, armed *cap-a-pie;* anon, this apparition vanished, and in its stead rose a fortalice in miniature, with pigmy sentinels stationed on its ramparts. The precipices between the Corbiére and the bay of St. Aubin, are no less worthy of notice than that promontory. They slope down to the water-edge in enormous protuberances, resembling billows of frozen lava, intersected by wide sinuous rifts, and present a most interesting field for geological research.

The bay of St. Aubin is embraced by a crescent of smiling eminences thickly sprinkled with villas and orchards. St. Helier crouches at the base of a lofty rock that forms the eastern cape: the village of St. Aubin is similarly placed near Noirmont Point, the westward promontory, and between the two, stretches a sandy shelving beach, studded with martello towers. The centre of the bay is occupied by Elizabeth Castle—a fortress erected on a lofty insulated rock, the jagged pinnacles of which shoot up in grotesque array round the battlements. The harbour is artificial, but capacious and safe, and so completely commanded by the castle, as to be nearly inaccessible to an enemy. The jetties and quays, which had only been recently constructed, are of great extent and superior masonry. The majority of the vessels in port were colliers from England; but summer is not the season to look for crowded harbours. The merchants of St. Helier engage deeply in the Newfoundland fishery, and are otherwise distinguished for maritime enterprise; consequently there is no reason to infer that the vast sum of money which must of necessity have been expended in the improvement of the harbour, has been unprofitably sunk. During the late war the islanders rapidly increased in opulence, as the island was filled with troops and emigrants, who greatly enhanced the value of home produce; but the cessation of hostilities restored matters to their natural order, and the Jerseymen bewail the return of peace and plenty with as much sincerity as any half-pay officer that ever doffed his martial appurtenances.

St. Helier may contain about 7,000 inhabitants. Internally it differs little from the majority of small sea-ports in England, save it may be in the predominance of foreign names on the signboards, and the groups of French market-women, distinguished by their fantastic head-gear, who perambulate the streets. The only place worthy of a visit is the market, which, for orderly arrangement, and plenteous supply, is scarcely excelled in any quarter of the world. It was occupied chiefly by Norman women, who repair here regularly once a-week from Granville to dispose of their fowls,

fish, eggs, fruit, and vegetables. Most of them were seated at their stalls, and industriously plying their needles, when not occupied in serving customers. They had a mighty demure look, and never condescended to solicit any person to deal with them—a mode of behaviour which the butchers, fishmongers, fruiterers, and greengrocers of Great Britain would do well to imitate. The generality were hard featured; and their grotesque head-dresses, parti-coloured kerchiefs, and short clumsily-plaited petticoats, gave them a grotesque, antiquated air, altogether irreconcilable to an Englishman's taste. They were, however, wonderfully clean, and civil and honourable in their traffic, compared with the filthy, ribald, over-reaching hucksters who infest our markets; and it was gratifying to hear that the Jersey people encouraged their visits, and treated them with hospitality and respect.

The rock on which Elizabeth Castle is perched, is nearly a mile in circuit, and accessible on foot at low water by means of a mole, formed of loose stones and rubbish, absurdly termed "the Bridge," which connects it with the mainland. In times of war with France, this fortress was a post of great importance, and strongly garrisoned; but in these piping days of peace, I found only one sentinel pacing his "lonely round" on the ramparts. The barracks were desolate—the cannon dismounted—and grass sufficient to have grazed a whole herd, had sprung up in the courts, and among the pyramids of shot and shells piled up at the embrasures. The gate stood open, inviting all who listed to enter, and native or foreigner might institute what scrutiny he pleased without interruption.

The hermitage of St. Elericus, the patron saint of Jersey, a holy man who suffered martyrdom at the time the pagan Normans invaded the island, is said to have occupied an isolated peak, quite detached from the fortifications, which commands a noble seaward view of the bay. A small arched building of rude masonry, having the semblance of a watch-tower, covers a sort of crypt excavated in the rock, into which, by dint of perseverance, a man might introduce himself; and this, if we are to credit tradition, is the cave and bed of the ascetic. Here, like the inspired seer of Patmos, he could congratulate himself on having shaken off communion with mankind. Cliffs shattered by the warfare of the elements—a restless and irresistable sea, intersected by perilous reefs—and the blue firmament—were the only visible objects to distract the solemn contemplations of his soul.

An abbey, dedicated to St. Elericus, once occupied the site of Elizabeth Castle. The fortress was founded on the ruins of this edifice in 1551, in the reign of Edward VI., and according to tradition, all the bells in the island, with the reservation of one to each church, were seized by authority, and ordered to be sold, to defray in part the expense of its erection. The confiscated metal was shipped for St. Malo, where it was expected to bring a high price, but the vessel foundered in leaving the harbour, to the triumph of all good Catholics, who regarded the disaster as a special manifestation of divine wrath at the sacrilegious spoliation.

The works of Fort Regent occupy the precipitous hill that overhangs the harbour, and completely command Elizabeth Castle, and indeed the whole bay. They are of great strength, and immense masses of rock have been blown away from the cliff in order to render it impregnable. The barracks are bomb-proof, and scooped in the ramparts; and the parade ground, which in shape exactly resembles a coffin, forms the nucleus of the fortifications. This fortress has been completed since the peace, and we found the 12th regiment of the line garrisoning it; but little of the pomp and circumstance of warlike preparation was visible on its ramparts. The prospect seaward is magnificent, and includes a vast labyrinth of rocks called the Violet Bank, which fringes the south-eastern corner of the island. One glimpse of this submarine garden is sufficient to satisfy the most apprehensive patriot, that Jersey is in a great measure independent of "towers along the steep."

At St. Helier a stranger may, without any great stress of imagination, fancy himself in England; but no sooner does he penetrate into the country, than such self-deception becomes impossible. The roads, even the best of them, are mere paths, narrow, deep sunk between enormous dikes, and so fenced by hedges and trees, as to be almost impervious to the light of day. The fields, of which it is scarce possible to obtain a glimpse from these "covered ways," are paltry paddocks, rarely exceeding two or three acres. Hedges and orchards render the face of the country like a forest, and nearly as much ground is occupied by lanes and fences as is under the plough.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE IDIOT.—AN ANECDOTE.

EVERY reader of dramatic history has heard of Garrick's contest with Madam Clairon, and the triumph which the English Roscius achieved over the Siddons of the French stage, by his representation of the father struck with fatuity on beholding his only infant child dashed to pieces by leaping in its joy from his arms: perhaps the sole remaining conquest for histrionic tragedy is somewhere in the unexplored regions of the mind, below the ordinary understanding, amidst the gradations of idiotcy. The various shades and degrees of sense and sensibility which lie there unknown, Genius, in some gifted moment, may discover. In the meantime, as a small specimen of its undivulged dramatic treasures, we submit to our readers the following little anecdote:—

A poor widow, in a small town in the north of England, kept a booth or stall of apples and sweetmeats. She had an idiot child, so utterly helpless and dependent, that he did not appear to be ever alive to anger or self-defence.

He sat all day at her feet, and seemed to be possessed of no other sentiment of the human kind than confidence in his mother's love, and a dread of the schoolboys, by whom he was often annoyed. His whole occupation, as he sat on the ground, was in swinging backwards and forwards, singing "pal-lal" in a low pathetic voice, only interrupted at intervals on the appearance of any of his tormentors, when he clung to his mother in alarm.

From morning to evening he sang his plaintive and aimless ditty; at night, when his poor mother gathered up her little wares to return home, so deplorable did his defects appear, that while she carried her table on her head, her stock of little merchandize in her lap, and her stool in one hand, she was obliged to lead him by the other. Ever and anon as any of the schoolboys appeared in view, the harmless thing clung close to her, and hid his face in her bosom for protection.

A human creature so far below the standard of humanity was no where ever seen; he had not even the shallow cunning which is often found among these unfinished beings; and his simplicity could not even be measured by the standard we would apply to the capacity of a lamb. Yet it had a feeling rarely manifested even in the affectionate dog, and a knowledge never shown by any mere animal.

He was sensible of his mother's kindness, and how much he owed to her care. At night when she spread his humble pallet, though he knew not prayer, nor could comprehend the solemnities of worship, he prostrated himself at her feet, and as he kissed them, mumbled a kind of mental orison, as if in fond and holy devotion. In the morning, before she went abroad to resume her station in the market-place, he peeped anxiously out to reconnoitre the street, and as often as he saw any of the schoolboys in the way, he held her firmly back, and sang his sorrowful "pal-lal."

One day the poor woman and her idiot boy were missed from the market-place, and the charity of some of the neighbours induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch, and the boy sitting beside her, holding her hand, swinging and singing his pitiful lay more sorrowfully than he had ever done before. He could not speak, but only utter a brutish gabble! sometimes, however, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said. On this occasion, when the neighbours spoke to him, he looked up with the tear in his eye, and clasping the cold hand more tenderly, sank the strain of his mournful "pal-lal" into a softer and sadder key.

The spectators, deeply affected, raised him from the body, and he surrendered his hold of the earthy hand without resistanee, retiring in silence to an obscure corner of the room. One of them, looking towards the others, said to them, "Poor wretch! what shall we do with him?" At that moment he resumed his chant, and lifting two handfuls of dust from the floor, sprinkled it on his head, and sang with a wild and clear heart-piercing pathos, "pal-lal—pal-lal."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ENGLISH HEADS.

COMPARATIVE estimate respecting the dimensions of the head of the inhabitants in several counties of England.

The male head in England, at maturity, averages from 6¼ to 7⅛ in diameter; the medium and most general size being 7 inches. The female head is smaller, varying from 6⅜ to 7, or 7⅛; the medium male size. Fixing the medium of the English head at 7 inches, there can be no difficulty in distinguish-

ing the portions of society above from those below that measurement.

London.—The majority of the higher classes are above the medium, while amongst the lower it is very rare to find a large head.

Spitalfields Weavers have extremely small heads, 6⅞, 6⅞, 6⅞, being the prevailing admeasurement.

Coventry.—Almost exclusively peopled by weavers, the same facts are peculiarly observed.

Hertfordshire, Essex, Suffolk, and *Norfolk,* contain a larger proportion of small heads than any part of the empire; Essex and Hertfordshire, particularly. Seven inches in diameter is here, as in Spitalfields and Coventry, quite unusual—6⅞ and 6¾ are more general; and 6⅞, the usual size for a boy of six years of age, is frequently to be met with here in the full maturity of manhood.

Kent, Surrey, and *Sussex.*—An increase of size of the usual average is observed; and the inland counties, in general, are nearly upon the same scale.

Devonshire and *Cornwall.*—The heads of full sizes.

Herefordshire.—Superior to the London average.

Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cumberland, and *Northumberland,* have more large heads, in proportion, than any part of the country.

Scotland.—The full-sized head is known to be possessed by the inhabitants; their measurement ranging between 7⅜ and 7¾ even to 8 inches; this extreme size, however, is rare.—*Literary Gazette.*

The Naturalist.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE laying-out of the tract of ground on the northern verge of the Regent's Park, and divided from the present garden of the Zoological Society, has at length been commenced, and is proceeding with great activity. We described this as part of the gardens in our illustrated account of them in No. 330 of the MIRROR, and we now congratulate the Society on their increased funds which have enabled them to begin this very important portion of their original design.

For the purposes of these alterations, the belt of trees and shrubs which formed so complete and natural a barrier between the road and canal, will be removed; but when the buildings, &c. are completed, trees and shrubs are to be replanted close to the road. In addition to huts, cages, &c. for the reception of living animals, it is said that a building will be erected in the new garden for the whole or part of the Society's Museum, now deposited in Bruton Street. This is very desirable, as the Establishment will then combine similar advantages to those of the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, where the Museum is in the grounds. The addition of a botanical garden would then complete the scheme, and it is reasonable to hope that some of the useless ground in the park may be applied to this very serviceable as well as ornamental purpose.

The communication between the present Zoological exhibition, and the additions in preparation, will be by a vaulted passage beneath the road. This subterranean passage will be useful for the abode of such portions of varied creation as love the shade, as bats, owls, &c.

THE GIRAFFE.

THE King's Giraffe died on Sunday week, at the Menagerie at Sandpitgate, near Windsor. It was nearly four years and a half old, and arrived in England in August, 1827, as a present from the Pacha of Egypt to his Majesty.

About the same time another Giraffe arrived at Marseilles, being also a present from the Pacha to the King of France. This and the deceased animal were females, and were taken very young by some Arabs, who fed them with milk. The Governor of Sennaar, a large town of Nubia, obtained them from the Arabs, and forwarded them to the Pacha of Egypt. This ruler determined on presenting them to the Kings of England and France; and as there was some difference in size, the Consuls of each nation drew lots for them. The shortest and weakest fell to the lot of England. The Giraffe destined for our Sovereign was conveyed to Malta, under the charge of two Arabs; and was from thence forwarded to London, in the Penelope merchant vessel, and arrived on the 11th of August. The animal was conveyed to Windsor two days after, in a spacious caravan. The following were its dimensions, as measured shortly after its arrival at Windsor:

	Ft.	In.
From the top of the head to the bottom of the hoof ..	10	8
Length of the head.....	1	9
From the top of the head to the neck root	4	0

	Ft.	In.
From the neck-root to the elbow	2	3
From the elbow to the upper part of the knee	1	8
From the upper part of the knee to the fetlock joint	1	11
From the fetlock joint to the bottom of the hoof	0	10
Length of the back	3	1
From the croup to the bottom of the hoof	5	8
From the hock to the bottom of the hoof	2	9
Length of the hoof	0	7½

From the period of its arrival to June last, the animal grew 18 inches. Her usual food was barley, oats, split beans, and ash-leaves: she drank milk. Her health was not good; her joints appeared to *shoot over*, and she was very weak and crippled. She was occasionally led for exercise round her paddock, when she was well enough, but she was seldom on her legs: indeed, so great was the weakness of her fore legs for some time previous to her death, that a pulley was constructed, being suspended from the ceiling of her hovel, and fastened round her body, so as to raise her on her legs without any exertion on her part. When she first arrived she was exceedingly playful, and up to her death continued perfectly harmless.—*Abridged from the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

The Anecdote Gallery.

YOUTH AND GENIUS OF MOZART.

(Concluded from page 256.)

On the 10th of April, 1764, the family arrived in England, and remained there until the middle of the following year. Leopold Mozart fell ill of a dangerous sore throat during his stay, and as no practising could go forward in the house at that time, his son employed himself in writing his first sinfonia. It was scored with all the instruments, not omitting drums and trumpets. His sister sat near him while he wrote, and he said to her, "remind me that I give the horns something good to do." An extract or two from the correspondence of the father will show how they were received in England:—

"A week after, as we were walking in St. James's Park, the king and queen came by in their carriage, and, although we were differently dressed, they knew us, and not only that, but the king opened the window, and, putting his head out and laughing, greeted us with head and hands, particularly our Master Wolfgang."

"On the 19th of May, we were with their Majesties from six to ten o'clock in the evening. No one was present but the two princes, brothers to the king and queen. The king placed before Wolfgang not only pieces of Wagenseil, but of Bach, Abel, and Handel, all of which he performed *prima vista*. He played upon the king's organ in such a style that every one admired his organ even more than his harpsichord performance. He then accompanied the queen, who sang an air, and afterwards a flute-player in a solo. At last they gave him the bass part of one of Handel's airs, to which he composed so beautiful a melody that all present were lost in astonishment. In a word, what he knew in Salzburg was a mere shadow of his present knowledge; his invention and fancy gain strength every day."

"A concert was lately given at Ranelagh for the benefit of a newly erected Lying-in-Hospital. I allowed Wolfgang to play a concerto on the organ at it. Observe—this is the way to get the love of these people."

A large portion of Leopold Mozart's letters is occupied with masses to be offered up for the health, &c.; and during his sojourn in the Five-fields, Chelsea, he appears to have been in considerable hope that he had converted a Mr. Sipruntini (a Dutch Jew, and a fine violoncello player), to Catholicism. After dedicating a set of sonatas to the queen, and experiencing great patronage from the nobility, Mozart, with his father and sister, in July, 1765, crossed over into the Netherlands. At the Hague, a fever attacked both children, and had nearly cost the daughter her life. On their recovery, they played before the Prince of Orange, and Wolfgang composed some variations on a national air, which was, just then, sung, piped, and whistled throughout the streets of Holland. The organist of the cathedral in Haerlem waited upon the Mozarts, and invited the son to try his instrument, which he did the next morning. Mozart senior describes the organ as a magnificent one, of sixty-eight stops, and built wholly of metal, "as wood would not endure the dampness of the Dutch atmosphere." Upon the return of the family to Salzburg, Mozart enjoyed a year of quiet and uninterrupted study in the higher walks of composition. Besides applying to the old masters, he was indefatigable in perusing the works of Emanuel Bach, Hasse, Handel, and Eberlin, and by the diligent perform-

ance of these authors, he acquired extraordinary brilliancy and power in the left hand. On the 11th of September, 1767, the whole family proceeded on their way to Vienna; but as the small pox was raging there, they went to Ollmütz instead, where both the children caught that disorder. At Vienna, Mozart wrote his first opera, by desire of the emperor. Though the singers extolled their parts to the skies, in presence of Leopold Mozart, they formed in secret a cabal against the work, and it was never performed. The Italian singers and composers who were established in this capital did not like to find themselves surpassed in knowledge and skill by a boy of twelve years old, and they therefore not only charged the composition with a want of dramatic effect, but they even went so far as to say, that he had not scored it himself. To counteract such calumnies, Leopold Mozart often obliged his son to put the orchestral parts to his compositions in the presence of spectators, which he did with wonderful celerity before Metastasio, Hasse, the Duke of Braganza, and others. The injurious opinion of the nobility, which these people hoped to excite against the young musician, had no success; for he composed a Mass—an Offertorium—and a Trumpet Concerto for a Boy—which were performed before the whole court, and at which he himself presided and beat the time. The year 1769 was employed by Wolfgang in studying the Italian language, and in the practice of composition; and at this time he was appointed concert master to the court of Salzburg.

Father and son now made the tour of Italy, and met in every city with an enthusiastic reception.

In Rome, Mozart gave a miraculous attestation of his quickness of ear, and extensive memory, by bringing away from the Sistine Chapel the "Miserere of Allegri," a work full of imitation and repercussion, mostly for a double choir, and continually changing in the combination and relation of the parts. This accomplished piece of thievery was thus performed:—the sketch was drawn out upon the first hearing, and filled up from recollection at home—Mozart then repaired to the second and last performance, with his manuscript in his hat, and corrected it.

The slow voluptuous movement of the style of dancing prevalent in Italy gave Mozart great pleasure; in the postscripts to his father's letters, which he generally addressed to his sister and playfellow, he speaks of this subject with as much zest as of his own art. Later in manhood he became a pupil of Vestris, and the gracefulness of his dancing was much admired, especially in the minuet.

About this time Mozart's voice began to break, and he ceased to sing in public, unless words were put before him the violin he continued to play, but mostly in private. The alarming illnesses which had attacked his children on their journey kept Leopold Mozart in continual anxiety—the malaria of Rome and the heat of Naples were alike dreaded by him.

The travellers arrived at Naples in May, and fortunately procured cool and healthy lodgings. Here they visited the English Ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, whose acquaintance they had made in London, and whose lady was not only a very agreeable person, but a charming performer on the harpsichord. She trembled on playing before Mozart. The concerts given by the Mozarts in Naples were very successful, and they were treated with great distinction; the carriages of the nobility, attended by footmen with flambeaux, fetched them from home and carried them back; the queen greeted them daily on the promenade, and they received invitations to the ball given by the French Ambassador on the marriage of the Dauphin.

If Mozart had not been engaged to compose the carnival opera for Milan, he might have written that for Bologna, Rome, or Naples, as at these three cities offers were made to him, a proof of what his genius had effected in Italy.

The epoch at which Mozart's genius was ripe may be dated from his twentieth year; constant study and practice had given him ease in composition, and ideas came thicker with his early manhood—the fire, the melodiousness, the boldness of harmony, the inexhaustible invention which characterize his works, were at this time apparent; he began to think in a manner entirely independent, and to perform what he had promised as a regenerator of the musical art. The situation of his father as Kapell-meister, in Salzburg, indeed gave Mozart some opportunities of writing church music, but not such as he most coveted, the sacred musical services of the court being restricted to a given duration, and the orchestra but poorly supplied with singers; it was therefore his earnest desire to get some permanent

appointment in which he could exercise freely his talent for composition, and reckon on a sufficient income. When childhood and boyhood had passed away, his *quondam* patrons ceased to wonder at, or feel interest in, his genius and Mozart, whose early years had been spent in familiar intercourse with the principal nobility of Europe, who had been from court to court, and received distinctions and caresses unparalleled in the history of musicians, up to the period of his death gained no situation worthy his acceptance, but earned his fame in the midst of worldly cares and annoyances, in alternate abundance and poverty, deceived by pretended friendship, or persecuted by open enmity. The obstacles which Mozart surmounted in establishing the immortality of his muse, leave those without excuse who plead other occupations and the necessity of gaining a livelihood as an excuse for want of success in the art. Where the creative faculty has been bestowed, it will not be repressed by circumstances.

In the exterior of Mozart there was nothing remarkable; he was small in person, and had a very agreeable countenance, but it did not discover the greatnesss of his genius at the first glace. His eyes were tolerably large and well shaped, more heavy than fiery in the expression; when he was thin they were rather prominent. His sight was always quick and strong; he had an unsteady abstracted look, except when seated at the piano-forte, when the whole form of his visage was changed. His hands were small and beautiful, and he used them so softly and naturally upon the piano-forte, that the eye was no less delighted than the ear. It was surprising that he could grasp so much as he did in the bass. His head was too large in proportion to his body, but his hands and feet were in perfect symmetery, of which he was rather vain. The stunted growth of Mozart's body may have arisen from the early efforts of his mind; not, as some suppose, from want of exercise in childhood—for then he had much exercise—though at a later period the want of it may have been hurtful to him. Sophia, a sister-in-law of Mozart, who was still living, relates: "he was always good-humoured, but very abstracted, and in answering questions seemed always to be thinking of something else. Even in the morning when he washed his hands, he never stood still, but would walk up and down the room, sometimes striking one heel against the other; at dinner he would frequently make the ends of his napkin fast, and draw it backwards and forwards under his nose, seeming lost in meditation, and not in the least aware of what he did." He was fond of animals, and in his amusements delighted with any thing new; at one time of his life with riding, at another with billiards.

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

A PORTRAIT, BY MISS LANDON.

FROM "THE VENETIAN BRACELET, AND OTHER POEMS," (JUST PUBLISHED.)

"O NO, sweet Lady, not to thee
That set and chilling tone,
By which the feelings on themselves
So utterly are thrown,
For mine has sprung upon my lips,
Impatient to express
The haunting charm of thy sweet voice
And gentlest loveliness.
A very fairy queen thou art,
Whose only spells are on the heart.

The garden it has many a flower,
But only one for thee—
The early graced of Grecian song,
The fragrant myrtle tree;
For it doth speak of happy love,
The delicate, the true.
If its pearl buds are fair like thee,
They seem as fragile too;
Likeness, not omens for love's power
Will watch his own most precious flower.

Thou art not of that wilder race
Upon the mountain side,
Able alike the summer sun
And winter blast to bide:
But thou art of that gentle growth
Which asks some loving eye
To keep it in sweet guardianship,
Or it must droop and die:
Requiring equal love and care,
Even more delicate than fair.

I cannot paint to thee the charm
Which thou hast wrought on me;
Thy laugh, so like the wild bird's song
In the first bloom-touch'd tree.
You spoke of lovely Italy,
And of its thousand flowers;
Your lips had caught the music breath
Amid its summer bow'rs.
And can it be a form like thine
Has braved the stormy Appennine?

I'm standing now with one white rose
Where silver waters glide
I've flung that white rose on the stream—
How light it breasts the tide;
The clear waves seem as if they loved
So beautiful a thing;
And fondly to the scented leaves
The laughing sunbeams cling.
A summer voyage—fairy freight;—
And such, sweet Lady, be thy fate."

WATERLOO.

THREE volumes of tales and sketches of considerable graphic interest, have lately been published under the title of "*Stories of Waterloo.*" The first inquiry will naturally be whether they

throw any new lights on the ever-memorable struggle. The details of the day are vividly sketched, and as they must be familiar to all our readers, the following excellent general observations will be appreciated:—

"No situation could be more trying to the unyielding courage of the British army than their disposition in square at Waterloo. There is an excited feeling in an attacking body that stimulates the coldest, and blunts the thought of danger. The tumultuous enthusiasm of the assault spreads from man to man, and duller spirits catch a gallant frenzy from the brave around them. But the enduring and devoted courage which pervaded the British squares, when, hour after hour, mowed down by a murderous artillery, and wearied by furious and frequent onsets of lancers and cuirassiers; when the constant order—'Close up! — close up!' marked the quick succession of slaughter that thinned their diminished ranks; and when the day wore later, when the remnants of two, and even three regiments were necessary to complete the square which one of them had formed in the morning—to support this with firmness, and 'feed death,' inactive and unmoved, exhibited that calm and desperate bravery which elicited the admiration of Napoleon himself.

"There was a terrible sameness in the battle of the 18th of June, which distinguishes it in the history of modern slaughter. Although designated by Napoleon 'a day of false manœuvres,' in reality there was less display of military tactics at Waterloo than in any general action we have on record. Buonaparte's favourite plan was perseveringly followed. To turn a wing, or separate a position, was his customary system. Both were tried at Hougomont to turn the right, and at La Haye Sainte to break through the left centre. Hence the French operations were confined to fierce and incessant onsets with masses of cavalry and infantry, generally supported by a numerous and destructive artillery.

"Knowing that to repel these desperate and sustained attacks a tremendous sacrifice of human life must occur, Napoleon, in defiance of their acknowledged bravery, calculated on wearying the British into defeat. But when he saw his columns driven back in confusion—when his cavalry receded from the squares they could not penetrate—when battalions were reduced to companies by the fire of his cannon, and still that 'feeble few' showed a perfect front, and held the ground they had originally taken, no wonder his admiration was expressed to Soult—'How beautifully these English fight!—but they must give way!'"

The closing scene is then described with great animation:—

"The irremediable disorder consequent on this decisive repulse, and the confusion in the French rear, where Bulow had fiercely attacked them, did not escape the eagle glance of Wellington. 'The hour is come!' he is said to have exclaimed; and closing his telescope, commanded the whole line to advance. The order was exultingly obeyed: forming four deep, on came the British:—wounds, and fatigue, and hunger, were all forgotten! With their customary steadiness they crossed the ridge; but when they saw the French, and began to move down the hill, a cheer that seemed to rend the heavens pealed from their proud array, and with levelled bayonets they pressed on to meet the enemy.

"But, panicstruck and disorganized, the French resistance was short and feeble. The Prussian cannon thundered in their rear; the British bayonet was flashing in their front; and, unable to stand the terror of the charge, they broke and fled. A dreadful and indiscriminate carnage ensued. The great road was choked with the equipage, and cumbered with the dead and dying; while the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with a host of helpless fugitives. Courage and discipline were forgotten, and Napoleon's army of yesterday was now a splendid wreck—a terror-stricken multitude. His own words best describe it—'It was a total rout!'

"But although the French army had ceased to exist as such, and now (to use the phrase of a Prussian officer) exhibited rather the flight of a scattered horde of barbarians, than the retreat of a disciplined body—never had it, in the proudest days of its glory, shown greater devotion to its leader, or displayed more desperate and unyielding bravery, than during the long and sanguine battle of the 18th. The plan of Buonaparte's attack was worthy of his martial renown: it was unsuccessful; but let this be ascribed to the true cause—the heroic and enduring courage of the troops, and the man to whom he was opposed. Wellington without that army, or that army without Wellington, must have fallen beneath the splendid efforts of Napoleon.

"While a mean attempt has been

often made to lower the military character of that great warrior, who is now no more, those who would libel Napoleon rob Wellington of half his glory. It may be the proud boast of England's hero, that the subjugator of Europe fell before him, not in the wane of his genius, but in the full possession of those martial talents which placed him foremost in the list of conquerors—leading that very army which had overthrown every power that had hitherto opposed it, now perfect in its discipline, flushed with recent success, and confident of approaching victory."

ANNUALS FOR 1830.

1. *The Juvenile Forget-me-not. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall.*
2. *The Amulet. By Mr. S. C. Hall.*

THE tone and temper of these two works—to us the *first fruits* of "the Annuals" are excellent, as their literary execution is admirable. The first has innumerable attractions for *the young*; its pleasantness consists in simplicity and truth, whilst its narratives of the playful incidents of childhood are interspersed with "good seed," and precept and pretty illustration spring up in every page. The second work, *the Amulet*, is calculated for maturer age, and its literary pretensions are consequently of a more advanced order: but of these we shall speak more at length on a future occasion. Our intention in coupling the works at the head of this slight notice is to express our high esteem of the taste which has dictated the scholar and the gentleman in the production of the *Amulet*, and his ingenious lady in the "delightful task" of writing and catering for those of tender growth, in the *Juvenile Forget-me-not*. The association is indeed delightful, and has all the interest of a family picture: it beams with affection and parental love, truth, and nature; and happy, thrice happy, must be the union that is crowned with so amiable an intercommunity of mind.

The first few pages of the *Juvenile Forget-me-not* are very appropriately occupied by a playful paper by the late Mrs. Barbauld, the sincerity and tenderness of whose Lessons and Hymns we have never forgotten even amidst all the cares and crosses of after life. How often and how fondly too have we lingered over their delightful pages; and it may be questioned whether any works ever produced a better or more lasting impression on the infantine mind—that these unassuming little volumes. Mrs. Barbauld's present article is entitled "the Misses, addressed to a careless girl"—as the Misses Chief, Management, Lay, Place, Understanding, Representation, Trust, Rule, Hap, Chance, Take, and Miss Fortune; the "latter, though she has it not in her power to be an agreeable acquaintance, has sometimes proved a valuable friend. The wisest philosophers have not scrupled to acknowledge themselves the better for her company, &c." Then follow some pleasing lines to "My Son, My Son," by Allan Cunningham, glorifying the bounty of Providence "A Tale of a Triangle," by Mary Howitt, is a pretty school sketch. Next are some lines by James Montgomery, on Birds—as the Swallow, Skylark, &c. in all, numbering forty-five. "The Muscle," by Dr. Walsh, consists of half-a-dozen conversational pages, illustrating its natural history in a very pleasing style, which is really worth the attention of many who attempt to simplify science. Next Miss Mitford has a true story of "Two Dolls," and the author of Selwyn a pretty little story, entitled "Prison Roses;" Miss Jewsbury, "Aunt Kate and the Review;" and Mr. S. C. Hall a sketch of a "Blind Sailor"—both of which are very pleasing. "A Child's Prayer," by the Ettrick Shepherd, is a sweet and simple hymn of praise. "The Royal Sufferer," by Mrs. Hofland, follows, and gives the misfortunes of Prince Arthur in an interesting historiette.—We have only room to enumerate "The Birth-day," a sketch from Nature, by Mrs. Opie; an extremely well-drawn Irish sketch, by Mrs. S. C. Hall; and "The Shipwrecked Boy," a tale, by the author of Letters from the East.

The Engravings, twelve in number, are, for the most part, excellent. The Frontispiece—two lovely children—is exquisitely engraved by J. Thomson, as is also "Heart's Ease," by the same artist: the last, especially, is of great delicacy. "Holiday Time," from Richter, is well chosen for this delightful little work.

Altogether, we congratulate the fair Editoress on the very pleasing, attractive, and useful character of her volume for the coming season; and as that for the previous year did not reach us early enough for special notice at the time of publication, we are happy to make the *amende*, by placing the *Juvenile Forget-me-not* first on our list of Annuals for 1830.

BURMESE BOAT-RACES.

As the waters of the Irawadi begin to fall, a yearly festival of three days is

held, consisting chiefly of boat-racing. It is called the Water-festival, of which we have the following account in Crawfurd's *Embassy to Ava* :—

"According to promise, a gilt boat and six common war-boats were sent to convey us to the place where these races were exhibited, which was on the Irawadi, before the palace. We reached it at eleven o'clock. The Kyi-wun, accompanied by a palace secretary, received us in a large and commodious covered boat, anchored, to accommodate us, in the middle of the river. The escort and our servants were very comfortably provided for in other covered boats. The king and queen had already arrived, and were in a large barge at the east bank of the river. This vessel, the form of which represented two huge fishes, was extremely splendid; every part of it was richly gilt; and a spire of at least thirty feet high, resembling in miniature that of the palace, rose in the middle. The king and queen sat under a green canopy at the bow of the vessel, which, according to Burman notions, is the place of honour; indeed, the only part ever occupied by persons of rank. The situation of their majesties could be distinguished by the white umbrellas, which are the appropriate marks of royalty. The king, whose habits are volatile and restless, often walked up and down, and was easily known from the crowd of his courtiers by his being the only person in an erect position; the multitude sitting, crouching, or crawling all round him. Near the king's barge were a number of gold boats; and the side of the river, in this quarter, was lined with those of the nobility, decked with gay banners, each having its little band of music, and some dancers exhibiting occasionally on their benches. Shortly after our arrival, nine gilt war-boats were ordered to manœuvre before us. The Burmans nowhere appear to so much advantage as in their boats, the management of which is evidently a favourite occupation. The boats themselves are extremely neat, and the rowers expert, cheerful, and animated. In rowing, they almost always sing; and their airs are not destitute of melody. The burthen of the song, upon the present occasion, was literally translated by Dr. Price, and was as follows: — "The golden glory shines forth like the round sun; the royal kingdom, the country and its affairs, are the most pleasant." If this verse be in unison with the feelings of the people, (and I have no doubt it is,) they are, at least, satisfied with their own condition, whatever it may appear to others."

Boat-racing, taming wild elephants, and boxing-matches, are said to be the chief amusements of the king and the people. Mr. Crawfurd saw all these, and he tells us that in the last of them the populace formed a ring with as much regularity as if they had been true-born Englishmen, and preserved it with much greater regularity than is usually witnessed here—thanks to the assistance of the constables with their long staves. While these official persons were duly exercising their authority, the same good-natured monarch, who roasted his prime minister in the sun, frequently called out, "Don't hurt them—don't prevent them from looking on."

OPIUM EATING.

Mr. Madden, in his recent *Travels in Turkey*, having determined to experience the effects of that pestilent practice of eating opium, which is so common in Turkey, he repaired to the market of Theriaki Tchachissy, where he seated himself among the persons who were in the habit of resorting thither for the purpose of enjoying (?) this fatal pleasure. His description of those victims to sensuality is very striking, and is enough to cure any man of common sense of wishing to become an opium eater.

"Their gestures were frightful; those who were completely under the influence of the opium talked incoherently, their features were flushed, their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy, and the general expression of their countenances was horribly wild. The effect is usually produced in two hours, and lasts four or five; the dose varies from three grains to a drachm. I saw one old man take four pills, of six grains each, in the course of two hours; I was told he had been using opium for five-and-twenty years; but this is a very rare example of an opium eater passing thirty years of age, if he commence the practice early. The debility, both moral and physical, attendant on its excitement, is terrible; the appetite is soon destroyed, every fibre in the body trembles, the nerves of the neck become affected, and the muscles get rigid; several of these I have seen, in this place, at various times, who had wry necks and contracted fingers; but still they cannot abandon the custom; they are miserable till the hour arrives for taking their daily dose; and when its delightful influence begins,

they are all fire and animation. Some of them compose excellent verses, and others addressed the bystanders in the most eloquent discourses, imagining themselves to be emperors, and to have all the harems in the world at their command. I commenced with one grain; in the course of an hour and a half it produced no perceptible effect, the coffee-house keeper was very anxious to give me an additional pill of two grains, but I was contented with half a one: and another half hour, feeling nothing of the expected reverie, I took half a grain more, making in all two grains in the course of two hours. After two hours and a half from the first dose, I took two grains more; and shortly after this dose, my spirits became sensibly excited; the pleasure of the sensation seemed to depend on a universal expansion of mind and matter. My faculties appeared enlarged; every thing I looked on seemed increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects, which were acted on by the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure; in short, it was 'the faint exquisite music of a dream' in a waking moment. I made my way home as fast as possible, dreading, at every step, that I should commit some extravagance. In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground, it seemed as if I slid along the street, impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some ethereal fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. I got to bed the moment I reached home. The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose, pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all the day, dearly paying for my first essay at opium eating."

Old Poets.

FRIENDSHIP.

I had a friend that lov'd me;
I was his soul; he liv'd not but in me;
We were so close within each other's breast,
The rivets were not found that join'd us first.
That does not reach us yet; we were so mix'd,
As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost.
We were one mass, we could not give or take,
But from the same; for He was I: I He;
Return my better half, and give me all myself,
For thou art all!
If I have any joy when thou art absent,
I grudge it to myself; methinks I rob
Thee of thy part. DRYDEN.

MARRIAGE.

As good and wise: so she be fit for me,
That is, to will, and not to will the same;
My wife is my adopted self, and she
As me, to what I love, to love must frame.
And when by marriage both in one concur,
Woman converts to man, not man to her.
SIR T. OVERBURY.

What do you think of marriage?
I take't, as those that deny purgatory;
It locally contains or heaven or hell;
There's no third place in it. WEBSTER.

GENTILITY.

Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it. BEN JONSON.

HEAVEN.

Heav'n is a great way off, and I shall be
Ten thousand years in travel, yet 'twere happy
If I may find a lodging there at last,
Though my poor soul get thither upon crutches.
SHIRLEY.

COURT FAVOUR.

Dazzled with the height of place,
While our hopes our wits beguile,
No man marks the narrow space
Between a prison and a smile.
Then since fortune's favours fade,
You that in her arms do sleep,
Learn to swim and not to wade,
For the hearts of kings are deep.
But if greatness be so blind,
As to trust in tow'rs of air,
Let it be with goodness joyn'd,
That at least the fall be fair.
LORD BACON.

HONESTY.

An honest soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor upon the occasion's calm;
But when it rages, and the wind blows high,
She cuts her way with skill and majesty.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SOLITUDE.

O sweet woods, the delight of solitariness!
O how much do I like your solitariness!
Here nor reason is hid, vailed in innocence,
Nor envy's snaky eye, finds any harbour here,
Nor flatterer's venomous insinuations,
Nor coming humourist's puddled opinions,
Nor courteous ruin of proffer'd usury,
Nor time prattled away, cradle of ignorance,
Nor causeless duty, nor cumber of arrogance,
Nor trifling titles of vanity dazzleth us,
Nor golden manacles stand for a paradise.
Here wrong's name is unheard; slander a monster is,
Keep thy sprite from abuse, here no abuse doth haunt,
What man grafts in a tree dissimulation.
SIR P. SIDNEY'S *Arcadia*.

DISCIPLINE.

Each state must have its policies:
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters.
Ev'n the wild outlaw, in his forest walk,
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline.
For not since Adam were his verdant apron,
Hath man with man in social union dwelt,
But laws were made to draw that union closer.
OLD PLAY.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

FASHIONABLE ODDITIES.

LADY MORGAN, in her *Book of the Boudoir*, says, "The late Marquess of Londonderry was a *liveable*, cheerful, *give-and-take* person." Again, "*Vitality*, or *all-a-live-ness*, energy, and activity, are the great elements of what we call talent;" which occasions a critic to observe, "What a prodigious quantity of this "all-a-livcness" her ladyship must have in her composition.

WHAT burns to keep a secret?—*Sealing Wax.*

WHEN is wine like a pig's tusk?—When it is in a hogs head. C. J. T.

THE young Duke of Rutland, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in a drunken frolic knighted the landlord of an inn in a country town. Being told the next morning what he had done, the duke sent for *mine host*, and begged of him to consider the ceremonial as merely a drunken frolic. "For my own part, my lord duke, I should readily comply with your excellency's wish; but Lady O'Shaunessy!"

EPITAPH ON MARSHAL SAXE.

N. B. The figures are to be pronounced in French, as *un, deux, trois*, &c.

Ses vertus le feront admiré de chac	1
Il avait des Rivaux, mais il triompha	2
Les Batailles qu' il gagna sont au nombre de	3
Pour Louis son grand cœur se serait mis en	4
En amour, c'était peu pour lui d' aller à	5
Nous l'aurions s'il n'eut fait que le berger Tir*	6
Pour avoir trop souvent passé douze, "Hic-ja"	7
Il a cessé de vivre en Decembre	8
Strasbourg contient son corps dans un Tombeau tout	9
Pour tant de "Te Deum" pas un "De profun"†	10
He died at the age of	55

* Tircis, the name of a celebrated Arcadian shepherd.

† A great personage of the day remarked, that it was a pity after the marshal had by his victories been the cause of so many "Te Deums" that it would not be allowed (the marshal dying in the Lutheran faith) to chant one "de profundis" over his remains.

ROUGE.

A LADY consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. "Why," says he, "some pious men object to it; others see no harm in it; I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on *one* cheek."

A PARLIAMENTARY JOKE.

THE prevailing fashion of certain orators interlarding their speeches with frequent classical quotations, reminds us of a piece of mischievous waggery perpetrated by one of the greatest men of his time. Sheridan once electrified the country gentlemen in the House of Commons, by concluding an animated appeal to their patriotism, with a quotation from Herodotus, which they cheered most vociferously; when, in fact, he merely strung together a jumble of words, a jargon uttered on the instant, which sounded very much *like* Greek. Pitt, it is said, was in a convulsion of laughter all the time.

THOUGHTS ON THE TIMES.

THERE is not a word of news stirring. Yesterday's papers may serve for to-day's, and Sunday's for all the week. There is, as it were, a syncope in all things; nothing is doing; art, science, and business, are alike at a stand-still. The stage, the press, the easel, the loom, the rudder of the merchantman, and the helm of the state, all are alike in a most extraordinary negative condition. The world is in a catalepsy. It hears and sees, but it can do nothing.—*Blackwood.*

SYCOPHANT SCUM.

A COURTIER one day coming out of the House of Lords, accosted a nobleman with, "How does your pot boil, my lord, in these troublesome times?" To which the other replied, "I never go into my kitchen; but I dare say the scum is uppermost.

TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

WHEN Oliver first coined his money, an old cavalier, looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, "God with us," on the other, "The Commonwealth of England."—"I see," said he, "God and the Commonwealth are on *different* sides."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, *Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by* ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, *New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

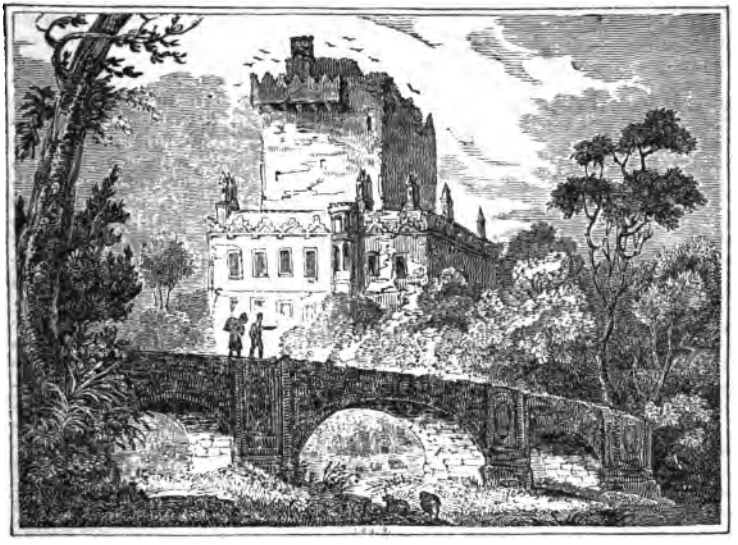
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 396.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1829. [PRICE 2*d.*

Blarney Castle.



THIS Engraving, to use a cant phrase, is an exquisite "bit of Blarney;" but independent of the vulgar association, it has a multitude of attractions for every reader. Its interest will, however, be materially enhanced by the following admirable description from the graphic pen of T. Crofton Croker, Esq.*

Blarney, so famous in Irish song and story, is situated about four miles north west of Cork, and was, within these few years, a thriving manufacturing village; but it no longer wears the aspect of comfort or of business, and appears much gone to decay.

The alteration struck me very forcibly. In 1815, I remember a large square of neat cottages, and the area, a green shaded by fine old trees. Most of the cottages are now roofless; the trees have been cut down, and on my last visit, in 1821, a crop of barley was ripening in the square.

"the clam'rous rooks
Ask for their wonted seat, but ask in vain!
Their ancient home is level'd with the earth,
Never to wave again its leafy head,
Or yield a covert to the feather'd choir,
Who now, with broken song, remote and shy,
Seek other bowers, their native branches gone!"

This prepared me to expect a similar change in the grounds of the castle, where much timber has been also felled; but the grounds still are beautiful, rock and water being features in the landscape, the picturesque effect of which neglect cannot injure.

The castle consists of a massive square tower, that rises broad and boldly above surrounding trees, on a precipitous rock over a stream called the Awmartin; and attached to the east side is an extensive dwelling-house, erected about a century since by Sir James Jeffreys, who purchased or obtained this estate from the crown, and in whose family it still continues.

Blarney Castle was built about the middle of the fifteenth century, by Cormac Mac Carty, or Carthy surnamed Laider, or the Strong. He was descended from the kings of Cork, and was esteemed so powerful a chieftain that the English settlers in his part of Munster paid him an annual tribute of forty pounds to protect them from the attacks and in-

* Researches in the South of Ireland, illustrative of the Scenery, Architectural Remains, and the Manners and Superstitions of the Peasantry. By T. Crofton Croker. 4to. 1824. Murray.

cults of the Irish. To him is also ascribed the building of the Abbey and Castle of Kilcrea, the Nunnery of Ballyvacadine, and many other religious houses; in the former of which he was buried.* It would be a matter of little importance and considerable labour to trace the Castle of Blarney from one possessor to another. The genealogical table in Keating's "History of Ireland" will enable those addicted to research to follow the Mac Carty pedigree; but a tiresome repetition of names, occasioned by the scantiness of them in an exceedingly numerous family, present continual causes of perplexity to the general reader. The names of Donough, Cormac, Teague, Florence, Dermot, Owen, and Donnel, constitute almost the whole catalogue used by the Mac Carties† for a period exceeding six hundred years.‡ This difficulty is heightened from the entire Sept being, in point of fact, without a sirname, as the followers of most chieftains in Ireland as well as Scotland assumed that of their lord. In the reign of Edward IV. a statute was enacted, commanding each individual to take upon himself a separate sirname, "either of his trade and faculty, or of some quality of his body or mind, or of the place where he dwelt, so that every one should be distinguished from the other." But this statute did not effect the object proposed, and Spenser, in his "View of Ireland," mentions it as having become obsolete, and strongly recommends its renewal.

The military and historic recollections connected with Blarney are doubtless of sufficient importance to give an interest to the place; but to a curious superstition it is perhaps more indebted for celebrity. A stone in the highest part of the castle wall is pointed out to visiters, which is supposed to give to whoever kisses it the peculiar privilege of deviating from veracity with unblushing countenance whenever it may be convenient — hence the well-known phrase of "*Blarney.*"

The grounds attached to the castle, as I before observed, though so little attended to, are still beautiful. Walks, which a few years since were neat and trim, are now so overrun with brambles and wild flowers as to be passed with difficulty. Much wood has also been cut down, and the statues, so ridiculously enumerated in a popular song, removed. A picturesque bridge too, which led to the castle, has been swept away by the wintry floods, and, with the exception of a small dell called the Rock Close, every thing seems changed for the worse. In this romantic spot nature and art (a combination rather uncommon in pleasure-grounds) have gone hand in hand. Advantage has been taken of accidental circumstances to form tasteful and characteristic combinations; and it is really a matter of difficulty at first to determine what is primitive, and what the produce of design. The delusion is even heightened by the present total neglect. You come most unexpectedly into this little shaded nook, and stand upon a natural terrace above the river, which glides as calmly as possible beneath. Here, if you feel inclined for contemplation, a rustic couch of rock, all festooned with moss and ivy, is at your service; but if adventurous feelings urge you to explore farther, a discovery is made of an almost concealed, irregularly excavated passage through the solid rock, which is descended by a rude flight of stone steps, called the "Witches Stairs," and you emerge *sul margine d'un rio*, over which depend some light and graceful trees. It is indeed a fairy scene, and I know of no place where I could sooner imagine these little elves holding their moonlight revelry.

A short distance to the south-west of the castle is a lake, said to abound with a species of leech. It does not afford one good subject for the pencil, being without islands, the margin swampy, and the adjacent trees planted with too much attention to regularity. It is a very generally believed tradition that, before Blarney surrendered to King William's forces, Lord Clancarty's plate was made up in an oaken chest, which was thrown into this lake, and has not since been recovered; nor does

* This tomb, according to Archdall's "Monasticon Hibernicum," stood in the middle of the choir of Kilcrea Abbey, with the following inscription:—

HIC . IACET CORMACVS . FIL . THADEI . FIL . CORMACI . FIL . DERMITII . MAGNI . MC. CARTHY . DNVS DE . MVSKRAIGH . PLAYN . AC . ISTIVS . CONVENTVS . PRIMVS . FVNDATOR . AN . DOM . 1494.

† The original name of a sept or clan was Carty, supposed to be derived from Cartheigh, which signifies an Inhabitant of the Rock; and Mac, denoting "*son of*;" was used before the father's Christian name for the purpose of distinction, as, Mac Cormac Carty expressed Carty, son of Cormac; this manner of designation appears discontinued on the introduction of a greater variety of names, and the Mac alone retained by the elder branches.

‡ Amongst the Harleian MSS. the Vol. No. 1425, contains pedigrees of Irish nobility; from the ninth to the twenty-second page is occupied by those of "Mac Cartie More," Mac Cartie Reagh, and all other Mac Carties, brought down to the year 1615; but though curious for reference, there is little worth the trouble of transcribing. The most common female names in the Mac Carty pedigree are, Katheren, Elin, Honner, Joan, and Grany.

this appear improbable, as I understand repeated attempts have in vain been made to drain it. In 1814, the late Mr. Milliken, whose well-known song of "the Groves of Blarney" has identified his memory with the place, gave me a clumsy silver ring for the finger, which had been taken out of the lake by a boy who was fishing in it.

Since I am on the subject of discoveries, it may be worth notice that, in a quarry close to the castle, where some men were working, we picked up several human bones, and that one of the labourers informed us so many as twenty horse loads of these bones had been thrown into the lake; he also spoke of two or three spear-heads being found with them. Groats and pennies of the Edwards and Henries have frequently been dug up here; but I believe never in any quantity.

The interior of the castle contains little worth notice except a full-length portrait of Charles XII. of Sweden, said to be an original, and brought here by one of the Jeffreys' family who was envoy to that monarch.

THE ANNUALS.

"Flow'rets strew'd
By churlish Time, in cheerlier mood;
The sweetness of a second Spring,
Beneath the Autumn of his wing,
Bestowing on the season's gloom
The bliss of a perennial bloom."

GLANCING back to the commencement of the nineteenth century, the only *annual* record of poetry and prose which we recollect, was "The Flowers of Literature;" a thick duodecimo, habited in a flesh-coloured wrapper, and retaining in its print and pages, the quaintness which characterized "the good old days" of the "Universal Magazine;" and which still clings, though somewhat modified, to the patriarchal pages of Sylvanus Urban. The matter was in accordance with the manner—a medley of prosing articles, from the titles of which we might select, as indicative of their style, "Ode to Despair;" "Topographical Description of Paris;" "The Sailor;" more agreeably interspersed with some effusion of Mrs. Barbauld, or Mrs. Opie; mingled, again, with sundry "Observations on the Present State of the War," written by some sleepy newspaper editor, whose language we might assimilate with, "We have received intelligence from," &c. Here and there, perhaps, a straggling beam of genius broke through the mental twilight, in the shape of, "Some Account of the poet, Burns;" a *Rustique*

by Bloomfield, or an elegant sonnet by Bowles or Charlotte Smith. The rest of would-be-sonneteers, tragedy-writers, and essayists, have long ago found, with their mediocrities, a congenial oblivion in "the tomb of all the Capulets."

But suddenly, and without much premise to warrant the commencement of such an era, the department of our imaginative literature was established in patronage and importance; and those "trivial, fond records," which were wont only to sparkle a brief endurance in the mutable columns of a newspaper, or doomed, when existing in fragile manuscript, "to die and be forgot," found a refuge from their Lethean fate in the numerous Magazines which the increased taste, and avidity for reading, evinced by the public, had called into existence. Still there was a *desideratum*, which these adornments of English Literature, "The Annuals," alone supplied. The casual tones which emanated from the "transcendent masters of the lyre," were not to be lost to "the public ear" for want of "a circulating medium;" and Ackermann, a name familiar to the lovers of pictorial art, had the honour of first setting England the example of preserving her valuable anthology, by producing his attractive Annual, "The Forget-Me-Not;" a species of literature which presents us with the pleasing facility of holding yearly communion with our poets and authors, without being subjected to the tedium of awaiting their protracted appearance in a more voluminous shape. We can now more frequently greet Anacreon Moore, wreathing his harp with the paternal shamrock, characteristically mingled with "pansies *for love*;" Montgomery, mourning over our nature's degradation; telling us of the affections and passions of earth, yet luring us to higher hopes and brighter consummation; his every line evincing that chastened sorrow which Byron threw into the portrait of the Sheffield bard—

"With broken lyre, and cheek serenely pale."

Coleridge, dropping "some natural tears," on viewing the altered features of his native valley; sweetly and affectionately telling of

"The meadow, and its babbling brook,
Where roses in the ripple shook."

Southey, forgetting the ungentler theme of "battle field" amidst the sublimity of rock and lake. Campbell, pouring from his plaintive shell a tender eulogy to his northern home—a glowing tissue of

Dreams
Of the Highland mountains, and echoing streams,
And broken glades, breathing their balm.

—Scott, terrifically depicting a Sassenagh tournament, or inditing a stirring appeal to the "blue bonnets," to settle some Border broil. James Hogg, "the Scottish Virgil," on whom has surely fallen the mantle of inspiration from the Mantuan bard, coming forth in all the richness of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," from the misty hill where he dominates "the king of shepherds." Delta, elegantly pensive, sighing beneath the blighted trees which flourished over his boyhood; and listening to the rhetoric of the changing seasons. Alaric Watts, "the fireside bard," giving us a touching apostrophe to his "youngling of the flock," in melting verse, warm from that kindred fancy

"Whose blessed words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And drown in tears of joy the eyes."

T. K. Hervey, following in the same bright path, or enthusiastically rapt amidst the beauty and bloom of Australia.—Bernard Barton, bringing us snatches of vernal philosophy, gathered in the silence of murky woods, and the solitude of perfumed meadows.—John Clare, swearing everlasting fealty to his beauteous Mary, by the elm-shadowed cottage of her bowery home; thanking heaven for the benison of love and rurality.—Richardson, the poet of India, sonnetizing amidst the superb cupolas and temples which gem the banks of the deified Ganges, longing to exchange his fevered abode for salubrious England.—Pringle transforming the repulsive features of a South African desert into matter for piteous song; and illumining, by the brightness of his genius, the terrible picture of Caffre barbarity and degradation.—Roscoe, revelling in the sweets of Italian lore, his own lips "touched with a live coal" from the altar of poesy.—Washington Irving, grasping at the intellect, and speculating on the wit and fancy, of all climes; so speedily transplanting himself (bodily as well as mentally) from the back woods of America to the land of Columbus—from the vineyards of France to the valleys of Yorkshire—as almost to induce a belief in his power of ubiquity.—Allan Cunningham, sympathizing with the sorrows of one "who never told her love," and weaving a tearful elegy over her flower-strewn grave, or painting the fiercer incidents of piratical warfare, on the ocean's solitudes.—Felicia Hemans, her lyre musically blending the song of sounding streams with the spontaneous melody of the "feathered choir;" composing an epicedium to the memory of departed days, and proving her glorious claims to the poetic character, "creation's heir."—Mary Russell Mitford, great in her histrionic portraitures of liberty, whether patrician or plebeian; yet not forgetting in her dramatic wanderings, her happy village; but drawing us, "by the cords of love," to the rustic scene; amplifying that fine axiom of the Stratford bard—

"Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than does the embroider'd canopy to kings?"

J. H. Wiffen, dating from the sentimental seclusion of Woburn Abbey, a song replete with all the grace and imagination of his "Ionian Hours."—Charles Lamb, the "deep-thoughted Elia," introducing us to the maidenly residence of his cousin Bridget; delighted with delighting; his fancy expatiating on a copious medley of subjects between the stiff Mandarins on the old fashioned china, and that *Beaumont and Fletcher*, the purchase of his rigid economy, ere his talents had brought him fame and fortune.—Letitia Landon "the English Sappho," a being existing but in the atmosphere of love and flowers; equally sensitive at the opening of a violet as at the shutting of a rose. But our list of the living is too extended; and we will speak of some of the departed.

Interspersed with the emanations of our existing bards, we have, occasionally, those precious *morceaux* which have been bequeathed us by the illustrious dead. Trifles; yet how esteemed! Remembrances of Byron, with his fiery impetuosity, spurning the trammels of worldly sorrow; and prescribing death as a *panacea* for his lamentable despair; yet subduing us with refined regrets, as he was wont, in his changing mood,

"To sun himself in heaven's pure day."

Shelley, misanthropically commencing with the turbulence of the chainless sea: a spirit matured to madness by the overawing and supernatural terrors of German romance: as he asserts himself to be, in his lamentation for the author of Endymion, one who

"Had gaz'd on Nature's naked loveliness,
Acteon-like, until *he fled away*."

John Keates, forsaking the land of his fame, and prematurely resigning his "quiet breath," on that spot

"Where dwelt the muses at their natal hour."

eaving to the less sensitive reviewers to prove, whether he had been "led astray by the light from heaven, or by his own clouded and tempestuous genius:"

"That fire within so fiercely burned
That whence it came it soon returned."

Maturin, though corrupted and enervated by the follies and dissipation of the anti-poetic city, becoming, in his lucid intervals, "himself again," in the composition of a splendid dramaticle.—Henry Neele, the "martyr-student," inviting us to share in the intense admiration of intellect; forcibly demonstrating "that song is but the eloquence of truth"—but of him no more!

"The churchyard bears an added stone;
The fireside shows a vacant chair."

Yet, however splendid the galaxy of literary stars may be, which illumine our Annuals, they owe no little of their lustre to *the engravings*. It fortuitously happens that we have not "a connoisseuring eye," or we should swell this paper beyond the limits prescribed by editorial complaisance, in the pages of "THE MIRROR." We are not ignorant, however, of the incomparable advancement which the science of engraving has made in the lapse of the last ten years; or how far it has left behind those mere scratches of the graver which lit up our young admiration when a boy. Two of these we will be impertinent enough to criticise, in spite of the affection with which we cherish the visionary recollection of the pictures of grandmother's parlour. The subjects were "courtship," and "matrimony." In the former, the Chesterfieldian lover was seen handing his *chere amie* (a lusty wench, with red ochre cheeks) over a remarkably low stile: whether the subject, or the manner of its execution had inspired the muse, is no matter; but beneath was the following:—

"In *courtship*, Strephon careful hands his lass
Over a stile a child with ease might pass."

The next was "matrimony;" but, oh! "look on *this* picture and on *this*!" The careless husband, forgetting his capacious spouse, leaves her to scramble over a stile of alarming altitude, whilst his attention seems absorbed in the quarrel of two snarling terriers. Such conjugal uncourtliness elicits its merited censure in the cool satire of the accompanying motto:—

"But *wedded* Strephon now neglects his dame:
Tumble or not, to him 'tis all the same."

The costume of these two figures was in accordance with the date of the heyday of Ranelagh Gardens; and the outline of the foliage was about on a par with those designs we often see cut out of paper, by an ingenious schoolboy. yet they may be adduced as criterions of the average merit appertaining to the generality of the productions of the burine of "the old school."

In closing this erratic dissertation on the Annuals, we may remark, that an interesting article might be written, descriptive of the reformation which gradually elevated the art of engraving to perfection—a history of its emerging from the inanities which flaunt in the window of Carver and Bowles, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and arriving at the exquisite perfection of such achievements as "Alexander's Visit to Diogenes," and "Quintus Curtius leaping into the Gulf." H.

Fine Arts

SCHOOL OF PAINTING AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I have recently had the pleasure of visiting the British Institution, and hope the following remarks on a few of the best works will prove acceptable to those of your readers who are interested in the Fine Arts.

It is customary at this Institution to open, every autumn, a school for the study of painting, in which students have an opportunity of copying the best productions of the greatest masters. The present school opened a few weeks ago, and furnishes some exquisite specimens of art, which were selected by the directors as examples for imitation. In general the students have been very enterprising this season, and their copies, if not quite equal in every respect to the charming originals, are nevertheless very meritorious and masterly attempts.

The Holy Family, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is a remarkably fine specimen of colour, and has been successfully copied by Messrs. Boaden, Fisk, Child, and Inskipp. Small copies, in water colours, have also been done from it by Miss Sharpe, and Miss Fanny Corbaux. Much praise is due to Mr. Morton, for his whole length *Portrait of a Gentleman*, after Vandyke; and Messrs. Simpson, Higham, and Middleton, deserve high commendation for executing the best *fac similia* of Rembrandt's *Portrait of a Lady*. The *Landscape with Boors*, is a delightful little picture by Teniers, belonging to his Majesty: numerous attempts have been made to imitate it, but not altogether with success. Mr. Hart's copy, however, is extremely

clever. Poussin's *Landscape and Figures*, has engaged the pencil of Mr. Burbank, who has produced a most elaborate copy in water colours. Mr. Foster displays considerable ability in his *Hobbima*; and Messrs. Lee, Earl, Watts, and Dujardin, have equally excelled in their copies from the cattle piece by Cuyp. In De Hooge's picture, the *Exterior with Figures*, we are delighted with the representation of a fine summer evening: a peculiar warmth is diffused over every object, and the lengthened shadows indicate sunset: of this work, Mr. Novice has executed the best finished copy; Miss Dujardin's, however, is exceedingly good, and contains much promise. Another splendid example of art is a *Large Landscape*, by Gainsborough, good studies from which have been made by Messrs. Watts and Child.

Two small views on the Grand Canal at Venice, by Gwardi, have employed the talents of Miss Dujardin, Mr. E. Child, Mr. Watts, and Master Pasmore. But it is impossible to enumerate, in this hasty notice, all the arduous undertakings of the students: suffice it to say, that they have gained another step towards pictorial fame, and that their copies, from the works of Rubens, Wouvermans, Murillo, Canaletti, Titian, &c., are honourable testimonies of their exertion to excel.

October 19, 1829. G. W. N.

The Contemporary Traveller.

A TOUR IN THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

(Concluded from page 262.)

A VIEW of the western side of Jersey, is calculated to impress a stranger with an idea that it is a barren, unproductive island; but no supposition could be more erroneous, as, in fact, a great proportion of it may be described as orchard. The extent of ground planted, with fruit trees—apple, pear, and plumb is prodigious; and consequently cider—and very excellent cider too—is one of the staple products of the country, and a favourite beverage among the natives. At the Union Hotel, St. Helier, boarders were allowed to quaff as much as they had a liking for, without being subjected to any additional charge.

About three miles inland from St. Helier, is a singular structure named Prince's Tower, erected on an artificial mound or tumulus, and embowered in a grove of fine trees. The extensive prospect it commanded, and the indubitable antiquity of the masonry, induced me to apply for permission to ascend it; and I was rewarded with a bird's eye view of nearly the whole island, and a vast sweep of the French coast, extending almost from Cape de la Hogue to Avranches. An Englishman had lately taken up his abode in the tower, which, with the adjacent pleasure ground, he rented at forty pounds a-year. His object was to render it a place of resort to the inhabitants of St. Helier, and his advertisements promised that the "delightful emotions excited by its unrivalled scenery, and the harmonious chat of the feathered tribe, should not be counteracted by the comfortless sensations of hunger, thirst, and weariness." The interior of the tower was neatly and appropriately fitted up. One apartment was designated the chapel; and in the highest room were several telescopes, mounted so as to traverse to any point of the compass, for the gratification of visiters.

But it is the traditionary history of Prince's Tower that renders it interesting in the eyes of the islanders. In former times it was known by the name of La Hogue-Bye, and the following legend, quoted from *Le Livre noir de Coutances*, gives the origin of its celebrity:—In remote times, a moor or fen in this part of Jersey, was the retreat of a monstrous serpent or dragon, which spread terror and devastation throughout the island. At length a valorous Norman, the Seigneur de Hambye, undertook to attempt its destruction, which, after a terrible conflict, he accomplished. He was accompanied in this adventure by a vassal of whose fidelity he had no suspicion, but who, seeing his lord overcome by fatigue, after having vanquished the reptile, suddenly bethought himself of monopolizing the glory of the action. Instigated by this foul ambition, he assassinated his lord, and, returning to Normandy, promulgated a fictitious narrative of the encounter; and, to further his iniquitous views, presented a forged letter, which he said had been written by De Hambye to his widow, just before his death, enjoining her to reward his faithful servant, by accepting him as her second husband. Reverence for the last injunction of her deceased lord, induced the lady to obey, and she was united to his murderer. But the exultation of the homicidal slave was of short duration. His sleep was disturbed by horrid dreams; and at length, in one of his nightly paroxysms, he disclosed the extent of his villany. On being arrested and questioned, he made a full confession, and was tried, found guilty, and

publicly executed. De Hambye's widow, in memory of her lord, caused a tumulus of earth to be raised on the spot where he was buried; and on the summit she built a chapel, with a tower so lofty, as to be visible from her own mansion at Coutances.

So much for the fable. As to the word *Hogue*, there are several places in Jersey called *Hougues*, which are always situated on a rising ground. The word has evidently originated from the German *hoch*, from which is derived our English *high*. A *hougue*, therefore, means a mound or hillock, and in the present instance, the addition of *bye* is obviously a contraction of Hambye; and, in accordance with the foregoing tradition, means literally the *barrow* or tomb of the *Seigneur de Hambye*.

The chapel at la Hogue is said to have been rebuilt in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, by one of the popish deans of Jersey, in the reign of Henry VIII. La Hogue-bye remained for many years in a dilapidated state, till about 1790, when the late Admiral d'Auvergne, a native of Jersey, better known under his French title of Duke of Bouillon, became its owner by purchase, and hence it obtained its present name. At his death, in 1816, it was purchased by the late lieutenant-governor, Lieutenant-General Sir Hugh Mackay Gordon, whose heirs afterwards sold it to Francis le Breton, Esq., to whom it now belongs.

The most prominent object in the noble panoramic view from the top of Prince's Tower, is a huge fortress on the eastern side of the island, called the Castle of Mont Orgueil. It crests a lofty conical rock, that forms the northern headland of Grouville Bay, and looks down, like a grim giant, on the subjacent strait. The fortifications encircle the cone in picturesque tiers, and the apex of the mountain shoots up in the centre of them, as high as the flag-staff, which is in fact planted upon it. During war a strong garrison constantly occupied Mont Orgueil, but now a corporal and two privates of artillery composed the whole military force. The corporal, a quiet intelligent man, who spoke with much horror of paying a visit to the West Indies, which, in the mutations of his professional life, he had a prospect of doing at no distant period, acted as *cicerone*, and, among other places, introduced me into a small circular apartment, forming one of the suite appropriated to officers, which he said had been the habitation of Charles II. when a wanderer. This prince, when his unfortunate father fell into the hands of the regicidal party, found a loyal welcome in Jersey. Here he was recognised as king, when in England they sought his blood: here he remained in security, when his father-land afforded him no asylum. During his lonely sojourn in this remote portion of his hereditary dominions, he is said to have employed himself in making a survey and delineating a map of the island. The natives, flattered by the confidence he reposed in them, and justly proud of nine centuries of unblemished loyalty to the throne of Great Britain, still refer to his residence as a memorable event; and in no other part of the British dominions, is the memory of the "merry monarch" more respected. When Cromwell, after the disastrous issue of the battle of Worcester, sent an expedition, under Admiral Blake, to reduce the island, it made a most gallant and protracted defence; and had not circumstances conspired to favour the invaders, their victory would have been dearly purchased.

Mount Orgueil, in point of historical association, is by far the most interesting spot in Jersey. A part of the fortifications, according to tradition, are coeval with Cæsar's incursions into Gaul; and the islanders hold it famous in their oldest story, and of antiquity beyond record. In 1374, the celebrated Constable du Guesclin passed over from Bretagne at the head of a large army, including some of the bravest knights of France, and encamped before this fortress, then called Gouray Castle, into which the principal inhabitants had retired for safety; but after a siege of several months, he was obliged to draw off his forces in despair, and quit the island. Henry V. added much to the strength and beauty of Gouray—made it a depôt of arms, and conferred on it the proud name of Mont Orgueil. About 1461, Nanfant, the governor, a dependent of Henry VI. was prevailed upon, by an order of Queen Margaret, to surrender it to Surdeval, a Frenchman, agent of Peter de Brezé, Count of Maulevrier; but though de Brezé kept possession of it for several years, the natives, under the command of Philip de Carteret, Seigneur of St. Ouen, a family long illustrious in Jersey annals, prevented him from completely subjugating the island. Sir Richard Harliston, vice-admiral of England, afterwards re-captured Mont Orgueil, and put an end to Maulevrier's usurpation.

A small pier, intended to facilitate the landing of stores, and shelter the numer-

ous oyster vessels that resort to Grouville Bay at the dredging season, projects into the sea, immediately under the castle guns. The bay, like that of St. Aubin, is defended by a regular line of martello towers, several of which are built far within flood-mark, on reefs that form part of the Violet Bank. The adjacent country is a perfect garden, and numerous secluded villas and cottages are scattered among the umbrageous and productive orchards that spread around. A small village, called Goree, lies a short way southward of Mont Orgueil. In former times, it was a sutling-place for the garrison; now it is only the rendezvous of a few oyster-fishers. In the auberges here, (every alternate house retailed liquor), brandy sold at a shilling a bottle.

The road leading directly from Grouville to St. Helier runs parallel with the southern shore, among corn fields, orchards, and hamlets, and is the best in the island. I travelled it after sunset, and found myriads of toads hopping across it in every direction. These reptiles are extremely common in Jersey; while, in the neighbouring island of Guernsey, if popular report may be credited, they are not only unknown, but cannot exist, as has been ascertained by importing them from less favoured countries. This exemption in favour of Guernsey, is in all probability a mere fable, originating with some ignorant native, the absurdity of which no person has been at the trouble to expose. Lizards and small snakes are also numerous in Jersey; and at night-fall, a chorus of crickets resounds from every hedge.

The Jersey cattle are small; but like the pigmy breed of the Scottish Highlands, their flesh is delicate, and their milk and butter rich. The butcher market at St. Helier is supplied chiefly from France. There are sportsmen in Jersey as well as in other countries, but game is neither various nor abundant. The list, however, includes hares, rabbits, the Jersey partridge, a beautiful bird, with pheasant eyes, red legs, and variegated plumage; and several varieties of water fowl. In severe winters, flocks of solan geese, locally denominated "barnacles," frequent the shores.

The Romans, the pioneers of discovery and civilization in Europe, conferred on Jersey the name of Cæsarea, in honour of their leader; and Cæsar and Tacitus concur in describing it as a stronghold of Druidism, of which worship many monuments still exist. The aborigines were doubtless sprung from the Celtic tribes spread over the adjacent continent; but the present inhabitants are universally recognised as the lineal descendants of the warlike Normans, who, under the auspices of the famous Rollo, conquered and established themselves in the north of France in the ninth century. It was first attached to the British crown at the conquest; and though repeated descents have been made on it by France during the many wars waged between the countries since that remote era, none of them were attended with such success as to lead to a permanent occupation of the island. The islanders, proud of an unconquered name, and gratified to recollect that they originally gave a king to England, not England a king to them, have been always distinguished for fidelity to the British government; and their unshaken loyalty has, from time to time, been rewarded by immunities and privileges, highly conducive to their prosperity, and calculated to foster that spirit of nationality, which is invariably distinctive of a free people. They are exempted from those taxes which press heaviest on the English yeoman, and from naval and military service beyond the boundaries of their own island. The local administration of justice is still regulated by the old Norman code of laws, and this circumstance is regarded by the natives as a virtual recognition of their independence; but strangers, when they inadvertently get involved in legal disputes, have often cause to regret its existence. In cases of assault, particularly the assaulting of a magistrate, even though his official character be unknown to the offender, a severe punishment is generally awarded. We heard several instances of military officers, who had been guilty of raising an arm of flesh against jurats in night frolics at St. Helier's, narrowly escaping the penalty attached to this heinous infraction of the laws—a penalty which would have left them maimed for life.

The introduction of Christianity, and final extirpation of idolatry, is said to have occurred in the sixth century. In the latter days of the reign of popery, Jersey formed part of the diocese of Coutances in Normandy, where the ancient records of the island were deposited; but at the Reformation, in the reign of Elizabeth, it was attached to the see of Winchester—an annexation, however, merely nominal, for the island is in reality exempt from the dominion of the church of England. The inhabitants are a well-disposed and peaceable race, but not particularly distin-

guished for enthusiasm in religion. The peasantry are orderly and industrious: the merchants enterprising; and the seamen, a numerous class, hardy and adventurous. The aggregate of the people live more after the French manner than the English; that is, they substitute fruit and vegetables, in a great measure, for animal food, and cider for ale. Neither men nor women are distinguished for personal beauty, though we noticed several very comely dames in our perambulations; and notwithstanding the boasted purity of their descent from the ocean-roamers of the north, they have many of the anomalous features of a mixed race.—*Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science.* No. I.

The Naturalist.

THE MOLE.

FOREIGN naturalists have been much occupied of late with the mole. From the recently published observations of one of them, M. Flourens, it appears that this animal, as its organization indicates, is, if not exclusively, at least, essentially, carnivorous. It very soon dies if only roots be given to it; and if it destroy so many roots of vegetables, it is not for the purpose of eating them, but to seek among them for worms, insects, and particularly for the larvæ of insects which harbour there. They may be kept alive for a long time upon any animal food. Ten or twelve hours are nearly the longest time they can live without food. Like all animals which feed upon blood and flesh, the mole is always very thirsty.—*Monthly Mag.*

CLIMATE OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

THE climate of the British dominions in the south of Africa is one of the finest in the world. The average height of the barometer is above thirty inches, and the average summer heat at noon is about 78 deg. It resembles the climate of Italy, but is rather warmer and dryer. It is so dry, that draining is little required for the ground: on the contrary, it is necessary to retain moisture as much as possible, and even irrigation is desirable, more especially from the grasses. The mountains abound in springs, but the supply of water is scanty and precarious, from the want of energy and skill in procuring that essential article. Such a scarcity frequently arises, that the cattle perish from thirst, and the people themselves are in danger of a similar fate.—*Gill's Repository.*

Sea Pens.

THE cuts represent two fine Sea Pens —*Silver and Red,* with Sections.

Of all the Sea Pens yet known, the first is one of the largest and most curious in its appearance; being of a beautiful silvery white, elegantly straited on each of the feather-like processes, with lines or streaks of the deepest black. It is extremely rare, and is a native of the Indian Seas. The accompanying Engraving is copied from a fine specimen in the British Museum.

THE RED SEA-PEN IS

Of a very beautiful appearance, and is found on the British coast. The animal consists of a flattened stem, or body, which is furnished with an internal bone, and dilates into an expanded part, consisting of several pinnæ, or lateral branches, which are divided on their inner edges into a number of tubular processes, through each of which is protruded a part of the animal, resembling the head of a hydra or polype:

the whole animal may, therefore, be considered as a very compound or ramified union of polypi, the bodies of which are contained in the naked part or stem, and from thence ramify into a vast number of processes, each furnished with its particular head. The animal emits a very strong phosphoric light, and it is even so luminous, that it is no uncommon circumstance for the fishermen to see the fish which happen to be swimming near it merely by the light of the Pens. Its colour is a bright red crimson, and the general size that of the figure.

Mr. Ellis, in the Philosophical Transactions, has published some specimens of this extraordinary animal, of a kidney-shaped form, and observes that it nourishes and supports itself by the succours of polype filaments, which we have expressed in the Engraving in a magnified size. By these they take in their food and discharge the exuviæ. In case of danger these little succours are drawn in.

Sea Pens are termed *locomotive zoophytes*, and swim in the manner of fish. Five hundred polypes may frequently be numbered on a single feather; and they number among the most rare and interesting animals of the order to which they belong.

Spirit of Discovery.

Vermin in Ships.

Steam has been lately found very successful in cleansing ships from vermin, and especially the white ant. In India, a steam boat was lately placed alongside a merchant vessel, and steam from its boiler conveyed by a very simple system of pipes in the hold of the latter, the apertures to which were closed as well as they could be. The operation was continued for several hours; and there is reason to believe it was effectual, and will prove a valuable process in the navy. Besides the direct object of cleansing the ship, another advantage accrued from the discovery of every leaky place existing, by the oozing of the water through it. The expense is said to be very moderate; and it is further stated to be the only process at present known, not even except sinking, which effectually destroys the white ant.—*Brande's Journal.*

Agriculture.

England possesses more pasture land than any other European country; and Spain the least.

In agriculture, France is a century behind England; and to equal England, France would have to make the immense progress which, since that time, has more than doubled the prosperity of the former country.

England not only surpasses France in the number of its cattle, but the animals are also finer, and their flesh is of better quality; so that an Englishman may enjoy nearly double the quantity of animal food that France supplies to each of its inhabitants, and with the further advantage of better quality. "Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England."

Indian Rouge.

We find in *Jameson's* last *Journal*, a very interesting paper by Dr. Hancock, on a Red Pigment, called *Carucru*, or *Chica*, which appears to be the Rouge of the interior Indians. It is produced like Indigo, from the plant chiefly found towards the head of Essequibo, Parima, and Rio Negro. On breaking a branch, the leaves, when dry, become almost of a blood red, and being pounded, are infused in water till a fermentation ensues. The liquor is then poured off and left to deposit a settlement, which forms the *Chica* paint. It is put up very neatly in little caskets made with palm leaves, and carried by the Atorayas and trading Caribs all over Guiana. It has a soft, cochineal, crimson shade, and is in great demand among the Indians as an ornamental paint. The use is chiefly for the face, whilst they stain the other parts of the body with Arnotta. They also apply the Chica on the cheeks and about the eyes, and variegate the countenance by marking the forehead, and along the facial line, with their coomazu, a yellow clay or ochre. This manner of painting produces a striking contrast, and gives them a very strange and furious appearance.

From the scarcity of the Chica, its employment is almost exclusively confined to the chiefs and higher orders, their nobility. The rest must be contented with Arnotta, or Poncer mixed with the oil of Carapa, a portion of which, with the Balsam of Aracousiri, mixed with these paints, imparts to them a very delightful odour. The *toilet*, therefore, of the rude tribes is as simple as their manners and mode of life, their chief material being perfume, and all being carried in a little gourd.

The Chica is not merely esteemed as a pigment, but is considered in the Orinoko as the most sovereign remedy for erysipelas, where that complaint is very prevalent. It is simply made with water into a paste, thinly spread on old linen

or cotton, and applied as a plaster to the inflamed part.—*Abridged.*

Indian Graters.

The Tacumas (Indians) are the fabricators of those curious Cassada Graters, which are considered superior to all others by those who are acquainted with them. They are made of a very hard wood, studded over with pointed flint stones, and fixed by a kind of cement and varnish of surprising durability; the substance being at the same time a strong cement and transparent varnish. These Cassada Graters are scarcely, if at all, known on the coast, or in the European settlements.—*Jameson's Journal.*

Wild Bulls.

In the province of San Martin, in South America, M. Roulier saw wild bulls feeding in the *llanos* among domestic cattle. These animals pass their morning in the woods, which cover the foot of the Cordillera, and come out only about two in the afternoon to feed in the savanna. The moment they perceive a man they gallop off to the woods.

Mount Souffre.

During the eruption of this volcano in 1812, the explosions were heard at 600 or 700 miles distance; and cinders were taken from the deck of a vessel 150 miles distant.

Force of Running Water.

In August, 1827, the small rivulet called the College, at the foot of the Cheviot Hills, was so swollen by the heavy rains, that the current tore away from the abutment of a mill dam, a large block of stone, weighing nearly two tons, and transported it to the distance of a quarter of a mile.

Cement.

The large snails which are found in gardens and woods, discharge a whitish substance, with a slimy and gelatinous appearance, which has been known to cement two pieces of flint so strongly as to bear dashing on a pavement without the junction being disturbed, although the flint broke into fragments by fresh fractures.

Artificial Ice.

A mixture of four ounces of nitrate of ammonia, four ounces of subcarbonate of soda, and four ounces of water, in a tin pail, has been found to produce ten ounces of ice in three hours.—*Brande's Journal.*

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THERE was an old and quiet man,
And by the fire sate he,
"And now," he said, "to you I'll tell
A dismal thing, which once befell
In a ship upon the sea.

'Tis five-and-fifty years gone by,
Since from the River Plate,
A young man, in a home-bound ship,
I sailed as second mate.

She was a trim, stout-timbered ship,
And built for stormy seas,
A lovely thing on the wave was she,
With her canvass set so gallantly
Before a steady breeze.

For forty days, like a winged thing
She went before the gale,
Nor all that time we slackened speed,
Turned helm, or altered sail.

She was a laden argosy
Of wealth from the Spanish Main,
And the treasure-hoards of a Portuguese
Returning home again.

An old and silent man was he,
And his face was yellow and lean,
In the golden lands of Mexico
A miner he had been.

His body was wasted, bent, and bowed,
And amid his gold he lay—
Amid iron chests that were bound with brass,
And he watched them night and day.

No word he spoke to any on board,
And his step was heavy and slow,
And all men deemed that an evil life
He had led in Mexico.

But list ye me—on the lone high seas,
As the ship went smoothly on,
It chanced, in the silent second watch,
I sate on the deck alone;
And I heard, from among those iron chests,
A sound like a dying groan.

I started to my feet—and lo!
The captain stood by me,
And he bore a body in his arms,
And dropped it in the sea.

I heard it drop into the sea,
With a heavy splashing sound,
And I saw the captain's bloody hands
As he quickly turned him round;
And he drew in his breath when me he saw
Like one convulsed, whom the withering awe
Of a spectre doth astound.

But I saw his white and palsied lips,
And the stare of his ghastly eye,
When he turned in hurried haste away,
Yet he had no power to fly;
He was chained to the deck with his heavy guilt,
And the blood that was not dry.

'"Twas a cursed thing,' said I, 'to kill
That old man in his sleep!
And the plagues of the sea will come from him,
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

And the plagues of the storm will follow us,
For Heaven his groans hath heard!"
Still the captain's eye was fixed on me,
But he answered never a word.

And he slowly lifted his bloody hand
His aching eyes to shade,
But the blood that was wet did freeze his soul,
And he shrinked like one afraid.

And even then—that very hour
The wind dropped, and a spell
Was on the ship, was on the sea,
And we lay for weeks, how wearily,
Where the old man's body fell.

I told no one within the ship
That horrid deed of sin;
For I saw the hand of God at work,
And punishment begin.

And when they spoke of the murdered man,
And the El Dorado hoard,
They all surmised he had walked in dreams,
And had fallen overboard.

But I alone, and the murderer—
That dreadful thing did know,
How he lay in his sin, a murdered man,
A thousand fathom low.

And many days, and many more,
Came on, and lagging sped,
And the heavy waves of that sleeping sea
Were dark, like molten lead.

And not a breeze came, east or west,
And burning was the sky,
And stifling was each breath we drew
Of the air so hot and dry.

Oh me! there was a smell of death
Hung round us night and day;
And I dared not look in the sea below
Where the old man's body lay.

In his cabin, alone, the captain kept,
And he bolted fast the door,
And up and down the sailors walked,
And wished that the calm was o'er.

The captain's son was on board with us,
A fair child, seven years old,
With a merry look that all men loved,
And a spirit kind and bold.

I loved the child, and I took his hand,
And made him kneel and pray
That the crime; for which the calm was sent,
Might be purged clean away.

For I thought that God would hear his prayer,
And set the vessel free,—
For a dreadful thing it was to lie
Upon that charnel sea.

Yet I told him not wherefore he prayed,
Nor why the calm was sent
I would not give that knowledge dark
To a soul so innocent.

At length I saw a little cloud
Arise in that sky of flame,
A little cloud—but it grew and grew,
And blackened as it came.

And we saw the sea beneath its track
Grow dark as the frowning sky,
And water-spouts, with a rushing sound,
Like giants, passed us by.

And all around, 'twixt sky and sea,
A hollow wind did blow;
And the waves were heaved from the ocean depths,
And the ship rocked to and fro.

I knew it was that fierce death-calm
Its horrid hold undoing,
And I saw the plagues of wind and storm
Their missioned work pursuing.

There was a yell in the gathering winds,
A groan in the heaving sea,
And the captain rushed from the hold below,
But he durst not look on me.

He seized each rope with a madman's haste,
And he set the helm to go,
And every sail he crowded on
As the furious winds did blow.

And away they went, like autumn leaves
Before the tempest's rout,
And the naked masts with a crash came down,
And the wild ship tossed about.

The men, to spars and splintered boards,
Clung, till their strength was gone,
And I saw them from their feeble hold
Washed over one by one.

And 'mid the creaking timber's din,
And the roaring of the sea,
I heard the dismal, drowning cries
Of their last agony.

There was a curse in the wind that blew,
A curse in the boiling wave;
And the captain knew that vengeance came
From the old man's ocean grave.

And I heard him say, as he sate apart,
In a hollow voice and low,
'Tis a cry of blood doth follow us,
And still doth plague us so!'

And then those heavy iron chests
With desperate strength took he,
And ten of the strongest mariners
Did cast them into the sea.

And out, from the bottom of the sea,
There came a hollow groan;—
The captain by the gunwale stood,
And he looked like icy stone—
And he drew in his breath with a gasping sob,
And a spasm of death came on.

And a furious boiling wave rose up,
With a rushing, thundering roar,—
I saw the captain fall to the deck,
But I never saw him more.

Two days before, when the storm began,
We were forty men and five,
But ere the middle of that night
There were but two alive.

The child and I, we were but two,
And he clung to me in fear;
Oh! it was pitiful to see
That meek child in his misery,
And his little prayers to hear!

At length, as if his prayers were heard,
'Twas calmer, and anon
The clear sun shone, and warm and low
A steady wind from the west did blow,
And drove us gently on.

And on we drove, and on we drove,
That fair young child and I,
But his heart was as a man's in strength,
And he uttered not a cry.

There was no bread within the wreck,
And water we had none,
Yet he murmured not, and cheered me
When my last hopes were gone;
But I saw him waste and waste away,
And his rosy cheek grow wan.

Still on we drove, I knew not where,
For many nights and days,
We were too weak to raise a sail,
Had there been one to raise.

Still on we went, as the west wind drove,
On, on, o'er the pathless tide;
And I lay in a sleep, 'twixt life and death,
And the child was at my side.

And it chanced as we were drifting on
Amid the great South Sea,
An English vessel passed us by
That was sailing cheerily;
Unheard by me, that vessel hailed
And asked what we might be.

The young child at the cheer rose up,
And gave an answering word,
And they drew him from the drifting wreck
As light as is a bird.

They took him gently in their arms,
And put again to sea:—
'Not yet! not yet!' he feebly cried,
'There was a man with me.'

Again unto the wreck they came,
Where, like one dead, I lay,
And a ship-boy small had strength enough
To carry me away.

Oh, joy it was when sense returned
That fair, warm ship to see,
And to hear the child within his bed
Speak pleasant words to me!

I thought at first that we had died,
And all our pains were o'er,
And in a blessed ship of Heaven
Were sailing to its shore.

But they were human forms that knelt
Beside our bed to pray,
And men, with hearts most merciful,
Did watch us night and day.

'Twas a dismal tale I had to tell
Of wreck and wild distress,
But, even then, I told to none
The captain's wickedness.

For I loved the boy, and I could not cloud
His soul with a sense of shame:—
'Twere an evil thing, thought I, to blast
A sinless orphan's name!

So he grew to be a man of wealth,
And of honourable fame.

And in after years, when he had ships,
I sailed with him the sea,
And in all the sorrow of my life
He was a son to me:
And God hath blessed him every where
With a great prosperity."

The Amulet for 1830.

THE LITTLE MAJOR'S LOVE ADVENTURE.

You must know, when I was in the 18th light dragoons, I was quartered in Canterbury; and having got some introductory letters, I contrived to make out a pleasant time enough. One of my visiting-houses was old Tronson's the banker's — devilish agreeable family— four pretty girls—all flirted—painted on velvet—played the harp—sang Italian, and danced as if they had been brought up under D'Egville in the *corps de ballet*. The old boy kept a man-cook, and gave iced champagne. Now, you know, there is no standing this; and Harriette, the second of the beauties, and I, agreed to fall in love, which in due course of time we effected. Nothing could be better managed than the whole affair; we each selected a confidant, sat for our pictures, interchanged them with a passionate note, and made a regular engagement for ever.

Such was the state of things, when the route came, and my troop was ordered to embark for Portugal. Heavens! what a commotion! Harriette was in hysterics: we talked of an elopement, and discussed the propriety of going to Gretna; but the hurry to embark prevented us. I could not, you know, take her with me. Woman in a transport! a devilish bore; and nothing was left for it but to exchange vows of eternal fidelity. We did so, and parted—both persuaded that our hearts were reciprocally broken.

Ah! —— if you knew what I suffered night and day! her picture rested in my bosom; and I consumed a pipe of wine in toasting her health, while I was dying of damp and rheumatism. But the recollection of my *constant Harriette* supported me through all; and particularly so, when I was cheered by the report of my snub-nosed surgeon, who joined us six months after at Santarem, and assured me on the faith of a physician, that the dear girl was in the last stage of a consumption.

Two years passed away, and we were ordered home. O heavens! what were my feelings when I landed at Portsmouth! I threw myself into a carriage, and started with four horses for Canterbury: I arrived there with a safe neck, and lost not a moment in announcing my return to my constant Harriette.

The delay of the messenger seemed an eternity: but what were my feelings, when he brought me a perfumed note (to do her justice, she always wrote on lovely letter-paper), and a parcel. The one contained congratulations of my safe arrival, accompanied by assurances of unfeigned regret that I had not reached Canterbury a day sooner, and thus allowed her an opportunity of having her "dear friend Captain Melcomb" present at her wedding; while the packet was a large assortment of French kid skins and white ribbon.

That blessed morning she had bestowed her fair hand on a fat professor of theology from Brazen Nose, who had been just presented to a rich prebend by the bishop, for having proved beyond a controversy, the divine origin of tithes, in a blue-bound pamphlet. Before I had time to recover from my astonishment, a travelling carriage brought me to the window; and quickly as it passed, I had full time to see *ma belle Harriette* seated beside the thick-winded dignitary. She bowed her white Spanish hat and six ostrich feathers to me as she rolled off, to spend, as the papers informed me, "the honey-moon at the lakes of Cumberland.' There was a blessed return for two years' exposure to the attacks of rheumatism and French cavalry.—*Stories of Waterloo.*

WHEN the celebrated Philip Henry was ejected from the establishment, Dr. Busby (who had been his tutor) meeting him, said, "Who made you a nonconformist?" "You, Sir," replied he, "I made you a nonconformist!" "Yes, Sir, you taught me those principles which forbade to violate my conscience."

TOSCAR.

The Sketch-Book.

ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

(For the Mirror.)

ANTWERP possesses considerable interest to an Englishman, as a place of great importance during the late war, when there was a sort of mystery attached to it, as the secret grand naval depot of Napoleon, which our Government thought to "cripple France for ever," by getting into our own hands! But what the Earl of Chatham, with an army of twenty thousand men, aided by a fine British fleet, could not do, I did: I made my entry into Antwerp—without molestation, thanks to the benign Spirit of Peace—towards the evening of a fine day in July; and while the impression of novelty was still fresh, enjoyed a rich treat in viewing its noble Cathedral. The interior is grand, but simple—striking the beholder more by its loftiness and spaciousness, than by any profusion of glittering ornament, so common in Catholic churches—although the forest of pillars, the altar-piece, the statues, and above all the splendid pictures which grace the walls, form a rich ariety to the eye. It would be useless to enter into a minute detail, for no description can give a stranger a perfect idea of one building distinct from others of a similar kind, and those who have seen the object itself do not require it. Antwerp may be called the country of Rubens: at every turn you meet with monuments of his genius; and here (in the Cathedral) you have what is esteemed his masterpiece—the "Descent from the Cross"—which surprises you with a boldness of drawing, vigour and richness of colouring, and an animation in the grouping, that can scarcely be excelled; and when you discern the colossal figures from a little distance amongst the pillars and arches of the nave, you feel inclined to bow in reverence to the divinity of the genius which has portrayed so wonderful a conception of the mind. It is needless to say that this was one of the works of art carried to Paris to enrich the gallery of the Louvre, together with one placed in a corresponding situation, "The Assumption of the Virgin," which is more in Rubens' florid style than the former. There is also, by the same master-hand, a noble picture, "The Elevation of the Cross," in the artist's happiest manner; and the exquisite altarpiece, "The Ascension," is also his work. There are several other fine paintings here—one of them said to be the best performance of Quintin Matsys, who, under the inspiration of love, deserted the anvil for the pallet; and another by his father-in-law, Flors, supposed to be the identical picture upon which the *ci devant* blacksmith painted a bee, with such skill as to obtain the old artist's cordial consent to the marriage of Matsys with his daughter. Amongst the carved woodwork in the aisles, we admired the execution of several statues of Saints, male and female, whose features and drapery are finished with all the delicacy of marble.

The shades of evening now began to add to the solemnity of the scene, by the indistinctness that was gradually enveloping the more distant objects; and, alone, we almost dreaded to break, with our own whispers, the silence which reigned around. In the midst of this "stillness audible," the fine bell of the cathedral struck the hour, and its melodious tone seemed at once to reach the heart. We sat down to listen to the prolonged note, as each successive toll reverberated through the expanse—lingering like a halo around the walls, and appearing to awaken echoes from the guardian spirits of the night. I fancied I had never in my life heard so full-toned—so musical a bell: certain it is, none ever gave me the same sensation of delight. Indeed, the whole belfry is well assorted, for the *carillons*, which play certain airs at intervals, produce a sweeter effect than I remember any where else; and one of the pleasant recollections I retain of Antwerp arises out of the frequent, but unobtrusive, chimes that salute the ear during the day. We left Notre Dame this time with "lingering steps and slow."

But how can I give an idea of the exterior? The tendency to placid reflection which we had caught within found ample food for indulgence when we came to witness the effect of the architecture without, combined with the particular time of night—about nine o'clock—different tints and shadows displaying themselves upon the angles of the building, as the light decreased. Imagine a spire of light, ornamental, elegant open-work, carried up about a hundred feet higher than St. Paul's. I believe it is the loftiest in Europe, with the exception of Strasbourg, than which, in the opinion of many, it is more handsome. The only drawback upon its beauty is the glaringly large dial of the clock; but even this may suggest appropriate reflection: for may we not consider it an emblem of Time, whose course it measures, intruding upon the

fairest prospects of our lives, to remind us that all human monuments and enjoyments must yield to his irresistible hand? The spire rises on one side of the principal entrance; and there is a corresponding tower on the other, to the height of the base of the steeple part, as if there had been an intention to erect one of similar dimensions there also, like the twin towers of Westminster Abbey; but I cannot help thinking, that as two and two are said not always to make four, the projecting counterpart, instead of doubling the effect, would have lessened the feeling of stupendous height with which the present single pinnacle inspires the beholders. As there cannot be two suns in the same sphere, neither could the spire of Antwerp have borne a rival near its solitary, aërial throne. It soars aloft with such grandeur, that in gazing upon it my brain actually grew dizzy with the sight: never was I conscious in an equal degree of such a feeling of awe from a work of art, and my mind really ached with the intensity of the impression.—We seemed to view this sublime object with mutual wonder and admiration—gazing upon it in one position, then in another—walking about—stopping—excited as it were by the same impulse. Once, when nearly dark, as our eyes were fixed upon the top, a gentle light suddenly appeared upon the very summit, crowning the majestic fane with glory, as if pointing it out for admiration to a surrounding world: it was a star twinkling upon the very spot where the highest point of the spire rested on the sky.

The name of Antwerp is derived from *Hand-werpen* or *Hand-thrown*: so called from a legend, which informs us that on the site of the present city once stood the castle of a giant, who held the neighbouring country in thraldom, and who was accustomed to amuse himself by cutting off, and casting into the river, the right hands of the unfortunate wights that fell into his power; but that being at last conquered himself, his own immense hand was disposed of, with poetical justice, in the same way. With the impression of this story on my mind, it came into my head that the giant was personified by the towering spire: no wonder, thought I, that Don Quixote mistook a windmill for a giant, since I, even in my sober senses, cannot get rid of the idea that I see the mighty *hand-thrower* before me. With a little confusion of the image, I then imagined the spire to be the guardian of the city—that it took cognizance of all its affairs, and that it would watch me even into my retreat for the night. Like the adored phantom of youthful love, it pervaded every place, and haunted me in my dreams. Often the motion of the clouds seemed to be transferred to the lofty spire, which again assuming the giant character startled me with the impression that it was falling towards me, or rushing to crush its victims, like the horrid car of Jaggernaut.

Through the Giant's Gate, so called from a colossal statue reclining upon it, there is an opening to the Scheldt;—without is the quay, covered with merchandize unloading from the ships in the river, and serving as an evening promenade. Here you may see the other eminences of the city occasionally, but the gigantic one—always: it stalks out from amidst the cluster of buildings your constant companion whereever you go—as you walk along, it appears to move with you, and when you stop it waits with patience until you go on again. On another occasion we took a boat on the Scheldt, and landing at some distance below the town, had a delightful walk along its banks, which are elevated like part of Milbank, near Vauxhall-bridge; and the situation has much the same character. The river, however, is grander, as I should judge it to be twice the width of the Thames at London-bridge, and it flows with great rapidity. It was a charming evening, and we saw the sun set in all his glory down the Scheldt, in the bosom of which were reflected the endless tints of the sky, whose golden brilliancy was beautifully relieved by the intervention of some cottages near us, and a pretty village, with its church-spire a little further off. On one side was the flat cultivated country of Flanders, and looking up the river, we beheld the shipping and the whole city: all the churches and towers raised their varied forms, but still only to do homage, as it were, to the great pile which outstripped them, and which was lit up by the radiance of the departed sun. Model of splendour! "from morn 'till dewy eve" how must thy elegant form be engraven on the hearts of the natives of the city thou overlookest, exciting emotions of home, like the craggy rock of the Highlanders, when they are absent in distant lands! and how must the youth, whom the love of art carries to study the treasures of Venice and Rome, when returning to shed a lustre upon his natal place—of being one day named with Matsys and Rubens, and the other splendid painters by whom it has been adorned—how

must the first glance that he catches of thy hallowed height make his heart throb with endearing thoughts of the friends he left under thy shade, and absorb for the moment all feelings of ambition in the recollection of the boyish days passed within thy ken—but now, alas, departed for ever! May the fires of heaven, and the tremblings of earth, never injure thy venerable beauty; but may thousands, and tens of thousands, in time to come, as in time past, gaze upon thee—as I, an obscure, nameless stranger, have done—with thoughts too deep for words!

During the evening I have alluded to we were accompanied by the accomplished Miss ——, whose talents must be well known to many of our own artists who have visited Antwerp; and this being her native place, her conversation gave us those kindly associations of home, without which no scenes, however beautiful or however uncommon, can penetrate the inmost recesses of the soul. W. G.

*** Our Correspondent, in a few introductory lines, modestly, though somewhat unnecessarily, apologizes for the enthusiasm of the reflective portion of the previous sketch. He will perceive that we have ventured upon a few slight alterations. He concludes his note to us with an assurance that "the feelings were sincere, however trifling the thoughts, or inadequate the expression." Of his sincerity we have no doubt; and where the feelings of a writer are so honourable to his heart as are many in this paper, we are not fastidious enough to quarrel with inadvertencies of the head. All have felt the overpowering effect produced by the contemplation of the sublimities of art, but comparatively few are aware of the difficulty of embodying these first impressions in descriptive detail.—Ed.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

VIVIAN GREY pronounces school ushers execrable wretches, because they wear pepper and salt pantaloons; Lady Morgan improves upon him, declaring the man who wears a white waistcoat in the morning, or the woman who curtsies at a drawing-room door, out of the pale of society. It is surprising that people will write such rubbish as this—more surprising that others will print it—most surprising that folks buy it—and as Cobbett would say, what surprises us "most of all," is that people read it. Q.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD FARM.

SPELMAN derives this word from the Saxon term *fearme*, or *feorme*, which signifies *victus*, food, or *provision*, as the tenants and country people anciently paid their rents in victuals and other necessaries of life, but which was afterwards converted into the payment of certain sums of money. Hence a *farm* was originally a place which furnished or supplied its owner or lord with provisions. P. T. W.

AT an inn in a market town upon the road to Holyhead, a gentleman sat in the kitchen smoking his pipe, and watching with anxiety a fowl that was roasting for his supper. At length a tall, meagre figure stalked in, and after an earnest and melancholy look at the fowl, retired with a sigh. Repeating his visit he exclaimed, "That fowl will never be done in time." "What do you mean?" said the gentleman, "that fowl is for my supper, and you shan't touch a bit of it." "Oh," replied the other, "you misunderstand me; I don't want the fowl; but I am to play *Oroonoko* this evening, and we cannot begin for want of the *jack chain*." C. C.

THOMAS PAINE.

WHEN Paine's "Rights of Man," reached Lewes, where he married a Miss Olive, the women as with one voice, said, "Od rot im, let im come ear if he dast, an we'll tell him what the Rights of Women is; we'll toss im in a blanket, and ring im out of Lewes wi our frying pans."—*Cheetham's Life of Paine.*

EPIGRAM.

AH, Lucy, 'twas a roguish thought
That kindled up that rosy hue;
True, 'twas a roguish thought, for I,
Thought none so great a rogue as *you*.

BITER BIT.

MR. ANDREW CHERRY, the performer, having received an offer for an engagement from a manager, who had not behaved altogether well to him, sent him word, "that he had been bit by him once, and he was resolved that he should not make *two bites of A. Cherry*."

PIRON AND THE THISTLE.

PIRON, the satiric poet, having quarrelled with the good people of Beaune, set about cutting down all the thistles in the neghbourhood. On being asked the reason, he said, "I am at war with the Baunese, and am cutting off their provisions."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

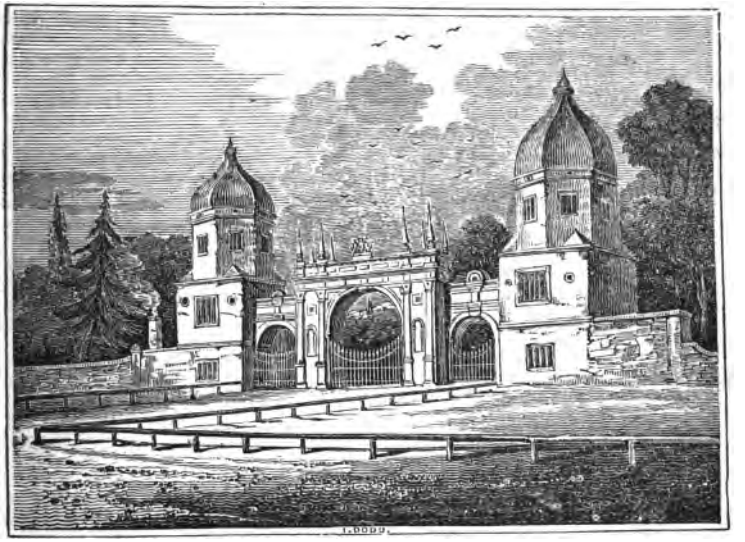
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 397.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1829. [Price 2*d*.

Burleigh, Northamptonshire.



The above is a view of the grand screen and entrance lodges to Burleigh, or Burghley, the seat of the Cecil family, and now the property of the Marquess of Exeter. The house and principal part of the demesne, are within the parish of Stamford St. Martin, in the church of which are some costly monuments to several eminent persons of the Cecil family; and this estate gave title to William Cecil, Baron Burleigh, in 1570. The park was formed, and the mansion, which is one of the most splendid in the kingdom, was mostly built by the great Lord Treasurer, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the following inscription, over one of the entrances, within a central court, records the era of this work:—"W. Dom. de Byrghley, 1577." Beneath the turret is the date of 1585, when some grand additions were made to the mansion; and the above Grand Entrance, towards the north, appears to have been added in 1587. Since these dates, several material alterations and additions have been made by subsequent possessors; and the whole, as a building, with its vast and varied collection of works of art, is one of the most magnificent show-houses in England. The spacious and finely wooded park and large lake are also very fine. The house surrounds a square court, to the east of which is the great hall, kitchen, various domestic offices, with spacious stables, coach-houses, &c. — all indicative of the splendid hospitalities of the Elizabethean age and old English character. The south front commands a fine sloping lawn, with a broad sheet of water, formed by Brown, together with some interesting park-scenery; the western side has nearly the same views, with the advantage of distant objects in Rutlandshire, Lincolnshire, and the spires of Stamford. From the north front the ground gradually slopes to the river Welland. A complete list of the pictures and valuable curiosities of Burleigh will be found in a Guide published by the ingenious Mr. Drakard, bookseller, of Stamford, as well as in that gentleman's excellent *History of Stamford*.

About two miles west of Burleigh, are the ruins of Wothorp, or Worthorp House. According to Camden, a man-

sion of considerable size was erected here by Thomas Cecil, the first Earl of Burleigh, who jocularly said, "he built it only to retire to out of the dust, while his great house at Burleigh was sweeping." After the Restoration the Duke of Buckingham resided here for some years.

THE LION'S ROAR.

(For the Mirror.)

Sad is my grief, and violent my rage,
Furious I knock my head against the rail,
That damns me to this miserable cage;
Fierce as a Jack Tar with his well chew'd tail,
I dash my spittle on the ground, and roar
Loud as the trump to bid us be no more.

I am the doughty, the illustrious beast,
Called Leo, father of the Panther young,
Tho' last begotten, not belov'd the least,
You all know I have a roast beef tongue:
Then, hear my John Bull clamour, hear my shout!
Why, why the d——, must we all turn out?

Did I not keep a beef-eater below
To show the ladies to my monarch cave?
I kept a constant levee day of show,
And seldom monarchs so polite behave!
You paid far less for seeing me, I ken,
Than *porterage* for seeing noble men.

Did I not eat my supper in your presence,
And gnaw the beef bone with a greedy tusk?
Did you not shudder at the marrow's essence,
Not quite so beautiful or sweet as musk?
Did I not ope my lion fauces wider
Than is the difference 'twixt Moore and Ryder?

Then, why the d——?—I'm obliged to swear!
Must we turn out, to grace the monarch's mews,
From the thronged Strand which seemed our native air,
And, where as thick as piety in pews,
We growl'd within our dens, nor hop'd to change,
Nor wish'd, instead of Exeter, a change.

Sweet lovely corner, neighb'ring the Lyceum,
Lord of whose showy board I used to crow,
Frighting my brethren when folks came to see 'em,
Or cutlery of Mr. Clarke below;
I mourn thee in the King's Mews, Mr. Cross
Get Mr. Southey's muse to sing my loss.

Yes, I am chang'd, like shillings from the Mint
Sent forth to find another one's protection!
Chang'd as palaver which the members print
And do not follow after their election!
Ah! Mr. Cross, your gratitude is low,
You might have ask'd me where I wish'd to go.

Since we have turn'd out, like a minister
Whose day of residence on loaves and fishes,
Finding himself unable to defer,
He offers up, as if 'twere to his wishes;
Listen, tho' lately coming, to my moan,
And then I'll tell you where we *should* have gone.

The Monkeys should have dwelt in the Arcade,
And join'd their fellows, and their brethren Ape
Sat in the shop where clothes are ready made,
To show how elegant they fit the shape!
The Bears gone westward also, ne'er to range
The city, lest they got upon the Change.

The Tigers, with their talons might have got
A place as blood letters to Dr. Brooks!
The Ounces found themselves a cosy spot
In a confectioner's or pastrycook's,
And yet I question howsoe'er they bake,
That *sixteen ounces* make not a *pound*-cake.

And, O, you Elephant!—I beg your pardon!
Dead Chunee! listen to my grave petition,
And take your ivory to Covent Garden;
That they may furnish me a free admission,
And you, you Lynx, you ought to out, and sally
The Winter Theatres, or dark blind alley.

The lovely Zebra, Asia's painted ass,
'Stead of a den, and bed of straw possessor,
Down to old Cambridge should have had a pass,
To fill the office of some wise professor;
Then, had he shown each antiquated quiz,
His Zebra auricles were long as his.

Thus had we all obtained a proper station,
'Twere in one day of happiness to cruise,
And I had never written my vexation
At being palac'd in the Royal Mews.
The reason for which conduct I'm at loss,
O, Mr. Cross, 'tay'nt you, but I am cross.

I really thought thou had'st been much genteeler,
Polite-o was thy grandfather, remember
Thou wert a Merchant Tailor, and a stealer
To school in younger days, in cold December,
Then did thy fingers, shiv'ring like a Russ,
Make thee to feel—thou could'st not feel for us.

At Charing Cross, the Golden Cross is thine
No longer; why, then hurry us so near it,
We do not in the little tap-room dine,
Where Greenwich cads and Walworth jarvies beer it,
This Mews is cold to the Exchange's glow,
Belle Sauvage Cross, thou'rt *beau sauvage*, I trow.

My usage is the best, I don't deny,
Thou'st fee'd the keeper, and he likes to feed us,
But, then the situation I decry,
But crying's useless—who the deuce will heed us?
Then, reader, would you listen to my wail,
Come, and but see me, "I'll unfold my *tail*."

P. T

CALCULATING CHILD.

(Translated from the last number of the Revue Encyclopedique. By a Correspondent.)

(For the Mirror.)

A boy, seven years of age, whose name is Vincent Zuccaro, has excited the public attention at Palermo for some time past. This child, born of poor and

uneducated parents, possesses an extraordinary talent for calculation; his mind seizes, as it were, by instinct, all the varied combinations of numbers, which he unravels with equal facility. The various reports which had been spread throughout the city, respecting his talents, appeared so incredible, that a public meeting of literary men was expressly convened, for the purpose of examining his pretensions. The meeting was held on the 30th of January last, at the Academy *Del Buon Gusto*, and consisted of upwards of four hundred persons, among whom were observed some of the most distinguished literati and influential persons of the city. Two Professors of Mathematics were stationed near the child, to prevent collusion or fraud, and to take minutes of the questions proposed, with the answers returned. A great number of questions were proposed, which Vincent Zuccaro answered with a facility that excited general admiration. We shall only extract two of the most simple, as some of the questions would be hardly intelligible to general readers:

Question 1.—A ship set sail at noon from Naples to Palermo (the distance between the two cities being 180 miles), and sailed at the rate of ten miles an hour; another ship set off at the same time, to sail from Palermo to Naples, at the rate of seven miles per hour: at what time did the ships meet each other, and what was the distance sailed by each? Vincent Zuccaro immediately replied—The first ship sailed 105 15-17 miles; the second, 74 2-17 miles. It was then observed to him, that he had only answered part of the question, and that the hour of meeting had been omitted. He then said this would be 10 10-17 hours after the time of the departure. The child had perceived that this part of the answer was implicitly contained in the former; which he also imagined the examiners perceived as well as himself, and therefore he omitted it.

Question 2.—In three successive attacks upon a town, a quarter of the assailants perished in the first attack, a fifth in the second, and a sixth in the last, when their number was reduced to 138 men. Required the original number? Answer, 360.

Q.—How did you find that number?

A.—If the number had been 60, there would eventually have remained 23; now 23 being the sixth of 138, the assailants were 6 times 60 or 360 at first.

Q.—Why did you suppose the number 60, rather than 50 or 70?

A.—Because neither 50 nor 70 are divisible by 4 or 6.

From these questions and replies, it will be readily understood that the child does not employ the ordinary artifices of mathematicians. Marquess Scriso, who was the first person to discover this singular talent, is about, with several other persons of distinction in the city, to solicit the aid of Government in the education of the child, every one being fully aware of the impropriety of subjecting him to the ordinary mode of education.

"OUT OF SEASON," OR THE BEAU'S LAMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

"There is no labour so great as idleness."

Heigho! what a blank is our being! ahi!
For there's nobody left in the town,
That's nobody fit to associate with *me*;
Dinner's up, but my spirits are down,
I can't eat or drink (how should I?) for sorrow,
And the lack of some usual treat,
And I surely should hang me, or marry to-morrow,
Were there not a few *bawls* in the street.

Hang! marry! said I, why I'm now *drown'd* in tears,
Who am wont in *sham pain* to lose real;
And could pull my own house down, about my own ears
For lack of amusements ideal;
But plays, concerts, shopping, Di'ramas so bright,
That enlarge the pent mind at a view,
Are fled with my friends; I'm the wretchedest *wight*
That from devil *ennui*, e'er look'd *blue!*

O horrible! horrible *world!* there's not e'en
An old maid in't, to ask me to tea;
Not fit, or in country or town, to *be* seen,
They have hurried off, blindly *to see!*
Parks, houses, clubs, shops, churches, squares, *deserts* seem;
Quite flat, Magazines and Newspapers;
Ah, what shall I do? make a trial of *steam*,
In order to banish the *vapours?*

Shall I swallow my dinner? I can't—shall I sleep?
Then I don't get away from *myself!*
Shall I think what a beau I have *once* been, and weep
Like a belle, that is laid on the shelf?
Shall I write? shall I read? ah, yes, that will do,
But an old book is terrible stuff:
Boy, get the new novel, stop, *reading's* so new,
That a *book* will be *novel* enough!

M L. B.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF DRURY LANE.

(For the Mirror.)

The reader will most probably exclaim, "Ancient History of Drury Lane!

What a *farce!*" A dirty lane filled with all complexions of hawkers and pedlars, licensed and unlicensed!—true incurious reader, Gay has sung

"Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes:"

yet the topographical and theatrical loiterer may call to mind many *pleasing* reminiscences, although mingled with *unpleasing* ones:

"Who has not here a watch or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast."
GAY.

Stowe says, "Drury Lane, so called, for that there is a house belonging to the family of the Druries.* This lane turneth north towards S. Giles in the field. From the south end of this lane in the high street, are divers faire buildings, hostelries, and houses for gentlemen, and men of honor, &c."

Nightingale tells us, "The west end of Wych Street was formerly ornamented by Drury House, built by Sir William Drury, an able commander in the Irish wars, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and who unfortunately fell in a duel with Sir John Burroughs, through a foolish quarrel about precedency. During the time of the fatal discontents of Elizabeth's favourite, the Earl of Essex, it was the place where his imprudent advisers resolved on such counsels, as terminated in the destruction of him and his adherents. In the next century it was possessed by the heroic Earl of Craven, who rebuilt it. It was lately a large brick pile, concealed by other buildings and was a public-house, bearing the sign of the Queen of Bohemia's Head, the earl's admired mistress, whose battles he fought animated by love and duty. When he could aspire to her hand, he is supposed to have succeeded, and it is said, that they were privately married; and that he built for her the fine seat at Hampstead Marshal, in the county of Berks, afterwards destroyed by fire. The services rendered by the earl to London, his native city, in particular, were exemplary. He was so indefatigable in preventing the ravages of the frequent fires of those days, that it was said his very horse smelt it out. He and Monk, Duke of Albemarle,† heroically staid in town during the dreadful pestilence, and at the hazard of their lives preserved order in the midst of the terror of the times." The house was taken down, and the ground purchased by Mr. Philip Astley, who built there the Olympic Pavilion. In Craven Buildings there was formerly a very good portrait of the Earl of Craven in armour, with a truncheon in his hand, and mounted on his white horse. The Theatre Royal in this street, originated on the Restoration. "The king made a grant of a patent (says Pennant) for acting in what was then called the Cockpit, and the Phœnix, the actors were the king's servants, were on the establishment, and ten of them were called gentlemen of the Great Chamber, and had ten yards of scarlet cloth allowed them, with a suitable quantity of lace."

There is a curious specimen of ancient architecture at the sign of the Cock and Magpie public-house, facing Craven Buildings. Smith, in his *London*, says, "The late Mr. Thomas Batrich, barber, of Drury Lane, (who died in 1815, aged 85 years,) informed me that Theophilus Cibber was the author of many of the prize-fighting bills, and that he frequently attended and encouraged his favourites. It may be here observed, that Drury Lane had seldom less than seven fights on a Sunday morning, all going on at the same time on distinct spots." At present, the fights are between the apple-women and the dogberries, respecting the *legal tenure of stalls:*

"Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her cherries on a *stall*."
KING.

Drury Lane will always be interesting to the theatrical loiterer, from the number of *stars* that have *irradiated* from its *horizon*. If the wise Solon had lived in our times, he would no doubt have felt a local attachment to this neighbourhood; for he frequented plays even in the decline of life. And Plutarch informs us, he thought plays useful to polish the manners, and instil the principles of virtue. P. T. W.

* Dr. Donne resided in a house of Sir R. Drury. Vide *Life* by honest Izaak Walton.

† He married a daughter of one of the Fine Barber-women of Drury Lane.

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMATICAL EPITAPH,

(See Mirror, vol. xiv. page 214.)

O! Superbe! Mors superte! Cur Superbis?
Deus supernos! negat superbis vitam supernam.

Proud man know this! then wherefore art thou proud?
This awful doom—terrific cries aloud—
Death lifts his arm! with unrelenting dart,
Ready to pierce thy lofty-tow'ring heart.
Why then persist? The Almighty hath denied
Eternal life to all the slaves of Pride!

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE NEW-YEAR'S GIFT AND JUVENILE SOUVENIR FOR 1830.

Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts.

THE association of the line—

In wit a man, simplicity a child—

is so happy as to be applicable to the Poet of all Nature. It expresses as much, if not more merit, than any single line often quoted, and its frequent repetition has probably induced us to consider the latter half—"simplicity a child"—as the peculiar talent of writing for young people, aimed at by many, yet accomplished by so few. What is it that so delights the young reader—we may say ourselves — in Robinson Crusoe*—the Shakspeare of the play-ground — but *simplicity;* and where, among the thousands of nursery books that have since been written, can we find its match? In childhood, youth, manhood, and old age, this is the great charm of life; and even the vitiated appetite is not unfrequently coaxed into amendment by its very delightful character when contrasted with coarser enjoyments. Metaphysicians deal out this fact to the world over and over again, and all the philosophy of Locke, Newton, and Bacon would be of little worth without it.

But this is too philosophical a strain for noticing a child's book—a little volume that is among books what a child is in human nature—"man in a small letter;" and such is Mrs. Watt's "New Year's Gift." To express all the kindly feelings which it must produce in a mind occupied as ours often is with graver matters—would be only to repeat what we said a fortnight since; and so without further premise, we will open this little casket of gems for the reader. We shall not string names together, but take a few of them. First, the "Sisters of Scio," a true story, by the author of "Constantinople in 1828," of two little Greek girls being saved from the Turks, by a good Christian. Next is "The Recall," by Mrs. Hemans:—

Music is sorrowful
Since thou wert gone;
Sisters are mourning thee—
Come to thine own!
Hark! the home voices call,
Back to thy rest!
Come to thy father's hall,
Thy mother's breast!
O'er the far blue mountains,
O'er the white sea-foam,
Come, thou long parted one!
Back to thy home!

—How appropriate is the story and its sequel; nay, almost as good as two of Mr. Farley's pantomime scenes at Christmas. "The Miller's Daughter," a tale of the French Revolution, which follows, is hardly so fit: even the mention of Robespierre and the Reign of Terror chills one's blood. "The Sights of London," is a string of "City Scenes" in verse; and "May Maxwell," and "The Broken Pitcher," are pretty ballads, by the Howitts. We are not half through the book, and can only mention "the Young Governess," a school story—"the Birds and the Beggar of Bagdad," a fairy tale—"Lady Lucy's Petition," an historiette—"the Restless Boy," by Mrs. Opie, and the "Passionate Little Girl," by Mrs. Hofland—all sparkling trifles in prose. Among the poetry is "the African Mier-Vark," or Ant-eater, by Mr. Pringle, and "the Deadly Nightshade," a sweetly touching ballad, dated from Florence; "the Vulture of the Alps" is of similar character; and we are much pleased with some lines on Birds, by Barry Cornwall, one set of which we copy, the best prose papers being too long for extract:

TO A WOUNDED SINGING BIRD.

Poor singer! hath the fowler's gun,
Or the sharp winter, done thee harm?
We'll lay thee gently in the sun,
And breathe on thee, and keep thee warm
Perhaps some human kindness still
May make amends for human ill.

We'll take thee in, and nurse thee well,
And save thee from the winter wild,
Till summer fall on field and fell,
And thou shalt be our feathered child,
And tell us all thy pain and wrong
When thou again canst speak in song.

Fear not, nor tremble, little bird,—
We'll use thee kindly now,
And sure there's in a friendly word
An accent even *thou* shouldst know;
For kindness which the heart doth teach,
Disdaineth all peculiar speech.

'Tis common to the bird, and brute,
To fallen man, to angel bright,
And sweeter 'tis than lonely lute
Heard in the air at night—
Divine and universal tongue,
Whether by bird or spirit sung!

But hark! is that a sound we hear
Come chirping from its throat,—
Faint—short—but weak, and very clear,
And like a little grateful note?
Another? ha—look where it lies,
It shivers—gasps—is still,—it dies!

* A few weeks since we gave a copy of Robinson Crusoe to a young man, "whose education had been neglected;" and who had never read this delightful book: the account of his delight from its perusal has more than recompensed us tenfold.

'Tis dead,—'tis dead! and all our care
Is useless. Now, in vain
The mother's wee doth pierce the air,
Calling her nestling bird again!
All's vain:—the singer's heart is cold,
Its eye is dim,—its fortune told!

A versification of a story in Mrs. Barbauld's "Evenings at home," by Sneyd Edgeworth, Esq. deserves favourable mention; even the names will tempt the reader.

There are eleven plates; the frontispiece, "*Little Flora*," from Boaden, and engraved by Edwards, is a sweet production; and the figures in "*the Broken Pitcher*," from Gainsborough,* are well executed by H. Robinson. To conclude, we cordially recommend this little volume to such purchasers as wish to combine simplicity with talent, and the several beauties of picture and print in their "New Year's Gift," for 1830.

EDIE OCHILTREE.

From the New Edition of "The Antiquary."

Of the "blue gowns," or king's bedesmen, from whom the character of Edie Ochiltree was drawn, after giving an account from Martin's "Reliquiæ Divi Sancti Andræ," of an order of beggars in Scotland, supposed to have descended from the ancient bards, and existing in Scotland in the seventeenth century, but now extinct, Sir Walter Scott says:—

"The old remembered beggar, even in my own time, like the Baccoch, or travelling cripple of Ireland, was expected to merit his quarters by something beyond an exposition of his distresses. He was often a talkative, facetious fellow, prompt at repartee, and not withheld from exercising his powers that way by any respect of persons, his patched cloak giving him the privilege of the ancient jester. To be a *gude crack*, that is, to possess talents for conversation, was essential to the trade of a 'puir body' of the more esteemed class; and Burns, who delighted in the amusement their discourse afforded, seems to have looked forward with gloomy firmness to the possibility of himself becoming one day or other a member of their itinerant society. In his poetical works, it is alluded to so often, as perhaps to indicate that he considered the consummation as not utterly impossible. Thus, in the fine dedication of his works to Gavin Hamilton, he says—

"And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg."

Again, in his Epistle to Davie, a brother poet, he states, that in their closing career—

"The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only just to beg."

And after having remarked, that

"To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are crazed and blude is thin,
Is doubtless great distress;"

the bard reckons up, with true poetical spirit, the free enjoyment of the beauties of nature, which might counterbalance the hardship and uncertainty of the life even of a mendicant. In one of his prose letters, to which I have lost the reference, he details this idea yet more seriously, and dwells upon it, as not ill adapted to his habits and powers.

"As the life of a Scottish mendicant of the eighteenth century, seems to have been contemplated without much horror by Robert Burns, the author can hardly have erred in giving to Edie Ochiltree something of poetical character and personal dignity, above the more abject of his miserable calling. The class had, in fact, some privileges. A lodging, such as it was, was readily granted to them in some of the outhouses, and the usual *awmous* (alms) of a handful of meal (called a *gowpen*) was scarce denied by the poorest cottager. The mendicant disposed of these, according to their different quality, in various bags around his person, and thus carried about with him the principal part of his sustenance, which he literally received for the asking. At the houses of the gentry, his cheer was mended by scraps of broken meat, and perhaps a Scottish 'twal-penny,' or English penny, which was expended in snuff or whisky. In fact, these indolent peripatetics suffered much less real hardship and want of food, than the poor peasants from whom they received alms.

"If, in addition to his personal qualifications, the mendicant chanced to be a King's Bedesman, or Blue Gown, he belonged, in virtue thereof, to the aristocracy of his order, and was esteemed a person of great importance."

An extract then follows from an account of payments to "Blew Gownis," by Sir Robert Melvill, of Murdocarney, treasurer-depute of King James VI., furnished to the author of "Waverley," by an officer of the Register House; after which Sir Walter proceeds as follows:—

"I have only to add, that although the institution of King's Bedesmen still subsists, they are now seldom to be seen

* We should like to see a volume of poems written by Wordsworth, and illustrated by Gainsborough. How delightfully too would a few of the poet's lines glib off in a Juvenile Annual.

in the streets of Edinburgh, of which their peculiar dress made them rather a characteristic feature.

"Having thus given an account of the genus and species to which Edie Ochiltree appertains, the author may add, that the individual he had in his eye was Andrew Gemmells, an old mendicant of the character described, who was many years since well known, and must still be remembered, in the vales of Gala, Tweed, Ettrick, Yarrow, and the adjoining country.

"The author has in his youth repeatedly seen and conversed with Andrew, but cannot recollect whether he held the rank of Blue Gown. He was a remarkably fine old figure, very tall, and maintaining a soldier-like, or military manner and address. His features were intelligent, with a powerful expression of sarcasm. His motions were always so graceful, that he might almost have been suspected of having studied them; for he might, on any occasion, have served as a model for an artist, so remarkably striking were his ordinary attitudes. Andrew Gemmells had little of the cant of his calling; his wants were food and shelter, or a trifle of money, which he always claimed, and seemed to receive, as his due. He sang a good song, told a good story, and could crack a severe jest with all the acumen of Shakspeare's jesters, though without using, like them, the cloak of insanity. It was some fear of Andrew's satire, as much as a feeling of kindness or charity, which secured him the general good reception which he enjoyed every where. In fact, a jest of Andrew Gemmells, especially at the expense of a person of consequence, flew round the circle which he frequented, as surely as the bon-mot of a man of established character for wit glides through the fashionable world. Many of his good things are held in remembrance, but are generally too local and personal to be introduced here.

"Andrew had a character peculiar to himself among his tribe, for aught I ever heard. He was ready and willing to play at cards or dice with any one who desired such amusement. This was more in the character of the Irish itinerant gambler, called in that country a *carrow*, than of the Scottish beggar. But the late Reverend Doctor Robert Douglas, minister of Galashiels, assured the author, that the last time he saw Andrew Gemmells, he was engaged in a game at brag with a gentleman of fortune, distinction, and birth. To preserve the due gradations of rank, the party was made at an open window of the château, the laird sitting on his chair in the inside, the beggar on a stool in the yard; and they played on the window-sill. The stake was a considerable parcel of silver. The author expressing some surprise, Dr. Douglas observed, that the laird was no doubt a humorist or original; but that many decent persons in those times would, like him, have thought there was nothing extraordinary in passing an hour, either in card-playing or conversation, with Andrew Gemmells.

"This singular mendicant had generally, or was supposed to have, as much money about his person, as would have been thought the value of his life among modern footpads. On one occasion, a country gentleman, generally esteemed a very narrow man, happening to meet Andrew, expressed great regret that he had no silver in his pocket, or he would have given him sixpence.—'I can give you change for a note laird,' replied Andrew.

"Like most who have arisen to the head of their profession, the modern degradation which mendicity has undergone was often the subject of Andrew's lamentations. As a trade, he said, it was forty pounds a year worse since he had first practised it. On another occasion he observed, begging was in modern times scarcely the profession of a gentleman, and that if he had twenty sons, he would not easily be induced to breed one of them up in his own line. When or where this *laudator temporis acti* closed his wanderings, the author never heard with certainty; but most probably, as Burns says—

> "——— he died a cadger-powny's death
> At some dike side."

"The author may add another picture of the same kind as Edie Ochiltree and Andrew Gemmells; considering these illustrations as a sort of gallery, open to the reception of any thing which may elucidate former manners, or amuse the reader.

"The author's contemporaries at the university of Edinburgh will probably remember the thin wasted form of a venerable old Bedesman, who stood by the Potter-row Port, now demolished; and, without speaking a syllable, gently inclined his head, and offered his hat, but with the least possible degree of urgency, towards each individual who passed. This man gained, by silence and the extenuated and wasted appearance of a palmer from a remote country, the same tribute which was yielded to Andrew Gemmells's sarcastic humour and stately deportment. He was under-

stood to be able to maintain a son a student in the theological classics of the University, at the gate of which the father was a mendicant. The young man was modest and inclined to learning, so that a student of the same age, and whose parents were rather of the lower order, moved by seeing him excluded from the society of other scholars when the secret of his birth was suspected, endeavoured to console him by offering him some occasional civilities. The old mendicant was grateful for this attention to his son, and one day, as the friendly student passed, he stooped forward more than usual, as if to intercept his passage. The scholar drew out a halfpenny, which he concluded was the beggar's object, when he was surprised to receive his thanks for the kindness he had shown to Jemmie, and at the same time a cordial invitation to dine with them next Sunday, 'on a shoulder of mutton and potatoes,' adding, 'ye'll put on your clean sark, as I have company.' The student was strongly tempted to accept of this hospitable proposal, as many in his place would probably have done; but as the motive might have been capable of misrepresentation, he thought it most prudent, considering the character and circumstances of the old man, to decline the invitation.

"Such are a few traits of Scottish mendicity, designed to throw light on a novel in which a character of that description plays a prominent part. We conclude, that we have vindicated Edie Ochiltree's right to the importance assigned him; and have shown, that we have known one beggar take a hand at cards with a person of distinction, and another give dinner parties."

The curious reader who is anxious to pursue the character still further, will be gratified with "a few particulars with which his biographer appears to be unacquainted,"—by a Correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, No. 664.

UNLUCKY TEXT.

Poor Dr. Sheridan, in an unguarded moment, but in as guiltless a spirit as characterized the Vicar of Wakefield, chose for his text, upon the anniversary of the succession of the House of Hanover, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Although the sermon did not contain a single political allusion that could have caused uneasiness, or should have given offence, yet it was recorded in judgment against him, and obstructed his preferment ever after.—*Southey's Colloquies.*

The Naturalist.

THE AMERICAN ALOE.

An American Aloe *(Agave Americana)* is one of the most superb exhibitions in the whole vegetable kingdom. The plant, when vigorous, rises upwards of twenty feet high, and branches out on every side, forming a kind of pyramid, of greenish yellow flowers, in thick clusters at every joint. We often meet with the aloe in our conservatories, and it has been known to flourish in the open air. A Correspondent of the *Gardener's Magazine*, writing from Gwrich Castle, Abergelay, Denbighshire, tells us that "about eight years back he pulled down one of his hot-houses, in which stood a large American Aloe, known to be 68 years of age. It was in a box about two feet square, and the plant was so large that he determined not to put it in the new house then building; it was, in consequence, placed alongside the south wall in the corner (not expecting it to live,) where it has been ever since, never having been watered in summer, nor matted nor attended to in winter, and it is now as vigorous and as healthy (if not

more so) than before. The box was not buried in the ground, and is now falling to pieces. The garden is about 100 yards from the sea."

It is no fable that the Aloe grows about a hundred years (a few more or less) before it blooms; and, after yielding its seed, the stem withers and dies. If we remember right, a beautiful specimen in full bloom, was exhibited three or four years since at the Argyll Rooms, in Regent Street.

It may be as well to mention that the sharp-pointed leaves have been known to inflict serious injury. In the *Lancet*, No. 313, vol. ii., a case is recorded of a young gardener, who whilst watering some plants in a gentleman's garden, at Camberwell, accidentally struck his hand against an aloe plant, one of the prickles of which passed into the last joint of his lefthand little finger; he regarded the circumstance at the time as but of trifling consequence, on account of its causing him but slight inconvenience; neither were the effects worth notice until two days after the accident, when the part put on a white appearance, and the finger became very stiff, swollen, and painful; these symptoms increased, and by the following morning the whole hand and arm, as far as the elbow, had attained an exceedingly large size. After suffering about two months, the poor fellow was removed into St. Thomas's Hospital, where the diseased arm was amputated by Mr. Travers, and the patient soon recovered his accustomed good health.

MOLES.

In those districts where moles abound, it may be remarked that some of the mole-hills are considerably larger than others. When a hill of enlarged dimensions is thus discovered, we may be almost certain of finding the nest, or den of the mole near it, by digging to a sufficient depth. The fur of the mole is admirably adapted from its softness and short close texture for defending the animal from subterraneous damp, which is always injurious, more or less to non-amphibious animals; and in this climate, no choice of situation could entirely guard against it. It is a singular fact that there are no moles in Ireland. May not the dampness of the climate account for their not thriving there?—*Edinburgh Lit. Gaz.*

CHANGES IN ANIMALS.

All domestic mammiferous animals introduced into America have become more numerous than the indigenous animals. The hog multiplies very rapidly, and assumes much of the character of the wild boar. Cows did not at first thrive, but, in St. Domingo, only twenty-seven years after its first discovery, 4,000 in a herd was not uncommon, and some herds of 8,000 are mentioned. In 1587, this island exported 35,444 hides, and New Grenada 64,350. Cows never thrive nor multiply where salt is wanting either in the plants or in the water. They give less milk in America, and do not give milk at all if the calves be taken from them. Among horses the colts have all the amble, as those in Europe have the trot: this is probably a hereditary effect. Bright chestnut is the prevailing colour among the wild horses. The lambs which are not from *merinos*, but the *tana basta* and *burda* of the Spaniards, at first are covered with wool, and when this is timely shorn, it grows again; if the proper time is allowed to elapse, the wool falls off, and is succeeded by short, shining, close hair, like that of the goat in the same climate. Every animal, it would appear, like man, requires time to accustom itself to climate.

THE GREAT AMERICAN BITTERN.

A most interesting and remarkable circumstance we learn from the *Magazine of Natural History*, attends the great American Bittern; it is that it has the power of emitting a light from its breast equal to the light of a common torch, which illuminates the water so as to enable it to discover its prey. As this circumstance is not mentioned by any naturalist, the correspondent of the journal in question, took every precaution to determine, as he has done, the truth of it.

Notes of a Reader.

BRITISH SEA SONGS.

One of our earliest naval ballads is derived from the Pepys Collection, and is supposed to have been written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It records the events of a sea-fight in the reign of Henry the Eighth, between Lord Howard and Sir Andrew Barton, a Scotch pirate; and it is rendered curious by the picture it presents of naval engagements in those days, and by a singular fact which transpires in the course of the details; namely, that the then maritime force of England consisted of only *two ships of war*. In Percy's

"Reliques of Ancient Poetry," there is another old marine ballad, called the "Winning of *Cales*," a name which our sailors had given to Cadiz. This affair took place in June, 1596; but the description of it in the old song presents nothing peculiar, or worthy of attention as regards naval manners. From this period, I cannot at present call to mind any sea song of importance till Gay's "Black-eyed Susan," which, you know, has maintained its popularity to the present hour, and which deserves to have done so, no less on account of the beauty of the verses, than of the pathetic air in the minor to which they are set. This was, at no great length of time, succeeded by Stevens's "Storm," a song which, I believe you will all allow, stands deservedly at the head of the lyrics of the deep. The words are nautically correct, the music is of a manly and original character, and the subject-matter is one of the most interesting of the many striking incidents common to sea-life. These fine ballads, if I mistake not, were succeeded by one or two popular songs, with music by Dr. Arne; then came those of Dibdin, which were in their turn followed by a host of compositions, distinguished more by the strenuous, robust character of the music, than by poetical excellence, or professional accuracy in the words. The songs in which the words happened to be vigorous and true—(such, for example, as Cowper's noble ballad called the "Castaway," and the "Loss of the Royal George,") were not set to music; but the powers of Shield, Davy, and others, were wasted on verses unworthy of their compositions. Among these, the foremost in excellence is the "Arethusa," a composition on which the singing of Incledon, and the bold, reckless, origina John-Bull-like character of the air by Shield, or ascribed to him, have fixed a high reputation. Davy's "Bay of Biscay," deserves its popularity; and the "Sailor Boy," "The Old Commodore," and one or two other melodies by Reeve, (who, though not much of a musician, was an admirable melodist,) abound also in the qualities which I have already alluded to, as peculiar to the national music adapted to sea songs. —*Blackwood's Magazine.*

MAKING A BOOK.

Lady Morgan gives the following process by which her "Book of the Boudoir" was manufactured:—"While the fourth volume of the O'Briens," say her ladyship, "was going through the press, Mr. Colburn was sufficiently pleased with the subscription (as it is called in the trade) to the first edition, to desire a new work from the author. I was just setting off for Ireland, the horses *literally* putting to, [how curious!] when Mr. Colburn arrived with his flattering proposition. [How *apropos!*] I could not enter into any future engagement; [how awkward!] and Mr. Colburn taking up a scrabby MS. volume which the servant was about to thrust into the pocket of the carriage, asked, 'What was that?' [How touchingly simple!] I said it was 'one of many volumes of odds and ends *de omnibus rebus;*' and I read him the last entry I had made the night before, on my return from the opera. [How very obliging, considering that the horses were *literally* put to!] 'This is the very thing!' said the 'European publisher;' [how charming! and yet how droll!] and if the public is of the same opinion, I shall have nothing to regret in thus coming, though somewhat in *dishabillé*, before its tribunal."

Blackwood's Magazine.

APPARITIONS.

Dr. Southey's opinion on apparitions deserves to be carried to the controversial account of this ever-interesting question:—"My serious belief amounts to this, that preternatural impressions are sometimes communicated to us for wise purposes; and that departed spirits are sometimes permitted to manifest themselves."—*Colloquies.*

THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

The system of servitude, which prevailed in the earlier periods of our history was not of that unmitigated character that may be supposed. "No man in those days could prey upon society, unless he were at war with it as an outlaw—a proclaimed and open enemy. Rude as the laws were, the purposes of law had not then been perverted;—it had not been made a craft;—it served to deter men from committing crimes, or to punish them for the commission;—never to shield notorious, acknowledged, impudent guilt, from condign punishment. And in the fabric of society, imperfect as it was, the outline and rudiments of what it ought to be were distinctly marked in some main parts, where they are now wellnigh utterly effaced. Every person had his place. There was a system of superin-

tendence everywhere, civil as well as religious. They who were born in villainage, were born to an inheritance of labour, but not of inevitable depravity and wretchedness. If one class were regarded in some respects as cattle, they were at least taken care of; they were trained, fed, sheltered, and protected; and there was an eye upon them when they strayed. None were wild, unless they were wild wilfully, and in defiance of control. None were beneath the notice of the priest, nor placed out of the possible reach of his instruction and his care. But how large a part of your population are, like the dogs of Lisbon and Constantinople, unowned, unbroken to any useful purpose, subsisting by chance or by prey; living in filth, mischief, and wretchedness; a nuisance to the community while they live, and dying miserably at last!"—*Ibid.*

THE STEAM BOAT ILLUSTRATED.

By one of "the Islington, Gray's Inn Lane, and New Road Grand Literary, Scientific, and Philosophical Institution.

How wondrous is the science of mechanism! how variegated its progeny, how simple, yet how compound! I am propelled to the consideration of this subject by having optically perceived that ingenious nautical instrument, which has just now flown along like a mammoth, that monster of the deep! You ask me how are steam-boats propagated? in other words, how is such an infinite and immovable body inveigled along its course? I will explain it to you. It is by the power of friction; that is to say, the two wheels, or paddles turning diametrically, or at the same moment, on their axioms, and repressing by the rotundity of their motion the action of the menstruum in which the machine floats, — water being, in a philosophical sense, a powerful non-conductor,—it is clear, that in proportion as is the revulsion so is the progression; and as is the centrifugal force, so is the—."

"Pooh!" cried Uncle John, "let us have some music."

New Monthly Magazine.

LAWS FOR THE POOR.

EVERY civilized state in the world, except Ireland, has prevented the extortion of the landlords, by institutions, either springing from the nature of society, or established by positive legal enactments.

In Austria, great exertions are made for the poor.—Vide "Reisbeck's Travels through Germany," p. 79; and "Este's Journey," p. 337.

In Bavaria, there are laws obliging each community to maintain its own poor.—Vide "Count Rumford's Establishment of Poor in Bavaria," chap. 1.

In Protestant Germany they are even better provided for.—Vide "Henderson's Tour in Germany," p. 74.

In Russia, the aged and infirm are provided with food and raiment by law, at the expense of the owner of the estate.—"Clarke's Travels in Russia." For others who may want, there is a college of provision in each government. —"Took's Russian Empire, vol. ii. p. 181.

In Livonia and Poland, the lord is bound by law to provide for the serf.—Vide "Bavarian Transactions," vol. iii.

In Northern Italy and Sicily, the crop is equally divided between landlord and tenant.—Vide "Sismondi's Italy." And the revenues of the church support the poor.

In imperial France, though the land had been divided by an Agrarian law, and cultivated, yet the Octroi, with other revenues, were devoted to the poor.

In Hungary, though feudal slavery gives an interest to the lord of the soil in the life of his serf, yet the law insists upon the provision of food, raiment and shelter. In Switzerland, though the Agrarian law is in force, and the governments purchase corn to keep down the retail prices, yet there is a provision for the poor.—Vide "Sismondi's Switzerland," vol. i. p. 452. In Norway there is a provision for the poor.—Clarke's "Scandinavia," p. 637.

In Sweden, the most moral country in the world, the poor are maintained in the same manner as in England; a portion of the parochial assessment is devoted by law to education.—James's "Tour through Sweden," p. 105.

In Flanders there are permanent funds, &c. for the sustentation of the poor. Vide Radcliff's "Report on the Agriculture of Flanders." And there are in the Netherlands seven great workhouses.

The Dutch poor laws do not differ much from our own.—Vide Macfarlan's "Inquiries concerning the Poor," p. 218.

Even in Iceland, there is a provision for the poor.—Vide Han's "Iceland." Also in Denmark.—Vide p. 292, Ja-

cob's "Tracts on the Corn Laws. In America there are poor laws.—Vide Dr. Dwight's "Travels, vol. iv. p. 326. In Scotland the English system is rapidly extending; and where the poor laws are not introduced, there are a great many of the miseries which are found in Ireland.—Vide "Evidence of A. Nimmo, Esq. before the Lords' Committee on Ireland, 1824." This gentleman thinks, that if they had been earlier introduced, Scotland would be now a richer country. He also states, that the average expense of supporting idle mendicants in Ireland, exceeds one million and a half annually, by the contribution of more than a ton of potatoes from each farm house, to encourage a system of licentious idleness, profligacy, insolence, and plunder; and the grand jury presentments amount annually to a million.—*Monthly Mag.*

In Turkey, nailing by the ears is an operation performed on bakers, for selling light bread. There is a hole cut in the door for the back of the culprit's head; the ears are then nailed to the panel; he is left in this position till sunset, then released; and seldom sustains any permanent injury from the punishment, except in his reputation. Perjury is an offence which is so little thought of, that it is visited with the mildest of all their punishments. The offender is set upon an ass, with his face to the tail, and a label on his back, with the term *scheat* or perjurer. In this way he is led about to the great amusement of the multitude, and even of his associates.

SCHOOL DAYS.

Linnæus long retained an unpleasant recollection of his school days;* it is common to call this period of human life, a happy one, but that existence must have been very wretched, of which, the time passed at school has been the happiest part; it is sufficiently apparent even to superficial observers that the mind cannot, in early life, be sufficiently matured for high enjoyment; the most exquisite of our pleasures, are intellectual, and cannot be relished until the mental faculties have been cultivated and expanded.—*Clayton's Sketches in Biography.*

* He was sent at the age of ten years to a school at Wexio, the master of which was so severe as entirely to destroy his spirits, and repress the early indications of his extraordinary talents.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LANDAULET!

I DINED one day at a bachelor's dinner in Lincoln's Inn-fields, and my wife having no engagement that evening, I gave my coachman a half holiday, and when he had set me down, desired him to put up his horses, as I should return home in a jarvey. At eleven, my conveyance arrived; the steps were let down, and, when down, they slanted under the body of the carriage; my foot slipped from the lowest step, and I grazed my shin against the second; but at last I surmounted the difficulty, and seating myself, sank back upon the musty, fusty, ill-savoured squabs of the jarvey.

I was about to undertake a very formidable journey; I lived in the Regent's Park; and as the horses that now drew me had been worked hard during the day, it seemed probable that some hours would elapse before I could reach my own door. Off they went, however; the coachman urged them on with whip and tongue: the body of the jarvey swung to and fro; the glasses shook and clattered; the straw on the floor felt damp, and rain water oozed through the roof, (for it was a landaulet). I felt chilled, and drew up the front window, at least I drew up the frame; but as it contained no glass, I was not the warmer for my pains; so I wrapped my cloak around me, and rather sulkily sank into a reverie. The vehicle still continued to rumble, and rattle, and shake, and squeak; I fell into a doze, caused by some fatigue and much claret, and gradually these sounds seemed to soften into a voice! I distinguished intelligible accents! I listened attentively to the low murmurs, and distinctly I heard, and treasured in my memory, what appeared to me to be the "Lament of the Landaulet!"

The poor *body* seemed to sigh, and the wheels became *spokesmen!*

"I am about fifteen years of age," (thus squeaked my equipage); "I was born in Long Acre, the birthplace of the aristocracy of my race, and Messrs. Houlditch were my parents.

"No four-wheeled carriage could possibly have entered upon life with brighter prospects; it is, alas! my hard lot to detail the vicissitudes that rendered me what I am.

"I was ordered by an earl, who was on the point of marriage with an heiress, and I was fitted up in the most expensive style. My complexion was pale

yellow; on my sides I had coronets and supporters; my inside was soft and comfortable; my rumble behind was satisfactory; and my dicky was perfection, and provided with a hammercloth. My boots were capacious, my pockets were ample, and my leathers in good condition.

"When I stood at the earl's door on the morning of his marriage, it was admitted by all who beheld me, that a neater *turn-out* had never left Long Acre. Lightly did my noble possessor press my cushions, as I wafted him to St. George's Church, Hanover Square; and when the ceremony was over, and the happy pair sat side by side within me, the earl kissed the lips of his countess, and I felt proud, not of the rank and wealth of my contents, but because they were contented and happy.

"Oh, how merrily my wheels whirled in those days! I bore my possessors to their country-seat; I flew about the county returning wedding visits; I went to races, with sandwiches and champagne in my pockets; and I spent many a long night in the inn-yard, while my lord and lady were presiding at county assemblies.

"Mine was a life of sunshine and smiles. But ladies are capricious: the countess suddenly discovered that I was heavy. Now, if she wished me to be light-headed, why did she order a landaulet? She declared, too, that I was unfit for town service; gave new orders to Houlditch; took possession of a chariot fashioned eight months later than myself; sent me to Long Acre to be disposed of, and I became a secondhand article!

"My humiliation happened at an unlucky moment, for continual racketing in the country had quite unhinged me; I required bracing, and had quite lost my colour. My paternal relation, however, (Houlditch), undertook my repair, and I was very soon exhibited painted green, and ticketed, 'For sale secondhand.'

"It was now the month of May, when all persons of the smallest fashionable pretensions shun their country abodes and come to London, that they may escape the first fragrance of the flowers, the first song of the birds, the budding beauty of the forests and the fresh verdure of the fields. I therefore felt (as young unmarried ladies feel at the commencement of the season) that there was every chance of my finding a lord and master, and becoming a prominent ornament of his establishment.

"After standing for a month at Houlditch's, (who, by the by, was not overcivil to his own child, but made a great favour of giving me house-room), I one day found myself scrutinized by a gentleman of very fashionable appearance. He was in immediate want of a carriage; I was, fortunately, exactly the sort of carriage he required, and in a quarter of an hour the transfer was arranged.

"The gentleman was on the point of running away with a young lady; *he* was attached to *her*, four horses were attached to *me*, and I was in waiting at the corner of Grosvenor Street at midnight. I thought myself a fortunate vehicle; I anticipated another marriage, another matrimonial trip, another honeymoon. Alas! my present trip was not calculated to add to my respectability. My owner, who was a military man, was at his post at the appointed time: he seemed hurried and agitated; frequently looked at his watch; paced rapidly before one of the houses, and continually looked towards the drawing-room windows. At length a light appeared, the window was opened, and a female, muffled in a cloak and veil, stood on the balcony; she leaned anxiously forward; he spoke, and without replying she re-entered the room. The street-door opened, and a brisk little waiting-maid came out with some bundles, which she deposited in the carriage: the captain (for such was his rank) had entered the hall, and he now returned, bearing in his arms a fainting, weeping woman; he placed her by his side in the carriage: my rumble was instantly occupied by the waiting-maid and my master's man, and we drove off rapidly towards Brighton.

"The captain was a man of fashion; handsome, insinuating, profligate, and unfeeling. The lady—it is painful to speak of her: what she *had* been, she could never more be; and what she then was, she herself had yet to learn. She had been the darling pet daughter of a rich old man; and a dissipated nobleman had married her for her money when she was only sixteen. She had been accustomed to have every wish gratified by her doting parent; she now found herself neglected and insulted by her husband. Her father could not bear to see his darling's once-smiling face grow pale and sad, and he died two years after her marriage. She plunged into the whirlpool of dissipation, and tasted the rank poisons which are so often sought as the remedies for a sad heart. From folly she ran to imprudence, from imprudence to guilt;—

and was the runaway wife happier than she who once suffered unmerited ill-usage at home? Time will show.

"At Brighton, my wheels rattled along the cliffs as briskly and as loudly as the noblest equipage there; but no female turned a glance of recognition towards my windows, and the eyes of former friends were studiously averted. I bore my lady through the streets, and I waited for her now and then at the door of the theatre; but at gates of respectability, at balls, and at assemblies, I, alas! was never 'called,' and never 'stopped the way.' Like a disabled soldier, I ceased to bear *arms*, and I was *crest*-fallen!

"This could not last: my mistress could little brook contempt, especially when she felt it to be deserved; her cheek lost its bloom, her eye its lustre; and when her beauty became less brilliant, she no longer possessed the only attraction which had made the captain her lover He grew weary of her, soon took occasion to quarrel with her, and she was left without friends, without income, and without character. I was at length torn from her: it nearly broke my springs to part with her; but I was despatched to the bazaar in London, and saw no more of my lady.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONABLE NOVELS.

It is well that hard words break no bones, else two or three gentlemen of literacy notoriety would be in a sorry plight after reading the following passage in a recent *Magazine*. We stand by, and like the fellow in the play, bite our thumb:—

"Surely, surely, all men, women, and children, not cursed with the fatuity that would become a vice-president of the Phrenological Society, must by this time be about heartsick of what are called Novels of Fashionable Life. Only two men of any pretensions to superiority of talent have had part in the uproarious manufacture of this ware, that has been dinned in our ears by trumpet after trumpet, during the last six or seven years. Mr. Theodore Hook began the business—a man of such strong native sense and thorough knowledge of the world as it is, that we cannot doubt the *coxcombry* which has drawn so much derision on his *sayings* and *doings* was all, to use a phrase which he himself has brought into fashion, *humbug*. He could not cast his keen eyes over any considerable circle of society in this country, without perceiving the melancholy fact, that the British nation labours under a universal mania for gentility—all the world hurrying and bustling in the same idle chase—good honest squires and baronets, with pedigrees of a thousand years, and estates of ten thousand acres—ay, and even noble lords—yea, the noblest of the noble themselves (or at least their ladies), rendered fidgety and uncomfortable by the circumstance of their not somehow or other belonging to one particular little circle in London. Comely round-paunched parsons and squireens, again, all over the land, eating the bread of bitterness, and drinking the waters of sorrow, because they are, or think they are, tipt the cold shoulder by these same honest squires and baronets, &c. &c. &c. who, excluded from Almack's, in their own fair turn and rural sphere enact nevertheless, with much success, the part of *exclusives*—and so downwards—down to the very verge of dirty linen. The obvious facility of practising lucratively on this prevailing folly—of raising 700*l.*, 1000*l.*, or 1500*l.* per *series*, merely by cramming the mouths of the asinine with mock-majestic details of fine life—this found favour with an indolent no less than sagacious humorist; and the fatal example was set. Hence the vile and most vulgar pawings of such miserables as Messrs. Vivian Grey and "The Roué"—creatures who betray in every page, which they stuff full of Marquess and My Lady, that their own manners are as gross as they make it their boast to show their morals. Hence, some two or three pegs higher, and not more, are such very very fine scoundrels as the Pelhams, &c.; shallow, watery-brained, ill-taught, effeminate dandies—animals destitute apparently of one touch of real manhood, or of real passion—cold, systematic, deliberate debauchees, withal—seducers, God wot! and duellists, and, above all, philosophers! How could any human being be gulled by such flimsy devices as these?

"These gentry form a sort of cross between the Theodorian breed of novel and the Ward-ish—the extravagantly overrated—the heavy, imbecile, pointless, but still well-written, sensible, and, we may even add, not disagreeable, Tremaine and De Vere. The second of these books was a mere *rifacimento* of the first; and, fortunately for what remained of his reputation, Mr. Robert Ward has made no third attempt. He has much to answer for; *e. g.* if we were called upon to point out the most disgusting abomination to be found in the whole range of contemporary litera-

ture, we have no hesitation in saying we should feel it our duty to lay our finger on the Bolingbroke-*Balaam* of that last and worst of an insufferable charlatan's productions—*Devereux*.

BRUSSELS IN 1829.

FOR the education of youth of both sexes, Brussels is one of the best stations on the continent, and is a good temporary residence for Englishmen whose means are limited. The country is plentiful, and consequently every article of living moderate. It is near England, the government is mild, and there is no restraint in importing English books, though their own press is any thing but free.

The population of Brussels is rated at nearly 100,000, of which above 20,000 are paupers, supported by the government and voluntary contributions. The population is rapidly increasing. The number of foreigners in the winter of 1828 was between seven and eight thousand, of which half the number were English. Many families settle for a season, and take their flight south, or return home in June; but the greatest number are stationary for the education of their children. An English clergyman, formerly a teacher at Harrow, has an establishment for boys, well conducted, and the expense does not exceed fifty guineas a year. There are several seminaries for girls, also superintended by Englishwomen, with French teachers. Masters in every department are excellent, so that few places afford better schools for education.

The air in the upper part of the city is salubrious, and the climate, perhaps, better on the whole than England; but the winters are sharper, and the summers hotter; fogs are less frequent, and the spring generally sets in a fortnight earlier than in any part of Great Britain.

Our countrymen will be disappointed who settle in Brussels as a place of amusement, for no capital can be more dull; and the natives are not ready of access, which is probably as much the fault of their visiters as themselves. As a station for economy, it can be highly recommended, provided no trust is put in servants, and every thing is paid for with ready money. The writer of this article resided in Brussels for a dozen years, and he knows this from experience. If an establishment, large or small, is well regulated, a saving of fifty per cent. may be made, certainly, in housekeeping, compared with London. House-rent is dearer in proportion with other articles of living, and the taxes are daily augmenting. The horse-tax is more than double that of England; and the king of the Netherlands can boast that he is the only sovereign in Europe who has a tax on female labour. William Pitt attempted a similar measure, but was mobbed by the housemaids, and abandoned it.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY OF A ROBBERY.

LYSONS in his "Environs of London," says, "In a room adjoining to the south-side of the saloon, in the manor-house, at Charlton, in Kent, is a chimney-piece, with a slab of black marble so finely polished, that Lord Downe is said to have seen in it a robbery committed on Blackheath; the tradition adds, that he sent out his servants, who apprehended the thieves." Dr. Plot makes the story more marvellous, by laying the scene of the robbery at Shooter's Hill; he also says, "Thus in a chimney-piece at Beauvoir Castle, might be seen the city and cathedral of Lincoln, and in another at Wilton, the city and cathedral of Sarum."

P. T. W.

"VERY BAD."

A TYRO interrogating a classical wag on the labours and sufferings of Homer, was shown the Iliad, and told that it was composed under great deprivation. Pointing to the edition, he inquired, if that was all the Iliad; to which he received as answer, that that was not all the *ill he had*, as Homer was obliged to *sing it*, to procure a little bread.

EPIGRAM.

YOUNG Sloeleaves vaunting he could trace
His line to Julius Cæsar,
Was *gall'd* to hear a wag exclaim,
"The *Celtæ*, if you please, Sir!"

Q IN THE CORNER.

Inscription over the Hive public-house, in Snargate Street, Dover.

WITHIN this Hive
We're all alive,
Good liquors make us funny,
If you are dry,
Step in and try
The flavour of our honey.

SOVEREIGNS AND GUINEAS,

And the reigns in which they have been coined.

First Sovereigns.	Henry VII.....	1485
Ditto, and half..	Henry VIII....	1509
Ditto, ditto	Edward VI....	1546
Ditto, ditto	Mary	1553
Ditto, ditto	Philip & Mary.	1554
Ditto, ditto	Elizabeth.....	1558
Ditto, ditto	James I.....	1603
Ditto, ditto	Charles I.....	1625
Ditto, ditto	Commonwealth	1648
Ditto, ditto	OliverCromwell	1650
Guineas.....	Charles II.....	1660
5l. piece, *2l.* do. Guinea and half ditto.....	James II.....	1684
Ditto, ditto	Will. and Mary	1688
Ditto, ditto	William.....	1694
Ditto, ditto, and a quarter guinea	Anne.....	1702
Ditto, ditto	George I.....	1725
Ditto, ditto, but no quar. guineas	George II.....	1726
Guineas, half do. Quarter ditto, 2 guinea piece, 5 guinea ditto....	George III....	1760
Dble. Sovereign Sovereign, half ditto	George IV....	1820

EPIGRAMS ON THE FEES DEMANDED FOR SEEING WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Dame Godly desired the Abbey to view,
Admittance, one sixpence, demanded the clerk,
Which modest request in astonishment wrapt her,
How long will you such imposition pursue?
Faith ma'am, as to that we are left in the dark,
But I think, for my part, to the *end* of the *Chapter*.*

Down with your cash, the Verger cries,
How mean'st thou this? John Bull replies,
What law protects th' extortion?
Stop, gentle friend—what's law to us?
The law's your own—so make no fuss,
The *profits* are *our* portion.

Poets and prophets 'mongst the ancient Romans
Were deemed the same, and this our pockets rue,
For on *this* creed is built our sacred showman's,
Who has his *poets* and his *profits* too.

* The Dean and Chapter of Westminster are supposed to receive the money paid for seeing the Abbey

EPITAPH IN BRENTWOOD CHURCHYARD ESSEX.

Here lyes Isaac Greentree.
A wag passing through the churchyard, wrote as follows:—
There is a time when these green trees shall fall,
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

GALLOWAYS—WHY PARTICULAR HORSES SO CALLED.

Galloway is a county in Scotland that lies the most to the south and the nearest to Ireland. This county gives name to a particular breed of horses of a middling size, which are strong, active, hardy, and serviceable.

Tradition reports that this kind of horse sprung from some Spanish stallions, who swam on shore from some of the ships of the famous Spanish Armada wrecked on the coast. C. K. W.

WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES.

Intended as an "accompaniment" to a celebrated piece of Music, by Craven.

Oh! ladies fair, tho' smooth the *air*,
I send you now, I pray take care—
Lest "the light bark" be, after all,
Foredoom'd to perish in a *squall!*

Printer's Devil.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

After the death of the Duke de Berry, a law was presented to restrain the liberty of the press, which made every one hasten to profit by it, before the law was passed. A pickpocket being caught in the fact of picking a pocket in a crowd, or, as the French call it, a *presse*, he was taken before the commissary of police, who asked him if poverty had driven him to it, he replied, "I only wised to profit by the *liberty* of the press."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RUMP-STEAKS AND BEEF-STEAKS.

Two Frenchmen, who had been in London, comparing notes, one of them was loud in praise of English *bif takes*, (beef-steaks,) "Yes," said the other, "they are very good, but *rum takes* are much better."—"What are *rum takes?*"—"Why, my friend, they are always *bif takes*, but they call them *rum takes*, because they put *de rum in de sauce*."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

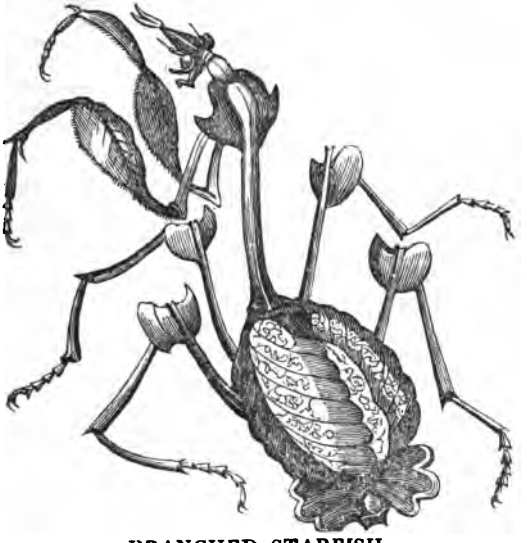
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

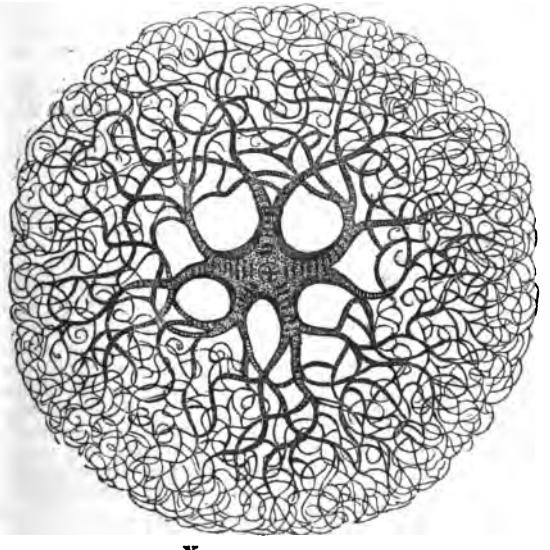
No. 398.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1829. [Price 2*d*.

The Naturalist.

MANTIS, OR WALKING LEAF.



BRANCHED STARFISH.



Castles, cathedrals, and churches, palaces, and parks, and architectural subjects generally, have occupied so many frontispiece pages of our recent numbers, that we have been induced to select the annexed cuts as a pleasant relief to this artificial monotony. They are Curiosities of Nature; and, in truth, more interesting than the proudest work of men's hands. Their economy is much more surprising than the most sumptuous production of art; and the intricacy and subtlety of its processes throw into the shade all the contrivances of social man: a few inquiries into their structure and habits will therefore prove entertaining to all classes of readers.

1. THE PRAYING MANTIS.

The Mantis is a species of cricket, and belongs to the Hemiptera, or second order of insects. Blumenbach * enumerates four varieties:—1. the Gigantic, from Amboyna, a span long, yet scarce as thick as a goose-quill, and eaten by the Indians. 2. Gonglyodes, from Guinea. 3. the Religious Mantis, or Praying Cricket. 4. Another at the Cape, and considered sacred by the Hottentots. The cut represents the third of these varieties.

It mostly goes on four legs, holding up two shorter ones. The hind legs are very long; the middle ones shorter. It is sometimes called the *Dried and Walking Leaf*, from the resemblance of its wing covering, in form and colour to a dry willow leaf; it is found in China and South America, and in the latter country many of the Indians believe that Mantes grow on trees like leaves, and that having arrived at maturity, they loosen themselves, and crawl or fly away.

Mr. T. Carpenter † has recently dissected the head of this species, in which he found large and sharp cutting teeth; also strong grinding ones, similar to those in the heads of locusts: the balls at the ends fit into sockets in the jaw. The whole length of the insect is nearly three inches; it is of slender shape, and in its sitting posture is observed to hold up the two fore-legs slightly bent, as if in an attitude of prayer, whence its name; for this reason vulgar superstition has held it as a sacred insect; and a popular notion has often prevailed, that a child, or a traveller having lost its way, would be safely directed, by observing the quarter to which the animal pointed, when taken into the hand. Its real disposition is, however, very far from peaceable: it preys with great rapacity on smaller insects, for which it lies in wait, in the first mentioned posture, till it siezes them with a sudden spring, and devours them. It is, in fact, of a very ferocious nature; and when kept with another of its own species, in a state of captivity, will attack its fellow with the utmost violence, and persevere till it has killed its antagonist. Roësal, a naturalist, who kept some of these insects, observes, that in their mutual conflicts, their manœuvres very much resemble those of hussars fighting with sabres; and sometimes the one cleaves the other through, or severs the head from its body with a single stroke. During these engagements the wings are generally expanded, and when the battle is over, the conqueror devours his vanquished foe.

Among the Chinese, this quarrelsome disposition in the Mantis, is converted to an entertainment, resembling that of fighting-cocks and quails: and it is to this insect that we suppose the following passage in Mr. Barrow's *Account of China*, alludes:—"They have even extended their inquiries after fighting animals into the insect tribes, and have discovered a species of locusts that will attack each other with such ferocity, as seldom to quit their hold without bringing away at the same time a limb of their antagonist. These little creatures are fed and kept apart in bamboo cages; and the custom of making them devour each other is so common, that during the summer months, scarcely a boy is to be seen without his cage of locusts."‡

The country people in many parts of the continent, look upon the religious Mantis as a divine insect, and would not on any account injure it. Dr. Smith, however, informs us, that he received an account of this Mantis, that seemed to savour little indeed of divinity. A gentleman caught a male and female, and put them together in a glass vessel. The female, which in this, as in most other insects, is the largest, after a while, devoured, first the head and upper parts of her companion, and afterwards the remainder of the body.§ Roësel, wishing to observe the gradual progress of these creatures to the winged state, placed the bag containing the eggs in a large enclosed glass. From the time they were hatched they were very savage. He put various plants into the glass, but they refused them, in order

* Manual, translated by Gore.

† Gill's Technological Repository, vol. iv. p. 208.

‡ Travels in China.

§ Tour on the Continent.

to prey upon each other. He next tried insect food, and put several ants into the glass to them, but they then betrayed as much cowardice as they had before done of barbarity; for the instant the Mantes saw the ants, they attempted to escape in every direction. He next gave them some common house flies, which they seized with eagerness in their fore claws, and tore in pieces; notwithstanding this apparent fondness for flies, they continued to destroy each other. Despairing at last, from their daily decrease, of rearing any to the winged state, he separated them into small numbers, in different glasses; but here, as before, the strongest of each community destroyed the rest. He afterwards received several pair of Mantes in the winged state, which he separated, a male and female together, into different glasses; but they still showed a rooted enmity towards each other, which neither age nor sex could mitigate. The instant they came in sight of each other, they threw up their heads, brandished their fore-legs, and each waited the attack. They did not, however, long remain in this posture; for the boldest throwing open his wings with the velocity of lightning, rushed at the other, and often tore it in pieces.

The last mentioned species is the supposed idol of the Hottentots; the person on whom the adored insect happens to light, being considered as favoured by the distinction of a celestial visitant, and regarded ever after as a saint.

2. BRANCHED STARFISH.

THIS is the most curious species of Asterias, or Sea Star. They are crustaceous animals, and many of the species are noxious to oysters, others to codfish, &c.

The species represented by the Cut, has five rays, dividing into innumerable lines or branches. The mouth is in the centre, armed with sharp teeth, which convey the food into the body, and from this mouth goes a separate canal through the rays. These the animal, in swimming, spreads like *a net* to their full length; and when it perceives any prey within them, draws them in again with all the dexterity of a fisherman. It is an inhabitant of every sea; and is called by some the Magellanic starfish and *basketfish*. When it extends its rays fully, it forms a circle of nearly three feet in diameter; and Blumenbach tells us that 82,000 extremities have been reckoned in one of these curious creatures.

In another species of the Asterias, the power of reproduction is particularly striking. "I possess one," says Blumenbach, "in which regeneration had begun of the 4 rays that had been removed out of 5 which it originally possessed." We have picked up on the seashore many of the species to which he alludes, and they are much less rare than that in the Cut. Of the latter we have seen three or four specimens—one in a small Museum at Margate, and, we think, two others in the Museum in the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris. They resemble a bunch or knot of dark brown small rope or cord.

There is a popular idea among the Norwegians, that this animal is the young of the famous Kraken, of which Pontoppidan has related so many wonders.* This monster, it will be recollected, is supposed to live in the depths of the sea, rising occasionally, to the great danger of the ships with which it comes in contact, at which times the projection of its back above the surface of the sea, resembles a floating island.

Blumenbach has some sensible observations on this subject. When all that has been said about it is carefully examined, it is clear that various circumstances have given rise to the misconception. Much of it is applicable to the whale;† much is referable to thick, low, fog-banks, which even experienced seamen have mistaken for land;‡ an opinion coinciding with what has been said of this same Kraken, by a Latin author of considerable antiquity.

We are persuaded that our readers will be delighted with these attractive facts in the history of the Mantis and Starfish. The Illustrations themselves are extremely interesting and effective; but in order to gratify the admirer of Art as well as the lover of Nature, we have selected for the *Supplement* published with this Number, a splendid Engraving of the city of *Verona*, from a Drawing by the late J. P. Bonington.

CATS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

HAVING read an interesting account of the "Veneration of Cats in ancient days," in a recent number of your entertaining and useful publication, I am induced to send you the following re-

* Nat. Hist. Norway.

† See, for instance, the narrative of an accident from the rising of such an animal, in W. Tench's "Account of the Settlement at Port Jackson."

‡ See a remarkable instance in *Voyage de la Perouse autour du Monde*, vol. iii. p. 10.

specting the part they formed in the religious worship of the middle ages:—

In Mills's "History of the Crusades, we meet with the following:—"At Aix in Provence, on the festival of *Corpus Christi*, the finest tom cat of the country, wrapped in swaddling clothes like a child, was exhibited in a magnificent shrine to public admiration. Every knee was bent, every hand strewed flowers or poured incense, and grimalkin was treated in all respects as the god of the day. But on the festival of *St. John*, poor tom's fate was reversed. A number of the tabby tribe were put into a wicker basket, and thrown alive into the midst of an immense fire kindled in the public square by the bishop and his clergy. Hymns and anthems were sung, and processions were made by the priests and people in honour of the sacrifice."

It is well known that cats formed a conspicuous part in the old religion of the Egyptians, who under the form of a cat, symbolized the moon or Isis, and placed it upon their Systrum, an instrument of religious worship and divination.

Cats are supposed to have been first brought to England by some merchants from the Island of Cyprus, who come hither for fur.

The prices and value of cats and kittens, mentioned by your correspondent, *P. T. W.* were fixed by that excellent prince, *Hoel dda*, or Howel the Good. *Vide Leges Wallicæ*, p. 427 and 428. Σ. Γ.

TO MISS MITFORD,

On reading her "Lines to a Friend, who spent some days at a country inn, in order to be near the writer."

IN NO. 386, OF THE MIRROR.

(For the Mirror.)

"My noble friend! was *this* a place for thee?
No fitting place."

"No fitting place" to meet thy "noble friend,"
Where "heart with heart" and "mind with mind" might blend?
"No fitting place?" now, lady, dost thou wrong
The magic might that appertains to song,
And humbly I refute thee—though it seem
Uncourtly bold; for at Castalian stream
I never drank; but oft my spirit bows
Before that altar where thy genius glows:
And who can fail to worship who have seen
Foscari's frenzy in thy tragic scene?
Behold *Rienzi* light the latent fire
Of swelling liberty in son and sire;
Or left the seven-hilled city's Roman pride—
With Cæsar's pomp, and Tiber's classic tide;
And wander'd with thy muse to homely bowers,
Of verdant foliage wreathed with varied flowers.
But pardon, lady, scarcely need I tell,
That song delights in Nature's haunts to dwell;
Eschews the regal robe and stately throne,
To walk, enraptur'd, in a world its own.
O'er *sylvan* scenes the muse her radiance flings:
And hallows wheresoe'er she rests her wings.
And thou, all joyous in her blessed smile,
(Soft as the moonbeam on a moukish pile,)
Art gifted with the godlike power to give
A speechless charm to meanest things that live;
And lifeless nature where thy voice is heard,
Like midnight music of the summer bird,
Receives new lustre. E'en the "taper's" light,
Which in the lowly inn illumed the night,
The "wood-fire" warm, and "casement swinging free,"
Were stamp'd with teeming interest by thee.
What higher bliss than listening by thy side
Within that cot thy genius sanctified?
Though on thy "noble friend" the diamond shone,
Thy words were richer than the precious stone;
Though on that head there bent the rarest plume,
Thy looks could well a loftier air assume;
Though theirs the pride of coronet and crest,
Thyself wert clad in Inspiration's vest:
And all these baubles, beauteous in the sight,
Might veil their lustre in thy glorious light.

Then, lady, call it not a "*selfish* strain,"
Thy supplicating wish to "come again."
Deem not the "village inn" "no fitting place"
To greet congenial feeling face to face;
To learn that genius no distinction knows,
But doats upon the meanest flower that blows;
Where e'en thy friends might drop their title's claim,
Forgetting honoured race and ancient name;
Where round your souls the flowers of song might twine,
Lost in the rapture of the bard's design.

* * H.

Retrospective Gleanings.

TOUCHING FOR THE CURE OF THE KING'S EVIL.

(For the Mirror.)

THE author of a treatise on this subject, tells the following anecdote, which may in some degree account for the numbers registered at Whitehall, (who were *touched*) which were from the year 1660 to 1664 inclusive, a period of five years, 23,601; and from May 1667 to May 1684, 68,506; viz. an old man who was witness in a cause, had by his residence fixed the time of a fact, by Queen Anne having been at Oxford, and *touched* him while a child, for the cure of the evil. When he had finished his evidence, the relater had an opportunity of asking him whether he was really cured. Upon which he answered with a significant smile, "that he believed himself never to have had a complaint, that deserved to be considered

as the *evil*, but that his parents were poor, and *had no objection to the bit of gold*.'

When King Charles II. *touched* at Whitehall, he usually sat in a chair of state, and put about each of their necks a white ribbon, with an *angel* of gold on it. Query. — Was not this the *original golden or angelic* ointment?

Edward the Confessor is generally mentioned as the first possessor of this art; although the historians of France are disposed to maintain, that it was originally inherent in their kings.

Dr. Johnson's mother is said to have been instigated by the advice of a celebrated physician, Sir John Floyer, to bring her son to London for the purpose of receiving the remedy, and it is recorded that he was *touched* by Queen Anne. P. T. W.

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE AMONG THE EGYPTIANS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Egyptians were exceedingly exact about the administration of justice, believing that the support or dissolution of society altogether depended upon that. Their highest tribunal was composed of thirty judges. They placed at the head of this tribunal the person who at once possessed the greatest share of wisdom, knowledge, and love of the laws, and public esteem. The king furnished the judges with every thing necessary for their support, so that the people had justice rendered them without expense. *No advocates were allowed* in this tribunal. The parties were not even allowed to plead their own causes. All trials were carried on *in writing*, and the parties themselves drew up their own cases. Those who had settled this manner of proceeding well knew that the eloquence of advocates *very often darkened the truth, and misled the judge*. They were unwilling to expose the ministers of justice to the deceitful charms of pathetic, affecting orations. The Egyptians avoided this by making each party draw up the statement of his own case in writing, and they allowed a competent time for that purpose.* But to prevent the protracting of suits too long, each party was only allowed one reply. When all the evidence necessary for their information was given to the judges, they began their consultation. When the affair was thoroughly canvassed, the president gave the signal for proceeding to a sentence, by taking in his hand a little image adorned with precious stones, which hung to a chain of gold about his neck. This image had no eyes, and was the symbol with which the Egyptians used to represent Truth. Judgment being given, the president touched the party who had gained the cause with this image. This was the form of pronouncing sentence. According to an ancient law, the kings of Egypt administered an oath to the judges at their installation, that if the king should command them to give an unjust sentence, they would not obey him.

* All this must be understood with some limitations, otherwise we must suppose that all the inhabitants of Egypt had not only learned to write, but that they had sufficient talents and knowledge of the laws, to draw up their own defences, which is not to be supposed. This law then must have been liable to some exceptions and modifications. We must say the same thing of other countries where they tell us there are no advocates, and that all trials are carried on in writing, as in Siam, China, Bantam, &c. *Origin of Laws. C. M. Goguet.*

The Topographer.

CLIFTON HOT WELLS.

(For the Mirror.)

Glide, Avon, gently glide . . . . . .
More prodigal in beauty than the dreams
Of fantasy, ... beneath the chain
Of mingled wood and precipice, that seems
To buttress up the wave, whose silvery gleams
Stretch far beyond, where Severn leads the train.

GILPIN says, and says truly, that "the west is the region of fine landscape;" it also follows as a natural consequence that it predominates in the number of its artists. The beautiful vignette of Clifton in a recent number of the MIRROR,* has recalled a multitude of interesting recollections to my mind. I have passed a good deal of time there at several periods, and as the writer of the description accompanying the vignette has been led into an error or two, perhaps a few desultory notes by way of *pendant* to his paper, may not be entirely devoid of interest to the reader.

The old Tower on the Downs no longer exists. A Tower designed for an observatory has been erected near its former site, which is fitted up with several large telescopes, and a camera obscura, to which the public are admitted. This Tower which is seen in the engraving, stands, as stated, on an extensive Roman camp, or fortification. It would have been difficult to have selected a more appropriate situation for such a building; for the combination of picturesque and sublime scenery, united with the beauties of art, is no where

* See MIRROR, No. 390.

more enthrilling to the mind than at Clifton.

Clifton Hot Wells has long been celebrated as a watering-place. Smollett, in his "Humphry Clinker," has given a very interesting picture of its society in the middle of the last century. Clifton is now, however, considerably neglected. Omnipotent fashion has migrated to Cheltenham, though no comparison can be made with Clifton on any other score. The natives of the Emerald Isle, indeed, since the introdnction of steam navigation, come in crowds to the Hot Wells. Though the "music of the waters" cannot be heard there, yet you may in a few hours be transported to scenes where Ocean revels in his wildest grandeur. Few places are more favourably situated for the tourist. There is a regular communication by steam with the romantic and interesting coasts of North Devon and South Wales; while the sylvan Wye, Piercefield, Ragland, and above all, Tintern, are within the compass of a day's excursion. Clifton can boast of much architectural magnificence: its buildings rising from the base to the summit of a crescent-shaped eminence remind me, in a distant view, of an ancient Greek city; while the tiers of crescents have a singularly fine effect, and seem to fill a sort of gap in the landscape.

The rise of the tide in the Avon, in common with most of the ports on the Bristol Channel, is a very extraordinary phenomenon. The whole strength of the mighty Atlantic seems to rush up the Channel with impetuous force. At Rownham Ferry, five miles inland, near the entrance to Cumberland-Basin, the spring-tides frequently rise thirty-seven feet. The tide rises at Chepstow, farther up the Severn, more than sixty feet, and a mark on the rocks below the bridge there, denotes that it has risen to the height of seventy feet, which is perhaps the greatest altitude of the tides in the world.

The views on the Downs, above the Hot Wells, are infinitely varied and delightful, and glimpses constantly occur of the Avon

"Winding like cragged Peneus, through his foliaged vale,"

while "ocean fragrance" is wafted around. The scenery on the Avon is said strikingly to resemble the vale of Tempe in Greece. The student of nature may there enjoy "communion sweet," with all that his heart holds dear as life's blood. How often have I wandered through that valley of cliffs by the light of the "cold, pale moon," watching their dark and gigantic masses and silvery foliage, thrown into bold outline on the sky above, with not an echo, save the solitary cry of the bittern; and perhaps only aroused by an impetuous steamer, like some unearthly thing, rushing rapidly past me. Parties of musicians sometimes place themselves amongst the rocks at night when the effect is extremely fine. Perhaps autumn is the fittest season for enjoying these scenes. At that season the many coloured liveries of the foliage, the lonely woodland wilderness and rocky paths, and the mists which in the earlier part of the day linger on the tops of the cliffs and woods, when partially dispersed by the suns rays, give a character of vastness and sublimity to the scenery which it would be difficult to describe. I would particularly point out on these occasions the view from the hill near the new church at Clifton, towards Long Ashton, and Dundry Tower.

I visited the latter place during the last summer. It was a glorious sunset in July, when after climbing a long and mazy turret-stair, we stood at the summit of Dundry Tower. A magnificent landscape of vast extent, stretching around on every point of the compass, burst almost simultaneously on the sight, embracing views of the Bristol Channel, the mountains of South Wales and Monmouthshire, the Severn, Gloucestershire and the Malvern Hills, Bath, the Vale of White Horse in Berkshire, and the Mendip Range; while at the foot of the rich champagne valley below you, which gradually descends for about five miles, lies the city of Bristol with its numerous fine churches; and a splendid view of Clifton completed the scene. This may be said to be a succession of truly English landscapes.

The recollection of such a moment as this, is treasured up in the memory as a green spot in the oasis of existence. Fancies come thickly crowding on the mind, which banish for the moment, all feelings of the drear realities of life; if one may be pardoned for being sometimes romantic, it is surely on such occasions as these. We descended the tower—"Please remember the Sexton ——!"

The church of Dundry is of great antiquity, and the tower, which is one of the most extraordinary in England, is a fine specimen of early church architecture.

There is another tower, remarkable for the beauty of its situation, which overlooks the Avon, about two miles

west of Clifton, at the extremity of the Downs. It is of an octagonal shape, and its name (Cooke's Folly) is said to be derived from the following circumstance:—Several centuries since, the proprietor of the land, a gentleman named Cooke, dreamed that his only son was destined to be killed by the sting of an adder. This idea took such hold of his mind, that in order to avert the dreaded catastrophe, he built this tower, to which he rigidly confined his son. The tradition goes on to relate the futility of all human precautions against the decrees of fate: for a short period after the erection of the tower, an attendant happening to bring in some bundles of fagots in which an adder was coiled, the youth was stung by it and died in consequence.

There has been a beautiful lithographic engraving, published in Bristol, of Cooke's Folly, which includes a view of King's Road. VYVYAN.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

THE GERMANS AND GERMANY.

Translated from a German Work, in the Foreign Review, No. 8.

POPE GANGANELLI compared the Italians with the fire, the French with the air, the English with the water, and us Germans with the earth, *omne simile claudicat*. The German is not so nimble, brisk, and witty as the Frenchman; the latter gallops *ventre à terre*, whilst the German at the utmost trots, but holds out longer. The German is not so proud, humoursome, and dry as the Englishman; not so indolent, bigoted, and niggardly as the Italian; but a plain, faithful, modest fellow, indefatigable, staid, quiet, intelligent and brave, yet almost always misknown, purely from his constitution. The words of Tacitus still are true: "*nullos mortalium armis aut fide ante Germanos.*" Should you class the four most cultivated nations of Europe, according to the temperaments, the German would be Phlegma; and as such, I, a German, in German modesty, which foreign countries should duly acknowledge, can assign it only the fourth rank. Among the English, whims are mixed in every thing; amongst the French, gallantry; among the Spaniards, bigotry; among the Germans, when things can go halfway, *eating*, *drinking*, and *smoking*; and the last is the true support of Phlegma. Genius with the Germans, tends to the root, with the French to the blossom, with the British to the fruit. The Italians are imagination; the French, wit; the English, understanding; the Germans, memory. In colonies, Spaniards commence by building a church and cloister; Englishmen a tavern; Frenchmen a fort, where, however, the dancing-floor must not be wanting; the Germans by grubbing the field. A riding-master distinguished them even by their modes of riding; the English hop, the French ride like tailors, the Italian sits on his steed like a frog in the air-pump, the Spaniards sleep there, the Russians wind the upper part of their bodies like puppets, and the German alone sits still like a man—man and horse are one as with the Hungarians.

The royal oak, the favourite tree of our fathers, requires centuries for its full developement, and so long do we also require. The oak is a fairer symbol of the German nation than the German postboy, from which original most foreigners appear to judge of us. A postilion in the north, however, is the true representative of Phlegma. Bad or good roads, bad or good weather, bad or good horses and coach, curses or flattery from the traveller — nothing moves him if his pipe-stump be but smoking, and his schnaps paid.

The hereditary enemy of our neighbours is levity, ours heaviness. In the ancient bass-fiddle, Europe, the thickest string is the German, with deep tone and heavy vibration; but once in vibration, it hums as if it would go on humming for an eternity. Our primitive ancestors deliberated on every thing twice—in drunkenness, and in sobriety; and then they acted. But we, with the most honest and slowest spirit of order —which might, without danger, be spared many *reglemens*—we lost all elasticity, and sank dismembered into a stupid spirit of slavery, which originated in our passion for imitation, our faintheartedness, and our uncommonly low opinion of ourselves, which often looks like true dog humility. This humility the French have in view, when if naughtily treated by their superiors, by the police, &c., they cry out "Est ce qu'on me prend pour un Allemand?" The Englishman is fond of being represented as a John Bull, but John Bull pushes about him. We, however, are personified by the German *Michel*, who puts up with a touch on the posterior, and still asks, "What's your pleasure?"

Voltaire sang of the Marechal de Saxe:—

"Et ce fier Saxon que l'on *croit ne parmi nous*,"

exactly like a Maitre d'Hôtel, who, whenever he wished to flatter me, used to say, "Vous savez, Monsieur, je vous regarde *presque* comme Français." Voltaire was not ashamed at Berlin, when the Prussian soldiers did not enact the Roman legions to his mind, to exclaim in the midst of German princesses, "F——j'ai demandé des hommes, et on me donne des Allemands!" Marechal Schomberg, to whom the impertinent steward, on committing a fault, said, "Parbleu, on me prendra pour un Allemand!" would long ago have set them to rights with his answer, "On a tort, on devrait vous prendra pour un sot!"

To be, not to seem, is still the fairest feature in the character of my—I had almost said nation—of my quiet, thrifty, contented, diligent, honest countrymen. The German, at first glance, appears rarely what he is, and strikes the stranger as awkward and heavy. Yet, behind this plain quiet outside, there often dwells a cultivated mind, reflection, and deep feeling of duty, honour, diligence, and domestic virtue. In our father-land, honesty is universally at home; and during the night, you are safer on the highways and in the forests, than in the streets of Paris or London. "When in foreign countries," says an old author, "I fall in with a man too helpless for a Frenchman, too ceremonious for an Englishman, too pliable for a Spaniard, too lively for a Dutchman, too cordial for an Italian, too modest for a Russian—a man pressing towards me with oblique bows, and doing homage with ineffable self-denial to all that seems of rank; then my heart, and the blood in my face, says, 'that is thy countryman.'" How true! and how often have I lighted on such countrymen.

North Germany commences as soon as you leave behind you Nurenberg and Cassel. Cassel, in comparison with Hamburg resembles an Italian town. The Thuringian Forest separates north and south. The north is a coast-land, commerce its destination; the south inland: hence agriculture and industry are more suitable. The spirit of the South German is more directed to what is domestic: a fruitful soil rewards his labour, and alleviates it by the juice of the grape. The mouths of his rivers and his harbours allure the North German into foreign lands; his father-land is there, where he finds what he seeks, and what his own country has denied him. The South German must hence be more self-dependent, for he has a father-land at home full of blessing and beauty;—the North German has to seek one elsewhere; and this makes him more pliant, more polished, more active; but also more ostentatious, less to be confided in, more adventurous. This distinction is primeval. The North Germans mingled themselves with the Britons, Gauls, Italians, and Slavonians; the Alemanni and Bavarians remained in their native country.

The southern sky draws forth a vegetable world more luxuriant, fierier, spicier; the northern, a much duller, waterier, colder, and the men are so too, except where government and education have powerfully encroached. In the north the people have evidently less fancy and feeling, less genialness and versatility, even flatter, duller physiognomies, but also evidently greater intelligence, more consideration, seriousness, and constancy. The wastes, storms, and floods, the unthankful, sandy, moory country, must of themselves make the people more serious, more enterprising, more capable of contentment than in the south, where Nature is not so like a step-mother, nay, has flattered her favourites, thereby rendering them light-minded, indolent, and desirous of enjoying. Here the flesh triumphs over the spirit; there the spirit over the flesh, "*nos besoins sont nos forces!*"

The North German is hence more solid, gloomier, more retired, less kindly. Here you may still find the athletic forms of Tacitus, with blue eyes and yellow, or, more properly, red hair, which are rarer in the south. In the north the men seem to me more handsome, in the south the women. The South German is softer, and on the other hand his speech harder. The North German, though without wine, writes many a noble catch, which we in the south troll over our wine. The inhabitants of the wine countries have fewer singers of wine than those of the beer countries; the letter sing of it, the former are fonder of drinking it. It is as with songs of love; one sings of his mistress, seldom of his wife.

The North and South German bear the same relation to each other as beer and schnaps to wine, as bilberries to grapes, as butter and cheese to roast and dessert, as mountains and levels, as leagues and miles. In the south or wine land prevails a lighter, sprightlier, tone of intercourse; in the land of beer and schnaps with its moist air, all seems more dubious and measured; and thus the moment of enjoyment passes over.

The sex is livelier in the south and more complaisant, without on that account being more wanton. In the south there is everywhere more nature, in nature herself as in man, and most of all with the sex. In the north more culture and art, in the south more natural capability, as well as more nature and life.

The southern climate is softer, hence the wine; and the loose, light, fruitful soil compensates for the high, bare mountains. In the south we are more advanced in gardening, agriculture, tillage, and cattle-breeding. The south is not only richer in towns, palaces, and gardens, but also in excellently built villages of stone, and not of wood and earth. In the north many such villages would be called towns. What a difference between our cleanly cottages, and the filthy huts and half-stalls of the north. The very waters in the south are clear, flowing, rustling; in the north muddy, sneaking, stagnant. There the fountains gush spontaneously from the rocks; here they must first be dug out of the earth. The south extracts its treasures from the soil; the north more from commerce and manufactures. There the national capital is more in the hands of the nobility (the church) and the peasantry; here more in those of the merchant and manufacturer. Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, &c. are more free from debt than Austria, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, &c., because in the former there is less feasting and revelry; but the latter countries in themselves are richer, fuller of enjoyment. North Germany, in regard to road police, post regulations, inns, meat, drink, and lodging—large towns excepted—is in a state of semi-barbarism compared with the south.

Among all the North Germans the Saxon is the friendliest, distinguished by culture, diligence, and high spirit of contentment. But it is strange what a difference the Elbe makes between him and his neighbour. The Brandenburger or Prussian is vivacious, talkative, ceremonious, often dogmatical; the Saxon considerate, reserved, poorer in words; the former, prepossessed with what is new, feels delight in public places, loves to shine, and is the man of the world; the Saxon rather hates what is new, wishes to enjoy in silence in the circle of his own, and loves rural nature. Frugality is common to both; but it will go hard before other things become common between Prussians and Saxons. The Hessians have long distinguished themselves by bravery and military spirit, which leads to hardiness, patience, and contentment with little. Among the North Germans, those who live on the sea-coasts seem to me the rudest and most different from the South Germans; but the Prussians least of all.

The Swabian and Franconian is lively, loquacious, genial; and the Rheinländer is so in a still higher degree; but among the former I think there will be found more true-heartedness, inoffensiveness, and simplicity of manners, especially with the female sex, where it borders on *naïveté*. This good-nature which, as it were, surrenders itself, while others are lying in wait, and is hence easily over-reached, or leaves others the advantage, very naturally gave rise to the false proverb:—"The Swabian does not come to the years of discretion till forty." Swabians, Franconians, and Rheinlanders are our true sanguineans; and the last altogether our German-French, who dance through life like their Rhine-gnats.

The Bavarian is straight-forward, frank but dry, blunt, and he has hitherto been ruder, more ignorant, more fond of quarrel and drinking, more given up to superstition and old things than others; for his land was the home of priestcraft and monkery. You may ever distinguish the national Bavarian by his nervous squat body, small round head, and beer-belly, immediately beneath which the trousers begin; hence the braces or belt is indispensible. The showy belt, is, as in the Tyrol, matter of national pomp, so with the girls the boddice; and both are as little known in the north as the platted hair of the maidens—perhaps relics of the knight's girdle, bandalier, and breastplate; for noble knighthood flourished chiefly in the south.

Spirit of Discovery.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

The Niger.

Sir Rufane Donkin's new hypothesis respecting the Nile, briefly stands thus: The Niger (Ni-Geir) passes through Wangara, and emptying itself into the Wad-El Ghazeh, or Nile of Bornou, which is formed by the continuation of the Misselad (Geir) through Lake Fittre, flows under the sands of Bilmah into the Mediterranean Sea. Sir Rufane is likewise of opinion—that "reasoning from analogy, and still more from what we know of the nature of the country, I have no doubt but that in very

remote ages, the united Niger and Geir did roll into the sea in all the magnificence of a mighty stream, forming a grand estuary or harbour where now the quicksand is."—"The question to be solved under such a supposition is, what revolution in nature can have produced so great a change in the face of the country, as to cause a great river which once flowed into the sea, to stop short in a desart of sand." "We know from all recent, as well as from some of the older modern travellers, that the sands of the desarts west of Egypt, are encroaching on, and narrowing the valley of the Nile of Egypt. We see the pyramids gradually diminishing in height, particularly on their western sides, and we read of towns and villages which have been buried in the desart, but which once stood in fertile soils, some of whose minarets were still visible a few years ago, attesting the powers of the invading sand. The sphynx, buried almost up to the head, till the French cleared her down to the back, attested equally the desolating progress of this mighty sand-flood."—"And if we turn to the valley of the Nile of Egypt, we shall see at this moment the very process going on by which the lower part of the Niger, or Nile of Bornou has been choked up and obliterated by the invasion of the Great Sahara, under the names of the desarts of Bilmah and Lybia. Thus has been rubbed out from the face of the earth a river which had once its cities, its sages, its warriors, its works of art, and its inundations like the classic Nile; but which so existed in days of which we have scarcely a record."

La Perouse.

Before quitting Vanikoro, off which island La Perouse was wrecked, M. de Urville, captain of the Astrolabe, constructed a monument there, bearing the inscription, "To the memory of La Perouse and his companions. The Astrolabe, 14 March, 1828." Among the relics which have been withdrawn with great difficulty from beneath the waves, are a very strong anchor, and two stout troughs.

Siberia.

Professor Hansteen and his companions were at Tobolsk, on the 12th of September, whence they travelled on sledges, the cold being at 40 degrees Reamur, so that frozen quicksilver could be cut with a knife.

The Desart.

The opinion generally formed of Desarts is completely erroneous, according to Mrs. Charles Lushington, who, in her recent Travels, says, "Though much variety of country or occurrence cannot be expected in the Desart, I may with truth assert, that the passage through it was, to me, very interesting and agreeable. For the three first stages, the road was diversified by some irregularities of ground, and remarkable passes through the rocky mountains; but the course of our journey in general, lay through an arid plain of sand and stones, about two miles in breadth, bounded by rocks of sandstone of an almost uniform appearance. On the second day's march, I saw one or two trees, and the road was so varied, that I could then scarcely believe myself in a desart, which I had always pictured to my imagination as a dreary and interminable plain, with heavy loose sand, curled into clouds by every breath of wind."

Stilts.

In south-western France, the shepherds make stilts of long poles with the thigh-bone of an ox fastened at a moderate height from the ground, as a support for the foot, and to enable them to distinguish the approach of wolves at a greater distance.

Embalming.

There are three modes of embalming among the Egyptians: one of these consists in the injection of some antiseptic drugs previous to drying the body; but the most perfect and sumptuous is thus effected: The viscera are removed, and the body sprinkled with aromatics and natron. After drying, it is enveloped in folds of gummed linen, and placed in coffins. The great principle of embalming is the exclusion of the external air, but much is attributable to antiseptics. One of the principal ingredients in the mummy balsam is colocynth, or bitter apple, powdered. The same drug is employed in Upper Egypt for destroying vermin in clothes' presses, and store-rooms; and ostrich feathers sent to Lower Egypt are sprinkled with it. A recent traveller found in the head of a mummy, of a superior kind, a balsam, in colour and transparency like a pink topaz. It burned with a beautiful clear flame, and emitted a very fragrant odour, in which cinnamon predominated. In the heart of one of the mummies he found about three drams of pure nitre; the heart being entire, this must have been injected through the blood-vessels. Mummy powder was formerly in use all over Europe as a medicine, and is still employed as such among the Arabs, who mix it with butter, and esteem it a

sovereign remedy for internal and external ulcers.

Sulphur.

It is well known that sulphur which has been recently fused, does not immediately recover its former properties; but no one suspected that it required whole months, and even a longer period, fully to restore them.—*From the French.*

Sympathetic Ink.

Write on paper with a weak solution of nitrate of mercury, and the characters will become black, when held to the fire.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A SINGULAR LETTER FROM SOUTHERN AFRICA.

Communicated by Mr. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

My dear Friend,

In my last I related to you all the circumstances of our settlement here, and the prospect that we had of a peaceful and pleasant habitation. In truth, it is a fine country, and inhabited by a fine race of people, for the Kousies, as far as I have seen of them, are a simple and ingenuous race.

You knew my Agnes from her childhood—you were at our wedding at Beattock, and cannot but remember what an amiable and lovely girl she then was; and when she was going about our new settlement with our little boy in her arms, I have often fancied that I never saw so lovely a human being.

The chief Karoo came to me one day with his interpreter, whom he caused to make a long palaver about his power, and dominion, and virtues, and his great desire to do much good. The language of this fellow being a mixture of Kaffre, High Dutch, and English, was peculiarly ludicrous, and most of all so when he concluded with expressing his lord's desire to have my wife to be his own, and to give me in exchange for her four oxen, the best that I could choose from his herd!

As he made the proposal in presence of my wife, she was so much tickled with the absurdity of the proposed barter, and the manner in which it was expressed, that she laughed immoderately. Karoo, thinking she was delighted with it, eyed her with a look that surpasses all description, and then caused his interpreter to make another palaver to her concerning all the good things she was to enjoy; one of which was, that she was to ride upon an ox whose horns were tipped with gold. I thanked the great Karoo for his kind intentions, but declared my incapability to part with my wife, for that we were one flesh and blood, and that nothing could separate us but death. He could comprehend no such tie as this. All men sold their wives and daughters as they listed, I was told, for that the women were the sole property of the men. When I told him finally that nothing on earth could induce me to part with her, he seemed offended, bit his thumb, knitted his brows, and studied long in silence, always casting glances at Agnes of great pathos and languishment, which were perfectly irresistible, and ultimately he struck his spear's head in the ground, and offered me ten cows and a bull for my wife, and a choice virgin to boot. When this proffer was likewise declined, he smiled in derision, telling me I was the son of foolishness, and that *he foretold I should repent it.*

My William was at this time about eleven months old, but was still at the breast, as I could never prevail on his lovely mother to wean him, and at the very time of which I am speaking, our little settlement was invaded one night by a tribe of those large baboons called ourang-outangs, pongos, or wild men of the woods, who did great mischief to our fruits, yams, and carrots. From that time we kept a great number of guns loaded, and set a watch; and at length the depredators were again discovered. We pursued them as far as the Keys river, which they swam, and we lost them.

Among all the depredators, there was none fell but one youngling, which I lifted in my arms, when it looked so pitifully, and cried so like a child, that my heart bled for it. A large monster, more than six feet high, perceiving that he had lost his cub, returned brandishing a huge club, and grinning at me. I wanted to restore the abominable brat, for I could not bear the thought of killing it, it was so like a human creature; but before I could do this, several shots had been fired by my companions at the hideous monster, which caused him once more to take to his heels, but turning oft as he fled, he made threatening gestures at me. A Kousi servant that we had, finished the cub, and I caused it to be buried.

The very morning after that but one, Agnes and her black maid were milking our few cows upon the green: I was in the garden, and William was toddling about pulling flowers, when, all at once, the women were alarmed by the sight

of a tremendous ourang-outang issuing from our house, which they had just left. They seemed to have been struck dumb and senseless with amazement, for not one of them uttered a sound, until the monster, springing forward, in one moment, snatched up the child and made off with him. Before I reached the green where the cows stood, the ourang-outang was fully half a mile gone, and only the poor, feeble exhausted women running screaming after him. Before I overtook the women, I heard the agonized cries of my dear boy, my darling William, in the paws of that horrible monster. I pursued, breathless and altogether unnerved with agony; but, alas! I rather lost than gained ground.

These animals have this peculiarity, that when they are walking leisurely or running down-hill, they walk upright like a human being; but when hard pressed on level ground, or up hill, they use their long arms as fore-legs, and then run with inconceivable swiftness. When flying with their own young, the greater part of them will run nearly twice as fast as an ordinary man, for the cubs cling to them with both feet and hands, but as my poor William shrunk from the monster's touch, he was obliged to embrace him closely with one paw, and run on three, and still in that manner he outran me. Keeping still his distance before me, he reached the Keys river, and there the last gleam of hope closed on me, for I could not swim while the ourang-outang, with much acuteness, threw the child across his shoulders, held him by the feet with one paw, and with the other three stemmed the river, though then in flood, with amazing rapidity. It was at this dreadful moment that my beloved babe got his eyes on me as I ran across the plain towards him, and I saw him holding up his little hands in the midst of the foaming flood, and crying out, "Pa! pa! pa!" which he seemed to utter with a sort of desperate joy at seeing me approach.

Alas, that sight was the last, for in two minutes thereafter the monster vanished, with my dear child, in the jungles and woods beyond the river, and then my course was stayed, for to have thrown myself in, would only have been committing suicide, and leaving a destitute widow in a foreign land. I was quickly aroused by the sight of twelve of my countrymen coming full speed across the plain on my track. They were all armed and stripped for the pursuit, and four of them, some of whom you know, Adam Johnstone, Adam Halliday, Peter Carruthers, and Joseph Nicholson, being excellent swimmers, plunged at once into the river and swam across, though not without both difficulty and danger, and without loss of time continued the pursuit.

The remainder of us, nine in number, were obliged to go half a day's journey up the river, to a place called Shekah, where the Tambookies dragged us over on a hurdle; and we there procured a Kousi, who had a hound, which he pretended could follow the track of an ourang-outang over the whole world. We kept at a running pace the whole afternoon; and at the fall of night, came up with Peter Carruthers, who had lost the other three. A singular adventure had befallen to himself. He and his companions had agreed to keep within call of each other; but as he advanced, he conceived he heard the voice of a child crying behind him to the right, on which he turned off in that direction, but heard no more of the wail. As he was searching, however, he perceived an ourang-outang steal from a thicket, which, nevertheless, it seemed loath to leave. When he pursued it, it fled slowly, as if with intent to entice him in pursuit from the spot; but when he turned towards the thicket, it immediately followed. Peter was armed with a pistol and rapier; but his pistol and powder had been rendered useless by swimming the river, and he had nothing to depend on but his rapier. The creature at first was afraid of the pistol, and kept aloof; but seeing no fire issue from it, it came nigher and nigher, and seemed determined to have a scuffle with Carruthers for the possesssion of the thicket. At length it shook its head, grinning with disdain, and motioned him to fling the pistol away as of no use; it then went and brought two great clubs, of which it gave him the choice, to fight with it. There was something so bold, and at the same time so generous in this, that Peter took one as if apparently accepting the challenge; but that moment he pulled out his gleaming rapier, and ran at the hideous brute, which frightened it so much, that it uttered two or three loud grunts like a hog, and scampered off; but soon turning, it threw the club at Peter with such a certain aim, that it had very nigh killed him.

He saw no more of the animal that night; but when we found Carruthers, he was still lingering about the spot, persuaded that my child was there. We watched the thicket all night, and at the

very darkest hour, judge of my trepidation when I heard the cries of a child in the thicket, almost close by me, and well could distinguish that the cries proceeded from the mouth of my own dear William. We all rushed spontaneously into the thicket, and all towards the same point; but found nothing. I cried on my boy's name, but all was again silent, and we heard no more. He only uttered three cries, and then we all heard distinctly that his crying was stopped by something stuffed into his mouth. Before day, we heard some movement in the thicket, and though heard by us all at the same time, each of us took it for one of our companions moving about; and it was not till long after the sun was up, that we at length discovered a bed up among the thick branches of a tree, and not above twelve feet from the ground; but the occupants had escaped, and no doubt remained but that they were now far beyond our reach.

We then tried the dog, and by him we learned the way the fliers had taken; but that was all, for as the day grew warm, he lost all traces whatever. We searched over all the country for many days, but could find no traces of my dear boy, either dead or alive; and at length were obliged to return home weary and broken-hearted.

About three months after this sad calamity, one evening, on returning home from my labour, my Agnes was missing, and neither her maid-servant, nor one of all the settlers, could give the least account of her. My suspicions fell instantly on the Kousi chief, Karoo, for I knew that he had been in our vicinity hunting, and remembered his threat. I and three of my companions now set out and travelled night and day, till we came to the chief's head-quarters. Karoo denied the deed; but still in such a manner that my suspicions were confirmed. I threatened him terribly with the vengeance of his friend captain Johnstone, and the English army at the Cape, saying, I would burn him and all his wives and his people with fire. He wept out of fear and vexation, and offered me the choice of his wives, or any two of them, shewing me a great number of them, many of whom he recommended for their great beauty and fatness; and I believe he would have given me any number if I would have gone away satisfied. But the language of the interpreter being in a great measure unintelligible, we all deemed that he said repeatedly that Karoo *would not give the lady up*.

What was I now to do? We had not force in our own small settlement to compel Karoo to restore her; and I was therefore obliged to buy a trained ox, on which I rode all the way to the next British settlement, for there are no horses in that country. There I found captain Johnstone with three companies of the 72nd, watching the inroads of the savage Boshesmen. He was greatly irritated at Karoo, and dispatched lieutenant M'Kenzie, and fifty men along with me, to chastise the aggressor. When the chief saw the Highlanders, he was terrified out of his wits; but, nevertheless, not knowing what else to do, he prepared for resistance, after once more proffering me the choice of his wives.

Just when we were on the eve of commencing a war, which must have been ruinous to our settlement, a black servant of Adam Johnstone came to me, and said that I ought not to fight and kill his good chief, for that he had not the white woman. I was astonished, and asked the Kaffre what he meant, when he told me that he himself saw my wife carried across the river by a band of pongos, (ourang-outangs), but he had always kept it a secret, for fear of giving me distress, as they were too far gone for pursuit when be beheld them. He said they had her bound, and were carrying her gently on their arms, but she was either dead or in a swoon, for she was not crying, and her long hair was hanging down.

A whole year passed over my head like one confused dream; another came, and during the greater part of it my mind was very unsettled. About the beginning of last year, a strange piece of intelligence reached our settlement. It was said that two maids of Kamboo had been out on the mountains of Norroweldt gathering fruits, where they had seen a pongo taller than any Kousi, and that this pongo had a beautiful white boy with him, for whom he was gathering the choicest fruits, and the boy was gambolling and playing around him, and leaping on his shoulders. We applied to Karoo for assistance, who had a great number of slaves from that country, much attached to him, who knew the language of the place whither we were going, and all the passes of the country. He complied readily with our request, giving us an able and intelligent guide, with as many of his people as we chose. We raised in all fifty Malay and Kousis; nine British soldiers, and every one of the settlers that could bear arms, went with us, so that we had in

all nearly a hundred men, the blacks being armed with pikes, and all the rest with swords, guns, and pistols. We journeyed for a whole week, travelling much by night, and resting in the shade by day, and at last we came to the secluded district of which we were in search, and in which we found a temporary village, or camp, of one of these independent inland tribes.

From this people we got the heart-stirring intelligence, that a whole colony of pongos had taken possession of that country, and would soon be masters of it all; for that the Great Spirit had sent them a Queen from the country beyond the sun, to teach them to speak, and work, and go to war; and that she had the entire power over them, and would not suffer them to hurt any person who did not offer offence to them; that they knew all she said to them, and answered her, and lived in houses and kindled fires like other people, and likewise fought rank and file. That they had taken one of the maidens of their own tribe to wait upon the Queen's child; but because the girl wept, the Queen caused them to set her at liberty.

I was now rent between hope and terror—hope that this was my own wife and child, and terror that they would be rent in pieces by the savage monsters rather than given up. Of this last, the Lockos (the name of this wandering tribe) assured us, we needed not to entertain any apprehensions, for that they would, every one of them die, rather than wrong a hair of their Queen's head. That very night, being joined by the Lockos, we surrounded the colony by an extensive circle, and continuing to close as we advanced. By the break of day we had them closely surrounded. The monsters flew to arms at the word of command, nothing daunted, forming a close circle round their camp and Queen, the strongest of the males being placed outermost, and the females inmost, but all armed alike, and all having the same demure and melancholy faces. The circle being so close that I could not see inside, I went with the nine redcoats to the top of a cliff, that, in some degree, overlooked the encampment, in order that, if my Agnes really was there, she might understand who was near her. Still I could not discover what was within, but I called her name aloud several times, and in about five minutes after that, the whole circle of tremendous brutal warriors flung away their arms and retired backward, leaving an open space for me to approach their Queen.

In the most dreadful trepidation I entered between the hideous files, being well guarded by soldiers on either hand, and followed by the rest of the settlers; and there I indeed beheld my wife, my beloved Agnes, standing ready to receive me, with little William in her right hand, and a beautiful chubby daughter in her left, about two years old, and the very image of her mother. The two children looked healthy and beautiful, with their fur aprons, but it struck me at first that my beloved was much altered: it was only, however, caused by her internal commotion, by feelings which overpowered her grateful heart.

As soon as Agnes was somewhat restored, I proposed that we should withdraw from the camp of her savage colony; but she refused, and told me, that she behoved to part with her protectors on good terms, and that she must depart without any appearance of compulsion, which they might resent; and we actually rested ourselves during the heat of the day in the shades erected by those savage inhabitants of the forest. My wife went to her hoard of provisions, and distributed to every one of the pongos his share of fruit, succulent herbs, and roots, which they ate with great composure.

Agnes then stood up and made a speech to her subjects, accompanying her expressions with violent motions and contortions, to make them understand her meaning. They understood it perfectly; for when they heard that she and her children were to leave them, they set up such a jabbering of lamentation as British ears never heard. We then formed a close circle round Agnes and the children, to the exclusion of the pongos that still followed behind, howling and lamenting; and that night we lodged in the camp of the Lockos, placing a triple guard round my family, of which there stood great need. We durst not travel by night, but we contrived two covered hurdles, in which we carried Agnes and the children, and for three days a considerable body of the tallest and strongest of the ourang-outangs attended our steps.

We reached our own settlement one day sooner than we took in marching eastward; but then I durst not remain for a night, but getting into a vessel, I sailed straight for the Cape.

My Agnes's part of the story is the most extraordinary of all. The creatures' motives for stealing and detaining her appears to have been as follows:—

These animals remain always in distinct tribes, and are perfectly subordi-

nate to a chief or ruler, and his secondary chiefs. For their expedition to rob our gardens, they had brought their sovereign's sole heir along with them, as they never leave any of the royal family behind them, for fear of a surprisal. It was this royal cub which we killed, and the Queen his mother having been distractedly inconsolable for the loss of her darling, the old monarch had set out by night to try if possible to recover it; and on not finding it, he seized on my boy in its place, carried him home in safety to his Queen, and gave her him to nurse! She did so. Yes she positively did nurse him at her breast for three months, and never child throve better than he did. By that time he was beginning to walk, and aim at speech, by imitating every voice he heard, whether of beast or bird; and it had struck the monsters as a great loss, that they had no means of teaching their young sovereign to speak, at which art he seemed so apt. This led to the scheme of stealing his own mother to be his instructor, which they effected in the most masterly style, binding and gagging her in her own house, and carrying her from a populous hamlet in the fair forenoon, without having been discovered.

Agnes immediately took her boy under her tuition, and was soon given to understand that her will was to be the sole law of the community; and all the while that they detained her, they never refused her aught, save to take her home again. Our little daughter she had named Beatrice, after her maternal grandmother. She was born six months and six days after Agnes's abstraction. She spoke highly of the pongos, of their docility, generosity, warmth of affection to their mates and young ones, and of their irresistible strength. At my wife's injunctions, or from her example, they all wore aprons: and the females had let the hair of their heads grow long. It was glossy black, and neither curled nor woolly, and on the whole, I cannot help having a lingering affection for the creatures. They would make the most docile, powerful, and affectionate of all slaves; but they come very soon to their growth, and are but shortlived, in that way approximating to the rest of the brute creation. They live entirely on fruits, roots, and vegetables, and taste no animal food whatever.

I asked Agnes much of the civility of their manner to her, and she always describes it as respectful and uniform. For awhile she never thought herself quite safe when near the Queen, but the dislike of the latter to her arose entirely out of the boundless affection for the boy. No mother could possibly be fonder of her offspring than this affectionate creature was of William, and she was jealous of his mother for taking him from her, and causing him to be weaned. But then the chief never once left the two Queens by themselves; they had always a guard day and night. WM. MITCHELL.

Vander Creek,
Near Cape Town.
Oct. 1. 1826.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

BEFORE AND AFTER DINNER.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth dined with Sir Thomas Gresham, before she proceeded to name the Royal Exchange, Sir Thomas pledged her majesty in a cup containing a pearl made into powder, of the value of £1,000. So runs the story, but we should think Sir Thomas superio. to such a piece of ostentatious folly. The display of his grasshopper crest on the pinnacles of the Old 'Change was in much better taste.

The old fashion of transacting public business *after dinner* is not unworthy of remark and contrast with the present custom. In 1696, the foundation-stone of Greenwich Hospital was laid by John Evelyn, with a select committee of commissioners, and Sir Christopher Wren, precisely at five in the evening, *after they had dined together*, Flamstead, the royal astronomer, observing the time punctually by his instruments. In our days the only public business transacted *after dinner* is that of parliament, and the alteration of this to the morning has often been suggested: but if the motto *in vino veritas* hold good, it were better left as it is.

All public business in England is an occasion of eating and drinking, which gave rise to "wretches hang that jurymen may dine." Gourmands of fruit all flock to the Horticultural Society's dinner for the sake of its dessert; and by a recent regulation, tea, coffee, and cakes are handed round at the evening meetings of the Antiquarian and other societies.

Professor Jameson, in noticing the Berlin Geographical Society, says, "It does not give prizes, nor publish a journal, but confines itself to its meetings, which, agreeably to the custom of the country, are concluded by a jovial banquet." Thus, we are not alone in our

festal predilections, and were all meetings of our public societies terminated like those of the Fellows of Berlin, science would become more popular, and the lovers of good living be gainers. Still, we recommend the fellows to keep out of their after-dinner conversations, all such topics as the course of the Niger, or the position of a new magnetic pole. Q.

BELLS.

Bells are for all things, all events:
For victories, for fires,
For hanging crimes with ill intents,
Or law proscribed desires.
For this, St. Bride her turret rocks,
For that St. Dunstan rings;
The last St. Sepulchre so shocks,
That all about him swings.
Mr. Jerdan—in the Gem for 1830.

Nobody is anybody, until he takes the title of somebody, and is laughed at by everybody.

We are surprised that fifty accidents do not happen every day at the Zoological Gardens—for mothers let their children rove just as if they were in the most innocent company on earth; and due credit ought to be given to the wild beasts in general for their considerate conduct in not eating up half the rising generation that pay their shilling apiece to see the Zoological show.—*Monthly Mag.*—Apropos, we find there are now seven leopards in the society's collection, and that one day last summer the receipts at the gate amounted to £108. 12*s*.

BLUNDERS.

Some people mistake the three French Consuls for the three per cent. Consols; quote Moore's Almanac in illustration of Moore's Melodies; inquire whether those two great poets, Hogg and Bacon, were not of the same family; and when asked their opinion of Crabbe, give a decided preference to lobster. Who has not heard Hervey's Meditations and Harvey's Sauce mixed up in a most unbecoming manner; and culprits talking of *de*taining counsel, whereas the "detention" applies only to themselves.

A JINGLING POET.

The good people of Stockholm have a public holiday in honour of *Bellman*, a Swedish poet, who died forty years ago. We thought our gold-laced Christmas rhymsters were the only poets of that name.

SONG.

The Swiss are so much attached to their native country, that a certain song, called *Ranz de Vaches*, sung by the cowherds and milkmaids, affects them so much, when in a foreign land, that they must return home, or *pine away and die!*

Oh, when shall I return to stay
With all I love, now far away;
Our brooks so clear,
Our hamlets dear,
Our cots so nigh,
Our mountains high,
And sweeter still than mount or dell,
The ever gentle Isabel,
Beneath the elm, in verdant mead,
Dance to the shepherd's rural reed

Oh, when shall I return to stay,
With all I love, now far away,
My father, mother, I'll caress,
My sister, brother, fondly press,
While lambkins play,
And cattle stray,
And smiles my lovely shepherdess.

Napoleon, when in Flanders, caused a double row of trees to be planted on each side of the public roads; but the present government have caused them to be cut down (though not at full growth) and others planted.

Philo-Viator.

CURRAN'S SOUL OF WIT.

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

SAMPSON'S STRENGTH SURPASSED.

A person was saying, not at all to the purpose, that Sampson was a very strong man. "Ay," said another, "but you are much stronger, for you make nothing of lugging him in by the head and shoulders."

MUTUAL DEFICIENCY.

A barrister who was *lame* of one leg, pleading before a late judge, who had little or no *nose*, the judge told him, he was afraid he had but a *lame* cause of it. "Oh, my lord," said the barrister "have but a little patience, and I'll warrant I prove every thing as plain as the *nose* in your face."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 636, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 399.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2*d*.

Verona.

SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1830.

Fair and gentle readers, we present you with a kaleidoscopic view of some of these elegant trifles—the very *bijouterie* of art and literature—in picture outmastering each other in gems of ingenuity, and in print, exalting a thousand beautiful fancies into a halo of harmony and happiness for the coming year. We call these "trifles," but in the best sense of the term—ay, the air-plants of literature, whose light flowers and fancies shoot up and entwine with our best affections, and even lend a charm to the loveliest of their objects.

We commence with

The Gem,

almost the "youngling of the flock," which contains the original of the annexed Engraving, by W. J. Cooke

appended to which is the following illustrative sketch:—

VERONA.

By Mrs. Maria Callcott.

The drawing from which our engraving is made, is one of the relics of the late Mr. Bonington, whose early death has caused such great and just regret to the lovers of painting. It represents one of those ancient towers, and one of those magnificent palaces, (the Maffei Palace), which distinguish the city of Verona, and, by their peculiar character, mark it both as the ancient Gothic capital of northern Italy, and as one of the great principalities of the middle ages.

Verona is indebted to nature for part of the charms it possesses for a traveller. It is nearly surrounded by the broad and rapid Adige: the hills towards the Tyrol have a majestic character, which, as they approach the city, is softened by vineyards, and fields, and gardens, between agreeable villas or groves of cypress. The dress of the people is picturesque; their habits are cheerful, and their manners kindly.

Besides all this, there is scarcely a city, even in Italy, to which we attach a more romantic interest than to Verona. Under its ancient Gothic name of Bern, it is the scene of many of the Teutonic tales which are woven into the Book of Heroes, and the song of the Nibelung. The poets and novelists of the middle ages have also laid the scenes of many of their enchanting tales in this beautiful city; and our own Shakspeare has brought Verona so home to every English reader, that we feel almost to have a right of possession in the place.

Originally a city of the Rhetians, Verona became a Roman colony about the time of Julius Cæsar, who caused its inhabitants to be enrolled among the number of Roman citizens. Its most flourishing periods under the empire were the reigns of Vespasian and of Hadrian, when various temples, and other public buildings, of which some fragments still remain, were erected, and the magnificent amphitheatre, which is still used for scenic representations, was built. It was under the reign of Trajan, that Verona received its first Christian Bishop, Euprepius; and in that of Dioclesian, that its martyrs, Fermus and Rusticus, suffered. The conquest of the city by Constantine, and the fearful battle fought in its immediate neighbourhood between Stilicho and Attila, produced little change in the condition of Verona, which continued to partake of the general fortunes of the empire, until the reign of Theodoric the Great.

After the invasion of Italy by the Ostrogoths, under Theodoric, and his victory over Odoacer, which ensured him the sovereignty of the country, from the Alps to Calabria, about the year 493, he fixed his capital at Verona, or, as it was called by the Goths, Bern:* there he built a magnificent palace, which communicated, by a continued portico, with the principal gate of the city. He renewed the Roman walls and fortifications, repaired the aqueducts, and constructed commodious baths and other public buildings.†

After the death of Theodoric, A.D. 526, in the 37th year of his reign, the disturbed reigns of his daughter Amalasontha and her son Athalaric were an earnest of the distractions that Verona suffered, in common with the rest of Italy, till the taking of the city by Charlemagne, when a short period of tranquillity was enjoyed. Yet there a part of the great family tragedy, which secured his possession of the empire, was acted. He found in the town the widow and children of his brother Carloman, and they were sacrificed to his security. His eldest son, Pepin Hunchback, died at Verona, and was buried in St. Zeno's church, which he had founded. The present magnificent temple stands nearly on the site of Pepin's humbler foundation; and the great stone, now shown in the court, called the tomb of King Pepin, is very possibly that of Charlemagne's son.

During the disastrous period that followed, Verona underwent all the evils that its situation (at the very entrance to Italy from Germany) was so peculiarly calculated to draw upon it. The invasions of the Othos, the wars of the Guelfs and Ghibelines, the struggles of the people against oppression, and between the oppressors for power, from time to time distressed the city and robbed the citizens. Yet the very struggle for freedom and power ensured a portion of the former to the people, who were courted by all parties; and Verona became rich by the visits of her masters, and of such as courted her assistance. But it was in the thirteenth century that she became the queen of northern Italy, under the reign of the Scaligers, or della Scalas, who, from simple citizens, were raised, by their valour, their humanity, and the free choice of the people, to the sovereignty of the state.

* See Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," chap. 39, for the general conduct of Theodoric in Italy.
† Tiraboschi, book i.

During one hundred and twenty-seven years, ten princes of that illustrious house reigned in Verona. The first six were men of extraordinary talent, and, for the time in which they lived, of extraordinary virtue. They not only enlarged the boundaries of the Veronese, but subjected several distant cities. Albert della Scala added Trent and Riva, Parma and Reggio, Belluno and Vicenza, to his dominions; and Can Grande conquered Padua, Trevigi, Mantua, and Feltre. It is his body that is laid in the plain sarcophagus over the door of the little church of St. Mary of the Scaligers, only adorned with the figure of a knight on horseback, of nearly the natural size, above it. The other tombs, on which it looks down, are those of his successors: they are gorgeous in ornament, and form a conspicuous group among the picturesque buildings of the city; but they are built over the ashes of men under whom their family and state declined, until the Visconti of Milan, having overcome the princes, built the citadel, and fortified Castello San Pietro.

We must not omit to state that under Bartolomeo, the third of the Scaligers, that tragic end was put to the rivalry of the great families, Capelletti and Montecchi, which served Bandello as the foundation of one of his most popular novels, and Shakspeare as the plot of Romeo and Juliet. The tomb now shown as that of Juliet, is an ancient sarcophagus of red granite: it has suffered from the fire which burnt down the church where it was originally placed.

The Visconti did not long rule in Verona: about the year 1405, the Veronese placed themselves under the protection of Venice, whose good and ill fortune they partook of, until the period of the French Revolution, when, in 1796, the Venetian Republic ceased to exist. In 1798, the German army occupied Verona, and thought itself secure behind walls which had stood against Catinat, and which had been improved and strengthened by Prince Eugene; but, in 1801, it fell into the hands of the French, and became part of the kingdom of Italy. The events of 1814 placed the Veronese under the dominion of Austria; and, in 1822, this ancient capital of the North of Italy was the scene of a congress, wherein the divisions of Europe were remodelled, and its proportions changed in a manner that it is to be hoped will, in the end, conduce to its prosperity. Never had such a royal meeting taken place since the days of Theodoric, whose companions were princes from every nation on earth.

But they looked on the ruins of Verona. The Roman Amphitheatre is, perhaps, the least injured of all the public buildings. On the walls, the four bridges, the castles, and even the churches, the havoc of mines and the disfiguring effects of bullets are every where visible. The poverty that war leaves behind is to be seen in the neglected state of the public buildings, the substitution of gilded and silvered wood for the sacred golden candlesticks of the altar, and the destruction or disappearance of pictures of great price. Yet enough remains to show that Verona once partook of the riches, the polish, the luxury of Venice. There are relics of her schools, and fragments of her beautiful architecture. From the Gothic times to the present, we may trace, step by step, the improvements and variations of public and private buildings. The majestic San Zeno is at the head of the churches: there is nothing but what is ancient, and nothing new or incongruous offends the eye. The Cathedral still preserves one of Titian's most precious works. In the portico are two figures in high relief, of white marble: on the sword of one is the word Durindarda; is this the effigy of Charlemagne's Orlando? The ancient church of San Fermo, restored in 1319, offers some of the earliest pictures after the first dawn of the revival of painting, by Stefano da Zevio. To the church of St. George, beyond the Adige, one of the great works of Paolo Veronese, which do so much honour to himself and to his native city, has been restored, after having been carried to Paris. Indeed, there is not one of the many churches of Verona which is not interesting on account of its antiquity, the works of art contained in it, or its story; and the public squares and lordly palaces, and the towers that once served as watch-towers to the proud nobles who guarded them, all force the spectator to look back with wonder and admiration to the times when a sentiment of political independence could produce such monuments of glory, even in the midst of war and in a petty state.

The preceding extract has occupied so much space, that we can give little more than an enumeration of the other contents of the *Gem*. Among the prose, we have been most pleased with Walter Errick, a touching tale, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, (author of Sorrows of Rosalie;) and the Mining Curate, by

Mr. Carne; both of which, however, terminate somewhat too gloomily. Next is the Man and the Lioness, by Lord Nugent—not a "Lioness" of Exeter 'Cnange, but a cook and housekeeper to a country gentleman, by all around called *the Lioness* a name, "in the strictest sense, *de guerre*." Knowing the noble author's *forte* in gastronomy, we are almost induced to think the cook, or *Lioness* a portrait from life. With respect to the name, his lordship observes "it might have had some reference to those ample and bushy ringlets, of a colour which by the friends of the wearer, is generally called bright auburn, and which, on those high days when Mrs. Grace was wont to stalk forth from her solitude, swelled around a sanguine countenance, in volume, in texture, and in hue, not unlike the mane of that awful animal." To our view, Mrs. Grace is a sort of Mrs. Subtle, but who, with better luck than the housekeeper in the play, marries the old gentleman, and after an odd adventure at a masquerade, buries him in the Abbey Church, Bath. It is pleasantly told, and there are in it many genuine touches of humour. Miss Mitford has next Little Miss Wren, a beautiful trifle for old and young; and last is the Count of Trionto, as deep a piece of Italian romance as need accompany one of Mr. Martin's designs.

The poetical pieces, which are numerous, are of a less lugubrious cast than usual. Mr. Kenney, the playwright, has a rustic plaint:

> Dear Tom, my brave free-hearted lad,
> Where'er you go, God bless you!
> You'd better speak than wish you had,
> If love for me distress you.
> To me they say, your thoughts incline,
> And possibly they may so;
> Then, once for all, to quiet mine,
> Tom, if you love me, say so.

—All this is mighty pleasant for a plaint, and just such as Mr. Kenney would write on one of the garden-seats of the Tuileries, or in the green-room of the little theatre in the Haymarket. The lines on a young collegian and his "dearest Lily," are equally playful:

> Farewell to the hound and the cover,
> Farewell to the heath and the glen!
> But when *Term* and the *Little-go's* over,
> He'll be with you, dear Lily again.

— But these are hardly polished enough for the *Gem*. In another vein, Dr. Bowring has some fine stanzas "to God," from the Dutch. A few lines by the unfortunate John Keats strongly tell his frenzied hours. A Legend of the Mirror has too much chivalry to belong to our lists, but is very pretty. The Lone Old Man, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, has all the pathos of her best compositions. Still, the most striking of the poetry are the Tichborne Dole, a ballad of rare antique beauty, by Lord Nugent—and a Highland Eclogue, by the Ettrick Shepherd—both which are too long for extract.

In its Illustrations, the *Gem* is more than usually fortunate, and their selection and execution is honourable to the taste and talent of R. Cooper, Esq. R.A. The Frontispiece, Rose Malcolm, from his pencil, by C. Rolls, is extremely beautiful. Wilkie's Saturday Night is ably engraved by J. Mitchell; and Tyre, by S. Lacy, from a picture by T. Creswick contended for our choice with Verona, which we have adopted. Three or four of the plates have much fun and humour: the Stolen Interview, after Stephanoff—an old lady being asleep at noonday in an easy chair, her daughter profits by the nap to return the attentions of her devoted admirer at the open door; the girl's expression is admirable. Another, the Coquette, after Chalon, is engraved in a light, sprightly style by Humphreys; a beautiful French flirt, at her toilet, is repelling with her fan—that wand of coquetry—a French Abbé on bended knee, whilst her other hand is rapturously siezed by a second suitor, just peeping from behind a screen: if such be

> A sample of the *old régime*,
> I hope the new one's better.

Another pretty piece of intrigue—a girl stealing an opened love-letter from a fair one dozing on a sofa, and a third advancing on tiptoe from the door of the room, is highly creditable to Mr. Smirke, the painter, and A. W. Warren, the engraver. Among the more elaborate plates is an exquisite creation of Howard's pencil, the Infant Bacchus brought by Mercury to the Nymphs—engraved by J. C. Edwards: and last, though not least in effect, is Trionto, a mountain wild and chaos of storm, from a drawing by Martin; but the engraving hardly approaches the design.

There is much novelty in the present *Gem*: the prints, prose, and poetry sparkle most characteristically, and are just such as the title of the work would lead one to expect to find in it; which is a rare merit among new books.

Friendship's Offering.

We believe the editor of the present volume to be Mr. Thomas Pringle, of whose taste and fitness for the task, we spoke in our "Spirit of the Annuals" for 1829. It contains five or six striking prose articles, and, we think, fewer poetical pieces than the former volume. Among the tales entitled to special mention, as evincing considerable talent and more than the ordinary interest of mere sketches—are Il Vesuviano, a Neapolitan Story—the Voyage Out, by Mrs. Bowdich—the Lover's Leap, a Highland Legend, by Leigh Ritchie—a tale of the White Bristol, (30 pages) from the powerful pen of Mr. Banim—the Fords of Callum, by the Ettrick Shepherd — Mourad and Euxabeet, a Persian Tale, by Mr. Fraser—and Whatever betide—for the right, a tale of Old London—the titles of which will give the reader some idea of the rich and varied contents of the prose department. The Outline of a Life, by Mr. Kennedy has all the "fitful fancy" of his earlier productions, but the piece selected by us for quotation, is

LUCIFER.

*By J. A. St. John.**

In an ancient chronicle of Arezzo, which still remains in manuscript in the church of St. Angelo, in that city,† there is found the very extraordinary story of the painter Spinello Aretino, to which Lanzi alludes briefly, in his History of Painting in Italy. No farther notice has, I believe, been taken of it by any other writer whatever, although it appears to me to be singularly well calculated to gratify or to excite the curiosity of those who love to pry into the mysteries of human nature, and to mark the strange avenues by which mortals sometimes approach the gates of death.

When Spinello first arrived at Arezzo, he took lodgings in the house of an artist, who, although he possessed no great share of genius, had contrived to amass considerable wealth. This artist was no other than Bernardo Daddi, whose son, also named Bernardo, afterwards became the pupil of Spinello, and almost eclipsed his father's reputation. Besides this son, Bernardo had several other children, and among the rest a daughter named Beatrice, then just verging upon womanhood. With this daughter it was to be expected that Spinello would immediately be in love; but our young artist had left behind him, in his native village, a charming girl, to whom he was in a manner betrothed; and he was the last man in the world to look upon another with a wandering heart. He, therefore, lived in the same house, and ate at the same table with Beatrice, without even discovering that she was beautiful; while they who merely caught a glance of her at church, or as she moved, like a vision, along the public walk, pretended to be consumed with passion.

Fathers, whether their children are beautiful or not, are often desirous of preserving an image of them during their golden age, when time, like the summer sun, is only ripening the fruit he will afterwards wither, and cause to drop from the bough. Bernardo was possessed by this desire; and as he never dreamed that any pencil in Arezzo, but his own, could reproduce upon canvass the lovely countenance of Beatrice, he spent, as from his opulence he could now afford to do, a considerable portion of his time in painting her portrait. The girl, however, who was not greatly addicted to meditation and could not read, for books had not then come into fashion, grew melancholy during these long sittings, and her father perceived it. At first no remedy presented itself. He endeavoured, indeed, to converse with her a little in his uncouth way; but he had not cultivated the art of talking, and quickly exhausted his topics. He next introduced his son Bernardo, the junior of Beatrice by one year, whose efforts at creating amusement, being constrained and unnatural, for he came against his will, were little more successful than his own. At length the idea of engaging the services of his lodger, with whom he had observed that Beatrice sometimes laughed and chatted of an evening, occurred to him, and he forthwith mentioned the subject to Spinello. The young man entertained a very strong affection for Bernardo, who, if he wanted genius, was far from being destitute of amiable and endearing qualities; and therefore, notwithstanding that he felt it would greatly interfere with his studies, and trench upon his time, he immediately determined to comply with the old man's desires.

The next morning saw Spinello installed in his new office. Beatrice was

* We have abridged this tale to suit our limits, though we trust not at the expense of the interest of the author. The style is rich and tender, and well suited to this class of works, although we cannot help thinking some of the details unnecessarily protracted. In the volume it occupies 22 pages.

† Vide Catal Manuscript. Sanct. Ang. No. 817. 4to. Rom. 1532.

seated like a statue in an antique chair with her arms crossed upon her bosom, her eyes fixed upon vacancy, and her features screwed in spite of herself, into an expression of weariness and impatience. By degrees, however, as Spinello conversed with her, now of one trifle, then of another, her eyes involuntarily wandered to that portion of the room in which the young dialectician sat involved in shadow, and exerting all his eloquence and ingenuity to awaken her attention. The experiment succeeded. Spinello was entreated to be present the next day, the day following, and, in fact, every day, until the portrait was completed, or, at least, nearly so. He gazed, as I have said, upon the face of Beatrice, and would sometimes spend a moment in examining the inanimate representation of it, and in instituting a comparison between it and the original; and one day forgetting in his idolatry of loveliness the respect due to old age, he snatched the pencil from the hand of Bernardo, and with singular ardour and impatience exclaimed—"Let me finish it!" Without uttering a word, the old man, awed by the vehemence of his manner, yielded up the pencil; and Spinello proceeded, as if in a dream, to embody upon the canvass the idea of beauty which inhabited his soul.

Spinello, thus entrapped by his own enthusiasm, could do no other than proceed with the portrait. Though infinitely desirous not to wound the feelings of Daddi, he perceived at once that it would be necessary to recast the whole design of the piece to change the style of colouring—in a word, to paint a new picture. Daddi, who loved his child still more than his art, and wished to preserve and transmit to posterity a likeness of her, by whomsoever painted, was not offended, though he was a little hurt, by this freedom, and without murmur or objection allowed Spinello to accomplish his undertaking in whatever manner he pleased. The young man went to work with a satisfaction and alacrity he had never before experienced; and the image of Beatrice, passing into his soul, to be thence reflected, as from one mirror upon another, on the canvass, shed the light of Paradise over his fancy—as the musk-deer perfumes the thicket in which it slumbers.

Though this picture is greatly celebrated in Italy, and especially at Arezzo, I shall not pause to describe it minutely. Beatrice is represented as reclining, in a chaste and thoughtful attitude, on an antique couch at the foot of a pillar: flowers and flowering shrubs appear to shed their perfume around; and a spreading tree, with a vine loaded with grapes climbing up its trunk and branches, stretches over her. In the back ground the sky only, and a few dusky trees, appear. The design, it will be perceived is meagre enough, but the execution is incomparably beautiful; and it may be safely affirmed, that if immortality upon earth was all that Bernardo coveted for his child, his prayer has been granted A thousand pens have been employed in celebrating this picture, and Italian literature must perish ere Beatrice be forgotten.

I shall not pretend to say by what means, since it was not by words, Spinello discovered that he was beloved by Beatrice: but assuredly the discovery gave him considerable pain. The form of Beatrice would rise up both in his sleeping and waking dreams before his fancy, among his most cherished associations; and her features, although he observed it not, mingled themselves, as it were, with the elements of every picture he painted.

While this was the state of his mind and feelings, Spinello was engaged to paint his famous picture of the "Fall of the Angels," for the church of St. Angelo at Arezzo. The design of this great work, which has been celebrated by Vasari, Moderni, and other writers on Italian art, was at once magnificent and original; and the countenance and figure of Lucifer, upon which the artist appeared to have concentrated all the rays, as it were, of his genius, were conceived in a manner fearfully sublime. Spinello disdained the vulgar method of binding together, by an arbitrary link, all the attributes of ugliness, which artists have generally pursued when they would represent the greatest of the fallen angels; and, after meditating long upon the best mode of embodying the principle of evil, determined to clothe it with a certain form of beauty, though of a kind not calculated to delight, but on the contrary to awaken in the soul all those feelings of uneasiness, anxiety, apprehension and terror, which usually slumber in the abysses of our nature, and are disturbed only on very extraordinary occasions.

From the moment in which he began to delineate this miraculous figure, a singular change seemed to have taken place in his whole nature. His imagination, like a sea put in motion by the wind, appeared to be in perpetual agitation. He was restless and uneasy when

any other occupation kept him away from his picture. As his health was good, and his frame vigorous though susceptible, this state of excitement was at first rather pleasing than otherwise. He indulged himself, therefore, with those agitating visions, as they may be called, which the contemplation or recollection of his Lucifer called up before his mind. At length, however, the idea of the mighty fallen angel, whose form he had delighted to clothe with terror and sublimity, began to present itself under a new character to his mind; and instead of being a subject to be fondled, as it were, and caressed by the imagination, seemed as it approached maturity to manifest certain mysterious qualities, which, engendered terror and apprehension rather than delight.

Spinello's *studio* now began to be a place of torture to him, and he turned his eyes towards the amusements of the world, which he had hitherto shunned and scorned. He frequented the society of other young artists, with whom he often strolled into the woods, or rather groves, for which this portion of Etruria was always remarkable, sometimes traversing or descending the Val d'Arno, at others roaming about the ruins, or visiting the site of Pliny's Tuscan Villa. On returning in high spirits from one of these excursions, he learned by the letter of a friend that the object of his first love had proved unfaithful, and been united in marriage to another. This event, though it had no connexion whatever with his former cause of uneasiness, threw a new gloom over his imagination, in the midst of which the figure of Lucifer, dilating, like an image in the mists of the desert, to superhuman dimensions, stood up to scare and tor ment him afresh.

The unhappy young man, wounded in his feelings, and haunted by the shadow of his own idea, now fled to Beatrice for relief; and her tone of thinking, which had in it something of the Stoic cast, united with a manner at once playful and dignified, delighted him exceedingly. They conversed together on many occasions for whole hours; and the trains of thought which at such times swept like glorious pageants through his mind, followed too rapidly to allow of the existence of melancholy. Sometimes, indeed, Spinello would observe that when he gazed in rapture, rather than in passion, upon the face of Beatrice, a certain something, like a ray of light, or a spark of fire fallen upon an altar, would penetrate his soul, and kindle a sudden and fierce pain; but it usually passed quickly away, and was forgotten. By degrees, however, its recurrence became more frequent, and the pain it inflicted more intense; and consequently there soon mingled a considerable portion of uneasiness in his intercourse with his fair and beautiful friend.

At length the picture was completed, and placed in the church of St. Angelo, above the altar; and Spinello felt relieved, as if the weight of the whole universe had been removed from his spirit. He now chatted with Bernardo, or with his pupil, and the other young artists of Arezzo; or enjoyed the passionate and almost solemn converse of Beatrice, who from a lively, laughing girl, had now been transformed, by some hidden process of nature, into a lofty-minded, commanding woman.

His constant and almost devotional application to his great picture had considerably shattered his nerves, and he felt his natural susceptibility so much increased, that, although it was now summer, the horrible idea which had so long haunted him soon returned; and a cloud spread itself over his imagination, which all the hurricanes that vex the ocean could not have blown away. To dissipate this unaccountable sadness, he wandered forth alone, or with Beatrice, over the sunny fields; but he felt, as he wandered, that his heart was a fountain which sent forth two streams,--the one cool, delicious, healing, as the rivers of Paradise; the other dark, bitter, and burning, like the waters of hell; and they gushed forth alternately, accordingly as his thoughts communicated with the recollection of his own picture, or with the landscapes around him, painted in celestial colours by the hand of God. Beatrice, who walked by his side, was herself a mystery. To feel the pressure of her hand, to hear her breathe, to listen to the music of her voice, was a bliss unspeakable; and there was a sovereign beauty in her countenance which seemed to cast forth rays of joy and gladness upon every thing around her, as the sun lights up with smiles the cool waves of the morning. Yet Spinello felt that as often as this fragment of Paradise, as it might justly be termed, was turned towards him, lightnings appeared to gleam from it which dismayed and withered his soul. At such moments a piercing cold darted through his frame; and when it passed away, a tremor and shivering succeeded, which withered all his energies. In fact, whether in the society of Beatrice or

not, Spinello now found that the terrible form of Lucifer, which his genius had created, was ever present with him, standing, as it were, like a mighty shadow, between him and the external world, and eclipsing the glory of earth and heaven.

The summer passed away in this manner, and autumn drew near; and as the glories of the sun became dimmer, the figure of Lucifer appeared to increase in dimensions and brilliancy, and acquired more power over the imagination of Spinello. Tortured by an enemy who appeared to have passed by some dreadful process into the very core of his being, Spinello felt his energies and his health departing from him; while his imagination, into which every faculty of his mind appeared to be fast melting, increased in force and volume, as a wintry torrent is increased by the waters of every neighbouring streamlet. At length it occurred to him that perhaps this demon of his fancy, which he was well convinced was an unreal phantom, yet could not banish, might possess no resemblance to the figure his pencil had produced; and might disappear, or at least be reduced to the condition of ordinary ideas, by a comparison with the bodily representative of his original conception. This thought presented itself to his mind one night in October, as he lay tossing about in sleepless agony upon his bed. He instantly started up, dressed, threw on his cloke, which the coolness of the night, windy and dark, rendered necessary; and seizing a lighted torch, issued forth towards the church.

The holy edifice stood in those days, when Arezzo was but a small place, at some little distance from the dwellings of the citizens, and was surrounded by a thick grove of sycamores mingled with pine trees. The townsfolk had long retired to rest, and the streets were empty and desolate. Not even the shadow of a monk flitted by him as he passed, with his torch flaring in the wind, and casting an awful and almost magical light upon the houses, painted, according to the fashion of the time and country, in broad stripes of deep red and white. As he approached the church, the wind, whistling through the pine branches, which swung to and fro, and flapped against each other, like the wings of the fabled Simoorg, or of some mighty demon struggling with the blast, sounded like numerous voices issuing from the black roof of clouds above him, and shrieking as he passed. At length he entered the church, which in those times stood open day and night to the piety of the people, and drew near the altar. Upon the walls on both sides were suspended rude images of the Saviour carved in wood, and blackened by time, and numerous antique scripture pieces by Giotto, Cimabue, and other fathers of the art, which seemed to start into momentary existence as Spinello's torch cast its red light upon them. At every step, his heart beat violently against his side, and appeared as if it would mount into his throat and choke him. But his courage did not fail, and he ascended the Mosaic steps of the chancel, and, with his torch in one hand, climbed up upon the altar and lifted his eyes towards the picture. As he stood on tip-toe on the altar and passed his torch along the wall, the mighty ranks of the fallen angels, in headlong flight before the thunderbolts of heaven, seemed to emerge from the darkness, with the awful form of Lucifer in the extreme rear reluctantly yielding even to Omnipotence itself, while blasting lightnings played about his brow and eyes, that flashed with the fires of inextinguishable fury. On first casting his eyes over his picture, a feeling of self-complacency and pride stole over the soul of the artist. But as he continued to gaze with a kind of idolatry at the work of his own hands, his imagination became excited by degrees, and life appeared to be infused into the figure of the gigantic demon. In spite of the singular beauty of the features, which looked like those of an archangel, the face before him appeared to be but a mask, beneath which all the passions of hell were struggling, gnawing, and stinging, and devouring the heart of their possessor. "The baleful eyes, that witnessed huge affliction and dismay,' appeared to flame in the obscure light, like the fabled carbuncle of the Kaianian king; and the mighty limbs seemed to make an effort to free themselves from the canvass, and spring forth upon the floor of God's temple. As this idea rushed upon the mind of Spinello, the wind, moaning through the aisles, and multiplied by the echoes, sounded like the voices of wailing and desolation, which, the imagination may suppose, mingled in dismal concert when the spirits fell from heaven; and the artist, overpowered by the crowd of horrors which fastened like hungry vultures upon his fancy, sprang from the altar, and, stumbling in his haste, extinguished his torch. His imagination, now wrought up to a frenzied pitch by the awful scene, distinguished in every moan of the blast

the shrieks of a fallen spirit; and the wind, as if to increase his misery, raised its voice and swept through the sacred building with tremendous power, howling, and shrieking, and gibbering as it passed. The demoniac excitement of the moment now became too great to be endured. Spinello sunk upon the ground, struck his forehead against an angle of the altar, and fainted away. How long he remained in this condition, he could never conjecture; but when he recovered his senses, all around him appeared like the illusion of a dream. The wind had died away, the darkness had disappeared, the moon had risen, and was now throwing in its mild and beautiful light through the long windows upon the checkered pavement; and, rising from the ground, he crawled out of the church and reached his lodgings.

The next day he was too unwell to leave his bed; and Bernardo, with his whole family, who loved the young man, and were anxious to discover and remove the cause of his misery, came to see and consôle him. Beatrice was the first who entered; and when Spinello heard the sound of her footsteps, which he could most accurately distinguish, a beam of joy visited his heart, a tear of delight trembled in his eye, and he blessed her fervently. When he lifted his eyes to her countenance, however, the vision of the preceding night seemed to be renewed, and the hated form of Lucifer, with all his infernal legions, swept before his fancy. Ignorant of what was passing through his mind, and with a heart yearning towards him with more than a sister's love, Beatrice approached his bed; and, kneeling down beside it, took hold of his hand which was stretched out languidly towards her. She felt that it was burning with fever, and that his whole frame was at that moment agitated in a fearful manner. He spoke not a word; but turned away his face, as if by a desperate effort to recover his composure, while he held her hand with a convulsive grasp. She saw his chest heave, and his eyes roll awfully, as he gradually turned towards her. And at length, finding it was vain to struggle any longer to conceal his feelings, he threw himself upon his face, pressed her trembling hand to his lips, and burst into a passionate and uncontrollable flood of tears. Beatrice, surprised and overcome by the scene, hid her own face in the clothes and wept with him; while her father, her mother, and the whole family, stood motionless upon the floor of the apartment, transfixed with sorrow and oblivious of every other consideration.

By degrees the young man recovered his composure, as persons generally do after shedding tears, and his heart seemed to be relieved. Beatrice also experienced the same change; and her father, a humane and compassionate old man, supposing that love might have some share in the misery of his lodger, after motioning his whole family to leave the room, drew near the bed, and inquired of Spinello whether his affection for Beatrice had any share in his present unhappiness; and whether her hand, for her heart he perceived was already his, would make any change in the state of his mind. At this new proof of the old man's love, Spinello could scarcely contain himself. For the moment Lucifer left him, while visions of delight and joy painted themselves upon his fancy. To reveal to Bernardo, however, or to any other human being, the real cause of his misery, would, he was fully persuaded, expose him to the suspicion of insanity. His expressions of gratitude, though few and brief, were vehement and sincere; and his mind becoming wholly occupied with this new idea, his fever soon left him; and in a few days he was again able to breathe the balmy air, with his future bride by his side.

His health still appeared, however, to be but feeble; and the benefit of change of residence being understood in those times as well as in our own, Spinello was counselled to remove for a season to some sea-port town on the coast of Naples. Through mere chance, and not from any classical predilection, he chose Gaëta, anciently Cajeta, whither Lælius and Scipio used to retire from the politics of Rome, to amuse themselves with picking up shells upon the sand. To render the excursion more pleasant and profitable, Bernardo determined to accompany his intended son-in-law, and to make Beatrice also a partner of the journey; and their preparations being soon completed, they departed in good spirits, and in due time arrived at the place of their destination.

Lodgings were taken in the neighbourhood of the town, near the beach; and the lovers, now comparatively happy, daily strolled together along the margin of the Tyrrhene sea, which, rolling its blue waves in tranquil succession towards the shore, broke in soft murmurs at their feet.

They had now been some months at Gaëta, when Beatrice was suddenly called home by her mother, who had been seized with a dangerous illness. Her

father of course accompanied her on her return: but Spinello, in spite of his entreaties and remonstrances, was compelled to remain where he was; as Beatrice, who feared that Arezzo might recall all his gloomy ideas, peremptorily insisted that he should never return, but settle at Gaëta, or remove to Naples. He therefore submitted, but with a heavy heart; and saw his guardians, as it were, depart from him, and leave him to himself.

What he seemed to fear when they left him, soon came to pass. With solitude Lucifer returned; and he now presented himself so frequently, and in such awful colours to Spinello's mind, that the little fabric of health which had been reared with so much care, was quickly thrown down, while visions of horror swept over the ruins. His health, which now declined more rapidly than ever, was soon irrecoverably destroyed; his frame wasted visibly away; and as his body grew weaker, his visions increased in horror, until at length the intellect tottered upon its basis, and almost gave way beneath their intolerable pressure. In a few weeks he was shrunk to a skeleton, while his eyes shone with preternatural brilliancy; so that the people of the house where he lodged, were terrified at his appearance and avoided his looks. For his own part, he was scarcely conscious of the existence of the external world, every thing around him appearing like the creations of a dream—mere shadows with whom he could have no sympathy. There seemed, in fact, to be but two beings in the universe—himself and Lucifer; and he felt that he was engaged in a struggle which must terminate the existence of the one or the other. When he succeeded in freeing himself for a moment from the fangs of this vision, and could repel it to some little distance from his mental eye, he perceived, as distinctly as possible, its illusory nature, and wondered at the power it exerted over his imagination. If, however, he obtained a momentary respite of this kind, it was not, as in the case of Prometheus (whose vulture was of the same brood as his demon), by night, but at sunrise, when the god of the Magi stepped, as it were, upon his throne to receive the homage of the earth. The hour of repose, as night is to the fortunate and the happy, was to him the hour of torture; and he daily lingered about the sea-shore, anxiously watching the setting sun, and trembling more and more as the glorious luminary approached the termination of his career and disappeared behind the purple waves. As soon as darkness descended upon the earth, Lucifer, if absent before, invariably alighted with it, and stood beside his victim, who clapping his hands upon his eyes, would fly with a howl or a shriek towards the habitations of men.

At length he became convinced that his last hour drew near; and he blessed God that his struggle was about to terminate. As soon as this idea took possession of his mind, he grew a little more tranquil; and, excepting when he thought of Beatrice, awaited the final hour with a kind of satisfaction. In this pious mood of mind, he one evening wandered to his usual haunt on the sea-side. The sun had set—the moon and all the stars were in heaven—and the earth and the sea were sleeping in the silver light. He set him down on a lofty rock overhanging the sea, which was deep and still in that part; and with the waves on his left, and the earth in all its loveliness on his right, he raised his eyes towards heaven, and was absorbed in devotion. At that moment, a face of unutterable beauty presented itself in the bright moonlight before him. With a single glance, he discovered it was that of Lucifer, but softened to angelic loveliness. Uttering a wild and piercing shriek, he started from it towards the edge of the precipice. Beatrice for it was she—instantly caught him by the hand to drag him back; and pronounced his name. The words and the touch dissipated his illusion; and with the rapidity of lightning revealed to his mind the fatal secret of his misery. He now saw that, having been occupied with thoughts of her when he painted his picture, he had lent a portion of her beauty to the fallen archangel; and hence the pain her looks had occasionally inflicted on him. While this conviction darted into his mind, he was already falling over the precipice; but he still grappled at the rock, and made desperate efforts to recover himself. Beatrice, also, finding that he was going and drawing her after him, for she still held him by the hand, caught hold of a tuft of grass which grew on the edge of the cliff and grasped it convulsively. In this situation they hung for an instant, suspended over the abyss; but the grass-tuft by which she clung gradually gave way; and in another instant a sullen plunge in the deep waters below told that the loves and miseries of Spinello and Beatrice were ended.

Note—The passage of Lanzi, to which I referred at the commencement, is as follows:—"The 'Fall of the Angels,' still remains in St.

Angelo, at Arezzo, in which Lucifer is represented so terrible, that it afterwards haunted the dreams of the artist, and, deranging both his mind and body, hastened his death. Bernardo Daddi was his scholar."—*History of Painting in Italy*, vol. i. p. 65. *Roscoe's Translation.*

First in the poetry is the Bechuana Boy, an affecting narrative, by Mr. Pringle, as may be implied from one verse:

He came with open aspect bland,
And modestly before me stood,
Caressing with a kindly hand
That fawn of gentle brood;
Then meekly gazing in my face
Said in the language of his race,
With smiling look yet pensive tone—
"Stranger—I'm in the world alone:"

The Irish Mother to her Child, a Song, by Mr. Banim, has great force and feeling, with the date 1828, significantly appended to this stanza:

Alas! my boy, so beautiful! alas! my love, so brave!
And must your manly Irish limbs still drag it to the grave?
And thou, my son, yet have a son, foredoomed a slave to be?
Whose mother, too, must weep o'er him the tears I weep o'er thee.

Here, too is an exquisite snatch—on Memory:

Fond Memory, like a mocking bird,
Within the widow'd heart is heard,
Repeating every touching tone
Of voices that from earth hath gone.

Queen Catharine's Sorrow is a ballad of mournful minstrelsy. Next is the Bard's Address to his youngest Daughter, by Mr. Hogg—beginning

Come to my arms, my dear wee pet!
My gleesome, gentle Harriet!

with all the sweetness and affection of shepherd love. The Poet's Oak, by Allan Cunningham, is a beautiful finish to the volume, which is altogether equal to any of its compeers.

The Illustrations, twelve in number, may challenge comparison with those of any similar work. Lyra, the frontispiece, after Wood, by T. A. Dean, is one of the loveliest creations of art; Vesuvius, after Turner, by Jeavons, is a most elaborate picture of that sublime spectacle of Nature; Echo, from Arnold's picture in the last exhibition, is finely executed by Goodall; and with still greater fidelity, Wilkie's Reading the News, is engraved by H. Robinson; but spirited and finished as it is, we must object to the quantity of smoke from the joint on the baker's board, and more especially from the pie; besides which, the bakehouse must be at some distance. The picture has a pleasant accompaniment, by Mr. Charles Knight. Catharine of Arragon, and Mary Queen of Scots and the Commissioners of the Scottish Church, are so purely historical as almost to tell their own tale; the first, after Leslie, by W. Humphreys, is in every line a lesson. The remainder of the plates are of unequal merit, and the elegantly embossed plum-colour leather binding is even an improvement on that of last year.

The Amulet.

THIS has always been with us a favourite work, and we rejoice to say that the present is equal to any of its predecessors. It is more sprightly than its title implies, and even less sombre than the *Friendship's Offering;* and the interest of most of the prose articles is far from perishable. Two of them by Dr. Walsh—Are there more worlds inhabited than our globe?—and the First Invasion of Ireland,—are excellent papers, though too *azure* for some who have not the philosophical mind of Lady Mary S——d. Among the Tales, the Two Delhis; Annie Leslie, by Mrs. S. C. Hall; the Glen of St. Kyins, by Mr. Carne; the Anxious Wife by the Editor; a Tale of Pentland, by the Ettrick Shepherd; and the Austral Chief, by the Rev. Mr. Ellis,—may be read and re-read with increasing interest, which is not a general characteristic of "Annual" sketches. Our extract is one of the most buoyant pieces in the volume—

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

*By Miss Mitford.**

"CAN any one tell me of a house to be let hereabouts?" asked I, this afternoon, coming into the room, with an open letter in my hand, and an unusual animation of feeling and of manner. "Our friends, the Camdens, want to live amongst us again, and have commissioned me to make inquiries for a residence."

This announcement, as I expected, gave general delight; for Mr. Camden is the most excellent and most agreeable person under the sun, except his

* This ingenious lady is the most indefatigable of all lady-writers of the present day. Her "Sketches" will soon reach the famed "One Thousand and One." At this moment too, our favourite authoress is engaged on two tragedies for the patent theatres—one *Inez de Castro*, which has been poetized in half-a-dozen forms of late, and is even in the *Amulet* before us, the subject and title of the second tragedy is *Otho*: both will probably be of a melo-dramatic cast, which founded the success of *Rienzi*. If it should be so, the fault will not rest with the fair authoress, the managers, or admirers of the pure drama; we need not add where the blame lies.

wife, who is even more amiable than her amiable husband: to regain such neighbours was felt to be an universal benefit, more especially to us who were so happy as to call them friends. My own interest in the house question was participated by all around me, and the usual enumeration of vacant mansions, and the several objections to each (for where ever was a vacant mansion without its objection?) began with zeal and rapidity.

"Cranley Hall," said one.

"Too large!"

"Hinton Park?"

"Too much land."

"The White House at Hannonby—the Belvidere, as the late people called it?"

"What! is that flourishing establishment done up? But Hannonby is too far off—ten miles at least."

"Queen's Bridge Cottage?"

"Ay, that sweet place would have suited exactly, but it's let. The Browns took it only yesterday."

'Sydenham Court?"

"That might have done too, but it s not in the market. The Smiths intend to stay."

"Lanton Abbey?"

"Too low; grievously damp."

By this time, however, we had arrived at the end of our list; nobody could remember another place to be let, or likely to be let, and confessing ourselves too fastidious, we went again over our catalogue *raisonée* with expectations much sobered, and objections much modified, and were beginning to find out that Cranley Hall was not so very large, nor Lanton Abbey so exceedingly damp, when one of our party exclaimed suddenly, "We never thought of Hatherden Hill! surely that is small enough and dry enough!" and it being immediately recollected that Hatherden was only a mile off, we lost sight of all faults in this great recommendation, and wrote immediately to the lawyer who had the charge of letting the place, whilst I myself and my most efficient assistant, sallied forth to survey it on the instant.

It was a bright cool afternoon about the middle of August, and we proceeded in high spirits towards our destination, talking, as we went, of the excellence and agreeableness of our delightful friends, and anticipating the high intellectual pleasure, the gratification to the taste and the affections, which our renewed intercourse with persons so accomplished and so amiable, could not fail to afford; both agreeing that Hatherden was the very place we wanted, the very situation, the very distance, the very size. In agreeing with me, however, my companion could not help reminding me rather maliciously how very much, in our late worthy neighbours, the Norrises' time, I had been used to hate and shun this paragon of places; how frequently I had declared Hatherden too distant for a walk, and too near for a drive; how constantly I had complained of fatigue in mounting the hill, and of cold in crossing the common; and how, finally, my half yearly visits of civility had dwindled first into annual, then into biennial calls, and would doubtless have extended themselves into triennial marks of remembrance, if our neighbours had but remained long enough. "To be sure," added he, recollecting, probably, how he, with his stricter sense of politeness, used to stave off a call for a month together, taking shame to himself every evening for his neglect, retaining 'at once the conscience and the sin!' "To be sure, Norris was a sad bore! We shall find the hill easier to climb when the Camdens live on the top of it." An observation to which I assented most heartily.

On we went gaily; just pausing to admire Master Keep, the shoemaker's farming, who having a bit of garden ground to spare, sowed it with wheat instead of planting it with potatoes, and is now, aided by his lame apprentice, very literally carrying his crop. I fancy they mean to thrash their corn in the woodhouse, at least there they are depositing the sheaves. The produce may amount to four bushels. My companion, a better judge, says to three; and it has cost the new farmer two superb scarecrows, and gunpowder enough for a review, to keep off the sparrows. Well, it has been amusement and variety, however! and gives him an interest in the agricultural corner of the county newspaper. Master Keep is well to do in the world, and can afford himself such a diversion. For my part, I like these little experiments, even if they be not over gainful. They show enterprise: a shoemaker of less genius would never have got beyond a crop of turnips.

On we went—down the lane, over the bridge, up the hill—for there really is a hill, and one of some steepness for Berkshire, and across the common, once so dreary, but now bright and glittering, under the double influence of an August sun, and our own good spirits, until we were stopped by the gate of the lawn, which was of course locked, and obliged to wait until a boy should summon the

old woman who had charge of the house, and who was now at work in a neighbouring harvest-field, to give us entrance.

* * * * * * * * * the aged portress (Dame Wheeler, Susan's grandmother) had given us admittance, and we soon stood on the steps in front of the house, in calm survey of the scene before us. Hatherden was just the place to like or not to like, according to the feeling of the hour; a respectable, comfortable country house, with a lawn before, a paddock on one side, a shrubbery on the other; offices and a kitchen garden behind, and the usual ornaments of villas and advertisements, a greenhouse and a veranda. Now my thoughts were *couleur de rose*, and Hatherden was charming. Even the beds intended for flowers on the lawn, but which, under a summer's neglect, were now dismal receptacles of seeds and weeds, did not shock my gardening eye so much as my com panion evidently expected. "We must get my factotum, Clarke, here to-morrow," so ran my thoughts, "to clear away that rubbish, and try a little bold transplanting; late hollyhocks, late dah lias, a few pots of lobellias and chrysanthemums, a few patches of coreopsis and china-asters, and plenty of scarlet geraniums, will soon make this desolation flourishing. A good gardener can move any thing now-a-days, whether in bloom or not," thought I, with much complacency, "and Clarke's a man to transplant Windsor forest without withering a leaf. We'll have him to-morrow."

The same good disposition continued after I entered the house. And when left alone in the echoing empty breakfast-room, with only one shutter opened, whilst Dame Wheeler was guiding the companion of my survey to the stableyard, I amused myself with making in my own mind, comparisons between what had been, and what would be. There she used to sit, poor Mrs. Norris, in this large airy room, in the midst of its solid handsome furniture, in a great chair at a great table, busily at work for one of her seven small children; the table piled with frocks, trousers, petticoats, shirts, pinafores, hats, bonnets, all sorts of children's gear, masculine and feminine, together with spelling books, copy books, ivory alphabets, dissected maps, dolls, toys, and gingerbread, for the same small people. There she sat a careful mother, fretting over their naughtiness and their ailments; always in fear of the sun, or the wind, or the rain, of their running to heat themselves, or their standing still to catch cold: not a book in the house fit for a person turned of eight years old! not a grown up idea! not a thought beyond the nursery! One wondered what she could have talked of before she had children. Good Mrs. Norris, such was she. Good Mr. Norris was, for all purposes of neighbourhood, worse still. He was gapy and fidgetty, and prosy and dosy, kept a tool chest and a medicine chest, weighed out manna and magnesia, constructed fishing-flies, and nets for fruit-trees, turned nutmeg-graters, lined his wife's work-box, and dressed his little daughter's doll; and had a tone of conversation perfectly in keeping with his tastes and pursuits, abundantly tedious, thin, and small. One talked down to him, worthy gentleman, as one would to his son Harry. These were the neighbours that had been. What wonder that the hill was steep, and the way long, and the common dreary? Then came pleasant thoughts of the neighbours that were to be. The lovely and accomplished wife, so sweet and womanly; the elegant and highly-informed husband, so spirited and manly! Art and literature, and wisdom and wit, adorning with a wreathy and garlandy splendour all that is noblest in mind and purest in heart! What wonder that Hatherden became more and more interesting in its anticipated charms, and that I went gaily about the place, taking note of all that could contribute to the comfort of its future inhabitants.

Home I came, a glad and busy creature, revolving in my mind the wants of the house and their speediest remedies —new paper for the drawing-room; new wainscoting for the dining parlour; a stove for the laundry; a lock for the wine-cellar; baizing the door of the library; and new painting the hall;—to say nothing of the grand design of Clarke and the flower-beds.

So full was I of busy thoughts, and so desirous to put my plans in train without the loss of a moment, that although the tossing of apples had now resolved itself into a most irregular game of cricket—George Copley being batting at one wicket, with little Sam Roper for his mate at the other;—Sam, an urchin of seven years old, but the son of an old player, full of cricket blood, born, as it were, with a bat in his hand, getting double the notches of his tall partner—an indignity which that well-natured stripling bore with surprising good humour; and although the opposite side consisted of Susan Wheeler bowling at one end, her old competitor of the rag-

ged jacket at the other, and one urchin in trousers, and one in petticoats, standing out; in spite of the temptation of watching this comical parody on that manly exercise, rendered doubly amusing by the scientific manner in which little Sam stood at his wicket, the perfect gravity of the fieldsman in petticoats, and the serious air with which these two worthies called Susan to order whenever she transgressed any rule of the game:—Sam will certainly be a great player some day or other, and so (if he be not a girl, for really there's no telling) will the young gentleman standing out. In spite, however, of the great temptation of overlooking a favourite divertisement, with variations so truly original, home we went, hardly pausing to observe the housing of Master Keep's wheat harvest. Home we went, adding at every step a fresh story to our Castle in the Air, anticipating happy mornings and joyous evenings at dear Hatherden;—in love with the place and all about it, and quite convinced that the hill was nothing, the distance nothing, and the walk by far the prettiest in the neighbourhood.

Home we came, and there we found two letters: one from Mr. Camden, sent per coach, to say that he found they must go abroad immediately, and that they could not therefore think of coming into Berkshire for a year or more; one from the lawyer, left in charge of Hatherden, to say, that we could not have the place, as the Norrises were returning to their old house forthwith. And my Castle is knocked down, blown up—which is the right word for the demolishing such airy edifices? And Hatherden is as far off, and the hill as steep, and the common as dreary as ever.

We have already quoted the most striking of the poetical pieces, at page 283. Allan Cunningham has some spirited lines, My Native Vale; and the Ettrick Shepherd, a touching Lay of the Martyrs. Archdeacon Wrangham, one of the most elegant and classical scholars of the day, has translated twenty-three beautiful verses on the Spider, from Pignotti, besides a few other little garnishing pieces. The Brothers, a Sketch, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, is full of sweet simplicity; and some Stanzas, which follow, by Mr. Crofton Croker, are gems of affection. Thoughts on Flowers, by H. G. Bell, breathe the same sweet and touching spirit; and the Banks of the Dove, written by M. T. Sadler, Esq. on leaving his "native village in early youth," are not only interesting as gems of talent which has since ripened into literary distinction in honourable public service, but will delight every admirer of genuine feeling.

The Engravings are nearly all of first-rate excellence. The frontispiece, the Minstrel of Chamouni, after Pickersgill, by J. H. Robinson, in effect, spirit, and finish, cannot be surpassed. But how shall we describe the Crucifixion, engraved by Le Keux, from a drawing by *Martin*: how can we speak of the light shedding over the Holy City and "Calvary's wild hill," the crucified MESSIAH, the living stream, and the thousands and tens of thousands that cluster on this "earthly throne"—the magnificent architectural masses—the vivid light streaming in the distance; and the warlike turmoil of helmet heads, spears and floating banners that aid the shout of blood in the foreground: this must suffice. The First Interview between the Spaniards and Peruvians, after Briggs, by Greatbach, is a triumph of art; Wilkie's Dorty Bairn is excellent; the Fisherman's Children, after Collins, by C. Rolls, is exquisitely delicate; and the Gleaner, by Finden, after Holmes, has a lovely set of features, which art and fashion may court in vain. But we have outrun our tether, and must halt here.

The Literary Souvenir.

FROM the *Amulet* we turn to Mr. Watts's *El Dorado* of poetry and romance in superb crimson silken sheen and burnished gold edges. Rich as the exterior unquestionably is, it but accords with the rare treasures which it envelopes. We first indulged our early custom of "looking at the pictures," but must, as sober middle-aged persons ought to do—begin at the beginning.

Passing over the Advertisement, in which the editor makes some judicious observations on the remuneration of British artists, &c. the first tale is the Love-Draught, in the best style of the author of "Highways and Bye-ways," with many fine touches of Irish humour and sentiment. We next notice a Village Romance, by Miss Mitford, with a host of pretty facts and feelings; and a Calabrian Tale, the Forest of Sant Eufemia, by the author of "Constantinople in 1829:" it is the longest, and perhaps the best story in the volume,

and brings the author's descriptive powers into full play in the stirring scenes of brigand life. Next is The Last of the Storm, a tale of deep and thrilling interest, by Mr. Banim. Of the same description is our prose extract—

THE CONFESSION.

By John Galt, Esq.

My furlough had nearly expired; and, as I was to leave the village the next morning to join my regiment, then on the point of being shipped off at Portsmouth, for India, several of my old companions spent the evening with me, in the Marquess of Granby. They were joyous, hearty lads; but mirth bred thirst, and drinking begot contention.

I was myself the soberest of the squad, and did what I could to appease their quarrels. The liquor, however, had more power than my persuasion, and at last it so exasperated some foolish difference about a song, between Dick Winlaw and Jem Bradley, that they fell to fighting, and so the party broke up.

Bradley was a handsome, bold, fine fellow, and I had more than once urged him to enlist in our corps. Soon after quitting the house, he joined me in my way home, and I spoke to him again about enlisting, but his blood was still hot—he would abide no reason—he could only swear of the revenge he would inflict upon Winlaw. This led to some remonstrance on my part, for Bradley was to blame in the dispute; till, from less to more, we both grew fierce, and he struck me such a blow in the face, that my bayonet leaped into his heart.

My passion was in the same moment quenched. I saw him dead at my feet—I heard footsteps approaching—I fled towards my father's house—the door was left unbolted for me—I crept softly, but in a flutter, to bed—but I could not sleep. I was stunned;—a fearful consternation was upon me;—a hurry was in my brain—my mind was fire. I could not believe that I had killed Bradley. I thought it was the nightmare which had so poisoned my sleep. My tongue became as parched as charcoal: had I been choking with ashes, my throat could not have been filled with more horrible thirst. I breathed as if I were suffocating with the dry dust into which the dead are changed.

After a time, that fit of burning agony went off;—tears came into my eyes;—my nature was softened. I thought of Bradley when we were boys, and of the summer days we had spent together. I never owed him a grudge—his blow was occasioned by the liquor—a freer heart than his, mercy never opened; and I wept like a maiden.

The day at last began to dawn. I had thrown myself on the bed without undressing, and I started up involuntarily, and moved hastily—I should rather say instinctively—towards the door. My father heard the stir, and inquired wherefore I was departing so early. I begged him not to be disturbed; my voice was troubled, and he spoke to me kindly and encouragingly, exhorting me to eschew riotous companions. I could make no reply—indeed I heard no more—there was a blank between his blessing and the time when I found myself crossing the common, near the place of execution.

But through all that horror and frenzy, I felt not that I had committed a crime—the deed was the doing of a flash. I was conscious I could never in cold blood have harmed a hair of Bradley's head. I considered myself unfortunate, but not guilty; and this fond persuasion so pacified my alarms, that, by the time I reached Portsmouth, I almost thought as lightly of what I had done, as of the fate of the gallant French dragoon, whom I sabred at Salamanca.

But ever and anon, during the course of our long voyage to India, sadder afterthoughts often came upon me. In those trances, I saw, as it were, our pleasant village green, all sparkling again with schoolboys at their pastimes; then I fancied them gathering into groups, and telling the story of the murder; again, moving away in silence towards the churchyard, to look at the grave of poor Bradley. Still, however, I was loth to believe myself a criminal; and so, from day to day, the time passed on, without any outward change revealing what was passing within, to the observance or suspicions of my comrades. When the regiment was sent against the Burmese, the bravery of the war, and the hardships of our adventures, so won me from reflection, that I began almost to forget the accident of that fatal night.

One day, however, while I was waiting in an outer room of the colonel's quarters, I chanced to take up a London newspaper, and the first thing in it which caught my eye, was an account of the trial and execution of Dick Winlaw, for the murder of Bradley. The dreadful story scorched my eyes;—I read it as if every word had been fire—

it was a wild and wonderful account of all. The farewell party at the Granby was described by the witnesses. I was spoken of by them with kindness and commendation; the quarrel between Bradley and Winlaw was described, as in a picture; and my attempt to restrain them was pointed out by the judge, in his charge to the jury, as a beautiful example of loving old companionship. Winlaw had been found near the body, and the presumptions of guilt were so strong and manifold, that the jury, without retiring, found him guilty. He was executed on the common, and his body hung in chains. Then it was that I first felt I was indeed a murderer—then it was that the molten sulphur of remorse was poured into my bosom, rushing, spreading, burning, and devouring; but it changed not the bronze with which hardship had masked my cheek, nor the steel to which danger had tempered my nerves.

I obeyed the Colonel's orders as unmoved as if nothing had happened. I did my duty with habitual precision, my hand was steady, my limbs were firm; but my tongue was incapable of uttering a word. My comrades as they came towards me, suddenly halted, and turned aside,—strangers looked at me, as if I bore the impress of some fearful thing. I was removed, as it were, out of myself—I was in another state of being—I was in hell.

Next morning we had a skirmish, in which I received this wound in the knee; and soon afterwards, with other invalids, I was ordered home. We were landed at Portsmouth, and I proceeded to my native village. But in this I had no will nor choice; a chain was around me, which I could not resist, drawing me on. Often did I pause and turn, wishing to change my route; but Fate held me fast, and I was enchanted by the spell of many an old and dear recollection, to revisit those things which had lost all their innocence and holiness to me.

The day had been sultry, the sun set with a drowsy eye, and the evening air was moist, warm, and oppressive It weighed heavily alike on mind and body. I was crippled by my wound,—the journey was longer than my strength could sustain much further,—still I resolved to persevere, for I longed to be again in my father's house; and I fancied were I once there, that the burning in my bosom would abate.

During my absence in India, the new road across the common had been opened. By the time I reached it, the night was closed in,—a dull, starless, breezeless, dumb, sluggish, and unwholesome night; and those things which still retained in their shapes some blackness, deeper than the darkness, seemed, as I slowly passed by, to be endowed with mysterious intelligence, with which my spirit would have held communion but for dread.

While I was frozen with the influence of this dreadful phantasy, I saw a pale, glimmering, ineffectual light rising before me. It was neither lamp, fire, nor candle; and though like, it was not yet flame. I took it at first for the lustre of a reflection from some unseen light, and I walked towards it, in the hope of finding a cottage or an alehouse, where I might obtain some refreshment and a little rest. I advanced,—its form enlarged, but its beam became no brighter; and the horror, which had for a moment left me when it was first discovered, returned with overwhelming power. I rushed forward, but soon halted,—for I saw that it hung in the air, and as I approached, that it began to take a ghastly and spectral form! I discerned the lineaments of a head, and the hideous outlines of a shapeless anatomy. I stood rivetted to the spot; for I thought that I saw behind it, a dark and vast thing, in whose hand it was held forth. In that moment, a voice said,—"It is Winlaw the murderer; his bones often, in the moist summer nights, shine out in this way; it is thought to be an acknowledgment of his guilt, for he died protesting his innocence."—The person who addressed me was your Honor's gamekeeper, and the story I have told, is the cause of my having desired him to bring me here.

(To be concluded in the next Supplement.)

*** We have also received for notice Two Religious Annuals—the *Iris* and *Emmanuel*; both which shall appear in our Second Supplement to be published within two or three weeks.

Two Juvenile Annuals—*the Keepsake* and *Forget-me-not*, have likewise the same claim on our attention. These works, with two or three others not yet published, will form another sheet of interesting extract.

We thank the Correspondent who has forwarded to us a notice of *The Sylph*, a Musical Annual, which justice to ourselves and the public forbids us to insert, as we have not yet seen the work in question, and are consequently unable to judge of the writer's criticism. Humble and unheeded as our opinions of New Works may be, we are always ready to prove that no undue influence is used in the adjudication of their merits. This has uniformly been our maxim, and our success is the best criterion of its policy.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House.) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

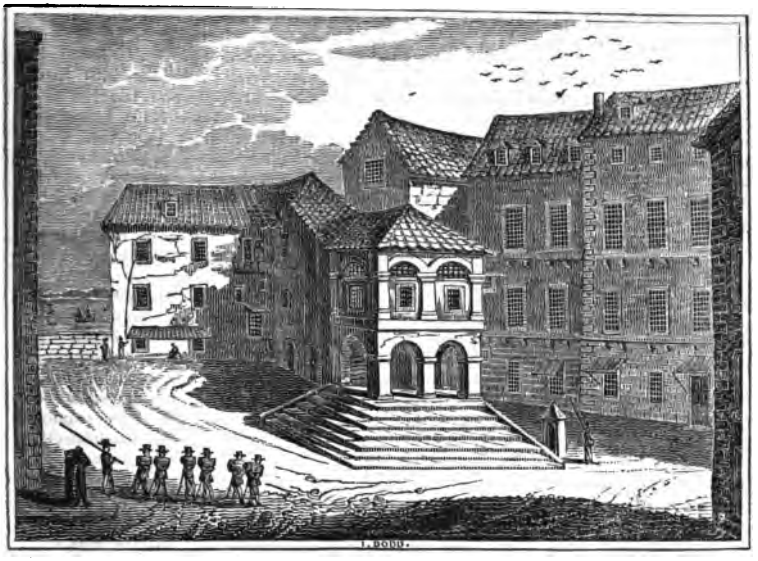
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 400.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1829. [Price 2*d*.

The Limoeiro, at Lisbon.



Locks, bolts, and bars! what have we here?—a view of the *Limoeiro, or common jail*, at Lisbon, whose horrors, without the fear of Don Miguel in our hearts, we will endeavour to describe, though lightly — merely in outline, — since nothing can be more disagreeable than the filling in.

For this purpose we might quote ourselves, i. e. one of our correspondents,* or a host of travellers and residents in the Portuguese capital; but we give preference to Mr. W. Young, who has borne much of the hard fare of the prison, and can accordingly speak more fully of its accommodations and privations. Mr. Young is an Englishman, who married a Portuguese lady in Leiria, and resided for several years in that town. He was arrested in May, 1828, on suspicion of disaffection towards Don Miguel's government: nothing appears to have been proved against him, and after having suffered much disagreeable treatment in different jails in Leiria and Lisbon, he was discharged in the following September, on condition of leaving the country. He returned to England, and lost no time in publishing a volume entitled "Portugal in 1828;" with "A Narrative of the Author's Residence there and of his persecution and confinement as a state prisoner."

The prison, says Mr. Young, stands on the highest ground in St. George's Castle, and is the first building on the south side toward the Tagus. Near the entrance it is divided internally as follows below:—*Saletta* (the small hall;) *Salla Livre* (free hall,) so called, because visiters are allowed to go in to see their friends, except when the jailer or intendant orders otherwise; *Salla Fechado* (the hall shut,) so called, because no communication is allowed with the prisoners in that hall; *Enchovia* (the common prison,) where thieves, murderers, and vagabonds of every description are confined. This last receptacle is a horrid place; and is often made use of as a punishment for prisoners from other parts of the gaol. Hither they are sent when they commit any offence, for as many days as the jailer may think proper, and are often put in irons during that time.

Besides these different prisons on the

* See "Portuguese Prisons," Mirror, vol. xii. p. 99.

ground floor, there are eight dungeons in a line, all nearly alike in shape and size; but some are superior to others as to light and air: and in proportion to the degree they wish to annoy the unfortunate victim, so are these dungeons used. A few dollars never fail to procure a better light and air when properly applied.

Three of these dungeons are about six feet higher than the other five. There is a corridor in the front of them, which is always shut up when any one is confined in them, so that no one can ever approach the door of a dungeon. And to make this a matter of certainty, whenever the jailer or officers of the prison carry prisoners their food, they lock the door of the corridor before they open that of the dungeon.

The first of the lower five of these dungeons is in the passage leading from the *Salla Livre*, and next door to the privy of the prison; so that it is never used as a secret dungeon. The lower four are enclosed as those above, and are much darker than that in the passage. This latter is claimed by the book-keeper as his property, and I hired it of him to sleep in, and to be alone when I wished to be so.

The dungeons are all bomb proof, and over them is a terrace thickly formed of brick and stone; still I could distinctly hear the sentry walking over my head when all was quiet at night.

The walls of these cells are about six feet thick, with bars inside and out; the bars in the windows are three inches square, making twelve inches in circumference, and being crossed they form squares of about eight inches; the windows differ very much in size, some not being half so large as others.

Besides these double bars, there is a shutter immensely strong and close, so that when shut, light is totally excluded; the iron door has a strong bolt and lock, and outside of this there is a strong wooden door; in the front of the windows, and about six feet from them, there is a high wall; so that in the best of these dungeons, there is only a reflected light.

These are all the prisons on the ground floor, and when full (which they too often are) the wretched prisoners are forced to lie at night in two rows, with their feet to the wall, and their heads to the middle of the room; this position they adopt on account of the cold and damp of the stone walls; they touch each other, and the floor is completely covered. Nay, at times, so full is the gaol, that they are obliged to lie on the corridors, and even on the steps.

The Saletta will hold forty prisoners, the Salla Livre more than sixty, the Salla Fechado one hundred, and the Enchovia, near one hundred and forty. When one prison becomes too full, they remove some of the victims to another, or send them to the forts, or on board the ships in the river.

The first floor is divided into two parts, officers' rooms, and the Sallao, (saloon or large hall.) This hall will hold about 150 persons, when full. Besides the Sallao and officers' rooms on the first floor, there is a room set apart for questioning people who are in the dungeons. This room has an entrance from the street, and another through a passage from the dungeons, as well as one from the officers' rooms.

The magistrate and his clerk enter from the street, and no one in the prison sees them. The prisoner is taken up stairs from the dungeon, and the jailer or book-keeper enters from the officers' apartments. Every thing is done in the most secret manner. If they cannot cause the prisoner to commit himself, by confessing to the offence with which he is charged, they send him back again to the dungeon.

The gaol of St George's has a second floor tier of offices; but that belongs to the governor and jailer; there are no prisoners above the ground and the first floor.

None of the authorities ever inquire whether he has any means of subsistence; there is neither bed blanket, nor even straw, unless the prisoner can buy it, and then he must pay the guards to let it pass to him.

Amongst the many thousands of unfortunate beings who are now confined in Portugal, great numbers of them are without money or any other means of subsistence; and were it not for the charity of people in general, starvation would necessarily ensue.

The only authorities employed about the prison are a jailer, secretary, and eight guards; of the latter three are always on duty; one of them being stationed at the first iron gate at the entrance of the prison, another at the second gate, and a third to attend the interior, each with a bunch of keys in his hand, which serve for nearly all the doors. The guards are relieved every night at nine o'clock, when, the man who is posted at the outer door carries a strong iron rod *(see the Engraving)* with which he strikes every bar in the windows and gates of the gaol; and if

any one of them does not vibrate, or ring, he carefully inspects it to ascertain whether it has been cut with a saw, or corroded by any strong acid. This dismal music lasts an hour. The whole expense of the prison to government does not exceed 16*s.* per day, and the few officers and guards, when Mr. Young was there, manage upwards of four hundred prisoners. He was confined from June 16, to September 7, and his account of the myriads of bugs, rats, mice, and other vermin is truly disgusting. The reader will however readily credit this report when he has been told of the revolting state of the city itself. Mrs. Baillie, in her recent *Letters on Lisbon*, says, "for three miles round Lisbon in every direction, you cannot for a moment get clear of the disgusting effluvia that issue from every house." Doctor Southey says "every kind of vermin that exists to punish the nastiness and indolence of man, multiplies in the heat and dirt of Lisbon." In addition to mosquitoes, the scolopendra is not uncommonly found here, and snakes sometimes intrude into the bedchamber. A small species of red ant likewise swarms over every thing sweet, and the Portuguese remedy is to send for the priest to exorcise them." The city is still subject to shocks of earthquake; the state of the police is horrible; street-robbery is common, and every thief is an assassin. The pocket-knife, which the French troops are said to have dreaded more than all the bayonets of either the Spanish or the Portuguese, is here the ready weapon of the assassin; and the Tagus receives many a corpse on which no inquest ever sits. The morals, in fact, of all classes in Lisbon appear to be in a dreadful state.

THE CARD.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

(For the Mirror.)

Young Lady Giddygad, came down
From spending half a year in town,
With cranium full of balls and plays,
Routs, fêtes, and fashionable ways,
Caus'd in her country-town, so quiet,
Unus'd to modish din and riot,
No small confusion and amaze,
"Quite a sensation," is the phrase,
Like that, which puss, or pug, may feel
When rous'd from slumber by your heel,
Or drowsy ass, at rider's knock,
Or —— should you term him block;
Quoi qu'il en soit, first, gossips gape,
Then envy, scandalize, and ape!
Quoth Mrs. Thrifty: "Nancy, dear
My Lady sends out cards I hear,
With, I suppose, 'tis now polite,
Merely 'At Home,' on such a night,
Now child, altho' I dare not say
We can afford to be so gay,
We're as well born as Lady G——
And may be, as well bred as she!
That is, quite in a sober way,
So as we've nothing more to pay:
For instance, when folks choose to come,
And I don't choose to be 'At Home,'
I'll have a notice stuck, you know,
On the hall-door, to tell them so:
'Twill save our Rachel's legs you see,
And soon the ton will copy me!
But, Nancy, d'ye hear, now write
That I'm 'At Home' on Thursday night
'Tis a good fashion, for 'tis what
Most fashions in this age are not
A saving one: ah, prithee think,
How it saves time, and quills, and ink!"
So, duteous Nancy seiz'd a pen,
To ladies, and to gentlemen
Sent quickly out the cards; as quick
Came one again: "Poh! fiddlestick
An answer, yes?—come, let me see;—
My spectacles!" cried Mistress T——
"Hum—Mrs Thrifty,—Thursday night—
'At Home'—oh malice! fiendish spite,"
(Quoth the good dame in furious ire,
Whilst the card, fed the greedy fire)
"No, never, never, will I strive
To be genteel, as I'm alive,
Beneath my own 'At Home' was cramm'd,
There stay, good madam, and be d—d!"*

M. L. B.

MAHOMET THE GREAT AND HIS MISTRESS

An Anecdote.

(For the Mirror.)

After the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in the year 1453, several captives, distinguished either for their rank or their beauty, were presented to the victorious Mahomet the Great. Irene, a most beautiful Greek lady, was one of those unfortunate captives. The emperor was so delighted with her person, that he dedicated himself wholly to her embraces, spending day and night in her company, and neglected his most pressing affairs. His officers, especially the Janissaries, were extremely exasperated at his conduct; and loudly exclaimed against their degenerate and *effeminate* prince, as they were then pleased to call him. Mustapha Bassa, who had been brought up with the emperor from a child, presuming upon his great interest, took an opportunity to lay before his sovereign the bad consequences which would inevitably ensue should he longer persevere in that unmanly and base course of life. Mahomet, provoked at the Bassa's insolence, told him that he deserved to die;

* A fact.

but that he would pardon him in consideration of former services. He then commanded him to assemble all the principal officers and captains in the great hall of his palace the next day, to attend his royal pleasure. Mustapha did as he was directed; and the next day the sultan understanding that the Bassas and other officers awaited him, entered the hall, with the charming Greek, who was delicately dressed and adorned. Looking sternly around him, the Sultan demanded, *which of them, possessing so fair an object, could be contented to relinquish it?* Being dazzled with the Christian's beauty, they unanimously answered, that they highly commended his happy choice, and censured themselves for having found fault with so much worth. The emperor replied, that he would presently show them how much they had been deceived in him, for that no earthly pleasure should so far bereave him of his senses, or blind his understanding, as to make him forget his duty in the high calling wherein he was placed. So saying, he caught Irene by the hair of her head, which he instantly severed from her body with his scimitar. G. W. N.

Select Biography.

JUVENILE POETESS.

MEMOIR OF LUCRETIA DAVIDSON,

Who died at Plattsburgh, N. Y., August 27, 1825, aged sixteen years and eleven months.

[We hardly know how to give our readers an idea of the intense interest which this biographical sketch has excited in our mind; but we are persuaded they will thank us for adopting it in our columns. The details are somewhat abridged from No. LXXXII. of the *Quarterly Review*, (just published), where they appear in the first article, headed "Amir Khan, and other Poems: the remains of Lucretia Maria Davidson," &c., published at New York, in the present year. Prefixed to these "remains" is a biographical sketch, which forms the basis of the present memoir, and from the Poems are selected the few specimens with which it is illustrated.—Ed.]

Lucretia Maria Davidson was born September 27, 1808, at Plattsburgh, on Lake Champlain. She was the second daughter of Dr. Oliver Davidson, and Magaret his wife. Her parents were in straitened circumstances, and it was necessary, from an early age, that much of her time should be devoted to domestic employments: for these she had no inclination, but she performed them with that alacrity which always accompanies good will; and, when her work was done, retired to enjoy those intellectual and imaginative pursuits in which her whole heart was engaged. This predilection for studious retirement she is said to have manifested at the early age of four years. Reports, and even recollections of this kind, are to be received, the one with some distrust, the other with some allowance; but when that allowance is made, the genius of this child still appears to have been as precocious as it was extraordinary. Instead of playing with her schoolmates, she generally got to some secluded place, with her little books, and with pen, ink, and paper; and the consumption which she made of paper was such as to excite the curiosity of her parents, from whom she kept secret the use to which she applied it. If any one came upon her retirement, she would conceal or hastily destroy what she was employed upon; and, instead of satisfying the inquiries of her father and mother, replied to them only by tears. The mother, at length, when searching for something in a dark and unfrequented closet, found a considerable number of little books, made of this writing-paper, and filled with rude drawings, and with strange and apparently illegible characters, which, however, were at once seen to be the child's work. Upon closer inspection, the characters were found to consist of the printed alphabet; some of the letters being formed backwards, some sideways, and there being no spaces between the words. These writings were deciphered, not without much difficulty; and it then appeared that they consisted of regular verses, generally in explanation of a rude drawing, sketched on the opposite page. When she found that her treasures had been discovered, she was greatly distressed, and could not be pacified till they were restored; and as soon as they were in her possession, she took the first opportunity of secretly burning them.

These books having thus been destroyed, the earliest remaining specimen of her verse is an epitaph, composed in her ninth year, upon an unfledged robin, killed in the attempt at rearing it. When she was eleven years of age, her father took her to see the decorations of a room in which Washington's birthday was to be celebrated. Neither the novelty nor the gaiety of what she saw attracted her attention; she thought of Washington

alone, whose life she had read, and for whom she entertained the proper feelings of an American; and as soon as she returned home, she took paper, sketched a funeral urn, and wrote under it a few stanzas, which were shown to her friends. Common as the talent of versifying is, any early manifestation of it will always be regarded as extraordinary by those who possess it not themselves; and these verses, though no otherwise remarkable, were deemed so surprising for a child of her age, that an aunt of hers could not believe they were original, and hinted that they might have been copied. The child wept at this suspicion, as if her heart would break; but as soon as she recovered from that fit of indignant grief, she indited a remonstrance to her aunt, in verse, which put an end to such incredulity.

We are told that, before she was twelve years of age, she had read most of the standard English poets—a vague term, excluding, no doubt, much that is of real worth, and including more that is worth little or nothing, and yet implying a wholesome course of reading for such a mind. Much history she had also read, both sacred and profane; "the whole of Shakspeare's, Kotzebue's, and Goldsmith's dramatic works;" (oddly consorted names!) "and many of the popular novels and romances of the day:" of the latter, she threw aside at once those which at first sight appeared worthless. This girl is said to have observed every thing: "frequently she has been known to watch the storm, and the retiring clouds, and the rainbow, and the setting sun, for hours."

An English reader is not prepared to hear of distress arising from straitened circumstances in America—the land of promise, where there is room enough for all, and employment for every body. Yet even in that new country, man, it appears, is born not only to those ills which flesh is heir to, but to those which are entailed upon him by the institutions of society. Lucretia's mother was confined by illness to her room and bed for many months; and this child, then about twelve years old, instead of profiting under her mother's care, had in a certain degree to supply her place in the business of the family, and to attend, which she did dutifully and devotedly, to her sick bed. At this time, a gentleman who had heard much of her verses, and expressed a wish to see some of them, was so much gratified on perusing them, that he sent her a complimentary note, enclosing a bank-bill for twenty dollars. The girl's first joyful thought was that she had now the means, which she had so often longed for, of increasing her little stock of books; but, looking towards the sick bed, tears came in her eyes, and she instantly put the bill into her father's hands, saying, "Take it, father; it will buy many comforts for mother; I can do without the books."

There were friends, as they are called, who remonstrated with her parents on the course they were pursuing in her education, and advised that she should be deprived of books, pen, ink, and paper, and rigorously confined to domestic concerns. Her parents loved her both too wisely and too well to be guided by such counsellors, and they anxiously kept the advice secret from Lucretia, lest it should wound her feelings—perhaps, also, lest it should give her, as it properly might, a rooted dislike to these misjudging and unfeeling persons. But she discovered it by accident, and without declaring any such intention, she gave up her pen and her books, and applied herself exclusively to household business, for several months, till her body as well as her spirits failed. She became emaciated, her countenance bore marks of deep dejection, and often, while actively employed in domestic duties, she could neither restrain nor conceal her tears. The mother seems to have been slower in perceiving this than she would have been had it not been for her own state of confinement; she noticed it at length, and said, "Lucretia, it is a long time since you have written any thing." The girl then burst into tears, and replied, "O mother, I have given that up long ago." "But why?" said her mother. After much emotion, she answered, "I am convinced from what my friends have said, and from what I see, that I have done wrong in pursuing the course I have. I well know the circumstances of the family are such, that it requires the united efforts of every member to sustain it; and since my eldest sister is now gone, it becomes my duty to do every thing in my power to lighten the cares of my parents." On this occasion, Mrs. Davidson acted with equal discretion and tenderness; she advised her to take a middle course, neither to forsake her favourite pursuits, nor devote herself to them, but use them in that wholesome alternation with the every day business of the world, which is alike salutary for the body and the mind. "She therefore occasionally resumed her pen, and seemed comparatively happy."

How the encouragement which she received operated may be seen in some lines, not otherwise worthy of preservation than for the purpose of showing how the promises of reward affect a mind like hers. They were written in her thirteenth year.

Whene'er the muse pleases to grace my dull page,
At the sight of *reward*, she flies off in a rage;
Prayers, threats, and intreaties I frequently try,
But she leaves me to scribble, to fret, and to sigh.

She torments me each moment, and bids me go write,
And when I obey her she laughs at the sight;
The rhyme will not jingle, the verse has no sense,
And against all her insults I have no defence.

I advise all my friends who wish me to write,
To keep their rewards and their gifts from my sight,
So that jealous Miss Muse won't be wounded in pride,
Nor Pegasus rear till I've taken my ride.

Let not the hasty reader conclude from these rhymes that Lucretia was only what any child of early cleverness might be made by forcing and injudicious admiration. In our own language, except in the cases of Chatterton and Kirke White, we can call to mind no instance of so early, so ardent, and so fatal a pursuit of intellectual advancement.

"She composed with great rapidity; as fast as most persons usually copy. There are several instances of four or five pieces on different subjects, and containing three or four stanzas each, written on the same day. Her thoughts flowed so rapidly, that she often expressed the wish that she had two pair of hands, that she might employ them to transcribe. When 'in the vein,' she would write standing, and be wholly abstracted from the company present and their conversation. But if composing a piece of some length, she wished to be entirely alone; she shut herself into her room, darkened the windows, and in summer placed her Æolian harp in the window:" (thus by artificial excitement, feeding the fire that consumed her.) "In those pieces on which she bestowed more than ordinary pains, she was very secret; and if they were, by any accident, discovered in their unfinished state, she seldom completed them, and often destroyed them. She cared little for any of her works after they were completed: some, indeed, she preserved with care for future correction, but a great proportion she destroyed: very many that are preserved, were rescued from the flames by her mother. Of a complete poem, in five cantos, called "Rodri," and composed when she was thirteen years of age, a single canto, and part of another, are all that are saved from a destruction which she supposed had obliterated every vestige of it.

She was often in danger, when walking, from carriages, &c., in consequence of her absence of mind. When engaged in a poem of some length, she has often forgotten her meals. A single incident, illustrating this trait in her character, is worth relating:—She went out early one morning to visit a neighbour, promising to be at home to dinner. The neighbour being absent, she requested to be shown into the library. There she became so absorbed in her book, standing, with her bonnet unremoved, hat the darkness of the coming night first reminded her she had forgotten her meals, and expended the entire day in reading.

She was peculiarly sensitive to music. There was one song (it was Moore's Farewell to his Harp) to which she "took a special fancy;" she wished to hear it only at twilight—thus, with that same perilous love of excitement which made her place the windharp in the window when she was composing, seeking to increase the effect which the song produced upon a nervous system, already diseasedly susceptible; for it is said, that whenever she heard this song she became cold, pale, and almost fainting; yet it was her favourite of all songs, and gave occasion to these verses, addressed, in her fifteenth year, to her sister.

When evening spreads her shades around,
And darkness fills the arch of heaven;
When not a murmur, not a sound
To Fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye;
When Nature, softened by her light,
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie;

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world, and all this world can give,
Oh, Sister! sing the song I love,
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
And, hovering, trembles half afraid,
Oh, Sister! sing the song once more,
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'Twere almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day;
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,
And wafted by their breath away.

When, sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Shouldst thou still linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, Sister! sing the song I love?

To young readers it might be useful to observe, that these verses in one place approach the verge of meaning, but are on the wrong side of the line: to none can it be necessary to say, that they

breathe the deep feeling of a mind essentially poetical.

"Her desire of knowledge increased as she grew more capable of appreciating its worth;" and she appreciated much beyond its real worth the advantages which girls derive from the ordinary course of female education. "Oh!" she said one day to her mother, "that I only possessed half the means of improvement which I see others slighting! I should be the happiest of the happy." A youth whom nature has endowed with diligence and a studious disposition has, indeed, too much reason to regret the want of that classical education which is wasted upon the far greater number of those on whom it is bestowed; but, for a girl who displays a promise of genius like Lucretia, and who has at hand the Bible and the best poets in her own language, no other assistance can be needed in her progress than a supply of such books as may store her mind with knowledge. Lucretia's desire of knowledge was a passion which possessed her like a disease. "I am now sixteen years old," she said, "and what do I know? Nothing! — nothing, compared with what I have yet to learn. Time is rapidly passing by that time usually allotted to the improvement of youth; and how dark are my prospects in regard to this favourite wish of my heart!" At another time she said—"How much there is yet to learn!—If I could only grasp it at once!"

In October 1824, when she had just entered upon her seventeenth year, a gentleman, then on a visit at Plattsburgh, saw some of her verses—was made acquainted with her ardent desire for education, and with the circumstances in which she was placed; and he immediately resolved to afford her every advantage which the best schools in the country could furnish. This gentleman has probably chosen to have his name withheld, being more willing to act benevolently than to have his good deeds blazoned; and yet, stranger as he needs must be, there are many English readers to whom it would have been gratifying, could they have given to such a person "a local habitation and a name." When Lucretia was made acquainted with his intention, the joy was almost greater than she could bear. As soon as preparations could be made, she left home, and was placed at the "Troy Female Seminary," under the instruction of Mrs. Willard. There she had all the advantages for which she had hungered and thirsted; and, like one who had long hungered and thirsted, she devoured them with fatal eagerness. Her application was incessant; and its effects on her constitution, already somewhat debilitated by previous disease, became apparent in increased nervous sensibility. Her letters at this time exhibit the two extremes of feeling in a marked degree. They abound in the most sprightly or most gloomy speculations, bright hopes and lively fancies, or despairing fears and gloomy forebodings. In one of her letters from this seminary, she writes thus to her mother: "I hope you will feel no uneasiness as to my health or happiness; for, save the thoughts of my dear mother and her lonely life, and the idea that my dear father is slaving himself, and wearing out his very life, to earn a subsistence for his family—save these thoughts (and I can assure you, mother, they come not seldom), I am happy. Oh! how often I think, if I could have but one-half the means I now expend, and be at liberty to divide that with mamma, how happy I should be!—cheer up and keep good courage." In another, she says: "Oh! I am so happy, so contented now, that every unusual movement startles me. I am constantly afraid that something will happen to mar it." Again, she says "I hope the expectations of my friends will not be disappointed: but I am afraid you all calculate upon *too much*. I hope not, for I am not capable of much. I can study and be industrious; but I fear I shall not equal the hopes which you say are raised." The story of Kirke White should operate not more as an example than a warning; but the example is followed and the warning overlooked. Stimulants are administered to minds which are already in a state of feverish excitement. Hotbeds and glasses are used for plants which can only acquire strength in the shade; and they are drenched with instruction, which ought "to drop as the rain, and distil as the dew—as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the shower upon the grass."

During the vacation, in which she returned home, she had a serious illness, which left her feeble and more sensitive than ever. On her recovery she was placed at the school of Miss Gilbert, in Albany; and there, in a short time, a more alarming illness brought her to the very borders of the grave. Before she entered upon her intemperate course of application at Troy, her verses show that she felt a want of joyous and healthy feeling—a sense of decay. Thus she wrote to a friend, who had not seen her since her childhood: —

And thou hast mark'd in childhood's hour
The fearless boundings of my breast,
When fresh as summer's opening flower,
I freely frolick'd and was blest.

Oh say, was not this eye more bright?
Were not these lips more wont to smile?
Methinks that then my heart was light,
And I a fearless, joyous child.

And thou didst mark me gay and wild,
My careless, reckless laugh of mirth:
The simple pleasures of a child,
The holiday of man on earth.

Then thou hast seen me in that hour,
When every nerve of life was new,
When pleasures fann'd youth's infant flower,
And Hope her witcheries round it threw.

That hour is fading; it has fled;
And I am left in darkness now,
A wanderer tow'rds a lowly bed,
The grave, that home of all below.

Young poets often affect a melancholy strain, and none more frequently put on a sad and sentimental mood in verse than those who are as happy as an utter want of feeling for any body but themselves can make them. But in these verses the feeling was sincere and ominous. Miss Davidson recovered from her illness at Albany so far only as to be able to perform the journey back to Plattsburgh, under her poor mother's care. "The hectic flush of her cheek told but too plainly that a fatal disease had fastened upon her constitution, and must ere long inevitably triumph." She however dreaded something worse than death, and while confined to her bed, wrote these unfinished lines, the last that were ever traced by her indefatigable hand, expressing her fear of madness.

There is a something which I dread,
It is a dark, a fearful thing;
It steals along with withering tread,
Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour,
Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness;
'Tis not the dread of death,—'tis more,
It is the dread of madness.

Oh, may these throbbing pulses pause
Forceful of their feverish course;
May this hot brain, which burning, glows,
With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still
A tenant of its lowly bed;
But let not dark delirium steal ——
* * * * *

The stanzas with which Kirke White's fragment of the "Christiad" concludes, are not so painful as these lines. Had this however been more than a transient feeling, it would have produced the calamity which it dreaded: it is likely, indeed, that her early death was a dispensation of mercy, and saved her from the severest of all earthly inflictions; and that same merciful Providence which removed her to a better state of existence, made these apprehensions give way to a hope and expectation of recovery, which, vain as it was, cheered some of her last hours. When she was forbidden to read it was a pleasure to her to handle the books which composed her little library, and which she loved so dearly. "She frequently took them up and kissed them; and at length requested them to be placed at the foot of her bed, where she might constantly see them," and anticipating a revival which was not to be, of the delight she should feel in reperusing them, she said often to her mother, "what a feast I shall have by-and-bye." How these words must have gone to that poor mother's heart, they only can understand who have heard such like anticipations of recovery from a dear child, and not been able, even whilst hoping against hope, to partake them.

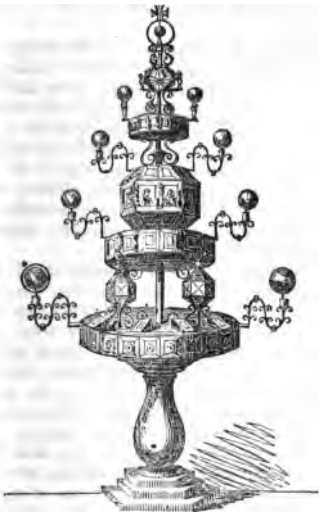
When sensible at length of her approaching dissolution, she looked forward to it without alarm; not alone in that peaceful state of mind which is the proper reward of innocence, but in reliance on the divine promises, and in hope of salvation through the merits of our blessed Lord and Saviour. The last name which she pronounced was that of the gentleman whose bounty she had experienced, and towards whom she always felt the utmost gratitude. Gradually sinking under her malady, she passed away on the 27th of August, 1825, before she had completed her seventeenth year. Her person was singularly beautiful; she had "a high, open forehead, a soft, black eye, perfect symmetry of features a fair complexion, and luxuriant dark hair. The prevailing expression of her face was melancholy. Although, because of her beauty as well as of her mental endowments, she was the object of much admiration and attention, yet she shunned observation, and often sought relief from the pain it seemed to inflict upon her, by retiring from the company."

That she should have written so voluminously as has been ascertained, (says the editor of her Poems), is almost incredible. Her poetical writings which have been collected, amount in all to two hundred and seventy-eight pieces of various length; when it is considered that among these are at least five regular poems of several cantos each, some estimate may be formed of her poetical labours. Besides there were twenty-four school exercises, three unfinished romances, a complete tragedy, written at thirteen years of age, and about forty letters, in a few months, to her mother alone. To this statement should also be appended the fact, that a great portion of her writings she destroyed. Her

mother observes, "I think I am justified in saying that she destroyed at least one-third of all she wrote."

Of the literary character of her writings, (says the editor), it does not, perhaps, become me largely to speak; yet I must hazard the remark, that her defects will be perceived to be those of youth and inexperience, while in invention, and in that mysterious power of exciting deep interest, of enchaining the attention and keeping it alive to the end of the story; in that adaptation of the measure to the sentiment, and in the sudden change of measure to suit a sudden change of sentiment; a wild and romantic description; and in the congruity of the accompaniment to her characters, all conceived with great purity and delicacy—she will be allowed to have discovered uncommon maturity of mind, and her friends to have been warranted in forming very high expectations of her future distinction.

Curious Dial.



THIS Dial, which was really no common or vulgar invention, formerly stood in Privy Garden, Whitehall, at a short distance from Gibbons's noble brass statue of James II., which, as a waggish friend of ours said of the horse at Charing Cross, remains in *statu-quo* to this day.

The Dial was invented by one Francis Hall, alias Line, a Jesuit, and Professor of Mathematics at Liege, in Germany. It was set up, as the old books have it, in the year 1669, by order of Charles II.; and in addition to the parts represented in the cut, the inventer intended to place a water-dial at each corner, which he had nearly completed when the original Dial for want of a cover, as he quaintly observes, (which according to his Majestie's Gracious Order should have been set over it in the Winter) was much injured by the snow lying frozen upon it. But there was no chance of obtaining this out of Charles's coffers, and the Dial soon became useless. Its explanation was, however, considered by many mathematical men of the period as too valuable to be lost, and the Professor accordingly printed the description at Liege, in 1673, in which were plates and diagrams of the several parts. The matter was too grave for pleasant, anecdotical Pennant, who, speaking of the Dial, in his *London*, says "the description surpasses my powers:" he refers the reader to the above work, a "very scarce book" in his time, and we have been at some pains to obtain the reprint, (London, 1685,) appended to Holwell's *Clavis Horologiæ; or Key to the whole art of Arithmetical Dialling*, small 4to. 1712.*

The whole Dial stood on a stone pedestal, and consisted of six† parts, rising in a pyramidal form, as represented in the Cut.

The base, or first piece, was a table of about 40 inches in diameter, and 8 or 9 inches thick, in the edge of which were 20 glazed dials, with the Jewish, Babylonian, Italian, Astronomical, and usual European methods of counting the hours: they were all vertical or declining Dials, the style or gnomon being a lion's paw, unicorn's horn, or some emblem from the royal arms. On the upper part of the Table were 8 reclining dials, glazed, and showing the hour in different ways—as by the shade of the style falling upon the hour-lines, the hour-lines falling on the style, or without any shade of hour-lines or style, &c. Upon this piece or table stood also 4 globes, cut into planes, with geographical, astronomical, and astrological dials. From the table also, east, west, north, and south, were four iron branches supporting glass bowls, showing the hour by fire, water, air, and earth.

The second piece of the pyramid was also a round table somewhat less than the first, with 4 iron supporters, and dials on the edge, showing the different rising of remarkable stars; the style to

* For the loan of which we thank our esteemed correspondent, *P. T. W.*

† It need hardly be explained that the above is a section, or only one half of the dial.

each being a little star painted upon the inside of the glass cover. From this piece also branched 4 glass bowls to show the hour by a style without a shadow, a shadow without a style, &c. Upon the upper part of the table were 8 reclining planes, 4 covered with looking-glass, on which the hour-lines, or style of a dial being painted, were reflected upon the bottom inclining planes of the third piece, and there showed the hour. The other 4 had also dials upon them, which were to be seen in a looking-glass placed upon the bottom of the third piece.

The third piece was a large hollow globe, about 24 inches in diameter, and cut into 26 planes, two of which served for top and bottom. The rest were divided into 8 equal reclining planes, 8 equal inclining planes, and 8 equal vertical or upright planes; all of which were hollow. The incliners were not covered with glass, but left open, so as better to receive and show the dials reflected from the second piece. Two of the 8 upright planes towards the north had no bottoms, but were covered only with clear glass, or windows to look into the globe, and thus see the dials as well within as without the same. The other 6 had not only each a cover of clear polished glass, with a dial described on them, like those of the first piece, but had a glass for their bottom; which glass was thinly painted over white, so that the shade of the hour-lines drawn upon the cover, might be seen as well within as without the globe. On these bottom glasses were painted portraits, each holding a sceptre, or truncheon, the end of which pointed to the hour. Two also of the recliners towards the north, had only a glass cover, or window to look into the globe: the other 6 had double glass like the former; their dials being some upon the cover, others upon the bottom; but all so contrived, that the hour could only be known by them, by looking within the globe. From the top of this globe issued 4 iron branches with glass bowls with dials showing the time according to the several ways of counting the hours. These bowls were painted inside so as to keep out the light, except a point left like a star, through which the sun-beams showed the hour; and the place where the hour-lines were drawn, was only painted on the outside thinly with white colour, so that the sun-light passing through the star might be seen, and show the hour.

The fourth piece stood on the globe, had 4 iron supporters, and was a table about 20 inches in diameter, and 6 in thickness! The edge was cut into 12 concave superficies like so many half-cylinders; on each of which was a dial showing the hour by the shade of a fleur-de-lis fixed at the top of each half-cylinder. From the top of this table issued 4 iron branches, with glass bowls, like those of the first, second, and third pieces, though proportionally less. The dials on these bowls showed only the usual hour, and otherwise differed from the third piece; here the hour-lines being left clear for the sunbeams to pass through, that by so passing, they might exhibit the same dial on the opposite side of the bowl, which was thinly painted white, that the said hours might be seen, and show the hour by their passing over a little star painted in the middle.

The fifth piece likewise upon 4 iron supporters, was a globe of about 12 inches diameter, cut into 14 planes, viz. 8 triangles, equal and equilateral; and the other 6 were equal squares. The dials on these planes showed the usual hour by the shade of a fleur-de-lis fastened to the top or bottom of each plane.

The last, or top piece of the pyramid, was a glass bowl of 7 inches diameter, upon a foot of iron. The north side of this piece was thinly painted over white, that the shade of a little golden ball, placed in the middle of the bowl, might be seen to pass over the hour-lines which were drawn upon the white colour, and noted the hour. The bowl was included between two circles of iron gilt, with a cross on the top.

Such is a general description of the parts or divisions of this very curious Dial. To which may be added that the first four pieces had all their sides covered with little plates of black glass, first cemented to the said pieces, except those places whereon the dials were drawn; which being also covered with plates of polished glass, nearly the whole of the outside of the dial appeared to be glass; the angles or corners being elegantly gilt, as were in part the iron work of the pyramid, supporters, branches, styles, &c.

We have abridged and in part rewritten this explanation from upwards of six closely-printed 4to. pages. After the general description, in the original tract, the different sections or parts of the dial, 73 in number, are still further explained, and illustrated by 17 plates, besides a vertical section, of which last our Cut is a copy. Perhaps these details would tire the general reader, and on that account we do not press

them: a few of them, however, may be noticed still further.

Of these, the *Bowls* appear to be the most attractive. One on the first piece, *by fire* was a little glass bowl filled with clear water. This bowl was about three inches diameter, placed in the middle of another sphere, about six inches diameter, consisting of several iron rings or circles, representing the hour circles in the heavens. The hour was known by applying the hand to these circles when the sun shone, when that circle where you felt the hand burnt by the sunbeams passing through the bowl filled with water, showed the true hour, according to the verse beneath it:

Cratem tange, manusq horam tibi reddet adusta.

The phenomenon is thus explained by the Professor: "the parallel rays of the sun passing through the little bowl, are bent by the density of the water, into a cone or pyramid, whose vertex reaches a little beyond those hour circles, and there burns the hand applied; for so many rays being all united into a point, must needs make an intense heat, which heat is so powerful in the summer-time, that it will fire a piece of wood applied to it."

To many of the Dials were suitable inscriptions as above, and these with the references must have made the construction of the whole a task of immense labour. It would be absurd to expect that Charles II. had much to do with its completion, for he was, in his own estimation, more pleasantly employed than in watching the flight of time by heavenly luminaries. His attractions were on earth, where the splendour of a wicked court and the witchery of bright eyes eclipsed all other pursuits. Still, the licentious king was not forgotten by the inventer of the dial. Among the pictures on some of the glasses were portraits of the king, the two queens, the duke of York, prince Rupert, &c. In the king's picture, the hour was shown by the shade of the hour-lines passing over the top of the sceptre—perhaps the only time the royal trifler ever pointed to so useful an end. Prince Rupert, by his contributions to science, had a better right to be there; but Charles was not even grateful enough for the elevation to protect the precious Dial from rain and snow.

In the list of subscribers for the reprint of the Tract, occurs "Jacob Chandler, basket-maker?" in our times this would be considered a knotty work for any but a professional reader.

Notes of a Reader.

HISTORY OF INSECTS.

The Family Library, No. 7.
Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Part 6.—Insect Architecture.

At present we can only notice these works as two of the most delightful volumes that have for some time fallen into our hands, and as possessing all the merits which characterize the previous portions of the Series. Our cognizance of them, in a collected form, must rest till the other half appears; in the mean time a few *flying* extracts will prove amusing:—

Bees without a Queen.

These humble creatures cherish their queen, feed her, and provide for her wants. They live only in her life, and die when she is taken away. Her absence deprives them of no organ, paralyzes no limb, yet in every case they neglect all their duties for twenty-four hours. They receive no stranger queen before the expiration of that time; and if deprived of the cherished object altogether, they refuse food, and quickly perish. What, it may be asked, is the physical cause of such devotion? What are the bonds that chain the little creature to its cell, and force it to prefer death, to the flowers and the sunshine that invite it to come forth and live? This is not a solitary instance, in which the Almighty has made virtues, apparently almost unattainable by us, natural to animals! For while man has marked, with that praise which great and rare good actions merit, those few instances in which one human being has given up his own life for another—the dog, who daily sacrifices himself for his master, has scarcely found an historian to record his common virtue.—*Family Library.*

Cleanliness of Bees.

Among other virtues possessed by bees, cleanliness is one of the most marked; they will not suffer the least filth in their abode. It sometimes happens that an ill-advised slug or ignorant snail chooses to enter the hive, and has even the audacity to walk over the comb; the presumptuous and foul intruder is quickly killed, but its gigantic carcass is not so speedily removed. Unable to transport the corpse out of their dwelling, and fearing "the noxious smells" arising from corruption, the bees adopt an efficacious mode of protecting themselves; they embalm their offensive enemy, by covering him over with propolis; both Maraldi and Reau-

mur have seen this. The latter observed that a snail had entered a hive, and fixed itself to the glass side, just as it does against walls, until the rain shall invite it to thrust out its head beyond its shell. The bees, it seemed, did not like the interloper, and not being able to penetrate the shell with their sting, took a hint from the snail itself, and instead of covering it all over with propolis, the cunning economists fixed it immovably, by cementing merely the edge of the orifice of the shell to the glass with this resin, and thus it became a prisoner for life, for rain cannot dissolve this cement, as it does that which the insect itself uses.* —*Ibid.*

It furnishes a subject of serious consideration, as well as an argument for a special providence, to know, that the accurate Reaumur, and other naturalists, have observed, that when any kind of insect has increased inordinately, their natural enemies have increased in the same proportion, and thus preserved the balance.—*Ibid.*

Gnats.

There are few insects with whose form we are better acquainted than that of the gnat. It is to be found in all latitudes and climates; as prolific in the Polar as in the Equatorial regions. In 1736 they were so numerous, and were seen to rise in such clouds from Salisbury cathedral, that they looked like columns of smoke, and frightened the people, who thought the building was on fire. In 1766, they appeared at Oxford, in the form of a thick black cloud; six columns were observed to ascend the height of fifty or sixty feet. Their bite was attended with alarming inflammation. To some appearances of this kind our great poet, Spenser, alludes, in the following beautiful simile:—

As when a swarm of gnats at eventide,
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmurring small trumpets sownden wide,
Whiles in the air their clust'ring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seem to dim the skies:
No man nor beast may rest or take repast,
For their sharp wounds and noyous injuries,
Till the fierce northern wind, with blustering blast,
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

In Lapland, their numbers have been compared to a flight of snow when the flakes fall thickest, and the minor evil of being nearly suffocated by smoke is endured to get rid of these little pests. Captain Stedman says, that he and his soldiers were so tormented by gnats in America, that they were obliged to dig holes in the ground with their bayonets, and thrust their heads into them for protection and sleep. Humboldt states, that "between the little harbour of Higuerote and the mouth of the Rio-Unare, the wretched inhabitants are accustomed to stretch themselves on the ground, and pass the night buried in the sand three or four inches deep, exposing only the head, which they cover with a handkerchief."

After enumerating these and other examples of the achievements of the gnat and musquito tribe, Kirby says, "It is not therefore incredible that Sapor, King of Persia, should have been compelled to raise the siege of Nisibis by a plague of gnats, which attacked his elephants and beasts of burden, and so caused the rout of his army; nor that the inhabitants of various cities should, by an extraordinary multiplication of this plague, have been compelled to desert them; nor that, by their power of doing mischief, like other conquerors who have been the torment of the human race, they should have attained to fame, and have given their name to bays, town, and territories."
Ibid.

Leaf Caterpillars.

The design of the caterpillars in rolling up the leaves is not only to conceal themselves from birds and predatory insects, but also to protect themselves from the cuckoo-flies, which lie in wait in every quarter to deposit their eggs in their bodies, that their progeny may devour them. Their mode of concealment, however, though it appear to be cunningly contrived and skilfully executed, is not always successful, their enemies often discovering their hiding place. We happened to see a remarkable instance of this last summer (1828), in a case of one of the lilac caterpillars which had changed into a chrysalis within the closely folded leaf. A small cuckoo-fly, aware, it should seem, of the very spot where the chrysalis lay within the leaf, was seen boring through it with her ovipositor, and introducing her eggs through the punctures thus made into the body of the dormant insect. We allowed her to lay all her eggs, about six in number, and then put the leaf under an inverted glass. In a few days the eggs of the cuckoo-fly were hatched, the grubs devoured the lilac chrysalis, and finally changed into pupæ in a case of yellow silk, and into perfect insects like their parent.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

* For a notice of the application of this cement to useful purposes, see No. 396, page 283. —Ed. Mirror.

The last extract, and all in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge signed J. R. are written by Mr. J. Rennie, whose initials must be familiar to every reader as attached to some of the most interesting papers in Mr. Loudon's Magazines. He is a nice observer of Nature, and one of the most popular writers on her phenomena.

As we treated the cuts of the last portion of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," rather critically, we are happy to say that the engravings of insects in the present part make ample amends for all former imperfections in that branch of the work; some of the pupæ, insects, their nests, &c. are admirably executed, and their selection is equally judicious and attractive.

SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

SPIRIT-DRINKING appears to have attained a *pretty considerable* pitch in America, where, according to the proceedings of the American Temperance Society, half as many tuns of domestic spirits are annually produced as of wheat and flour; and in the state of New York, in the year 1825, there were 2,264 grist-mills, and 1,129 distilleries of whiskey. In a communication to this society from Philadelphia, it is calculated, that out of 4,151 deaths in that city in the year 1825, 335 are attributed solely to the abuse of ardent spirits!

WOOD ENGRAVING.

IN early life Bewick cut a vignette for the Newcastle newspaper, from which it is calculated that more than *nine hundred thousand impressions* have been worked off; yet the block is still in use, and not perceptibly impaired.

AUSTRIA.

THE present Emperor of Austria is a gentle, fatherly old man. We have heard none of his subjects speak of him with anything but love and affection. The meanest peasant has access to him; and, except on public occasions, he leads a simpler life than any nobleman among ourselves. It is, perhaps, less the emperor than the nobility who govern in Austria, and less the nobility than Metternich, the prince-pattern of prime-ministers.—*Foreign Review.*

HANGING.

THE following letter tends to rectify an error which very generally prevails, namely, that it costs only thirteenpence halfpenny to be hung. It is copied *literatim et verbatim*, from one made out by Mr. Ketch himself, and proves that a man cannot be hung for so mere a trifle:—

"Silvester.	*s.*	*d.*
Executioner's Fees.....	7	6
Stripping the Body.....	4	6
Use of Shell.....	2	6
"1813.		
"Nov. 10.	14	6"

Blackwood's Magazine.

SCOTTISH POETRY.

THE passion of the Scots, from whatever race derived, for poetry and music, developed itself in the earliest stages of their history. "They possessed a wild imagination, a dark and gloomy mythology; they peopled the caves, the woods, the rivers, and the mountains, with spirits, elves, giants, and dragons; and are we to wonder that the Scots, a nation in whose veins the blood of all those remote races is unquestionably mingled, should, at a very remote period, have evinced an enthusiastic admiration for song and poetry; that the harper was to be found amongst the officers who composed the personal state of the sovereign, and that the country maintained a privileged race of wandering minstrels, who eagerly siezed on the prevailing superstitions and romantic legends, and wove them in rude, but sometimes very expressive versification, into their stories and ballads; who were welcome guests at the gate of every feudal castle, and fondly beloved by the great body of the people.—*Tytler's History of Scotland.*

TO CONSTANTINOPLE,

On approaching the city about sun-rise, from the Sea of Marmora.

A GLORIOUS form thy shining city wore,
'Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,
With minaret and golden dome between,
While thy sea softly kiss'd its grassy shore.
Darting across whose blue expanse was seen
Of sculptured barques and galleys many a score;
Whence noise was none save that of plashing oar;
Nor word was spoke, to break the calm serene.
Unheard is whisker'd boatman's hail or joke;
Who, mute as Sinbad's man of copper, rows,
And only intermits the sturdy stroke
When fearless gull too nigh his pinnace goes.
I, hardly conscious if I dream'd or woke,
Mark'd that strange piece of action and repose.

BERWICK.

IN the thirteenth century Berwick enjoyed a prosperity, such as threw every other Scottish port into the shade; the customs of this town, at the above date, amounted to about one-fourth of all the customs of England.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Spirit of Momus! thou'rt wandering wide,
When I would thou wert merrily perch'd by my side,
For I am sorely beset by the *blues*;
Thou fugitive-elf! I adjure thee return,
By Fielding's best wig, and the ashes of Sterne
Appear at the call of my muse."

It comes, with a laugh on its rubicund face;
Methinks, by the way, it's in pretty good case,
For a spirit unblest with a body;
"On the claret bee's-wing," says the sprite, "I regale;
But I'm ready for all—from Lafitte down to ale,
From Champagne to a tumbler of toddy.

Then I'm not over-nice, as at least *you* must know,
In the rank of my hosts—for the lofty or low
Are alike to the Spirit of Mirth;
I care not a straw with whom I have dined,
Though a family dinner's not much to my mind
And a proser's a plague upon earth.

"But where, my dear sprite, for this age have you been?
Have you plunged in the Danube, or danced on the Seine?
Or have taken in Lisbon your station?
Or have flapped over Windsor your butterfly-wings,
O'er its bevy of beauties, and courtiers, and kings—
The wonders and wits of the nation?"

"No; of all climes for folly, Old England's the clime;
Of all times for folly, the present's the time;
And my game is so plentiful here,
That all months are the same, from December to May;
I can bag in a minute enough for a day—
In a day, bag enough for a year.

My game-bag has nooks for 'Notes, Sketches, and Journeys,'
By soldiers and sailors, divines and attorneys,
Through landscapes gay, blooming, and briary;
And so, as you seem rather pensive to-night,
To dispel your blue-devils, I'll briefly recite
A specimen-leaf from my diary:—

"'THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

Through smoke-clouds as dark as a forest of rooks,
The rich contribution of blacksmiths and cooks
From the huge human oven below,
I heard old St. Paul's gaily pealing away;
Thinks I to myself, 'It is Lord Mayor's Day,
So, I'll go down and look at the Show.'

I spread out my pinions, and sprang on my perch—
'Twas the dragon on Bow, that odd sign of the church,
The episcopal centre of action;
All Cheapside was crowded with black, brown, and fair,
Like a harlequin's jacket, or French rocquelaire,
A legitimate Cheapside attraction.

Then rung through the tumult a trumpet so shrill,
That it frightened the ladies all down Ludgate Hill,
And the owlets in Ivy Lane;
Then came in their chariots, each face in full blow,
The sheriffs and aldermen, solemn and slow,
All bombazine, bag-wig and chain.

Then came the old tumbril-shaped city machine,
With a Lord Mayor so fat that he made the coach *lean*;
Lord Waithman was scarcely a brighter man;
The wits said the old groaning wagon of state,
Which for ages had carried Lord Mayors of such weight,
To-day would break down with a *lighter-man*.

Then proud as a prince, at the head of the band
Rode the city field-marshal, with truncheon in hand,
Though his epaulettes lately are gone;
But he's still fine enough to astonish the cits,
And drive the economists out of their wits,
From Lords Waithman and Wood, to Lord John.

But I now left the pageant—wits, worthies, and all—
And flew through the smoke to the roof of Guildhall,
And perched on the grand chandelier;
The dinner was stately, the tables were full—
There sat, multiplied by three thousand, John Bull,
Resolved to make all disappear.

And then came the speeches; Lord Hunter was fine—
Lord Wood, finer still—Lord Thompson, divine,
The sheriffs were Ciceros a-piece;
Lord Crowther was sick, though he managed to eat
What, if races were feasts, would have won aim the plate;
But he tossed off a bumper to Greece.

Then all was enchantment — all hubbub and smiles—
The wit of Old Jewry, the grace of St. Giles,
The force of the Billingsgate tongue:
Till the eloquent Lord Mayor demanding 'Who insults?'—
The understood sign for beginning the waltz—
In a fright through the ceiling I sprung.'"

Monthly Magazine.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LANDAULET.

(Concluded from page 302.)

It happened to be a dull time of year, and for some months my wheels ceased to be rotatory: I got cold and damp; and the moths found their way to my inside: one or two persons who came to inspect me declined becoming purchasers, and peering closely at my panels, said something about "old scratch." This hurt my feelings, for if my former possessor was not quite so good as she might have been, it was no fault of mine.

At length, after a tedious inactivity, I was bought cheap by a young physician, who having rashly left his provincial patients to set up in London, took it into his head that nothing could be done there by a medical man who did not go upon wheels; he therefore hired a house in a good situation, and then set *me* up, and bid my vendor put me down in his bill.

It is quite astonishing how we flew about the streets and squares, *acting great practice;* those who knew us by sight must have thought we had a great deal to do, but we practised nothing but locomotion. Some medical men thin the population, (so says Slander,) my master thinned nothing but his

horses. They were the only *good jobs* that came in his way, and certainly he made the most of them. He was obliged to *feed* them, but he was very rarely *feed* himself. It so happened that nobody consulted us, and the unavoidable consumption of the family infected my master's pocket, and his little resources were in a rapid decline.

Still he kept a good heart; indeed, in one respect, he resembled a worm displayed in a bottle in a quack's shop window—he was never out of spirits! He was deeply in debt, and his name was on every body's books, always excepting the memorandum-books of those who wanted physicians. Still I was daily turned out, and though nobody called him in, he was to be seen, sitting very forward, apparently looking over notes supposed to have been taken after numerous critical cases and eventful consultations. Our own case was hopeless, our progress was arrested, an execution was in the house, servants met with their deserts and were turned off, goods were seized, my master was knocked up, and I was knocked down for one hundred and twenty pounds.

Again my beauties blushed for a while unseen; but I was new painted, and, like some other painted personages, looked, at a distance, almost as good as new. Fortunately for me, an elderly country curate, just at this period, was presented with a living, and the new incumbent thought it incumbent upon him to present his fat lady and his thin daughter with a leathern convenience. My life was now a rural one, and for ten long years nothing worth recording happened to me. Slowly and surely did I creep along green lanes, carried the respectable trio to snug, early, neighbourly dinners, and was always under lock and key before twelve o'clock. It must be owned I began to have rather an old-fashioned look; my body was ridiculously small, and the rector's thin daughter, the bodkin, or rather packing-needle of the party, sat more forward, and on a smaller space than bodkins do now-a-days. I was perched up three feet higher than more modern vehicles, and my two lamps began to look like little dark lanterns. But my obsoleteness rendered me only more suited to the service in which I was enlisted. Honest Roger, the red-haired coachman, would have looked like a clown in a pantomime, in front of a fashionable equipage; and Simon the footboy, who slouched at my back, would have been mistaken for an idle urchin surreptitiously enjoying a ride. But on my unsophiscated dickey and footboard no one could doubt but that Roger and Simon were in their proper places. The rector died; of course he had nothing more to do with the *living*, it passed into other hands; and a clerical income being (alas, that it should be so!) no inheritance, his relict suddenly plunged in widowhood and poverty, had the aggravated misery of mourning for a dear husband, while she was conscious that the luxuries and almost the necessaries of life were for ever snatched from herself and her child.

Again I found myself in London, but my beauty was gone, I had lost the activity of youth, and when slowly I chanced to creak through Long Acre, Houlditch, my very parent, who was standing at his door sending forth a newborn Britska, glanced at me scornfully, and knew me not! I passed on heavily—I thought of former days of triumph, and there was madness in the thought I became a *crazy* vehicle! straw was thrust into my inward parts, I was numbered among the fallen,—yes, I was now a hackney-chariot, and my number was one hundred!

What tongue can tell the degradations I have endured! The persons who familiarly have *called* me, the wretches who have sat in me—never can this be told. Daily I take my stand in the same vile street, and nightly am I driven to the minor theatres—to oyster-shops—to desperation!

One day, when empty and unoccupied, I was hailed by two police-officers who were bearing between them a prisoner. It was the seducer of my second ill-fated mistress; a first crime had done its usual work, it had prepared the mind for a second, and a worse: the seducer had done a deed of deeper guilt, and *I* bore him one stage towards the gallows. Many months after, a female called me at midnight: she was decked in tattered finery, and what with fatigue and recent indulgence in strong liquors, she was scarcely sensible, but she possessed dim traces of past beauty. I can say nothing more of her, but that it was the fugitive wife whom I had borne to Brighton so many years ago. No words of mine could paint the living warning that I beheld. What had been the sorrows of unmerited desertion and unkindness supported by conscious rectitude, compared with the degraded guilt, the hopeless anguish, that I then saw?

I regret to say, I was last month nigh committing manslaughter; I broke down in the Strand and dislocated the shoul-

der of a rich old maid. I cannot help thinking that she deserved the visitation, for, as she stepped into me in Oxford Street, she exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all neighbouring pedestrians, "Dear me! how dirty! I never was in a hackney conveyance before!" —though I well remembered having been favoured with her company very often. A medical gentleman happened to be passing at the moment of our fall; it was my old medical master. He set the shoulder, and so skilfully did he manage his patient, that he is about to be married to the rich invalid, who will shoulder him into prosperity at last.

I last night was the bearer of a real party of pleasure to Astley's:—a bride and bridegroom, with the mother of the bride. It was the widow of the old rector, whose thin daughter (by the by she is fattening fast) has had the luck to marry the only son of a merchant well to do in the world."

The voice suddenly ceased!—I awoke —the door was opened, the steps let down—I paid the cochman double the amount of his fare, and in future, whenever I stand in need of a jarvey, I shall certainly make a point of calling for number One Hundred.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKSPEARE.

BELL.—THE CRY OF THE DEER SO CALLED.

I AM glad of an opportunity to describe the cry of the deer by another name than *braying*, although the latter has been sanctioned by the use of the Scottish metrical translation of the Psalms. Bell seems to be an abbreviation of the word *bellow*. This sylvan sound conveyed great delight to our ancestors chiefly, I suppose, from association. A gentle knight in the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas Wortley, built Wantley Lodge, Warncliffe Forest, for the purpose, as the ancient inscription testifies, of "Listening to the Harts' Bell." C. K. W.

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND.

THE origin of the nine of diamonds being called the Curse of Scotland is not generally known. It arose from the following circumstance:—The night before the battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland thought proper to send orders to General Campbell not to give quarter; and this order being despatched in much haste, was written on a card. This card happened to be the nine of diamonds, from which circumstance it got the appellation above named.

W. M.

POLITICAL PUNS.

AMONG the many expedients resorted to by the depressed party in a state to indulge their sentiments safely, and probably at the same time, according to situation, to sound those of their companions, puns and other quibbles have been of notable service. The following is worthy of notice:—The cavaliers during Cromwell's usurpation, usually put a crumb of bread into a glass of wine, and before they drank it, would exclaim with cautious ambiguity, "God send this Crum well down!" A royalist divine also, during the Protectorate, did not scruple to quibble in the following prayer, which he was accustomed to deliver:—"O Lord, who hast put a sword into the hand of thy servant, Oliver, *put it into his heart* ALSO—to do according to thy word." He would drop his voice at the word *also*, and, after a significant pause, repeat the concluding sentence in an under tone.

W. M.

NAPOLEON AND FOUCHE.

NAPOLEON sent for Fouche, and in a great rage told him he was a fool, and not fit to be at the head of the police; that he was quite ignorant of what was passing. "Pardon me, sire," said Fouche, interupting him, "I know that your majesty has my dismissal ready signed in your pocket." This was the case; it need not be added, that Napoleon instantly changed his mind, and kept his minister.

VICE VERSA.

A FRENCHMAN once asked what difference there was between M. de Rothschild, the loan broker, and Herod? "It is," he was told, "that Herod was the King of the Jews, and Rothschild the Jew of the Kings."

GEORGE THE THIRD'S FATHER.

ONE of Sir Boyle Roche's children asked him one day, "Papa, who was the father of George the Third?"—"My darling," he answered, "it was Frederick, Prince of Wales, who would have been George the Third if he had lived."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 636, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 401.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1829. [Price 2*d*.

The Siamese Twins.

The Engraving is an accurate sketch of this extraordinary *lusus naturæ*, which promises to occupy the attention of the whole Town, and has already excited no ordinary curiosity among all ranks of the scientific and sight-loving. Deviations from the usual forms of nature are almost universally offensive; but, in this case, neither the personal appearance of the boys, nor the explanation of the phenomenon by which they are united, is calculated to raise a single unpleasant emotion. The subject is, therefore, not unfit for our pages, and the following descriptive particulars, which we have collected from various authentic sources, and our own observation, will, we are persuaded, be read with considerable interest:

The earliest account of the Siamese Twins is by Dr. I. C. Warren, of Boston, and was published in Professor Silliman's Journal of October last. They were received of their mother by Captain Coffin and Mr. Hunter, in a village of Siam, where the last-mentioned gentleman saw them, fishing on the banks of the river. Their father has been some time dead, since which they lived with their mother in a state of poverty. They were confined within certain limits, by order of the Siamese Government, and supported themselves principally by taking fish. Their exhibition to the world was suggested to the mother as a means of bettering their condition; to which proposition she acceded for a liberal compensation, and the promised return of her sons at a specific time. She accompanied them on board the

ship and, as it was not about to sail for some time, she was invited to remain on board; but she declined, observing that she might as well part with them then as a few days hence. They were first exhibited at Boston, and subsequently at New York, in the United States. At Boston, Dr. Warren was appointed to report on them; and such of his observations as are free from anatomical technicalities, and otherwise adapted for our pages, will be found in the subsequent pages. In the meantime, we shall proceed with a more popular account of their present appearance, which has some of the most interesting characteristics of human nature.

They are two distinct and perfect youths, well formed and straight, about eighteen years of age, and possessing all the faculties and powers usually enjoyed at that period of life. They are united together by a short band at the pit of the stomach. On first seeing them, it may be supposed, so closely are their sides together—or rather, they over-lap a little—that there is no space between them. On examining them, however, they are found not to touch each other, the band which connects them being, at its shortest part, which is the upper and back part, about two inches long. At the lower front part the band, which is there soft and fleshy, or rather like soft thick skin, is about five inches long, and would be elastic, were it not for a thick rope-like cartilaginous or gristly substance, which forms the upper part of the band, and which is not above three inches long. The band is probably two inches thick at the upper part, and above an inch at the lower part. The back part of the band, which is rounded from a thickening at the places where it grows from each body, is not so long as the front part, which is comparatively flat. The breadth or depth of the band is about four inches. It grows from the lower and centre part of the breast of each boy, being a continuation of the cartilaginous termination of the breast bone, accompanied by muscles and blood-vessels, and enveloped, like every other portion of the body, with skin, &c. At present this band is not very flexible; and there is reason to believe that the cartilaginous substance of the upper part is gradually hardening, and will eventually become bone. From the nature of the band, and the manner in which it grows from each boy, it is impossible that they should be in any other position in relation to each other, but side by side, like soldiers, or coming up a little to front each other. Their arms and legs are perfectly free to move. The band is the only connexion between them; and their proximity does not inconvenience either; each of them, whether standing, sitting, or moving, generally has his arm round the neck or the waist of the other. When they take the arm from this position, so close are they kept together that their shoulders cannot be held straight; and the near shoulder of each being obliged to be held down or up, to allow them room to stand, gives them the appearance of being deformed; but two straighter bodies can scarcely be seen.

In their ordinary motions they may be said to resemble two persons waltzing. In a room they seem to roll about, as it were, but when they walk to any distance, they proceed straight forward with a gait like other people. As they rise up or sit down, or stoop, their movements are playful, though strange, not ungraceful, and without the appearance of constraint. The average height of their countrymen is less than that of Europeans, and they seem rather short for their age, even judging them by their own standard. They are much shorter than the ordinary run of youths in this country at eighteen years of age, and are both of the same height. In personal appearance there is a striking resemblance between them; this, however, is but on first impression, for, on closer examination, considerable difference will be observed. The colour of their skin and form of the nose, lips, and eyes, denote them as belonging to the Chinese; but they have not that broad and flat face which is characteristic of the Mingol race. Their foreheads are higher and narrower than those of their countrymen generally. Both are lively and intelligent; they pay much attention to what is passing around them; and are very grateful for any little attention that is paid to them. As a proof of their intelligence, it may be stated that they learned to play at Draughts very readily, and were soon able to beat those who had assisted in teaching them. Their appearance is perfect health. To their friends and attendants, and to each other, they are said to be much attached. They appear to be excellent physiognomists, for they read the countenance of the visiter readily, and are easily affronted with any contemptuous expressions. It is said they have not learnt any manual art beyond rowing a boat, but they can run and jump, and climb cracks and rigging with great facility. They are dressed in short, loose, green jackets and trousers,

the costume of their country, which is very convenient, and allows the utmost freedom of motion, but does not show the form of the boys to advantage. With their arms twined round each other, as they bend down or move about, they look like a group of statuary. Dr. Warren, in his report, states that he *never heard them speak to each other*, though they were very fond of talking with a young Siamese, who was brought with them as a companion. They, however, appear to have a means of communication more rapid than by words. The point most worthy of remark, in regard to their actions and movements, is, that they seem, generally speaking, to be actuated but by one will; and that from whichever of them the volition of the moment proceeds, it seems imperative upon both. Occasionally, there is an exception to this remark—as, on the voyage from Siam to the United States, when one wanted to bathe, and the other refused, on account of the coldness of the weather, they quarrelled on the subject.

Each has a name of his own—the one, *Chang*, and the other, *Eng*; but, when persons wish to address them as one—to claim their attention to anything, for example, or to call them—they are addressed as—*Chang Eng*.

The union of twins is not an unusual occurrence, and various anatomical collections present many such objects.—Ambrose Paré relates several instances. Dr. Warren is, however, of opinion, that the *Siamese Boys* present the most remarkable case of the *lusus naturæ* which has yet been known, taking into view the perfection and distinctness of organization, and the length of time they have lived. The whole phenomenon may be described in a very few words—*two perfect bodies united and bound together by an inseparable link*. As we have already stated, their health is at present good; but, observes Dr. Warren, "it is probable that the change of their simple living for the luxuries they now obtain, together with the confinement their situation necessarily involves, will bring their lives to a close within a few years." We hope that such will not be the result of their leaving their native shores; and we are much pleased with this passage in a letter from Drs. Samuel Mitchill and Anderson to Capt. Coffin—"They (the youths) are under the protection of a kind and benevolent gentleman, and we know you will take good care of them, and if they live, return them to their homes again." Of their strength many instances are related: since they have arrived in London they have lifted a gentleman of considerable weight, with great ease; and on this point Drs. Mitchill and Anderson say—"As they are so vigorous and alert, we readily coincide that in ten seconds they can lay a stout ordinary man on his back."

We shall not go out of our way to state half the curious questions which forcibly arose in our minds on visiting this interesting exhibition. One of the most important, and least easy of solution, is the structure of the connecting band—how it is kept alive—whether blood flows into and circulates through it from each, and passes into the system of the other—whether it be composed of bone, as well as of cartilage—and whether it could be safely divided? Upon examining the connexion, or *cord*, Dr. Warren says—"Placing my hand on this substance, I found it extremely hard. On further examination, the hardness was found to exist at the upper part of the cord only, and to be prolonged into the breast of each boy. Tracing it upwards, I found it to be constituted by a prolongation of the *ensiform cartilage of the sternum*, or extremity of the breast-bone. The cartilages proceeding from each sternum meet at an angle, and then seem to be connected by a ligament, so as to form a joint. This joint has a motion upwards and downwards, and also a lateral motion—the latter operating in such a way, that when the boys turn in either direction, the edges of the cartilage are found to open and shut.

* * * * *

Besides this there is nothing remarkable felt in the connecting substance. I could distinguish no pulsating vessel. The whole of this cord is covered by the skin. It is remarkably strong, and has no great sensibility, for they allow themselves to be pulled by a rope fastened to it, without exhibiting uneasiness. On ship board, one of them sometimes climbed on the capstan of the vessel, the other following as well as he could, without complaining. When I first saw the boys, I expected to see them pull on this cord in different directions, as their attention was attracted by different objects. I soon perceived that this did not happen. The slightest impulse of one to move in any direction is immediately followed by the other; so that they appear to be influenced by the same wish."

This harmony in their movements, Dr. Warren thinks, is a habit formed by necessity. His further account of their habits is extremely curious:

"They always face in one direction, standing nearly side by side, and are not able, without inconvenience, to face in the opposite direction—so that one is always at the right, and the other at the left. Although not placed exactly in a parallel line, they are able to run and leap with surprising activity. On some occasions a gentleman, in sport, pursued them round the ship, when they came suddenly to the hatchway, which had been inadvertently left open. The least check would have thrown them down the hatchway, and probably killed one, or both, but they leaped over it without difficulty. They differ in intellectual vigour; the perceptions of one are more acute than those of the other, and there is a corresponding coincidence in moral qualities. He who appears most intelligent is somewhat irritable in temper, while the other's disposition is mild."

The connexion between these boys might present an opportunity for some interesting observations in regard to physiology and pathology. There is, no doubt, a network of blood-vessels and some minute nerves passing from one to the other. How far these parts are capable of transmitting the action of medicines, and of diseases, and especially what medicines and diseases, are points well worthy of consideration. Dr. W. thinks that any indisposition of one extends to the other; that they are inclined to sleep at the same time; eat about the same quantity, and perform other acts with great similarity. Both he and Mr. Hunter are of opinion that touching one of them when they are asleep, awakens both. When they are awake, an impulse given to one does not in the least affect the other. There is evidently no impression received by him who is not touched. But the opinion just mentioned is undoubtedly erroneous. The slightest movement of one is so speedily perceived by the other, as to deceive those who have not observed closely. There is no part of them which has a common perception, excepting the middle of the connecting cord, and a space near it. When a pointed instrument is applied precisely to the middle of the cord, it is felt by both, and also for about an inch on each side; beyond which the impression is limited to the individual of the side touched.

"In the function of the circulation there is a remarkable uniformity in the two bodies. The pulsations of the hearts of both coincide exactly under ordinary circumstances. I counted seventy-three pulsations in a minute while they were sitting—counting first in one boy and then in the other; I then placed my fingers on an arm of each boy, and found the pulsations take place exactly together. One of them stooping suddenly to look at my watch, his pulse became much quicker than that of the other; but after he had returned to his former posture, in about a quarter of a minute his pulse was precisely like that of the other; this happened repeatedly. Their respirations are, of consequence, exactly simultaneous."

Dr. Warren next starts a question as to their moral identity, and says—"There is no reason to doubt that the intellectual operations of the two are as perfectly distinct as those of any two individuals who might be accidentally confined together. Whether similarity of education, and identity of position as to external objects, have inspired them with any extraordinary sameness of mental action, I am unable to say—any farther, at least, than that they seem to agree in their habits and tastes."

The concluding observation is on their *separation*, which we may remark, appears to be to them a painful subject; for whenever it is mentioned, they weep bitterly. Dr. Warren thinks an attempt to cut the cord, or separate them, would be attended with danger, though not necessarily fatal, and as they are happy in their present state, he reasonably enough thinks such an operation uncalled for. "Should one die before the other," adds he, "they should be cut apart immediately." He, however, quotes a case from Ambrose Paré, of two girls united by the forehead, one of whom died at ten years of age, when a separation was made; and the wound of the surviving girl soon proved fatal.

From the report of Drs. Mitchill and Anderson, we collect their opinion that the band which joins these boys, has a canal with a protrusion of viscera from the abdomen of each boy, upon every effort of coughing or other exercise. The sense of feeling on the skin of this band is connected with each boy, as far as the middle of its length from his body. There can be no doubt, but that if the band was cut across at any part, a large opening would be made into the belly of each, and the wound prove fatal.

Such are the principal and most popular descriptive details of the Siamese Youths, with the substance of the reports of the American physicians who have examined them. Of course, we look with some anxiety for the opinions of the professional men of our own

country. Of equal importance are the questions connected with the *minds* of the two youths, which can only be settled by continued observation. The phenomenon is altogether of the most attractive character, and will doubtless receive all the attention it deserves from our *savans*, as well as from all those who delight in witnessing the curiosities of Nature.

CURTIUS.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

(For the Mirror.)

The Roman Forum.—An opening in the ground. M. Curtius, Soothsayers, and a vast concourse of Citizens.

Cit.—Place ingot upon ingot, till the mass exceed
The bulk of Crœsus' wealth, or Sardanapalus' pile.
Let every Roman contribution bring
An offering worthy of his house, since what
Is valued most must in the gulf be cast,
To save us from an overwhelming death.
A richer treasure than the gorgeous Xerxes knew
Will we entomb.

Cur.—How base the offering that were made in gold.
What are riches to the blood that flows
Within a good man's veins? rather let him
Who is the wisest, bravest, best amongst us
Fall in this fearful pit. Now ye who read
The hidden books of nature say—who is
The man most envied by his fellows,—by the gods
Most lov'd?—That man is more than all the gems
This teeming earth can boast. Name but that man
And in an instant shall the debt be paid;
For Rome's best patriot is her greatest good.

Sooth.—Ay, noble Curtius, and that man art thou,
Thy words proclaim thy patriotic blood!
Thy tongue first names the gift that angry heav'n
Asks of rebellious earth. We need thy life.
Destruction hovers o'er the trembling crew,
That fills this little forum. Thou alone,
The noblest, bravest, wisest, best of us,
Canst scare the monster from the frowning skies,
And fill the gulf that yawns beneath us.
Die, Curtius, and thy name shall be enroll'd
With gods and heroes—honour'd, lov'd, and fam'd,
When senates are forgot!

Cur.—Since then by dying I can refound Rome,
For Rome preserv'd is built and born again,
Be mine a Roman's death. Else 'twere in vain
That once Eneas toil'd—that Romulus bore sway!
In vain the matron's tears subdued her flinty son!
In vain did Manlius for his country fight!
In vain Lucretia and Virginia bleed!
Romans, farewell!—I look around and see
A band of augurs—an assembled senate,
Plebeians and patricians—
A people and a nation met together
In council to avert calamity,
And all are friends. Farewell, farewell, farewell!
Favourites of Fortune what is it to die?
Ye sons of pleasure! look on him who once
Did sternly look on you—who dies for you!
Scions of Victory! how cracks the heart,
In that short moment of a bright career,
When the last echo from the conch of Fame
Falls on the dying ear? Oh! this mine act
Were best done whilst the blood is warm—lest time
For thought should mar the purpose. Thought?—a glorious deed
Needs none. Come horse!—and at one fearful bound
Plunge in the gulf beneath!

Curtius leaps into the chasm.

Sooth.—The gods attest the worth of this bold youth.

Cit.—The chasm closes—and the dangers pass:
With buried Curtius following envy lies,
Nor dare she lift her sickly head
Above his giant grave. CYMBELINE.

ETYMOLOGICAL CURIOSITIES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Probably the following observations upon singular words, may amuse some of your readers. I should, however, premise that as regards myself, the greater part are not original.

Without further preface, allow me in the first place to call your attention to a word, which, by adding a syllable, becomes shorter, viz. the word *short*—on the other hand we have words of one syllable, which, by taking away two letters, become words of two syllables, as plague, league, both of which, by such an elision, leave *ague*. By dropping the two first letters of the word *monosyllable*, we have *no syllable* remaining.

It has been remarked that *heroine* is one of the most peculiar words in our language, as it may be thus divided—the two first letters of it are male—the three first female—the four first a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman. Thus: *he, her, hero, heroine.* A beggar may address himself, and say, *mend I can't!*—leave out the apostrophe and he still remains a *mendicant*. *Tartar, papa, murmur,* &c. may be noticed as doubling the first syllable, and *eye, level,* and other words as having the same meaning whether read backwards or forwards. Some few by a reverse reading give a different sense as *leper, revel,* &c. W. F.

Fine Arts.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON THE SCHOOL OF PAINTING, AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

My first view of the copies at the British Institution being rather too cursory to allow me to do ample justice to several of much merit. Another visit has enabled me to make a few additional remarks on the performances of many worthy young aspirants, who, it is presumed, will receive fresh stimulus from the approbation extended to them.

In my last notice, which appeared in No. 396, of the MIRROR, I adverted to Miss Sharpe's water-colour drawing of the Holy Family, by Sir J. Reynolds; this is really an inimitable copy, possessing all the richness of tint, and even the boldness and texture, of the original. It is unquestionably the finest copy in water ever executed in the Institution, to which, as well as to the talented lady, it is a very high honour. From the numerous *small* copies *in oil* of the Holy Family, I regret not being able to select more than one—that by Mr. Sargeant.

Mr. Heaphy, in all his drawings, evinces considerable artistical knowledge; his small study from Vandyke's Portrait of a Gentleman is admirable in colour and execution.

Messrs. Drake, Fussell, and Sargeant, have cleverly imitated the fine Cattle Piece, by Cuyp; and Messrs. Pasmore and Novice deserve notice for their studies from Gainsborough's large landscape with figures. Messrs. Anderson and Woolmer are the best imitators of Berghem's Landscape and Cattle; and the Interior of a Kitchen, by Maes, has met with the greatest possible attention from Miss Alabastor, Mr. Bone, Jun., and Messrs. Novice and Buss. The best attempts from the Canaletti are by Miss Dujardin, Mr. F. Watts, and D. Pasmore, Jun. From the copies of Titian's Holy Family, we may prefer Mr. Rochard's, which is the same size as the original.

Guercino's magnificent work, the Soul of St. Peter ascending into Heaven attended by Angels, which was formerly an altar-piece, has been copied in small. This is not, perhaps, at first sight, a very attractive picture; but the longer we look at it, the longer we seem disposed to admire it, for it insensibly conveys to the mind sublime ideas, seldom experienced before.

Perhaps the most novel performance in the present school is by Mr. Davis; representing a View of the Gallery, with all the original pictures, the different styles of which he has well succeeded in. His work is a sort of *multum in parvo*, extremely pretty and interesting.

To conclude—the copies by Mrs. Pearson, Miss Farrier, Miss Kearsley, &c. are very clever; as are those by Messrs. Wate, Phillips, Brough, Hastings, Mackay, and Irving.

G. W. N.

The Novelist.

ISABEL.

Several years ago I took up my abode at the retired village of D———. I had chosen this residence on account of its sequestered situation, as solitude was, at that time, more accordant to my feelings than the bustle of a populous town. At no great distance from my habitation stood the Castle of D———, an ancient Gothic structure, sinking fast into decay. The last of its original possessors had been dead more than half a century, and it was the property of a gentleman who resided on the continent. The interior of the mansion spoke loudly of desolation and ruin: the state apartments were despoiled of their magnificent decorations, and scarcely a vestige remained of their former splendour. An aged female domestic was the sole inhabitant of this deserted pile. Born in the service of the family of D———, she had survived the last of its race, and remained a solitary relic of that illustrious house. It was the business of old Alice to show the castle to strangers; and I soon became a favourite with her, from the interest I appeared to take in the the fate of its former inhabitants. The gallery was our chief resort; and, finding me a willing listener, my ancient companion delighted to inform me of all tradition had supplied her with, respecting the mighty warriors and stately dames, whose portraits still hung on the walls, smiling, as if in mockery of the desolation around.

One fine autumnal evening found me, as usual, in my favourite retreat. The rays of the departing sun streamed in rich dyes through the coloured window, and fell with softened glory on the picture of a bridal ceremony. I was surprised that it had never before engaged my attention. The bridegroom was young, graceful, and noble—the bride, fair, soft, and delicate. By her side

stood a form of unequalled loveliness: it seemed too beautiful to have belonged to a daughter of earth; and I imagined the painter had designed it to represent the guardian saint of the youthful pair. I inquired of my ancient conductress the history of this picture, and whether the beautiful female was not an ideal being? "Alas!" said she, "it commemorates a heavy day for the house of D———; on that day the last and fairest of its race sunk the victim of unrequited affection. That is her picture; but, oh! her soul was more angelic than her person; she"—but, reader, let me give the story in my own words. The Lady Isabel was the last descendant of the family of D———; her father had fallen in battle; his lady did not long survive him; and thus, at an early age, Isabel became an orphan. Her mother's brother was appointed her guardian, and, with his son Albert, came to reside at the Castle. The children, thus insulated from the world, and educated entirely at home, saw nothing so worthy to be loved as each other, and their attachment was as romantic as the scenes around them. They both (but particularly Isabel) delighted in the high chivalrous legends of antiquity—and the tales of eternal constancy and self-devoted affection recorded of some of the earlier heroines of her family, were read with sacred veneration by the young enthusiast. In a mind of ordinary temperament, little harm would have resulted from the indulgence of such a taste; to the impassioned soul of Isabel it was destructive and fatal. Deprived by death of the mother who might have taught her to restrain and regulate her ardent feelings, they acquired by neglect additional strength, and eventually concentrated into a passion deep and lasting as her existence. As years passed on, so did her love increase; she regarded Albert as the perfection of human excellence, and worshipped him with all the full devotedness of her warm heart. It was not so with Albert; he thought of his fair cousin with pride—with tenderness; but it was only the calm affection of a brother: other feelings than those of love possessed him—he languished for fame, for honourable distinction among his fellow men, and at length left his peaceful home, and the sweet companion of his youth, to fight the battles of his country. His career was glorious; and after an absence of three years, he was recalled by the death of his father. Isabel welcomed him with rapturous joy; he embraced her with a brother's fondness, and gazed with delight on her improved beauty. He suspected not that she loved him with more than a sisterly affection, and thought not of the wound he was about to inflict on this tender, enthusiastic being. He told her of his attachment to a fair girl, who had consented to become his bride at the expiration of the term of mourning for his father. She heard him with death-like silence, checked the groan that was bursting from her agonized heart, and strove to assume a look of cheerfulness. Retired to the solitude of her apartment, she wept in bitter anguish—her young soul was blighted; she had nothing left to live for; hope, happiness, and love were at an end; for love would now be guilt. At length she grew calm, but it was the fearful calmness of despair; she complained not—reproached not; for she felt that she had been self-deceived; she could not, however, conceal the devastation which sorrow was making in her graceful form. Albert beheld her with concern, but ascribed the alteration to her grief for his father's loss, for Isabel had tenderly loved her uncle. She rejoiced at his mistake, and attempted not to undeceive him: one only wish possessed her—it was, to see the chosen of her Albert; and, with a feverish impatience, she urged him to accelerate his nuptials. The appointed day arrived—Isabel, attired in robes of richest state, stood beside the altar, and witnessed the annihilation of all her earthly happiness; still she sunk not; but, with a mighty effort, pronounced a blessing on the wedded pair. The excitement brought back a vivid colour to her cheeks, and rekindled the lustre of her large dark eyes. The painter had seized that moment to depict her glowing form—the enthusiasm was but momentary—her angel face soon lost its lovely tint, and her beautiful eyes sunk again into languor. The castle was thronged with noble guests—sick at heart the wretched Isabel wandered abstractedly amid the gay assembly—her large floating eyes seemed straying vacantly around, until they met the bridegroom's look of joy. Then came the madness of recollection; with a convulsive shuddering she averted her head, and stole unnoticed from the company. Morning came, but she appeared not; her chamber was searched—she had not entered it. Albert flew distractedly into the park, and, at length perceived her quietly sitting by the side of the lake, near a bower, which, when a boy, he had helped to decorate. She was still clad in the robes of last night's festival. He ran eagerly towards her—

she spoke not—he entreated her to answer him, but he implored in vain—there was neither breath, nor sense, nor motion—she was dead! 'Twas a mournful sight! one white hand, stiffened to marble, was pressed upon her broken heart, as she had sought to stay its painful throbbings—the cold night dews hung in large drops upon her silken hair, and shed a tremulous gleam upon the diamonds that sparkled on her pale, icy forehead—the withered leaves had found a resting place upon her bosom, and her white garments were embroidered by their many colourings. The castle became hateful to Albert after this event: he removed to a distant part of the country, and never again revisited the scenes of his earlier years. He also was dead; and Isabel, her love, and her despair, were forgotten by all, save one aged, isolated being, whose time-whitened locks and decrepit frame showed that she too was rapidly descending to the silence of the grave.

London University Magazine. No. II.

Notes of a Reader.

MOLES

ARE so voracious as not even to spare their own species. If two are shut up together without food, there will shortly be nothing left of the weakest but its skin, slit along the belly.—*Cuvier.*

SCOTCH ALE.

THE strength of Scotch ale, whence it deserves the name, ranges between 32 and 44 pounds weight to the imperial barrel, according to the price at which it is meant to be sold. The general mode of charge is by the hogshead (about a barrel and a half,) for which five pounds, six, seven, or eight pounds are paid, as the quality may warrant; the strength for every additional pound of price being increased by about four pounds per barrel of weight.—*Library of Useful Knowledge.*—Scotch twopenny was so called because it was sold at twopence the Scotch pint, which was nearly two English quarts.

IN a Scotch brewer's instructions for Scotch ale, dated 1793, we meet with the following curious mystical instruction:—"I throw a little dry malt, which is left on purpose, on the top of the mash, with a handful of salt, to *keep the witches from it*, and then cover it up. Perhaps this custom gave rise to the vulgar term *water bewitched* for indifferent beer.

AMERICAN LAW.

A RECENT traveller, in describing the American courts of law and their proceedings, says, in one instance Counsellor Lloyd had grossly insulted Judge Turner in the street, and was tried for the offence by the judge. He was half-drunk, but defended himself by the vilest abuse of the judge, who could not silence him. No jury was appealed to; but (we suppose for contempt of court) he was ordered to give security for one year's good behaviour, and, not procuring sufficient bail, was committed to prison.

THE Galwegians who attended David I. of Scotland to Custon Moor, had a favourite amusement of tossing infants upon their pikes!

A CAT STORY.

LADY MORGAN tells a story of an "amiable and intelligent" grimalkin, which belonged to a young girl who was subject to epileptic fits. Puss, by dint of repeated observation, knew when they were coming on, and would run, frisking her tail, to the girl's parents, mewing in the most heart-breaking tones, and clawing at their legs, till she made them follow her. Her name was *Mina;* and her history is extant in "choice Italian." At length the girl died, and poor puss went to the funeral of her own accord. Being a black cat, she was already in mourning—"nature's mourning!" She wanted to jump into the grave, but that was prevented. So puss, the "chief mourner," was carried home again. But her amiable heart could not survive the shock, for, after pining three months, refusing boiled liver and new milk, poor grimalkin was found "dead upon the green mound that covered her beloved mistress's remains." There was a cat for you!

TURKS AND RUSSIANS.

THE character of the Russ differs from that of the Turk in little more than in the quality of his barbarism. The Turk loves blood;—the Russ loves craft;—The Turk takes at once to the dagger;—the Russ begins by the snare; but when the matter presses, he will use the steel as readily as any Turk on earth. The ferocity of the Turk flourishes in the streets, in his own house, in the seraglio—every where that he has a victim within his reach, and that it pleases him to destroy that victim. The Russ knows something more of the

law, and is by no means so domestic a cut-throat; but his mercy in the field or in the stormed city, is massacre.—*Monthly Magazine.*

MR. PITT.

Lady Hester Stanhope related the following to Mr. Madden:—

When Mr. Pitt was out of office, I acted as his secretary, and he had then as much business as when he was in. He very seldom opposed my opinions, and always respected my antipathies. In private life he was cheerful and affable; he would rise in the midst of his gravest avocations to hand me a fallen handkerchief; he was always polite to women, and a great favourite with many of them; but he was wedded to the state, and nothing but death could divorce him from his country. He was fond of me; he loved originality in any shape. His great recreation, after the fatigue of business, was stealing into the country, entering a clean cottage, where there was a tidy woman and a nicely-scoured table, and there he would eat bread and cheese like any ploughman. He detested routs, and always sat down to plain dinners. He never ate before he went to the House; but when any thing important was to be discussed, he was in the habit of taking a glass of port wine with a tea-spoonful of bark.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

In the arts, while French productions display resource, ingenuity, and dexterity, they at the same time show a striking want of the sense of fitness, and are unfinished and flimsy. Such, in the cities of France, is remarkably the case with whatever regards furniture and decoration, while the productions of cookery are at once impregnated with filth, and admirably calculated to conceal it. In the country, again, with a climate superior to that of England, there is everywhere to be seen open fields, later harvests, corn full of weeds, and inferior grain. The difference between French and English taste in dress is very remarkable. Even when English women take a hint from French contrivances, they endeavour to be more natural, modest, and classical. As to male dress, an English gentleman always desires his tailor to avoid the extremes of fashion; and, as his dress is grave and manly, it is generally followed throughout Europe. The French use of forks, napkins, &c. really requires some notice. A French gentleman, in adjusting himself at his coarse deal table and shabby cloth, does not hesitate to fix a napkin about his neck, in such a manner as to protect his clothes in front against the certainty of being bespattered by his mode of eating. An Englishman of the middle class would be ashamed of such a contrivance; for, without any particular care, he eats so as not even to stain the damask cloth with which his mahogany table is covered. The French gentleman is perpetually wiping his dirty fingers on a napkin spread out before him, and of which the beauties are not invisible to his neighbours on each side. The Englishman of the middle class requires no napkin, because his fingers are never soiled. The French gentleman, incapable of raising his left hand properly to his mouth, first hastily hacks his meat into fragments, then throws down his dirty knife on the cloth, and seizing the fork in his right hand, while his left fixes a mass of bread on his plate, he runs up each fragment against it, and having eaten these, he wipes up his plate with the bread and swallows it. An English peasant would blush at such bestiality. A French gentleman not only washes his filthy hands at table, but, after gulping a mouthful, and using it as a gargle, squirts it into the basin standing before him, and the company, who may see the charybdis or maelstrom he has made in it, and the floating filth he has discharged, and which is now whirling in its vortex. In England this practice is unknown, except to those whose taste and stomach are too strong for offence. It has been stupidly borrowed from the Oriental nations, who use no knives and forks, and where, though it has this apology, it has always excited the disgust of enlightened travellers. When dinner is over, the Englishman's carpet is as clean as before; the Frenchman's bare boards resemble those of a hog-sty. In short, in all that regards the table, the French are some centuries behind the English.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

In the last *Quarterly Review* we find that "the safety of the British empire is now entrusted to 130,000 men. Now France, we believe, maintains about 200,000 soldiers. The forces of Austria and Prussia have always been on a much higher footing than ours. Even the late King of Bavaria kept, we know not how, 70,000 men under arms. Indeed Old England is by nothing more happily distinguished from her neigh-

bours than by the silence of the trumpet and drum. At this moment, moreover, the due level of our peace establishment is but an object of speculative research. No man who looks to the placing of Roumelia, or whose vision reaches even to the palace of Elysée Bourbon, would consent that this country should lose the aid of a single right arm.

ALI PACHA'S HEAD.

DR. WALSH tells us that the head of Ali Pacha was sent to Constantinople, and exhibited to the public on a dish. As the name of Ali had made a considerable noise in Europe, and more particularly in England, in consequence of his negociations with Sir Thomas Maitland, and still more, perhaps, the stanzas in *Childe Harold*, a merchant of Constantinople thought it no bad speculation to purchase the head and dish, and send them to London for exhibition; but a former confidential agent obtained it from the executioner for a higher price than the merchant had offered; and together with the heads of his three sons and grandson, who, according to custom, were all siezed and decapitated, had them deposited near one of the city gates, with a tombstone and inscription.

THE GOUT.

IMAGINE a sensation in the great toe, as if it had been suddenly siezed with a pair of red-hot pincers. Whew! There they are at it! nipping and tearing the flesh, and then rubbing the lacerated joint with aquafortis, or a solution of blue vitriol. And now, the pain shoots along the nerves on that side, till my head bumps and bumps as if a legion of imps were playing at leap-frog in it.

AMERICA.

THE state of business in the United States is thus described in a letter from Boston, dated the 7th of last July:—"The commercial world over the globe seems paralyzed, and many manufactories on a large scale, with the proprietors and stockholders, have failed, and are utterly ruined. All business is confined to the wants only of the day, teaching a necessary absolute economy, which men of business in times past have not been accustomed to."

RICE PAPER is the pith of the Tong-tsoo—a valuable Chinese tree.

The Selector;
AND
LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

EMIGRATION TO NEW SOUTH WALES.

PEOPLE who are accustomed to sit half the day with their hands folded, over a bright November fire, talking of hard times and other standing grievances, will do well to read "*A Letter from Sydney, the principal town of Australasia, edited by Robert Gouger;*" and study an annexed system of colonization as a remedy for their distress. The Letter is written by a plain-sailing, plain-dealing man of the world, and though on a foreign topic, is in a homely style. We are therefore persuaded that a few extracts will be useful to the above class of thinkers and readers, as well as to others who do not, like the great man of antiquity, sigh for new worlds.

Climate and Soil.

All that you read in the works of Wentworth and Cunningham, as to the healthfulness and beauty of the climate, is strictly true. There are scarcely any diseases but what result immediately from intemperance. Dropsy, palsy, and the whole train of nervous complaints, are common enough; but then, drunkenness is the vice *par excellence* of the lower orders; and the better class of settlers have not learned those habits of temperance which are suited to the climate of Naples. The two classes often remind me of English 'squires and their grooms, as I used to see them at Florence, just after the peace; masters drinking at dinner, because they were abroad, and after dinner because they were Englishmen; the servants drinking always, because wine and brandy were cheap. Perhaps a generation must pass away before the people here will accommodate their habits to the climate, which is that of Italy, without either malaria or the siroceo.

The soil of New South Wales is not particularly fertile. The plains of the Ganges, and of the great rivers of China, the lowlands of the West India islands, the swamps of the Gulf of Mexico, and even the marshes of Essex, produce crops of which the people here have no conception; but then, as we are without great masses of alluvial deposit, so are agues and intermittent fevers absolutely unknown. In point of natural fertility, I am inclined to compare this soil to that of France; and I have no doubt that, if the same quantity of agricultural labour as is employed in France,

were here bestowed upon an area equal to the French territory, the quantity of produce would fully equal that of France. Timber, coal, iron, and other useful minerals, abound; the harbours and rivers teem with fish; cattle of all sorts thrive and multiply with astonishing rapidity; every fruit that flourishes in Spain and Italy comes to the highest perfection; and Nature fully performs her part in bestowing upon man the necessaries, comforts, and luxuries of life.

Value of Land, &c.

I was told that an estate of 10,000 acres might be obtained for a mere trifle. This was true. I have got 20,000 acres, and they did not cost me more than 2*s.* per acre. But I imagined that a domain of that extent would be very valuable. In this I was wholly mistaken. As my estate cost me next to nothing, so it is worth next to nothing. It is a noble property to look at; and "20,000 acres in a ring fence," sounds very well in England; but here, such a property possesses no exchangeable value. The reason is plain: there are millions upon millions of acres, as fertile as mine, to be had for nothing; and, what is more, there are not people to take them. Of my 20,000 acres I reckon about 5,000 to be woodland, though, indeed, there are trees scattered over the whole property, as in an English park. For my amusement, I had a rough estimate made of the money that I could obtain for all this timber, were it growing in any part of England. The valuation amounts to above £150,000.

Building.

Having fortune enough for all my wants, I proposed to get a large domain, to build a good house, to keep enough land in my own hands for pleasure-grounds, park, and game preserves; and to let the rest, after erecting farm-houses in the most suitable spots. My mansion, park, preserves, and tenants, were all a mere dream. I have not one of them. When, upon my first arrival, I talked of these things to some sensible men, to whom I was recommended, they laughed in my face. I soon found that a house would, though the stone and timber were to be had for nothing, cost three times as much as in England. This was on account of the very high wages required by mechanics; but this was not all. None of the materials of a house, except stone and timber, are produced in the colony. Every pane of glass, every nail, every grain of paint, and every piece of furniture, from the kitchen copper to the drawing-room curtains, must have come from England. My property is at a distance of nearly seventy miles from the sea, and there is no road, but a track through the forest, for two-thirds of that distance. The whole colony did not contain as many masons, carpenters, glaziers, painters, black and whitesmiths, and other mechanics, as I should have required. Of course, I soon abandoned all thought of building a mansion. As for a park, my whole property was a park, and a preserve for kangaroos and emus.

A friend of ours, a free emigrant, has more than once facetiously wished for our company in the colony; but judging from the following, we had rather "let well alone," and stay at home, than play the schoolmaster or march-of-intellect-man at Sydney:—

As for mental wants, talking and reading are out of the question, except it be to scold your servants, and to con over a Sydney newspaper, which contains little else but the miserable party politics of this speck upon the globe, reports of crime and punishment, and low-lived slang and flash, such as fill the pothouse Sunday papers of London.

Literary men, men of science, philosophers, do not emigrate to new countries where their acquirements would be neither rewarded nor admired. Sir Walter Scott, Sir Humphry Davy, and Mr. Malthus, would not earn as much in this colony as three brawny experienced ploughmen; and though the inordinate vanity of a new people might be gratified by the possession of them, they would be considered as mere ornaments, and would often be wholly neglected for things of greater utility.

House-rent, that great bugbear of certain economists, is indeed a grievous affair at Sydney, as page 20 proves:—

Behold me established at Sydney, in a small house, a poor vamped-up building, more inconvenient, and far more ugly, than you can imagine, for which I pay a rent of £250 a year. For half the money you could get twice as good a house in any English country town. This excessive house-rent is caused by the dearness of labour, which enhances the cost of building; for, either the builder will exact a rent proportioned to his outlay, or (if he cannot obtain such a rent) he will not build.

Free Emigrants.

Of what class then, you ask, have been the great mass of emigrants from England, not convicts? Excellent people in

their way, most of them; farmers, army and navy surgeons, subalterns on half-pay, and a number of indescribable adventurers, from about the twentieth rank in England. They came here to live, not to enjoy; to eat and drink, not to refine; "to settle"—that is, to roll in a gross plenty for the body, but to starve their minds. To these must be added convicts, many of whom are become rich and influential; and some, not exactly convicts, to whom England ceased to be a convenient residence. The English who live at Boulogne, some for cheapness, some from misfortune, and some from fear, would offer, I should think, a fair sample of the materials which compose the best society in New South Wales; though, I must admit, that the bustling, thriving settler of New South Wales is a companion, rather ignorant though he be—far away preferable to the not more enlightened, but melancholy English sluggard of Boulogne. To form a due conception of the "upper classes" here, suppose all the natives of France annihilated, and the whole country belonging to the English residents of Boulogne. In that case, there would be an almost perfect resemblance between those Englishmen who, across a narrow channel, can see their own country, and those who, at its antipodes look upon the Pacific Ocean.

Society and Manners.

As in France, the first class call themselves "gens comme il faut;" and in England, "people of fashion," or "the world"—so here, the leaders of society are distinguished by a peculiar term. They are called "respectable." Not to speak of France, it is difficult to say what in England constitutes "fashion." Not high birth, certainly—for some of the despots of English society are sprung from the dunghill. Our epithet to express exclusiveness is, I think better chosen—for, though strictly speaking, it means worthy of respect, it is claimed, here, only by those to whom respect is paid. In England, the *Quarterly Review* tells us, "respectability" sometimes means keeping a gig—here it always means dining with the governor.

Our manners set the fashion. Those whom we exclude, exclude others. Free emigrants claim to be of a nature superior to convicts; convicts, whose terms of punishment have expired, behave as if their flesh and blood were wholly unlike that of convicts still in durance; convicts, who have not been convicted south of the line, scorn those who have; and these several classes, except the last, are as proud and tenacious of their privileges as is every distinctive class in England, except the unhappy lowest; or, as is every shade of colour in the West Indies except the perfect black.

The Population

Of the settlement may amount in round numbers to 45,000. Of these only 14,000, including women and children, have not been convicted of felony; and two-thirds of the remainder, seven-eights being grown men, are galley-slaves, still in chains!

Influence of Convict Labour.

Little more than forty years ago this country was an absolute waste. By way of contrast, behold, in the parts first settled, the following proofs of wealth: a thriving capital, and several inferior towns, the latter being larger and better constructed than the capitals of some English settlements in America, a hundred years after their foundation; excellent roads; productive turnpikes; crowded market-places; public hotels, superior to the best in North America, even at this late hour; warehouses, through which there is a constant flow of luxuries from all parts of the world; public carriages, almost as well managed as those of England; an astonishing number of private carriages, built in Long Acre; several newspapers, and other periodical works; booksellers' shops, well supplied from Europe; two banks of deposit and discount; many churches and chapels; very good schools for rich and poor; scientific, literary, and philanthropic societies; a botanical garden; a turf club; packs of hounds; dinner parties, concerts and balls; fine furniture, plate, and jewels; and though last, not least, many gradations in society, being so many gradations in wealth.

Whence have come all those things, over and above mere subsistence, which astonish the beholder, when he reflects that this colony has been planted little more than forty years?

An example has just passed my window, in the shape of a dashing English landau. It contains a "lady," who married a poor half-pay lieutenant, and who now drinks tea that would cost in England twenty shillings the pound. They emigrated to New South Wales in 1815. But how did she get that carriage, and how does she manage to send to China for the gunpowder? Thus:—Her husband is both landowner and merchant. Being constantly sup-

plied with a number of convict labourers, he breeds cattle and cultivates grain; and as he gives to his labourers but just enough for their subsistence, he has a large surplus produce. Having sold to the local government wheat and beef for the supply of prisons, hospitals, and barracks, he is paid partly with bills upon the English treasury, and partly with dollars, sent from England for the support of the great penitentiary. He remits one of those bills to his London agent, and desires him to purchase, with the proceeds thereof, a superb landau. In less than a year, his wife "rides in her coach." He sends some of the dollars to Canton, and purchases therewith a cargo of tea, of which he gives to his wife as much as she likes, and sells the rest to the wives of other men, who pay him with bills or dollars, received again from the government for wheat and beef. Thus, you see, Mrs. —— is indebted for two decided proofs of wealth to the prevalence of crime in England. Even the coat of arms on her landau was found by your Herald's College, in return for a part of the proceeds of that bill, which was drawn *to pay for the food of the soldiers who drove the convicts, who produced the food.* Our old friend Sir George Nayler would no doubt start at being told of his obligation to the pickpockets of London. And the rogues are little aware of their influence in political economy; but I have stated a plain fact, which, if you have any doubts about it, pray submit both to Sir George himself, and to Mr. M'Culloch.

That is, indeed, an ill-wind which blows no good. We owe every thing, over and above mere subsistence, to the wickedness of the people of England. Who built Sydney? Convicts. Who made the excellent roads from Sydney to Parramatta, Windsor, and Liverpool? Convicts. By whom is the land made to produce? By convicts. Why do not all our labourers exact high wages, and, by taking a large share of the produce of labour, prevent their employers from becoming rich? Because most of them are convicts. What has enabled the landowner readily to dispose of his surplus produce? The demand of the keepers of convicts. What has brought so many ships to Port Jackson, and occasioned a further demand for agricultural produce? The transportation of convicts. What has tempted free emigrants to bring capital into the settlement? The true stories that they heard of fortunes made by employing the cheap labour of convicts. But here are questions and answers enough. The case is plain. Nearly all that we possess has arisen from the happy influence of penal emigration and discipline, on production, distribution, and consumption. Thanks to the system of transportation, we have had cheap labour and a ready market; production, consequently, has exceeded consumption; and the degree of that excess is the measure of our accumulation—that is, of our wealth.

The transportation of at least ten males for one female, maintains a great disproportion between the sexes. This is the greatest evil of all.

A Rover.

On the banks of the Illinois, I met with a labouring man, who was always tipsy without ever being drunk. Enervated by dram-drinking, he had not the courage to obtain a bit of forest and settle; but he could earn seven shillings a day by his labour. When I spoke to him, he complained of low wages. "At New York, friend," said I, "five shillings a day are thought quite enough." "I know that," he answered; "I was born there, and came here to get eight shillings a day, which, I was told, was the lowest rate hereabouts." It turned out that he never worked more than three days in the week, and that, in order to obtain twenty-four shillings a week by three days' labour, he had made a circuitous voyage of some thousand miles from the place where he was born, and where he could have earned thirty shillings a week by working every day.

Slang.

The base language of English thieves is becoming the established language of the colony. Terms of slang and flash are used, as a matter of course, every where, from the gaols to the Viceroy's palace, not excepting the Bar and the Bench. No doubt they will be reckoned quite parliamentary, as soon as we obtain a parliament.

Bush-ranging

Is a dreadful evil, being a kind of land piracy. None but back settlers, it is true, are exposed to its burnings, rapes, and massacres; but these are as much British subjects as the inhabitants of Sydney or of Downing Street. And, if the inhabitants of towns escape those horrors, they are liable to be murdered in a quiet way, and their property is exposed to every kind of depredation. Their actual losses by robbery, including the expense and loss of time occasioned by prosecutions, are very great.

The concluding observations on "the

extension of Britain," and her colonial interests, are in a forcible and liberal tone, but as they take rather too political a turn for our pages, we recommend the anxious reader to the volume itself, which is altogether the production of an original thinker and an impartial writer.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE CRUISE OF H. M. SHIP TORCH.

A Fragment

I WAS the mate of the morning watch, and, as day dawned, I had amused myself with other younkers over the side, examining the shot holes and other injuries sustained from the fire of the frigate, and contrasting the clean, sharp, well-defined apertures, made by the 24 lb. shot from the long guns, with the bruised and splintered ones from the 32 lb. carronades; but the men had begun to wash down the decks, and the first gush of clotted blood and water from the scuppers fairly turned me sick. I turned away, when Mr. Kennedy, our gunner, a good steady old Scotchman, with whom I was a bit of a favourite, came up to me—"Mr. Cringle, the captain has sent for you; poor Mr. Johnstone is fast going, he wants to see you."

I knew my young messmate had been wounded, for I had seen him carried below after the frigate's second broadside; but the excitement of a boy, who had never smelled powder fired in anger before, had kept me on deck the whole night, and it never once occurred to me to ask for him, until the old gunner spoke.

I hastened down to our small confined berth, and there I saw a sight that quickly brought me to myself. Poor Johnstone was indeed going; a grape shot had struck him, and tore his belly open. There he lay in his bloody hammock on the deck, pale and motionless as if he had already departed, except a slight twitching at the corners of his mouth, and a convulsive contraction and distension of his nostrils. His brown ringlets still clustered over his marble forehead, but they were drenched in the cold sweat of death. The surgeon could do nothing for him, and had left him; but our old captain—bless him for it—I little expected, from his usual crusty bearing, to find him so employed—had knelt by his side, and, whilst he read from the Prayer Book one of those beautiful petitions in our church service to Almighty God, for mercy to the passing soul of one so young, and so early cut off, the tears trickled down the old man's cheeks, and filled the furrows worn in them by the washing up of many a salt spray. On the other side of his narrow bed, fomenting the rigid muscles of his neck and chest, sat Misthress Connolly, one of three women on board—a rough enough creature, heaven knows, in common weather; but her stifled sobs showed that the mournful sight had stirred up all the woman within her. She had opened the bosom of the poor boy's shirt, and untying the ribbon that fastened a small gold crucifix round his neck, she placed it in his cold hand. The young midshipman was of a respectable family in Limerick, her native place, and a Catholic—another strand of the cord that bound her to him. When the captain finished reading, he bent over the departing youth, and kissed his cheek. "Your young messmate just now desired to see you, Mr. Cringle, but it is too late, he is insensible and dying." Whilst he spoke, a strong shiver passed through the boy's frame, his face became slightly convulsed, and all was over! The captain rose, and Connolly, with a delicacy of feeling which many might not have looked for in her situation, spread one of our clean mess table-cloths over the body. "And is it really gone you are, my poor, dear boy!" forgetting all difference of rank in the fulness of her heart. "Who will tell this to your mother, and nobody here to wake you but ould Kate Connolly, and no time will they be giving me, nor whisky—Ochon! ochon!"

But enough and to spare of this piping work. The boatswain's whistle now called me to the gangway, to superintend the handing up, from a shore boat alongside, a supply of the grand staples of the island—ducks and onions. The three 'Mudians in her were characteristic samples of the inhabitants. Their faces and skins, where exposed, were not tanned, but absolutely burnt into a fiery-red colour by the sun. They guessed and drawled like any buckskin from Virginia, superadding to their accomplishments their insular peculiarity of always shutting one eye when they spoke to you. They are all Yankees at bottom; and if they could get their 365 *Islands*—so they call the large stones on which they live—under weigh, they would not be long in towing them into the Chesapeake.

The word had been passed to get six of the larboard guns and all the shot over to the other side, to give the brig a list

of a streak or two a-starboard, so that the stage on which the carpenter and his crew were at work over the side, stopping the shot holes above the water line, might swing clear of the wash of the sea. I had jumped from the nettings, where I was perched, to assist in unbolting one of the carronade slides, when I slipped and capsized against a peg sticking out of one of the scuppers. I took it for something else and damned the ring-bolt incontinently. Caboose, the cook, was passing with his mate, a Jamaica negro of the name of Johncrow, at the time. "Don't damn the remains of your fellow-mortals, Master Cringle; that is my leg." The cook of a man-of-war is no small beer, he is his Majesty's warrant officer, a much bigger wig than a poor little mid, with whom it is condescension on his part to jest.

It seems to be a sort of rule, that no old sailor who has not lost a limb, or an eye at least, shall be eligible to the office; but as the kind of maiming is so far circumscribed that all cooks must have two arms, a laughable proportion of them have but one leg. Besides the honour, the perquisites are good; accordingly, all old quartermasters, captains of tops, &c., look forward to the cookdom, as the cardinals look to the popedom; and really there is some analogy between them, for neither is preferred from any especial fitness for the office. A cardinal is made pope because he is old, infirm, and imbecile—our friend Caboose was made cook because he had been Lord Nelson's coxswain, was a drunken rascal, and had a wooden leg; for, as to his gastronomical qualifications, he knew no more of the science than just sufficient to watch the copper where the salt junk and potatoes were boiling. Having been a little in the wind overnight, he had quartered himself, in the superabundance of his heroism, at a gun where he had no business to be, and in running it out, he had jammed his toe in a scupper hole, so fast that there was no extricating him; and notwithstanding his piteous entreaty "to be eased out handsomely, as the leg was made out of a plank of the Victory, and the ring at the end out of one of her bolts," the captain of the gun finding, after a stout pull, that the man was like to come "home in his hand *without* the leg," was forced "to break him short off," as he phrased it, to get him out of the way, and let the carriage traverse. In the morning when he sobered, he had quite forgotten where the leg was, and how he broke it; he therefore got Kelson to splice the stump with the butt-end of a mop; but in the hurry it had been left three inches too long, so that he had to jerk himself up to the top of his peg at every step. The doctor, glad to breathe the fresh air after the horrible work he had gone through, was leaning over the side speaking to Kelson. When I fell, he turned round and drew Cookee's fire on himself. "Doctor, you have not prescribed for me yet."—"No, Caboose, I have not; what is wrong?"—"Wrong, sir! why, I have lost my leg, and the captain's clerk says I am not in the return!—Look here, sir, had doctor Kelson not coopered me, where should I have been?—Why, doctor, had I been looked after, amputation might have been unnecessary; a *fish* might have done, whereas I have had to be *spliced*." He was here cut short by the voice of his mate, who had gone forward to slay a pig for the gunroom mess. "Oh, Lad, oh!—Massa Caboose!—Dem dam Yankee! De Purser killed, massa!—Dem shoot him troo de head!—Oh, Oh, Lad!" Captain Deadeye had come on deck. "You, Johncrow, what *is* wrong with you?"—"Why, de Purser killed, captain, dat all."—"Purser killed?—Doctor, is Saveall hurt?" Treenail could stand it no longer. "No, sir, no; it is one of the gunroom pigs that we shipped at Halifax, three cruises ago; I am sure I don't know how he survived one, but the seamen took a fancy to him, and nicknamed him the Purser. You know, sir, they make pets of any thing, and every thing, at a pinch!"

Here Johncrow drew the carcass from the hog-pen, and sure enough a shot had cut the poor Purser's head nearly off. Blackee looked at him with a most whimsical expression; they say no one can fathom a negro's affection for a pig. "Poor Purser! de people call him Purser, sir, because him knowing chap; him cabbage all de grub, slush, and stuff in him own corner, and give only de small bit, and de bad piece, to de oder pig; so, captain"—Splinter saw the poor fellow was like to get into a scrape. "That will do, Johncrow—forward with you now, and lend a hand to cat the anchor.—All hands up anchor!" The boatswain's hoarse voice repeated the command, and he in turn was re-echoed by his mates; the capstan was manned, and the crew stamped round to a point of war most villanously performed by a bad drummer and a worse fifer, in as high glee as if those who were killed had been snug and well in their hammocks on the berth-deck,

in place of at the bottom of the sea, with each a shot at his feet. We weighed, and began to work up, tack and tack, towards the island of Ireland, where the arsenal is, amongst a perfect labyrinth of shoals, through which the 'Mudian pilot *cunned* the ship with great skill, taking his stand, to our no small wonderment, not at the gangway or poop, as usual, but on the bowsprit end, so that he might see the rocks under foot, and shun them accordingly, for they are so steep and numerous, (they look like large fish in the clear water), and the channel is so intricate, that you have to go quite close to them. At noon we arrived at the anchorage, and hauled our moorings on board.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

SCRAPS.

(For the Mirror.)

DODSLEY.

About five or six miles from Mansfield is the mill where the incident took place on which Dodsley founded his pleasing drama of *The Miller of Mansfield.*

Bottles for ginger-beer, soda-water, ink, blacking, &c. are principally manufactured near Codnor Castle, in Derbyshire. About fifty women and children finish one hundred gross per day.

Glauber Salts are a more tonic aperient than Epsom Salts, which is accounted for by the presence of a little iron in the one, which has not been detected in the other.

The tip of the cat's nose is always cold, except on the day of the summer solstice, when it becomes lukewarm.

Cod-fish are sorely attacked by dog and cuttle-fish. The latter, with their hard mouths, resembling parrots' bills, cut up the mackerel and herrings with great adroitness. The cuttle-fish are, in their turn, sometimes attacked by the dog-fish; but they generally escape, by ejecting a liquid resembling *ink*, which renders the water dark and turbid.

MACKEREL.

When red mullet are abundant in fishmongers' shops, a fine mackerel season may be expected. The early mackerel are frequently attended by a few mullet; and whenever they nearly, if not altogether, equal the mackerel in number, the circumstance is generally the presage of the approach of great shoals of mackerel.

The course of herrings and mackerel is traced by their eggs, which, during a calm, may be seen floating on the surface of the water, like saw-dust, amidst an appearance like the wake or track of a vessel.

SPRATS AND WHITE BAIT.

Mr. Yarrell has recently shown that the sprat is not the young of the herring and pilchard, as has been generally supposed. One of the most material differences is, that the vertebræ in the sprat are forty-eight in number, while in the herring there are fifty-six. The same gentleman has also proved that *white bait* are not the young of the shad, or mother of herrings; but that they are a well-marked and distinct species.

WHISKY.

It is a curious fact, that until the legal distillation of whisky was prohibited in the Highlands, it was never drunk at gentlemen's tables. "Mountain dew," and such poetic names, are of modern invention, since this liquor became fashionable. It is altogether of modern introduction into the Highlands, the name being only mentioned in modern ballads.

MICE SIX FEET HIGH, WITH ANTLERS.

Monsieur Charles Malo, an *eminent* French translator, being employed on an American work, came to the words *moose deer*; he flew to his dictionary, but could not find moose, but finding mouse, he concluded moose to be a misprint, and he accordingly translated moose deer, *de grands souris, qui ont six pieds de hauteur, avec des bois.* "Great mice, six feet high, with antlers."

DIGNIFIED MENDICITY.

A beggar of the environs of Madrid implored alms. "Are you not ashamed?" said a passenger to him, "to carry on such an infamous trade when you can work?"—"Sir," replied the beggar, I asked for money and not advice," turning his back with true Castilian dignity.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

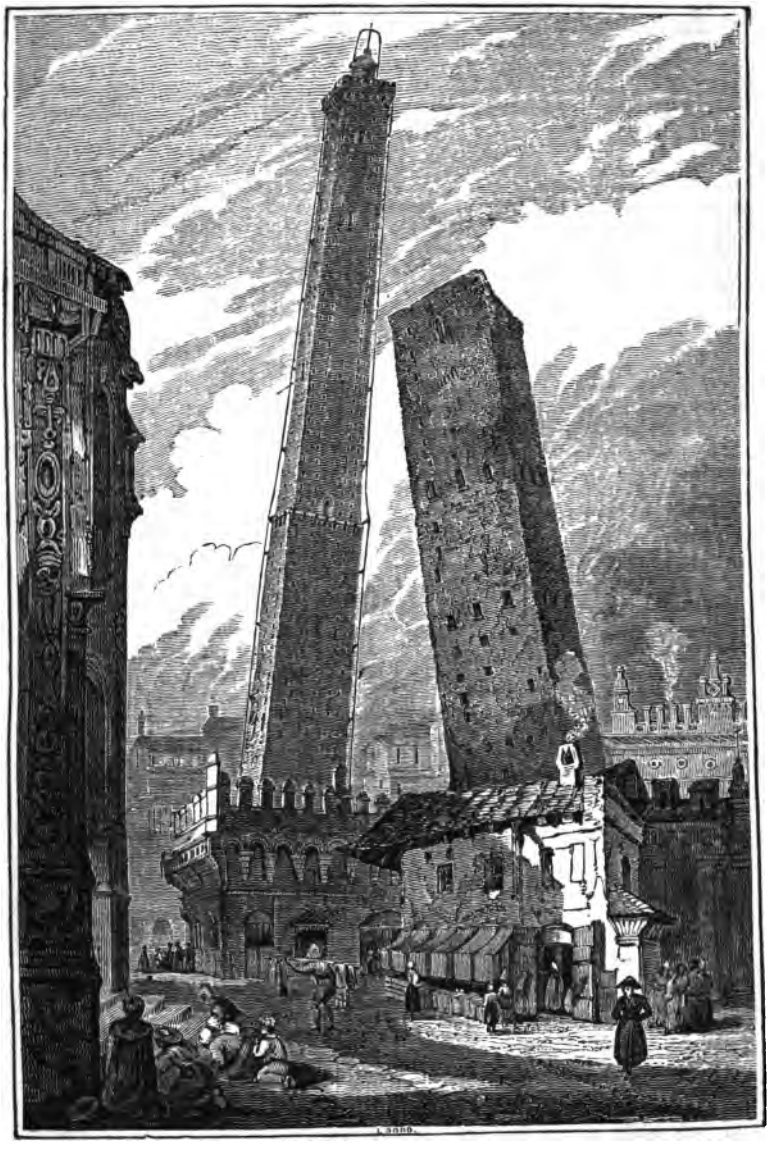
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 402.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [PRICE 2d.

The Leaning Towers of Bologna.



The Landscape Annual.

LONDON AND PARIS, 1830.

MAGNIFIQUE! SUPERBE! will be the exclamation of the Parisians on beholding the Plates of this Work, at the Publishers, in the Gallerie Vivienne, and equally enthusiastic will be the admiration of all Londoners whilst inspecting them in Cheapside. The *second* title, "The Tourist in Italy and Switzerland," implies the contents of the volume far better than the first. There are twenty-five Plates, each nearly as large as one of our pages, by various engravers, and all from drawings, by Mr. Prout. The subjects are as follow:—Geneva, Lausanne, Chillon, Bridge of St. Maurice, Lavey, Martigny, Sion, Visp, Domo d'Ossola, Castle of Anghiera, Milan Cathedral, Lake of Como, Como, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Petrarch's House at Arqua, the Rialto at Venice, Ducal Palace at ditto, Palace of the Two Foscari, ditto; Bridge of Sighs, ditto; Old Ducal Palace at Ferrara, Bologna, Ponte Sisto, Rome, Fish Market, Ruins, ditto, and a Vignette of Constantine's Arch.

The Descriptions are from the elegant pen of Thomas Roscoe, Esq. By permission of the proprietor we have selected one of the plates, and a portion of its accompanying description.

BOLOGNA,

"Celebrated alike in arts and in letters, Bologna, 'the mother of studies,' presents numerous objects of interest to the amateur and to the scholar. The halls which were trod by Lanfranc and Irnerius, and the ceilings which glow with the colours of Guido and the Carracci, can never be neglected by any to whom learning and taste are dear.

The external appearance of Bologna is singular and striking. The principal streets display lofty arcades, and the churches, which are very numerous, confer upon the city a highly architectural character. But the most remarkable edifices in Bologna are the watch-towers, represented in the engraving. During the twelfth century, when the cities of Italy, 'tutte piene di tirranni,' were rivals in arms as afterwards in arts, watch-towers of considerable elevation were frequently erected. In Venice, in Pisa, in Cremona, in Modena, and in Florence these singular structures yet remain; but none are more remarkable than the towers of the Asinelli and Garisenda in Bologna. The former, according to one chronicler, was built in 1109, while other authorities assign it to the year 1119. The Garisenda tower, constructed a few years later, has been immortalized in the verse of Dante.

"When the poet and his guide are snatched up by the huge Antæus, the bard compares the stooping stature of the giant to the tower of the Garisenda, which, as the spectator stands at its base while the clouds are sailing from the quarter to which it inclines, appears to be falling upon his head,

"As appears
The 'ower of Carisenda from beneath
Where it doth lean, if chance a passing cloud
So sail across that opposite it hangs;
Such then Antæus seem'd, as at mine ease
I mark'd him stooping."

The tower of the Asinelli rises the height of about 350 feet, and is said to be three feet and a half out of the perpendicular. The adventurous traveller may ascend to the top by a laborious staircase of 500 steps. Those steps were trod by the late amiable and excellent Sir James Edward Smith, who has described the view presented at the summit. 'The day was unfavourable for a view; but we could well distinguish Imola, Ferrara and Modena, as well as the hills about Verona, Mount Baldus, &c., seeming to rise abruptly from the dead flat which extends on three sides of Bologna. On the south are some very pleasant hills stuck with villas.' The Garisenda tower, erected probably by the family of the Garidendi, is about 130 feet in height, and inclines as much as eight feet from the perpendicular. It has been conjectured that these towers were originally constructed as they now appear; but it is difficult to give credit to such a supposition.

"According to Montfaucon, the celebrated antiquary, the leaning of these towers has been occasioned by the sinking of the earth. 'We several times observed the tower called Asinelli, and the other near it, named Garisenda. The latter of them stoops so much that a perpendicular, let fall from the top, will be seven feet from the bottom of it; and, as appears upon examination, when this tower bowed, a great part of it went to ruin, because the ground that side that inclined stood on was not so firm as the other, which may be said of all other towers that lean so; for besides these two here mentioned, the tower for the bells of St. Mary Zobenica, at Venice, leans considerably to one side. So also at Ravenna, I took notice of another stooping tower occasioned by the ground on that side giving way a little. In the way from Ferrara to Venice, where the soil is marshy

we see a structure of great antiquity leaning to one side. We might easily produce other instances of this nature. When the whole structure of the Garisenda stooped, much of it fell, as appears by the top of it.

"Bologna, like most of the cities of Italy, has been the seat of many tragical incidents, affording such rich materials for her novelists. Amongst others, is one which we give in the words of the excellent critic by whom it is related. 'The family Geremie of Bologna were at the head of the Guelphs, and that of the Lambertazzi of the Ghibbelines, who formed an opposition by no means despicable to the domineering party. Bonifazio Geremei and Imelda Lambertazzi, forgetting the feuds of their families, fell passionately in love with each other, and Imelda received her lover into her house. This coming to her brothers' knowledge, they rushed into the room where the two lovers were, and Imelda could scarcely escape, whilst one of the brothers plunged a dagger, poisoned after the Saracen fashion, into Bonifazio's breast, whose body was thrown into some concealed part of the house and covered with rubbish. Imelda hastened to him, following the tracks of his blood, as soon as the brothers were gone; found him, and supposing him not quite dead, generously, as our own Queen Eleanor had done about the same time, sucked the poison from the bleeding wound, the only remedy which could possibly save his life; but it was too late: Imelda's attendants found her a corpse, embracing that of her beloved Bonifazio.'"

The success of the Landscape Annual is very far from problematical. All our *travelled* nobility and people of fortune will buy it to refresh their acquaintance with the beautiful scenes it includes; and it is hardly possible to imagine a more agreeable book-companion on the journey itself.

Literary Souvenir.

(Concluded from Supplement, page 336.)

THE *poetry* of the *Souvenir* is, as usual, for the most part excellent. Among the best pieces are The Dying Mother to her Infant, by Caroline Bowles; Bring back the chain, by the authoress of the "Sorrows of Rosalie;" and The Birthday, by N. P. Willis, a popular American writer. There are likewise some very graceful and touching pieces by Mr. Watts, the editor, one of which will be found in our next number. There are too some pleasant attempts at humorous relief; but "Vanity Fair" is a very poor attempt at jingling rhyme. We quote one of these light pieces for the sake of adding variety to our sheet:

WHERE IS MISS MYRTLE?

AIR—*Sweet Kitty Clover.*

WHERE is Miss Myrtle? can any one tell?
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
She flirts with another, I know very well;
And I—am left all alone!
She flies to the window when Arundel rings:
She's all over smiles when Lord Archibald sings;
It's plain that her Cupid has two pair of wings,
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
Her love and my love are different things:
And I—am left all alone!

I brought her, one morning, a rose for her brow
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
She told me such horrors were never worn now:
And I—am left all alone!
But I saw her at night with a rose in her hair,
And I guess who it came from,—of course I don't care!
We all know that girls are as false as they're fair;
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
I'm sure the lieutenant's a horrible bear:
And I—am left all alone!

Whenever we go on the Downs for a ride
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
She looks for another to trot by her side:
And I—am left all alone!
And whenever I take her down stairs from ball,
She nods to some puppy to put on her shawl:
I'm a peaceable man, and I don't like a brawl;
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
But I would give a trifle to horsewhip them all;
And I—am left all alone!

She tells me her mother belongs to the sect,
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
Which holds that all waltzing is quite incorrect:
And I—am left all alone!
But a fire's in my heart and a fire's in my brain,
When she waltzes away with Sir Phelim O'Shane;
I don't think I ever *can* ask her again:
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
And, lord! since the summer she's grown very plain,
And I—am left all alone!

She said that she liked me a twelvemonth ago!
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
And how should I guess that she'd torture me so!
And I—am left all alone!
Some day she'll find out it was not very wise
To laugh at the breath of a true lover's sighs:
After all, Fanny Myrtle is not such a prize;
Where is she gone, where is she gone?
Louisa Dalrymple has exquisite eyes:
And I'll be—no longer alone!

Mr. Praed has an exquisite poem, "Memory;" and we had nearly passed by a song by Mr. T. Moore.

ALONE beneath the moon I roved,
And thought how oft in hours gone by,
I heard my Mary say she loved
To look upon a moonlight sky!
The day had been one lengthened shower,
Till moonlight came, with lustre meek,
To light up every weeping flower,
Like smiles upon a mourner's cheek.

I call'd to mind from Eastern books
A thought that could not leave me soon;—
"The moon on many a night-flower looks,
The night-flower sees no other moon"
And thus I thought our fortune's run,
For many a lover sighs to thee,
While oh! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me!

The illustrations are almost unexceptionably good; the *gems* in this way being Mrs. Siddons, as Lady Macbeth, by C. Rolls, after Harlowe: the face is perhaps the most intellectual piece of engraving ever seen; the sublime effect in so small a space is truly surprising. A Portrait, by W. Danforth, after Leslie, ranks next; and the beauty and variety of the remainder of the prints are so great as to prevent our *individualizing* them to the reader. Taken altogether, they form one of the finest Annual Galleries or Collections.

The Keepsake.

WITHOUT going into a dreamy discussion on the *literature* of this work, we venture to say it has rather retrograded from, than improved upon the volume of last year. Great and titled names only furnish the *gilt:* and this fact is now so generally understood, that readers are no longer deceived by them, in the quality of the gingerbread. Mr. Watts is so convinced of this fact, that he has given the cut direct to many titled authors; and, for aught we know, he has produced as good a volume this year as on any former occasion. The proprietor of the *Keepsake* appears to think otherwise; and his editor has accordingly produced a book of very meagre interest, though of mightier pretensions than his rivals. Months ago we were told by announcement, paragraph and advertisement, of a tragedy, *The House of Aspen*, by Sir Walter Scott, which now turns out to be as dull an affair as any known in these days of dramatic poverty and theatrical ups and downs. Sir Walter, in an advertisement of great modesty, dated *April* 1, says, that "being of too small a size of consequence for a separate publication, the piece is sent as a contribution to the *Keepsake*, where its demerits may be hidden amid the beauties of more valuable articles." The piece has been adapted to a minor stage with some effect, but nothing higher than a melodrama. We have neither room nor inclination to extract a scene, but one of the metrical pieces has tempted us:—

SWEET shone the sun on the fair Lake of Toro,
Weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,
As a fair maiden bewilder'd in sorrow,
Sigh'd to the breezes and wept to the flood.

"Saints from the mansion of bliss lowly bending,
Virgin, that hear'st the poor suppliant's cry,
Grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Frederick restore, or let Eleanor die."

Distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamour came loading the gale.

Breathless she gaz'd through the woodland so dreary,
Slowly approaching, a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footstep so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

"Save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying;
Save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low;
Cold on yon heath thy bold Frederick is lying,
Fast through the woodland approaches the foe."

Two of the best stories are The Bride, by Theodore Hook, and the Shooting Star, an Irish tale, by Lord Nugent; and a Dialogue for the year 2310, by the author of Granby, has considerable smartness. The scene is in London, where one of the speakers has just arrived "from out of Scotland; breakfasted this morning at Edinburgh, and have not been in town above a couple of hours. The roads are dreadfully heavy now: conceive my having been seven hours and a half coming from Edinburgh to London." Killing between four and five thousand head of game in one day is shooting ill; and one of the party has a gun which would give twenty-seven discharges in a minute, and mine would give only twenty-five. I really must change my maker. Have you seen the last new invention, the hydro-potassian lock?" Hunting machines, that would fly like balloons over a ten-foot wall—A candidate for the Circumnavigation Club, who has been four times round the world in his own yacht—A point of bad taste to make a morning call by daylight—Dining at twelve P.M.—A spring-door with a self-acting knocker, which gives a treble knock, and is opened by a steam porter in livery—A chair mounting from the hall, through the ceiling, into the drawing room—Talking to a lady two miles off through a telescope, till one's fingers ache—A callisthenic academy for the children of pauper operatives—An automaton note-writer—A lady professing ignorance of Almack's, "a club where Swift and Johnson used to meet, but I don't profess to be an antiquarian"—"Love and Algebra," one of the common scientific novels thumbed by coal-heavers and orange-women, very well for the common people—Every thing is taught them now by means of scientific novels: such as "Geological Atoms, or the Adventures of a Dustman"—Doubted very much whether English wheat is fit for any thing but the brute

creation—Dark times of the 19th century—Six-hourly and half-daily newspapers — "*apropos*, as the hackney-coachmen say"—Turkey, one of the southern provinces of Russia—His Majesty Jonathan III. of Washington—The Emperor of India—The Burmese Republic—English the language of three-fourths of Asia, nine-tenths of North America, half Africa, and all the insular states in the South Seas—and England, that little kingdom, with a population of not more than forty millions, has had the honour of colonizing half the globe; but "these countries are our colonies no longer." Such are a few of the wonders of 2130! In the Dialogue is an admirable joke with a scientific street-sweeper and a learned beggar, who pleads *necessitas non habet legem*, and "embraces the profession of an operative mendicant." But here is a *morceau*:

Lady D.—Ah! Lord A.! Mr. C.! most unexpected persons both! I heard only yesterday that one of you was in Greenland, and the other in Africa. What false reports they circulate!

Lord A.—The reports were true not long ago, and I believe we returned about the same time. You, Lady D., have been also travelling, I believe.

Lady D.—Yes, we were out of England in the winter. Our physician commanded a warmer climate for Lord D. so we took a villa on the Niger, and afterwards spent a short time at Sackatoo.

Mr. C.—I suppose you found it full of English?

Lady D.—Oh, quite full—and such a set! We knew hardly any of them. In fact, we did not go there for society. We met a few pleasant people, Australians; the Abershaws, the Hardy Vauxes, and Sir William and Lady Soames.

Mr. C.—Did you go by the new Tangier and Timbuctoo road?

Lady D.—Yes, we did, and we found it excellent. By the bye, Lord A., to digress to a different latitude, how did you succeed in your last excursion to the North Pole?

Lord A.—To tell you the truth, extremely ill; we had most improvidently taken with us scarcely enough of the *solvent* to work our way through the ice, and our concentrated essence of caloric was found to be of a very inferior quality. I shall try again next summer.

Lady D.—I believe we shall go to Spitzbergen ourselves.

Lord A.—I am happy to think that, in that case, I may perhaps have the pleasure of meeting you there on my return. I must go to the Pole, by the way of North Georgia: I am engaged to visit an Eskimaux friend.

Still more ludicrous are the following historical blunders:—One of the party asks how Napoleon is introduced in an historical novel of 1830? The reply is—"He and the Emperor Alexander of Russia are introduced dining with the King at Brighton. Napoleon quarrels with the two sovereigns, and challenges them to a personal encounter. Each claims the right of fighting by deputy. The King of England appoints his prime minister, the Duke of Wellington; the Emperor Alexander appoints Prince Kutusoff. The Duke of Wellington is to go out first, and is to meet Napoleon at Battersea Fields. There were open fields at Battersea: *then*: only think! open fields! I don't know how the duel ends—I am just in the midst of it—it is so interesting."

The author of *Anastasius* (Mr. Thos. Hope) has contributed five or six pages on Self-love, Sympathy, and Selfishness—which are deep enough for any Lady D. of this or the next century. We expected a powerful and picturesque tale of the East, and not such sententious matter as this:—"Every sentient entity, from the lowest of brutes to the highest of human beings, desires self-gratification:" we may add, a principle as well understood in Covent-garden as in Portland-place. Mr. Banim has written The Hall of the Castle, an interesting Irish story; and Lord Normanby, The Prophet of St. Paul's, of the date of 1514—which concludes the volume.

Among the Poetry are some pretty verses by Lord Porchester; but it is well that metrical pieces do not predominate, for some of the writers are sadly unmusical sonneteers.

The "Letters from Lord Byron to several Friends" are not of interest enough for the space they occupy.

The *Plates* are beyond praise. The Frontispiece Portrait of Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis, by Charles Heath, is one of the most exquisite ever engraved; and two plates illustrating Sir Walter Scott's *House of Aspen* have the effect of beautiful pictures on a blank wall. *Two* views of Virginia Water are, perhaps, questionable in the same volume; but they are admirably engraved. Wilkie's "beautiful, though," as Lord Normanby says, "somewhat slight cabinet picture of the Princess Doria and the Pilgrims*"

* Some nice calculators have estimated that the various sums received by Mr. Wilkie for the supplies he has furnished to the Illustrations of the Annuals of the coming season amount to upwards of £1,000.—*Athenæum.*

has been finely executed by Heath; and a View of Venice, from a drawing by Prout, is a masterpiece of Freebairne. Equal to either of these is The Faithful Servant, engraved by Goodyear, after Cooper, and Dorothea, the title-page plate. Of The Bride, engraved by Charles Heath, from a picture by Leslie, it is impossible to speak in terms of sufficient praise, as it is, without exception, one of the loveliest prints ever beheld. We have had our laugh at The Portrait, a scene from Foote, painted by Smirke, and engraved by Portbury. Its whim and humour is describable only by the British Aristophanes. We can only add, that it is Lady Pentweazle sitting to Carmine for her portrait—the look that he despairs of imitating, as we do Foote's account of her family:—

"All my family, by the mother's side, are famous for their eyes. I have a great aunt amongst the beauties at Windsor; she has a sister at Hampton Court, a perdegeous fine woman! she had but one eye, but that was a piercer: that one eye got her three husbands."

The painter appears to us to be a portrait of Foote. We ought not to forget to mention, at least, Francis I. and his Sister, splendidly engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by Bonington.

The Comic Annual.

By Thomas Hood, Esq.

We intend to let the facetious author have his own *say* on the comical contents of this very comical little work, by merely running over a few of the head and tail pieces of the several pages. We think with Mr. Hood, that "In the Christmas Holidays, or rather, Holly Days, according to one of the emblems of the season, we naturally look for mirth. Christmas is strictly a Comic Annual, and its specific gaiety is even implied in the specific gravity of its oxen." So much for the design, which is far more congenial to our feelings than the thousand and one sonnets, pointless epigrams, laments, and monodies, which are usually showered from crimson and gold envelopes at this dull season of the year. There are thirty-seven pieces—all in humorous and "righte merrie conceite." We shall give a few random extracts, or specimens, and then run over the cuts. Our first is—(and what should it be?)

NUMBER ONE.

"It's very hard! and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And witness this, that every Miss
But me has got a beau.

For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun.
I'm sure he has been asked enough
To call at Number One!

I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four!
At Number Three I often see
A lover at the door:
And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun,—
It's very hard they come so near
And not at Number One.

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind;
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One.

'Tis hard with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by,—
There's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy:
And Mrs. Smith across the way
Has got a grown-up son,
But la! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One!

There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
But he's intent on pelf,
And though he's pious, will not love
His neighbour as himself.
At Number Seven there was a sale—
The goods had quite a run!
And here I've got my single lot
On hand at Number One!

My mother often sits at work
And talks of props and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days!
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nun,
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One!

Once only, when the flue took fire,
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in,
And told me not to swoon.
Why can't he come again without
The Phœnix and the Sun?
We cannot always have a flue
On fire at Number One!

I am not old, I am not plain,
Nor awkward in my gait—
I am not crooked like the bride
That went from Number Eight;
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun—
But even beauty has no chance
I think at Number One.

At Number Six they say Miss Rose
Has slain a score of hearts,
And Cupid, for her sake, has been
Quite prodigal of darts.
The imp they show with bended bow—
I wish he had a gun;
But if he had, he'd never deign
To shoot with Number One.

It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row;
And here's a ballad-singer come
To aggravate my woe;
O take away your foolish song
And tones enough to stun—
There is 'nae luck about the house,'
I know at Number One."

Next is a prose sketch:

THE FURLOUGH.—AN IRISH ANECDOTE.

"In the autumn of 1825, some private affairs called me into the sister king-

dom; and as I did not travel, like Polyphemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident:—

"I was standing one morning at the window of 'mine Inn,' when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow, in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

"'Come down wid ye, Thady'—the speaker was the old woman—'come down now to your ould mother; sure it's flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I giv ye. Come down, Thady, darlin!'

"'It's honour, mother,' was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth, he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

"'Thady, come down—come down, ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!' The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last; and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced: 'It's honour, brother!' and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

"'O Thady, come down! sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye! Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down then!' The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

"'It's honour, honour bright, Kathleen!' and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

"'Come down, Thady, honey!—Thady, ye fool, come down!—O Thady, come down to me!'

"'It's honour, mother!—It's honour, brother!—Honour bright, my own Kathleen!'

"Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public, that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home, on furlough, to visit his family,—and having exceeded, as he thought, the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired?

"'The first of March, your honour—bad luck to it of all the black days in the world—and here it is, come sudden on me, like a shot!'

"'The first of March!—why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare then—the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is Leap Year, and February has twenty-nine days.'

"The soldier was thunder-struck.—'Twenty-nine days is it?—you're sartin of that same! Oh, mother, mother!—the devil fly away wid yere ould almanack—a base cratur of a book, to be deceaven one, afther living so long in the family of us!'

"His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap with a loud hurrah! His second was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen; and the third was to wring my hand off in acknowledgment.

"'It's a happy man I am, your honour, for my word's saved, and all by your honour's manes. Long life to your honour for the same! May ye live a long hundred—and lape-years every one of them.'"

What will Mr. Gurney's helpers say to the following

SONNET ON STEAM.

BY AN UNDER-OSTLER.

I wish I livd a Thowsen yeat Ago
Wurking for Sober six and Seven milers
And dubble Stages runnen safe and slo
The Orsis cum in Them days to the Bilers
But Now by meens of Powers of Steem forces
A-turning Coches into Smoakey Kettels
The Bilers seam a Cumming to the Orses
And Helps and naggs Will sune be out of Vittels
Poor Bruits I wunder How we bee to Liv
When sutch a change of Orses is our Faits
No nothink need Be sifted in a Siv
May them Blowd ingins all Blow up their Grates
And Theaves of Oslers crib the Coles and Giv
Their blackgard Hannimuls a Feed of Slaits!

Space we have not for the whole of "A Letter from a Market Gardener to the Secretary of the Horticultural Society," but here is the concluding paragraph:—

"My Wif had a Tomb Cat that dyd. Being a torture Shell and a Grate faverit, we had Him berrid in the Guardian, and for the sake of inrichment of the Mould, I had the carks deposeted under the roots of a Gosberry Bush. The Frute being up till then of a smooth kind. But the nex Seson's Frute after the Cat was berrid, the Gosberris was all hairy—and more Remarkable, the Cat-

pilers of the same bush was All of the same hairy description.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"THOMAS FROST."

We have lately paid much attention to the subject of Emigration, but quite in a different vein to the following, which will introduce one of the cuts:—

"Squampash Flatts, 9th Nov. 1827.

"Dear Brother—Here we are, thank Providence, safe and well, and in the finest country you ever saw. At this moment I have before me the sublime expanse of Squampash Flatts—the majestic Mudiboo winding through the midst—with the magnificent range of the Squab mountains in the distance. But the prospect is impossible to describe in a letter! I might as well attempt a panorama in a pill-box! We have fixed our settlement on the left bank of the river. In crossing the rapids we lost most of our heavy baggage, and all our iron work; but, by great good fortune, we saved Mrs. Paisley's grand piano, and the children's toys. Our infant city consists of three log-huts and one of clay, which, however, on the second day, fell in to the ground landlords. We have now built it up again, and, all things considered, are as comfortable as we could expect: and have christened our settlement New London, in compliment to the old metropolis. We have one of the log-houses to ourselves—or at least shall have, when we have built a new hog-sty. We burnt down the first one in making a bonfire to keep off the wild beasts, and, for the present, the pigs are in the parlour. As yet our rooms are rather usefully than elegantly furnished. We have gutted the Grand Upright, and it makes a convenient cupboard; the chairs were obliged to blaze at our bivouacs—but thank Heaven, we have never leisure to sit down, and so do not miss them. My boys are contented, and will be well when they have got over some awkward accidents in lopping and felling. Mrs. P. grumbles a little, but it is her custom to lament most when she is in the midst of comforts: she complains of solitude, and says she could enjoy the very stiffest of stiff visits. The first time we lighted a fire in our new abode, a large serpent came down the chimney, which I looked upon as a good omen. However, as Mrs. P. is not partial to snakes, and the heat is supposed to attract those reptiles, we have dispensed with fires ever since. As for wild beasts, we hear them howling and roaring round the fence every night from dusk till daylight; but we have only been inconvenienced by one lion. The first time he came, in order to get rid of the brute peaceably, we turned out an old ewe, with which he was well satisfied, but ever since he comes to us as regular as clock-work for his mutton; and if we do not soon contrive to cut his acquaintance, we shall hardly have a sheep in the flock. It would have been easy to shoot him, being well provided with muskets; but Barnaby mistook our remnant of gunpowder for onion seed, and sowed it all in the kitchen garden. We did try to trap him into a pit-fall; but after twice catching Mrs. P. and every one of the children in turn, it was given up. They are now, however, perfectly at ease about the animal, for they never stir out of doors at all; and, to make them quite comfortable, I have blocked up all the windows, and barricaded the door. We have lost only one of our number since we came—namely, Diggory, the market-gardener, from Glasgow, who went out one morning to botanize, and never came back. I am much surprised at his absconding, as he had nothing but a spade to go off with. Chippendale, the carpenter, was sent after him, but did not return; and Gregory, the smith, has been out after them these two days. I have just dispatched Mudge, the herdsman, to look for all three, and hope he will soon give a good account of them, as they are the most useful men in the whole settlement, and, in fact, indispensable to its existence. The river Mudiboo is deep and rapid, and said to swarm with alligators, though I have heard but of three being seen at one time, and none of those above eighteen feet long: this, however, is immaterial, as we do not use the river fluid, which is thick and dirty, but draw all our water from natural wells and tanks. Poisonous springs are rather common, but are easily distinguished by containing no fish or living animal. Those, however, which swarm with frogs, toads, newts, efts, &c., are harmless, and may be safely used for culinary purposes. In short, I know of no drawback but one, which, I am sanguine, may be got over hereafter, and do earnestly hope and advise, if things are no better in England than when I left, you, and as many as you can persuade, will sell off all, and come over to this African Paradise. The drawback I speak of is this:—Although I have never seen any one of the creatures, it is too certain that the mountains are inhabited by a race of monkeys, whose cunning and mischievous talents exceed even the most incredible stories of their tribe.

No human art or vigilance seems of avail: we have planned ambuscades, and watched night after night, but no attempt has been made; yet the moment the guard was relaxed, we were stripped without mercy. I am convinced they must have had spies night and day on our motions—yet so secretly and cautiously, that no glimpse of one has yet been seen by any of our people. Our last crop was cut and carried off with the precision of an English harvesting. Our spirit stores—(you will be amazed to hear that these creatures pick locks with the dexterity of London burglars) —have been broken open and ransacked, though half the establishment were on the watch; and the brutes have been off to their mountains, five miles distant, without even the dogs giving an alarm. I could almost persuade myself at times, such are their supernatural knowledge, swiftness, and invisibility, that we have to contend with evil spirits. I long for your advice, to refer to on this subject; and am, dear Philip,

"Your loving brother,

"AMBROSE MAWE.

"P. S. Since writing the above, you will be concerned to hear the body of poor Diggory has been found, horribly mangled by wild beasts. The fate of Chippendale, Gregory, and Mudge is no longer doubtful. The old lion has brought the lioness, and, the sheep being all gone, they have made a joint attack upon the bullock-house. The Mudiboo has overflowed, and Squampash Flatts are a swamp. I have just discovered that the monkeys are my own rascals, that I brought out from England. We are coming back as fast as we can."

EMIGRATION:

Meeting a Settler.

THE CUTS.

A clear stage, and no favour: a coach and horses on their sides, with all the passengers' heels uppermost, in a horse-pond.—*The air adapted to a Violin:* a fellow flying a kite-fiddle in a field.—*"Those Evening Bells:"* a postman and muffin-man.—*Shrimp Sauce to a Lobster:* a little urchin putting out his tongue at a Foot Guard.—*"Toe-ho."* a sportsman caught in a spring-trap.—*Bourded, Lodged, and Done for:* a wight in the pillory, and a shower of brick-bats, dead cats, &c.—*"A Constable's Miscellany:"* a crowd of offenders, preceded by the man in office, staff-in-hand.—*Unlicensed Victuallers:* a couple of greyhounds seizing a dinner. *"She walks in beauty, like the night:"* a black girl, shaded by a broad leaf.—*Boxer and Pincher:* a pair of dogs taking snuff together.—*A Round Robin:* a red-breast in the shape of a bull.—*Hook and Eye:* a parrot on a perch.—*A Leading Article:* a jockey a-head in a race.—*A Sweepstakes—"Every jockey has a jenny:"* sweeps on donkeys.—*Soap-orifics and Sud-orifics:* two busy washerwomen.—*A Court Day:* a crowd sheltered from the rain, beneath "Poppin's Court." These are but a few of the eighty-seven drolleries of the cuts and plates, which have more fun and humour than all the pantomime tricks and changes of our time; they are worth all the fine conceits of all the great painters of any age, and the pun and patter which accompany them are excellent. We give one of the tail-pieces:

Breaking up—no Holiday.

Emmanuel.

THIS little work is "decidedly of a religious character," and, to quote the preface, "its contents are in unison with the sanctity of its title." The editor is the Rev. W. Shepherd, the author of *Clouds and Sunshine;* and we quote an extract from one of his contributions: its gravities will blend with the gaieties of our sheet. The passage occurs in "Holy Associations:"—

"But there are other feelings besides those of mortality which are closely connected with a churchyard. Whilst from the ashes of the dead comes forth a voice which solemnly proclaims, 'The end of all things is at hand,' there arises also to the well-regulated mind a scene of

still greater interest—one more in unison with the soul. There is a kind of indescribable sympathy, which, like the sentiment of the prophet of Judah, prompts us to wish that our bones may lie by the side of our brethren in the sepulchre. This feeling is part of our nature, and belongs to that universal link which connects and binds man to man, and continues the chain till lost in the essence of divinity. * * * *

"What, indeed! can mark a greater alienation of the soul from its original nature, than the infidelity which chooses for the bed of the grave spots unhallowed by religious associations. They who deny their God, and cavil at his Word, can have no reverence for places which, like his houses of prayer and the consecrated receptacles of the dead, derive all their sanctity and influence from a belief in his mercies, and a sense of our demerits—hence, having banished themselves from their Father's house, they are content to 'lie down in the grave like the beasts that perish.' Whilst, on the contrary, the simply virtuous, the sincerely religious, the soberly pious, without attaching any value as to the future destination of the soul, to the spot in which its earthly sister may crumble to its kindred dust, cherish the pleasing hope that their mortal bodies may repose in those places alone which religion hallows. They long not for pleasure grottos or druidical coppices, in which to be gathered to their fathers, but dwelling with chastened hope on the glories of the resurrection, they desire their mortal particles may be found when the Lord cometh to complete his victory over the grave, in the spot, and contiguous to the house 'in which he has chosen to place his name there.'

"From the same fountain of ethereal purity, deduced through this genuine principle of amiability, is derived that love of country which makes his Alps and Avalanches dear to the Swiss, and suggested that beautiful image to the Mantuan muse, of the Grecian soldier remembering in the last struggles of death his pleasant Argos. It is this which makes us revert, with ever verdant freshness, to our homes and native places, and binds us to the land of our birth with adamantine links. From the burning desarts of sunny Africa—from the wild tornados of the gusty West—from the mountains of ice piled by a thousand ages, like impassable barriers round each frozen pole—from the fertile plains and trackless forests of Australia, frequently rises, like a breeze of sweetest incense, the fond remembrance of our *native land;* which, even in bosoms scathed by storm and pilgrimage, causes to spring up, like a sudden fountain in a barren waste, the gushing images of the scenes of home, and all their prime deliciousness."

There are seventy-five pieces in prose and verse, narrative and descriptive.—The price and pretensions would not allow costly engravings; and, with the exception of a beautiful architectural frontispiece, by Mr. Britton, F.S.A. the embellishments are but meagre. This plate is accompanied by a brief paper on Christian Architecture, at the close of which Mr. Britton says, "The frontispiece has been composed from the architectural members of the west front of *York Minster;* and it shows that the monastic artist who designed that magnificent façade, gave to it a decided, unequivocal Christian character."

The Bijou

Is very properly entitled "An Annual of Literature and *the Arts*," since considerably more attention seems to have been paid to the Illustrations than to their accompaniments. Few of the prose or verse pieces present much novelty of matter or manner; but the following will, perhaps, be esteemed a curiosity:—

PORTRAIT OF UGO FOSCOLO.

(From the Italian,) by Himself.

A FURROW'D brow, intent and deep sunk eyes,
Fair hair, lean cheeks, are mine, and aspect bold;
The proud quick lip, where seldom smiles arise,
Bent head and fine form'd neck, breast rough and cold,
Limbs well compos'd; simple in dress, yet choice:
Swift or to move, act, think, or thoughts unfold;
Temperate, firm, kind, unus'd to flattering lies,
Adverse to th' world, adverse to me of old.
Oftimes alone and mournful. Evermore
Most pensive—all unmov'd by hope or fear;
By shame made timid, and by anger brave—
My subtle reason speaks; but, ah! I rave,
'Twixt vice and virtue, hardly know to steer;
Death may for me have FAME and rest in store.

There is an abundance of Sonnets and short pieces which would dovetail in our columns, were we tempted by their merit to extract them; but, in place of enumerating them, we notice the Engravings, some of which are excellent specimens of art. Among these is a Portrait of THE KING, by Ensom, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the collection of Sir William Knighton, Bart. Next is Ada, a Portrait of a Young Lady, delicately engraved by T. A. Dean, after Sir Thomas Lawrence. The print is about the size of a crown-piece, a perfect gem—

a bijou in itself. The African Daughter, by Sangster, from a picture by Bonington, abounds with vigorous and effective touches; some of the lights are extremely brilliant. Next is the Portrait of Mrs. Arbuthnot, by W. Ensom, from the President's picture, full of grace and life, and richly meriting the term exquisite; nothing can be finer than the dark luxuriant hair contrasted with the alabaster delicacy and elegance of the features; the eyes too beam with benignant expressiveness. Wilkie's Bag-Piper has been powerfully engraved by Aug. Fox; and a Portrait of Lady Jane Grey, after De Heere, is an interesting variety. Milton composing Paradise Lost, from a drawing by Stothard, is far from our taste; but the Blue Bell, by Fox, from a picture by W. A. Hastings, somewhat atones for the previous failure: its prettiness is of the first class.

Our notice has extended to all the Engravings except one—Rosalind and Celia—about which, the less said the better. There are, perhaps, too many portraits in the collection, but taken apart, they are among the first-rate productions of their class.

The Forget-Me-Not.

EIGHTY-THREE pieces in verse and prose are the *medicum* of entertainment in this delightful little work. Of course we cannot enumerate a quarter of their titles, but only mention a few of the most striking. Among the prose is "A Quarter of an Hour too soon," by the author of "The Hour too many," in the last Forget-Me-Not. Our favourite story is *The Red Man*, by the Modern Pythagorean of Blackwood, which we quote almost entire:—

"It was at the hour of nine, in an August evening, that a solitary horseman arrived at the Black Swan, a country inn, about nine miles from the town of Leicester. He was mounted on a large, fiery charger, as black as jet, and had behind him a portmanteau attached to the croup of his saddle. A black travelling cloak, which not only covered his own person, but the greater part of his steed, was thrown around him. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, with an uncommonly low crown. His legs were cased in top-boots, to which were attached spurs of an extraordinary length; and in his hands he carried a whip, with a thong three yards long, and a handle which might have levelled Goliath himself. On arriving at the inn, he calmly dismounted, and called upon the ostler by name. 'Frank!' said he, 'take my horse to the stable; rub him down thoroughly; and, when he is well cooled, step in and let me know.' And, taking hold of his portmanteau, he entered the kitchen, followed by the obsequious landlord, who had come out a minute before, on hearing of his arrival. There were several persons present, engaged in nearly the same occupation. At one side of the fire sat the village schoolmaster—a thin, pale, peak-nosed little man, with a powdered periwig, terminating behind in a long queue, and an expression of self-conceit strongly depicted upon his countenance. He was amusing himself with a pipe, from which he threw forth volumes of smoke with an air of great satisfaction. Opposite to him sat the parson of the parish—a fat, bald-headed personage, dressed in a rusty suit of black, and having his shoes adorned with immense silver buckles. Between these two characters sat the exciseman, with a pipe in one hand, and a tankard in the other. To complete the group, nothing is wanting but to mention the landlady, a plump, rosy dame of thirty-five, who was seated by the schoolmaster's side, apparently listening to some sage remarks which that little gentleman was throwing out for her edification. But to return to the stranger. No sooner had he entered the kitchen, followed by the landlord, than the eyes of the company were directed upon him. His hat was so broad in the brim, his spurs were so long, his stature so great, and his face so totally hid by the collar of his immense black cloak, that he instantly attracted the attention of every person present. His voice, when he desired the master of the house to help him off with his mantle, was likewise so harsh, that they all heard it with sudden curiosity. Nor did this abate when the cloak was removed, and his hat laid aside. A tall, athletic, red-haired man, of the middle age, was then made manifest. He had on a red frock coat, a red vest, and a red neckcloth; nay, his gloves were red! What was more extraordinary, when the overalls which covered his thighs were unbuttoned, it was discovered that his small-clothes were red likewise. 'All red!' ejaculated the parson almost involuntarily. 'As you say, the gentleman is all red!' added the schoolmaster, with his characteristic flippancy. He was checked by a look from the landlady. His remark, however, caught the stranger's ear, and he turned round upon him with a penetrating glance. The schoolmaster tried to smoke it off bravely. It would not do:

he felt the power of that look, and was reduced to almost immediate silence.

"'Now, bring me your boot-jack,' said the horseman. The boot-jack was brought, and the boots pulled off. To the astonishment of the company, a pair of red stockings were brought into view. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, the exciseman did the same, the landlady shook her head, the parson exclaimed, "All red!" as before, and the schoolmaster would have repeated it, but he had not yet recovered from the rebuke. 'Faith, this is odd!' observed the host. 'Rather odd,' said the stranger, seating himself between the parson and the exciseman. The landlord was confounded, and did not know what to think of the matter. After sitting for a few moments, the new-comer requested the host to hand him a night-cap, which he would find in his hat. He did so: it was a red worsted one; and he put it upon his head. Here the exciseman broke silence, by ejaculating, 'Red again!' The landlady gave him an admonitory knock on the elbow: it was too late. The stranger heard his remark, and regarded him with one of those piercing glances for which his fiery eye seemed so remarkable. 'All red!' murmured the parson once more. 'Yes, Doctor Poundtext, the gentleman, as you say, is all red,' re-echoed the schoolmaster, who by this time had recovered his self-possession. He would have gone on, but the landlady gave him a fresh admonition, by trampling upon his toes; and her husband winked in token of silence.

"As in the case of the exciseman, the warnings were too late. 'Now, landlord,' said the stranger, after he had been seated a minute, 'may I trouble you to get me a pipe and a can of your best Burton? But, first of all, open my portmanteau, and give me out my slippers.' The host did as he was desired, and produced a pair of red morocco slippers. Here an involuntary exclamation broke out from the company. It began with the parson, and was taken up by the schoolmaster, the exciseman, the landlady, and the landlord, in succession. 'More red!' proceeded from every lip, with different degrees of loudness. The landlord's was the least loud, the schoolmaster's the loudest of all. 'I suppose, gentlemen,' said the stranger, 'you were remarking upon my slippers.'—'Eh--yes! we were just saying that they were red,' replied the schoolmaster. 'And pray,' demanded the other, as he raised the pipe to his mouth, 'did you never before see a pair of red slippers?' This question staggered the respondent; he said nothing, but looked to the parson for assistance. 'But you are all red,' observed the latter, taking a full draught from a foaming tankard which he held in his hand. 'And you are all black,' said the other, as he withdrew the pipe from his mouth, and emitted a copious puff of tobacco smoke. 'The hat that covers your numskull is black, your beard is black, your coat is black, your vest is black, your small-clothes, your stockings, your shoes, all are black. In a word, Doctor Poundtext, you are——' 'What am I, sir?' said the parson, bursting with rage. 'Ay, what is he, sir?' rejoined the schoolmaster. 'He is a black coat,' said the stranger, with a contemptuous sneer, 'and you are a pedagogue.' This sentence was followed by a profound calm."

The stranger goes to the stable, and returns.

"The appearance of the *Red Man* again acted like a spell on the voices of the company. The parson was silent, and by a natural consequence his echo, the schoolmaster, was silent also; none of the others felt disposed to say any thing. The meeting was like an assemblage of quakers. • • • •

"'Who can this man be?' 'What does he want here?' 'Where is he from, and whither is he bound?' Such were the inquiries which occupied every mind. Had the object of their curiosity been a brown man, a black man, or even a green man, there would have been nothing extraordinary; and he might have entered the inn and departed from it as unquestioned as before he came. But to be a Red Man! There was in this something so startling that the lookers-on were beside themselves with amazement. The first to break this strange silence was the parson. 'Sir,' said he, 'we have been thinking that you are ——' 'That I am a conjurer, a French spy, a travelling packman, or something of the sort,' observed the stranger. Doctor Poundtext started back on his chair, and well he might; for these words, which the Man in Red had spoken, were the very ones he himself was about to utter. 'Who are you sir?' resumed he, in manifest perturbation; 'what is your name?' 'My name,' replied the other, 'is Reid. 'And where, in heaven's name, were you born?' demanded the astonished parson. 'I was born on the borders of the Red Sea.'

"Doctor Poundtext had not another word to say. The schoolmaster was

equally astounded, and withdrew the pipe from his mouth; that of the exciseman dropped to the ground: the landlord groaned aloud, and his spouse held up her hands in mingled astonishment and awe. After giving them this last piece of information, the strange man arose from his seat, broke his pipe in pieces, and pitched the fragments into the fire; then, throwing his long cloak carelessly over his shoulders, putting his hat upon his head, and loading himself with his boots, his whip, and his portmanteau, he desired the landlord to show him to his bed, and left the kitchen, after smiling sarcastically to its inmates, and giving them a familiar and unceremonious nod.

"His disappearance was the signal for fresh alarm in the minds of those left behind. Not a word was said till the return of the innkeeper, who in a short time descended from the bedroom overhead, to which he had conducted his guest. On re-entering the kitchen, he was encountered by a volley of interrogations. The parson, the schoolmaster, the exciseman, and his own wife, questioned him over and over again. 'Who was the Man in Red?—he must have seen him before—he must have heard of him—in a word, he must know something about him.' The host protested 'that he never beheld the stranger till that hour: it was the first time he had made his appearance at the Black Swan, and so help him God, it should be the last!' 'Why don't you turn him out?' exclaimed the exciseman. 'If you think you are able to do it, you are heartily welcome,' replied the landlord; 'for my part, I have no notion of coming to close quarters with the shank of his whip, or his great, red, sledge hammer fist.'

"This was an irresistible argument, and the proposer of forcible ejectment said no more upon the subject. At this time the party could hear the noise of heavy footsteps above them. They were those of the Red Man, and sounded with slow and measured tread. They listened for a quarter of an hour longer, in expectation that they would cease. There was no pause: the steps continued, and seemed to indicate that the person was amusing himself by walking up and down the room. It would be impossible to describe the multiplicity of feelings which agitated the minds of the company. Fear surprise, anger, and curiosity, ruled them by turns and kept them incessantly upon the rack. There was something mysterious in the visiter who had just left them — something which they could not fathom—something unaccountable. 'Who could he be?' This was the question that each put to the other, but no one could give any thing like a rational answer. Meanwhile the evening wore on apace, and though the bell of the parish church hard by sounded the tenth hour, no one seemed inclined to take the hint to depart. Even the parson heard it without regard, to such a pitch was his curiosity excited. About this time also the sky, which had hitherto been tolerably clear, began to be overclouded. Distant peals of thunder were heard; and thick sultry drops of rain pattered at intervals against the casement of the inn: every thing seemed to indicate a tempestuous evening. But the storm which threatened to rage without was unnoticed.—Though the drops fell heavily; though gleams of lightning flashed by, followed by the report of distant thunder, and the winds began to hiss and whistle among the trees of the neighbouring cemetery, yet all these external signs of elementary tumult were as nothing to the deep, solemn footsteps of the Red Man. There seemed to be no end to his walking. An hour had he paced up and down the chamber without the least interval of repose, and he was still engaged in this occupation as at first. In this there was something incredibly mysterious; and the party below, notwithstanding their numbers, felt a vague and indescribable dread beginning to creep over them. The more they reflected upon the character of the stranger, the more unnatural did it appear. The redness of his hair and complexion, and, still more the fiery hue of his garment, struck them with astonishment. But this was little to the freezing and benumbing glance of his eye, the strange tones of his voice, and his miraculous birth on the borders of the Red Sea.

"There was now no longer any smoking in the kitchen. The subjects which occupied their minds were of too engrossing a nature to be treated with levity; and they drew their chairs closer, with a sort of irresistible and instinctive attraction. While these things were going on, the bandy-legged ostler entered, in manifest alarm. He came to inform his master that the stranger's horse had gone mad, and was kicking and tearing at every thing around, as if he would break his manger in pieces. Here a loud neighing and rushing were heard in the stable. 'Ay, there he goes,' continued he, 'I believe the devil is in the beast, if he is not the old enemy himself. Ods, master, if you saw his eyes! they are like—' 'What are they

like?' demanded the landlord. 'Ay, what are they like?' exclaimed the rest with equal impatience. 'Ods, if they a'n't like burning coals!' ejaculated the ostler, trembling from head to foot, and squeezing himself in among the others, on a chair which stood hard by. His information threw fresh alarm over the company, and they were more agitated and confused than ever.

"During the whole of this time the sound of walking over-head never ceased for one moment. The heavy tread was unabated: there was not the least interval of repose, nor could a pendulum have been more regular in its motions. Had there been any relaxation, any pause, any increase or any diminution of rapidity in the footsteps, they would have been endurable; but there was no such thing; the same deadening monotonous, stupifying sound continued, like clock-work, to operate incessantly above their heads. Nor was there any abatement of the storm without; the wind blowing among the trees of the cemetery in a sepulchral moan; the rain beating against the panes of glass with the impetuous loudness of hail; and lightning and thunder flashing and pealing at brief intervals through the murky firmament. The noise of the elements was indeed frightful; and it was heightened by the voice of the sable steed, like that of a spirit of darkness; but the whole, as we have just hinted, was as nothing to the deep, solemn, mysterious treading of the Red Man."

The party argue themselves into the belief that he is indeed the enemy of mankind.

"'If more proof is wanting,' resumed the parson, after a pause, 'only look to his dress. What Christian would think of travelling about the country in red? It is a type of the hell-fire from which he is sprung.' 'Did you observe his hair hanging down his back like a bunch of carrots?' asked the exciseman. 'Such a diabolical glance in his eye!' said the schoolmaster. 'Such a voice!' added the landlord: 'it is like the sound of a cracked clarionet.' 'His feet are not cloven,' observed the landlady. 'No matter,' exclaimed the landlord, 'the devil, when he chooses, can have as good legs as his neighbours.' 'Better than some of them,' quoth the lady, looking peevishly at the lower limbs of her husband. Meanwhile the incessant treading continued unabated, although two long hours had passed since its commencement. There was not the slightest cessation to the sound, while out of doors the storm raged with violence, and in the midst of it the hideous neighing and stamping of the black horse were heard with pre-eminent loudness. At this time the fire of the kitchen began to burn low; the sparkling blaze was gone, and in its stead nothing but a dead red lustre emanated from the grate. One candle had just expired, having burned down to the socket; of the one which remained, the unsnuffed wick was nearly three inches in length, black and crooked at the point, and standing like a ruined tower amid an envelopement of sickly yellow flame; while around the fire's equally decaying lustre sat the frightened *coterie*, narrowing their circle as its brilliancy faded away, and eyeing each other like apparitions amidst the increasing gloom.

"At this time the clock of the steeple struck the hour of midnight, and the tread of the stranger suddenly ceased. There was a pause for some minutes—afterwards a rustling—then a noise as of something drawn along the floor of his room. In a moment thereafter his door opened; then it shut with violence, and heavy footsteps were heard trampling down the stair. The inmates of the kitchen shook with alarm as the tread came nearer. They expected every moment to behold the Red Man enter, and stand before them in his native character. The landlady fainted outright: the exciseman followed her example: the landlord gasped in an agony of terror: and the schoolmaster uttered a pious ejaculation for the behoof of his soul. Dr. Poundtext was the only one who preserved any degree of composure. He managed, in a trembling voice, to call out 'Avaunt, Satan! I exorcise thee from hence to the bottom of the Red Sea!' 'I am going, as fast as I can,' said the stranger, as he passed the kitchen-door on his way to the open air. His voice aroused the whole conclave from their stupor. They started up, and by a simultaneous effort rushed to the window. There they beheld the tall figure of a man, enveloped in a black cloak, walking across the yard on his way to the stable. He had on a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, top-boots, with enormous spurs, and carried a gigantic whip in one hand, and a portmenteau in the other. He entered the stable, remained there about three minutes, and came out leading forth his fiery steed thoroughly accoutred. In the twinkling of an eye he got upon his back, waved his hand to the company, who were surveying him through the window, and clapping spurs to his charger, galloped off furiously, with a

hideous and unnatural laugh, through the midst of the storm.

"On going up stairs to the room which the devil had honoured with his presence, the landlord found that his infernal majesty had helped himself to every thing he could lay his hands upon, having broken into his desk and carried off twenty-five guineas of king's money, a ten pound Bank of England note, and sundry articles, such as seals, snuff-boxes, &c. Since that time he has not been seen in these quarters, and if he should, he will do well to beware of Doctor Poundtext, who is a civil magistrate as well as a minister, and who, instead of exorcising him to the bottom of the Red Sea, may perhaps exorcise him to the interior of Leicester gaol, to await his trial before the judges of the midland circuit."

Next is the Omen, by Mr. Galt, a powerful sketch. Affixed to St. Feinah's Tree, a Legend of Loch Neagh, we notice the signature of an esteemed correspondent, (M. L. B.) whose taste and ingenuity entitle her to high rank among the contributors to the present work. Kemp, the Bandit, by Delta, is an interesting tale; Life and Shade, a Portuguese Sketch, by Mrs. M. Baillie, is in her best narrative style; and Seeking the Houdy, by the Ettrick Shepherd, is in his happiest familiar vein. The curiosity of the volume, and indeed, the only poetical contribution we have room to notice, is the following lines of Lord Byron, written in his boyhood, to "Mary," (Mrs. Musters,) about a year before her marriage:—

Adieu to sweet Mary for ever;
From her I must quickly depart;
Though the Fates us from each other sever,
Still her image will dwell in my heart.

The flame that within my heart burns,
Is unlike what in lovers hearts glows;
The love which for Mary I feel,
Is far purer than Cupid bestows.

I wish not your peace to disturb,
I wish not your joys to molest,
Mistake not my passion for Love,
'Tis your friendship alone I request.

Not ten thousand lovers could feel
The friendship my bosom contains;
It will ever within my heart dwell,
While the warm blood flows through my veins.

May the ruler of heaven look down,
And my Mary from evil defend;
May she ne'er know adversity's frown,
May her happiness ne'er have an end.

Once more, my sweet Mary, adieu;
Farewell; I with anguish repeat,
For ever I'll think upon you,
While this heart in my bosom shall beat.

The Editor has subjoined a note, explaining his reason for printing these "schoolboy rhymes," which, of course, is not for their literary merit; still, in comparison with many of Lord Byron's after productions, what the present want of head, others lack of heart, and this is a home truth which his warmest admirers must acknowledge.

The Illustrations are varied and interesting. One of them—the Death of the Dove, engraved by W. Finden, from a picture by T. Stewardson, is remarkably expressive. The Ghaut, by E. Finden, after W. Daniell, is an exquisite Oriental scene. The Frontispiece, Wilkie's Spanish Princess, is finely engraved by R. Greaves; and Mr. H. Le Keux has done ample justice to the Plâce de Jeanne d'Arc, Rouen, from a picturesque drawing, by S. Prout: the lights and shadows being very effectively managed. But we must be chary of our room, as we have other claimants at hand.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not.

This little work is a sort of *protegé* of *The Forget-Me-Not*, and is by the same editor. It contains fifty pieces in verse and prose, and eight pleasing plates and a vignette—all which will please the little folks more than our description of them would their elders. Nearly all of them contain several figures, but one—The Riding School—about twenty boys *playing at Soldiers*, horse and foot, very pleasantly illustrates an observation in a recent number of the Edinburgh Review, on the dramatic character of the amusements of children. The scene is a large, ancient, dilapidated building, and the little people personate the Duke of Wellington, the Marquess of Anglesea, &c., with all the precision of military tactics—but no one has a taste for being a private. So it is through life.

Our extract is almost a literary curiosity:

"THE INVALID'S PIPE.*

"It was not far from the Castle of Fürstenstein, near the spot where the gallant Blucher, with the brave army of Silesia, won such glory, that the Baron of Fürstenstein met a maimed soldier, who was endeavouring to reach Berlin to claim his pension, and whose age denoted that his wounds had long been his honourable though painful companions. The Baron, observing a very richly mounted pipe in the old man's possession, accosted him with, "God bless you, old soldier! does your pipe comfort you this morning?" The pipe which the old soldier was smoking was

* This story has been transmitted to the Editor as the genuine production of the son of a British military officer, only nine years of age, and composed from a circumstance which actually occurred in a noble German family.

made of a curious sort of porcelain, and mounted with gold. The Baron wondered to see so costly a pipe in the old soldier's possession, and wishing to purchase it from him, said, 'My friend! what shall I give you for your pipe?'

"'Oh, sir!' replied the soldier, shaking his head, 'this pipe I can never part with; it was the gift of the bravest of men, who took it from a Turkish Bashaw at the battle of Belgrade. There, sir, thanks to Prince Eugene, we obtained noble spoils—there, where our troops so bravely destroyed the Turkish squadrons.'

"'Talk another time of your exploits, my friend,' said the nobleman; 'here take this double ducat, and give me your pipe; I feel an insurmountable wish to possess it.'

"'I am a poor man, sir, and have nothing to live upon but my pension; yet I would not part with this pipe for all the gold that you possess. Listen, sir, and I will relate to you the story of this pipe, which is remarkable, or my poverty would long ere now have induced me to sell it:—As we Hussars were charging over the enemy, a shot from the ranks of the Janissaries pierced our noble captain through the breast; I caught him in my arms, placed him on my horse, and carried him out of the confusion of the battle. It was an irresistible sensation of gratitude that prompted me to do so, for he had once rescued me when I was wounded and taken prisoner. I watched over him to the latest moment; and a few moments before his death, he gave me his purse and this pipe, then pressed my hand and breathed his last sigh. "Heroic spirit! never shall I forget him!'

"As he thus spoke, the tears fell fast from the old man's eyes; but he soon recovered himself, and proceeded—'The money I gave to the worthy landlord under whose roof he died, and who had been thrice plundered by the enemy; the pipe I kept as a sacred remembrance of the brave. In every situation, and through all the vicissitudes of my life, I have taken care to preserve it as a sacred relic, whether pursuing or retreating from the enemy; and when it was not in use, I placed it for safety withing my boot. At the battle of Prague, a cannon-ball unfortunately carried my right leg and pipe away together. My first thought was to secure the safety of my pipe, for at the moment I felt but little pain, and then ——'

"'Stop, soldier; your story is too affecting! O tell me, I entreat you, who was the brave man, that I may also honour and respect his memory?'

"'His name was Walter von Fürstenstein; and I have heard that his family was of Silesia, and that his estates lay in that province.'

"'Gracious God!' ejaculated the nobleman, 'he was my father! and the estates you mention, good old man, are now mine. Come, friend, forget all your sorrows, and live with me under that same Walter's roof whom you so faithfully served; and come and eat of Walter's bread, and partake of that comfort which your age demands, and which my gratitude for your services to the best of fathers is ready to bestow. I am too deeply affected to say more at present; enter this mansion, where you shall repose in peace for the remainder of your life!'

"'Thanks, noble sir, I accept your generous charity; the son of Walter von Fürstenstein is worthy of such a father. Here, sir, take this relic (presenting the pipe)—it is a memorial of that Providence which has so miraculously conducted me from the father to the son.'

"The pipe still remains hung up among the family trophies in the Castle of Fürstenstein."

The Iris.

THE reader may perhaps require to be told that this work is "a Literary and Religious Offering," or Annual. It has been tastefully and judiciously edited by the Rev. F. Dale, M. A., and its *characterestics*, if we may use the term, are several productions of his highly imaginative and powerful pen. These accompany, or rather are accompanied by a series of Engravings from pictures, by old masters, on the subject of the Life of our Saviour. The other pieces, upwards of forty in number, blend the grave with the gayer or lighter subjects.

Among the embellishments are the Madonna and Child, from Murillo; half-figure of the Saviour, and St. John, and St. Magdalen, all from Carlo Dolci; The flight into Egypt, from Claude; Christ expounding the Law, from Leonardo da Vinci; the Incredulity of St. Thomas, from L. Caracci; Hagar and Ishmael, from Barocci. The idea of transferring the pictures of the old masters to the present work in place of original designs, is excellent, and the style in which this arduous task has been executed, is creditable to the talents of the respective artists.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 403.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1829. [Price 2*d*.

Fall of the Staubbach.

In the poet and the philosopher, the lover of the sublime, and the student of the beautiful in art—the contemplation of such a scene as this must awaken ecstatic feelings of admiration and awe. Its effect upon the mere man of the world, whose mind is clogged up with common-places of life, must be overwhelming as the torrent itself; perchance he soon recovers from the impression; but the lover of Nature, in her wonders, reads lessons of infinite wisdom, combined with all that is most fascinating to the mind of inquiring man. In the school of her philosophy, mountains, rivers, and falls not only astonish and delight him in their vast outlines and surfaces, but in their exhaustless varieties and transformations, he enjoys old and new worlds of knowledge, apart from the proud histories of man, and the comparative insignificance of all that he has laboured to produce on the face of the globe.

Few have witnessed the *Staubbach*, or similar wonders without acknowledging the force of their impressions. This Fall is in the valley of Lauterbrun, the most picturesque district of Switzerland. Simond,* in describing its beauties, says, "we began to ascend the valley of Lauterbrun, by the side of its torrent (the Lutschine) among fragments of rocks, torn from the heights on both sides, and beautiful trees, shooting up with great luxuriance and in infinite variety; smooth pastures of the richest verdure, carpeted over every interval of plain ground; and the harmony of the sonorous cow-bell of the Alps, heard among the precipices above our heads and below us, told us we were not in a desart." "The ruins of the mineral world, apparently so durable, and yet in a state of incessant decomposition, form a striking contrast with the perennial youth of the vegetable world; each individual plant, so frail and perishable, while the species is eternal in the existing economy of nature. Imperceptible forests of timber scarcely tinge their inert masses of gneiss and granite, into which they anchor their roots; grappling with substances which, when

* Switzerland; or a Journal of a Tour and Residence in that country, in 1817, 1818, and 1819. By L. Simond, 2 vols. 8vo. Second Edit. 1823. Murray.

struck with steel, tear up the tempered grain, and dash out the spark." This may be an enthusiastic, but is doubtless the faithful, impression of our tourist; and in descriptions of sublime nature, we should

Survey the whole; nor seek slight fault to find,
Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the mind.

Each valley has its appropriate stream, proportioned to its length, and the number of lateral valleys opening into it. The boisterous Lutschine is the stream of Lauterbrun, and it carries to the Lake of Brientz scarcely less water than the Aar itself. About half way between Interlaken and Lauterbrun, is the junction of the two Lutschines, the black and the white, from the different substances with which they have been in contact.

Simond says, "after passing several falls of water, each of which we mistook for the Staubbach, we came at last to the house where we were to sleep. It had taken us three hours to come thus far; in twenty minutes more we reached the heap of rubbish accumulated by degrees at the foot of the Staubbach; its waters descending from the height of the Pletschberg, form in their course several mighty cataracts, and the last but one is said to be the finest; but is not readily accessible, nor seen at all from the valley. The fall of the Staubbach, about *eight hundred feet in height*, wholly detached from the rock, is reduced into vapour long before it reaches the ground; the water and the vapour undulating through the air with more grace and elegance than sublimity. While amusing ourselves with watching the singular appearance of rockets of water shooting down into the dense cloud of vapour below, we were joined by some country girls, who gave us a concert of three voices, pitched excessively high, and more like the vibrations of metal or glass than the human voice, but in perfect harmony, and although painful in some degree, yet very fine. In winter an immense accumulation of ice takes place at the foot of the Fall, sometimes as much as three hundred feet broad, with two enormous icy stalactites hanging down over it. When heat returns, the falling waters hollow out cavernous channels through the mass, the effect of which is said to be very fine; this, no doubt, is the proper season to see the Staubbach to most advantage." Six or eight miles further, the valley ends in glaciers scarcely practicable for chamois hunters. About forty years since some miners who belonged to the Valais, and were at work at Lauterbrun, undertook to cross over to their own country, simply to hear mass on a Sunday. They traversed the level top of the glacier in three hours; then descended, amidst the greatest dangers, its broken slope into the Valais, and returned the day after by the same way; but no one else has since ventured on the dangerous enterprise.

Apart from the romantic attraction of the Fall, the broad-eaved chalet and its accessaries form a truly interesting picture of village simplicity and repose. Here you are deemed rich with a capital of three hundred pounds. All that is not made in the country, or of its growth, is deemed luxury: a silver chain here as at Berne, is transmitted from mother to daughter. Dwellings and barns covered with tiles, and windows with large panes of glass, give to the owner a reputation of wealth; and if the outside walls are adorned with paintings, and passages of Scripture are inscribed on the front of the house, the owner ranks at once among the aristocracy of the country. What an association of primitive happiness do these humble attributes and characteristics of Swiss scenery convey to the unambitious mind. Think of this, ye who regard palaces as symbols of true enjoyment! and ye who imprison yourselves in overgrown cities, and wear the silken fetters of wealth and pride! —an aristocrat of Lauterbrun eclipses all your splendour, and a poor Swiss cottager in his humble chalet, is richer than the wealthiest of you—for he is *content*.

PSALMODY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In my paper of the 22nd of August, on this subject, I promised to resume it on my next coming to London, which has been retarded by several causes.

In visiting the Churches of All Souls, and Trinity, the psalmody is by no means to be praised. It is chiefly by the charity children, the singing (or rather noise) is in their usual way, and which will go on to the end of time, unless by the permission of the clergy, some intelligent instructors are allowed to lead as in the Chapel of St. James, near Mornington Place, in the Hampstead Road. The author of the paper on Music, in your publication of the 6th of September, very fairly puts the question, "Why are not the English a musical people?" and he shows many of

the interrupting causes. It may happen, however, that by cultivating psalmody in our churches and chapels, considerable progress may be made. The young will be instructed, and the more advanced will *attend*, and we know the power of *attention* (the only quality in which Sir Isaac Newton could be persuaded to believe he had any one advantage in intellect over his fellow men.)

It is much to be regretted that the poetry in which our Episcopal Psalms and Hymns are sung, is confined to the versions of Sternhold and Hopkins, and of Tate and Brady. The poetry of Sternhold and Hopkins is in general uncouth with some few exceptions. Tate and Brady have made their versification somewhat more congenial with the modern improvements of our language; but each confines himself to the very literal language of the Old Testament; Sternhold and Hopkins in this respect have the advantage of their successors, Tate and Brady; for the translations of Sternhold and Hopkins are nearer to the original Hebrew.

The main object of my hope is, that the version of the Psalms now in use may be altered, or rather improved, in such a manner as to manifest their prophetic and typical relation to Christianity, to which in their present form so little reference is to be perceived by those "who should read as they run." A change or improvement in this respect would give a more enlivening interest in Psalmody. Dr. Watts has done this with great truth and effect, and the singing in the churches and chapels in which his version is in whole or in part introduced, proceeds with a more Christian spirit: and a vast improvement has sprung from this source, in the sacred music of those churches and chapels.

To illustrate this part of my paper, let me refer to the version employed in several of the new churches, and to the version of Dr. Watts, in the spiritual interpretation of the 4th Psalm. In the version first referred to, the words are—

> The place of ancient sacrifice
> Let *righteousness* supply,
> And let your hope securely fix'd
> On Him alone rely.

Now in this version it naturally occurs to inquire *what righteousness?* The high churchman will content himself that it is a literal translation; but the way-faring man sees nothing of the atoning righteousness of Christ in this translation; but which according to the 11th article of the Church of England, he reasonably looks for. Even the Unitarians refer to this and other parts of our translation of the Hebrew Psalms, as a justification of THEIR main principle of the unity alone in the godhead.

Dr. Watts, a genuine Christian, believing in the union of the Father, Son, and Spirit, and manifesting this pure faith to the end of a well-spent life, gives the Christian meaning of this righteousness, in his version of the 4th Psalm:

> Know that the Lord divides his Saints
> From all the tribes of men beside.
> He hears the cry of penitents
> For the dear sake of Christ who died.

Here the true typical and prophetic meaning of the Old Testament is given.

The version used by the English church in the 5th Psalm is subject to the same observation as on the 4th.

The church version is

> Thou in the morn shall hear my voice
> And with the dawn of day,
> To thee devoutly I look up,
> To thee devoutly pray.

Dr. Watts, who gives the Christian meaning of this Psalm, translates or paraphrases thus truly:—

> Lord in the morning thou shalt hear
> My voice ascending high,
> To thee will I direct my pray'r,
> To thee lift up mine eye.
> Up to the hills where Christ is gone
> *To plead for all his Saints,*
> Presenting at his father's throne,
> Our songs and our complaints.

Psalmody, or the singing of sacred music, conducted by such a gracious and animated sense of the revealed word of God, must naturally be performed, as it must be ardently felt, in a different spirit—and this truth we perceive daily verified; but while a considerable portion of our clergy not only are strict in confining the singing to the last *version*, or to parts of Sternhold, and even prescribe the very dull old *tunes* to be made use of, improvement in church music is not to be expected. I have before me a list of tunes, to which the organists of our churches and episcopal chapels are limited in their playing; and, what is singular, three of the chief clergymen of the churches confess they literally have no ear for music, and are utter strangers to what an *octave* means, and yet their *authority* decides.

It is not intended to enter into any polemical discussion, as controversy is not necessary to the improvement of psalmody; but less than has been stated would not have shown the advantage to be acquired by the use of a more Christian sense to those who rely on Christ as their Redeemer. We know, from experience, how agreeable it is to the

mind and senses to hear the praises to the Almighty sung by the proper rules of harmony, and with what spiritual animation the upright and sincere youth of both sexes unite in this delightful service.

With these views, I respectfully submit to the clergymen of the new churches to pursue the course which receives such universal approbation in St. James's Chapel, Mornington-place, Hampstead-road. The simplicity and effect must be strong motives to excite their attention, and I hope to witness its adoption. CHRISTIANUS.

THE THIEF.

(For the Mirror.)

I TELL with equal truth and grief,
That little C—'s an arrant thief,
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow,
And more—that whiteness to adorn,
She snatch'd the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the softness ether pours
On primrose buds in vernal show'rs.

There's no repeating all her wiles,
She stole the Graces' winning smiles;
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye;
She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,
And suck'd the cow's ambrosial breath;
The cherry steep'd in morning dew
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant spoils, a store
To which in time she added more;
At twelve she stole from Cyprus' Queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole *Juno's* dignity, and stole
From *Pallas* sense, to charm the soul;
She sung—amaz'd the Sirens heard
And to assert their voice appear'd.

She play'd, the Muses from their hill,
Marvell'd who thus had stole their skill;
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
Her next the beam that lights the day;
While *Jove* her pilferings to crown,
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own;
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art,
And t'other day she stole—my heart.

Cupid, if lovers are thy care,
Revenge thy votary on this fair;
Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

W. H. H.

SHAKSPEARE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

IN the Drama entitled *Shakspeare's Early Days*, the compliment which the poet is made to pay the queen: "That as at her birth she wept when all around was joy, so at her death she will smile while all around is grief," has been admired by the critics. In this jewel-stealing age, it is but just to restore the little brilliant to its owner. The following lines are in Sir William Jones's Life, translated by him from one of the Eastern poets, and are so exquisitely beautiful that I think they will be acceptable to some of your fair readers for their albums. T. B.

TO AN INFANT.

On parent's knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smil'd.
So live, that sinking to thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee —weep.

THE RUINED WELL.

(For the Mirror.)

The form of ages long gone by
Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering eye,
And wake the soul to musings high!

J. T. WALTER.

WHERE are the lights that shone of yo
Around this haunted spring?
Do they upon some distant shore
Their holy lustre fling?
It was not thus when pilgrims came
To hymn beneath the night,
And dimly gleam'd the censor's flame
When stars and streams were bright.

What art thou—since five hundred years
Have o'er thy waters roll'd;
Since clouds have wept their crystal tears
From skies of beaming gold?
Thy rills receive the tint of heaven,
Which erst illum'd thy shrine;
And sweetest birds their songs have given,
For music more divine.

Beside thee hath the maiden kept
Her vigils pale and lone;
While darkly have her ringlets swept
The chapel's sculptur'd stone;
And when the vesper-hymn was sung
Around the warrior's bier,
With cross and banner o'er him hung,
What splendour crown'd thee here!

But a cloud has fall'n upon thy fame!
The woodman laves his brow,
Where shrouded monks and vestals came
With many a sacred vow;
And bluely gleams thy sainted spring
Beneath the sunny tree;
Then let no heart its sadness bring,
When Nature is with thee.

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

A SIAMESE CHIEF hearing an Englishman expatiate upon the magnitude of our navy, and afterwards that England was at peace, cooly observed, "If you are at peace with all the world, why do you keep up so great a navy?"

The Sketch-Book.

WRECK ON A CORAL REEF.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I TAKE the liberty of transmitting you an authentic, though somewhat concise, narrative of the loss of the Hon. Company's regular ship, "Cabalva," (on the Cargados, Carajos, in the Indian Seas, in latitude 16° 45 s.) in July, 1818, no detailed account having hitherto appeared. The following was written by one of the surviving officers, in a letter to a friend. A CONSTANT READER.

The Hon. Company's ship, Cabalva, having struck on the Owers, in the English Channel, and from that circumstance, proving leaky, and manifesting great weakness in her frame, it was thought advisable to bear up for Bombay in order to dock the ship. Meeting with a severe gale of wind off the Cape, (in which we made twenty inches of water per hour,) we parted from our consort, and shaped a course for Bombay; but on the 7th of July, between four and five A. M. (the weather dark and cloudy) the ship going seven or eight knots, an alarm was given of breakers on the larboard bow; the helm was instantly put hard-a-port, and the head sheets let go; but before it could have the desired effect, she struck; the shock was so violent, that every person was instantly on deck, with horror and amazement depicted on their countenances. An effort was made to get the ship off, but it was immediately seen that all endeavours to save her must be useless; she soon became fixed, and the sea broke over her with tremendous force; stove in her weather side, making a clear passage—washed through the hatchways, tearing up the decks, and all that opposed its violence.

We were now uncertain of our distance from a place of safety; the surf burst over the vessel in a dreadful cascade, the crew despairing and clinging to her sides to avoid its violence, while the ship was breaking up with a rapidity and crashing noise, which added to the roaring of the breakers, drowned the voices of the officers. The masts were cut away to ease the ship, and the cutter cleared from the booms and launched from the lee-gunwale. When the long wished-for dawn at last broke on us, instead of alleviating, it rather added to, our distress. We found the ship had run on the south-easternmost extremity of a coral reef, surrounding on the eastern side those sand-banks or islands in the Indian ocean, called Cargados, Carajos: the nearest of these was about three miles distant, but not the least appearance of verdure could be discovered, or the slightest trace of anything on which we might hope to subsist. In two or three places some pyramidical rocks appeared above the rest like distant sails, and were repeatedly cheered as such by the crew, till it was soon perceived they had no motion, and the delusion vanished. The masts had fallen towards the reef, the ship having fortunately canted in that direction, and the boat was thereby protected in some measure from the surf. Our commander, whom a strong sense of misfortune had entirely deprived of mind so necessary on these occasions, was earnestly requested to get into the boat, but he would not, thinking her unsafe. He maintained his station on the mizen top-mast that lay among the wreck to leeward; the surf which was rushing round the bow and stern continually overwhelming him. I was myself close to him on the same spar, and in this situation we saw many of our shipmates meet an untimely end, being either dashed against the rocks or swept over by the breakers. The large cutter, full of officers and men, now cleared a passage through the mass of wreck, and being furnished with oars, watched the proper moment and pushed off for the reef, which she fortunately gained in safety; they were all washed out of her in an instant by a tremendous surf, yet out of more than sixty which it contained, only one man was drowned. Our captain seeing this, wished he had taken advice, which was now of no use. Finding I could not longer maintain myself on the same spar, and seeing the captain in a very exhausted state, I solicited him to return to the wreck, but he replied, that since we must all eventually perish, I should not think of his, but rather of my own preservation. An enormous breaker now burst on us with irresistible force, so that I scarcely noticed what occurred to him afterwards, being buried by successive seas. At length, after the most desperate efforts, I was thrown on the reef, half drowned and severely cut by the sharp coral, when I silently offered up thanks for my preservation, and crawling up the reef, waved my hand to encourage those who remained behind.

The captain, however, was not to be seen, and most of the others had returned to the wreck and were employed in getting the small cutter into the

water, which they accomplished, and safely reached the shore. About noon, when we had all left the ship, she was a perfect wreck. The whole of the upper works, from the after part of the forecastle to the break of the poop deck, had separated from her bottom about the upper futtock-heads, and was driving in towards the reef. Most of the lighter cargo had floated out of her. Bales of company's cloth, cases of wine, puncheons of spirits, barrels of gunpowder, hogsheads of beer, &c. lay strewed on the shore, together with a chest of tools. Finding the men beginning to commit the usual excesses, we stove in the heads of the spirit casks, to prevent mischief, and endeavoured to direct their attention to the general benefit. The tide was flowing fast, and we saw that the reef must soon be covered; we therefore conveyed the boats to a place of safety, and filling them with all the provisions that could be collected, proceeded to the highest sand-bank as the only place which held out the remotest chance of security. Our progress was attended with the most excruciating pain I ever endured, with feet cut to the bones by the rocks, and back blistered by the sun—exhausted with fatigue—up to the waist—sometimes to the neck in the water, and frequently obliged to swim. Seeing, however, that several had reached the highest sand-bank, lighted a fire, and were employed in erecting a tent from the cloth and small spars which had floated up, I felt my spirits revive, and had strength sufficient to reach the desired spot, when I was invited to partake of a shark which had just been caught by the people. Having set a watch to announce the approach of the sea, lest it should cover us unawares, I sunk exhausted on the sand, and fell into a sound sleep. I awoke in the morning stiff with the exertions of the former day, yet feeling grateful to Providence that I was still alive.

The people now collected together to ascertain who had perished, when sixteen were missing: the captain, surgeon's assistant, and fourteen of the crew. We divided the crew into parties, each headed by an officer; some were sent to the wreck and along the beach in search of provisions, others to roll up the hogsheads of beer, and butts of water that had floated on shore; but the greater number were employed in hauling the two cutters up, when the carpenters were directed to repair them.

By the time it was dark, we had collected about eighty pieces of salt pork, ten hogsheads of beer, three butts of water, several bottles of wine, and many articles of use and value; particularly three sextants and a quadrant, Floresburg's *Directory*, and *Hamilton Moore;* the latter were deemed inestimable. In course of time four live pigs, and five live sheep, came on shore through the surf.

We first began upon the dead stock, serving out two ounces to each, and half a pint of beer for the day. Nothing but brackish water could be obtained by digging in the sand. We collected all the provisions together near the tent, and formed a kind of storehouse, setting an officer to guard them from plunder, to which indeed some of the evil characters were disposed; but as they were threatened with instant death if detected, they were soon deterred. The second night was passed like the first, all being huddled together under one large tent; the more robust, however, soon began to build separate tents for themselves, and divided into messes, as on board. A staff was next erected, on which we hoisted a red flag, as a signal to any vessel which might be passing. Every morning, to each mess, was distributed the allowance of two ounces per man, and half a pint of beer; if they got any thing else, it was what they could catch by fishing, &c. Of fish, indeed, there was a great variety, but we had few facilities for catching them, so that upon the whole, we were no better than half-starved. The bank on which we lived, was in latitude 16° 45 s. and about two miles in circumference at low water; the high tides would sometimes leave us scarcely half a mile of sand, and often approached close to the tents; and if the wind had blown from the westward, or shifted only a few points, we must inevitably have been swept away, as an encampment of fishermen had been, a short time previous from the same spot; however, Providence was pleased to preserve us, one hundred and twenty in number, to return to our native country.

On the 13th the largest boat was repaired, and the officers thought it advisable to despatch her for relief to the Isle of France, distant about four hundred miles. The superior officers finding it impossible to leave the crew, dedicated the charge of her to the purser. We furnished him with two sextants, a navigation book, sails, oars, and log line. Six officers and eight men, who perfectly understood the management of the boat, joined him. He was directed to run

first into the latitude, and then bear up for the land. On the 17th he arrived at the Mauritius, and on the 20th returned by his Majesty's vessels, Magician and Challenger. On the 21st we were taken on board, after being sixteen days on this barren reef, suffering great distress in mind and body. We all received the most humane attention from the captains of his Majesty's vessels, and on the 28th, we reached the Mauritius whence I returned to England.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

SINGING OF PSALMS.

THIS has been a very ancient custom both among the Jews and Christians. St. Paul mentions this practice, which has continued in all succeeding ages, with some variations as to mode and circumstance; for so long as immediate inspiration lasted, the preacher, &c. frequently gave out a hymn; and when this ceased, proper portions of scripture were selected, or agreeable hymns thereto composed; but by the council of Laodicea, it was ordered that no private composition should be used in church; the council also ordered that the psalms should no longer be one continued service, but that proper lessons should be interposed to prevent the people being tired. At first the whole congregation bore a part, singing all together; afterwards the manner was altered, and they sung alternately, some repeating one verse, and some another. After the emperors became Christians, and persecution ceased, singing grew much more into use, so that not only in the churches but also in private houses, the ancient music not being quite lost, they diversified into various sorts of harmony, and altered into soft, strong, gay, sad, grave, or passionate, &c. Choice was always made of that which agreed with the majesty and purity of religion, avoiding soft and effeminate airs; in some churches they ordered the psalms to be pronounced with so small an alteration of voice, that it was little more than plain speaking, like the reading of psalms in our cathedrals, &c. at this day; but in process of time, instrumental music was introduced first amongst the Greeks.

Pope Gregory the Great refined upon the church music and made it more exact and harmonious; and that it might be general, he established singing schools at Rome, wherein persons were educated to be sent to the distant churches, and where it has remained ever since; only among the reformed there are various ways of performing, and even in the same church, particularly that of England, in which parish churches differ much from cathedrals; but most dissenters comply with this part of worship in some form or other.

HALBERT H.

SKIMINGTON RIDING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

HAVING noticed a description of an exhibition called "Skimington Riding," in the present volume of the MIRROR, and your correspondent being at a loss for the origin of such a title, allow me to observe, that it appears to me that it originated from a skimmer being always used (as I have heard from very good authority it is) as the leading instrument towards making the various sounds usual on such occasions. I think it, therefore, very probable it took its rise from the utensil skimmer, and would be more properly called Skimmerting Riding.

Dorset FELIX.

RECONCILIATION.

AT Lynn Regis, Norfolk, on every first Monday of the month, the mayor, aldermen, magistrates, and preachers, meet to hear and determine controversies between the inhabitants in an amicable manner, to prevent lawsuits. This custom was first established in 1583, and is called the Feast of Reconciliation.

HALBERT H.

ANCIENT SUPERSTITION RESPECTING FELLING OAKS.

IN the *Magna Britannia*, the author in his *Account of the Hundred of Croydon*, says, "Our historians take notice of two things in this parish, which may not be convenient to us to omit, viz. a great wood called Norwood, belonging to the archbishops, wherein was anciently a tree called the vicar's oak, where four parishes met, as it were in a point. It is said to have consisted wholly of oaks, and among them was one that bore mistletoe, which some persons were so hardy as to cut for the gain of selling it to the apothecaries of London, leaving a branch of it to sprout out; but they proved unfortunate after it, for one of them fell lame, and others lost an eye. At length in the year 1678, a certain man, notwithstanding he was warned against it, upon the account of what the others had suffered, adventured to cut the tree down, and he soon after broke his leg. To fell oaks hath

long been counted fatal, and such as believe it produce the instance of the Earl of Winchelsea, who having felled a curious grove of oaks, soon after found his countess dead in her bed suddenly, and his eldest son, the Lord Maidstone, was killed at sea by a cannon ball." P. T. W.

THE MODERN GREEKS

HAVE preserved dances in honour of Flora. The wives and maidens of the village gather and scatter flowers, and bedeck themselves from head to foot. She who leads the dance, more ornamented than the others, represents Flora and the Spring, whose return the hymn they sing announces; one of them sings—

"Welcome sweet nymph,
Goddess of the month of May."

In the Grecian villages, and among the Bulgarians, they still observe the feast of Ceres. When harvest is almost ripe, they go dancing to the sound of the lyre, and visit the fields, whence they return with their heads ornamented with wheat ears, interwoven with the hair. Embroidering is the occupation of the Grecian women; to the Greeks we owe this art, which is exceedingly ancient among them, and has been carried to the highest degree of perfection. Enter the chamber of a Grecian girl, and you will see blinds at the window, and no other furniture than a sofa, and a chest inlaid with ivory, in which are kept silk, needles, and articles for embroidery. Apologues, tales, and romances, owe their origin to Greece. The modern Greeks love tales and fables, and have received them from the Orientals and Arabs, with as much eagerness as they formerly adopted them from the Egyptians. The old women love always to relate, and the young pique themselves on repeating those they have learnt, or can make, from such incidents as happen within their knowledge. The Greeks at present have no fixed time for the celebration of marriages, like the ancients; among whom the ceremony was performed in the month of January. Formerly the bride was bought by real services done to the father; which was afterwards reduced to presents, and to this time the custom is continued, though the presents are arbitrary. The man is not obliged to purchase the woman he marries, but, on the contrary, receives a portion with her equal to her condition. It is on the famous shield of Achilles that Homer has described a marriage procession—

Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance and hymeneal rite.
Along the streets the new made bride is led,
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed;
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft lute and cittern's silver sound,
Through the fair streets the matrons in a row,
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.
POPE.

The same pomp, procession, and music, are still in use. Dancers, musicians, and singers, who chant the Epithalamium, go before the bride; loaded with ornaments, her eyes downcast, and herself sustained by women, or two near relations, she walks extremely slow. Formerly the bride wore a red or yellow veil. The Arminians do so still; this was to hide the blush of modesty, the embarrassment, and the tears of the young virgin. The bright torch of Hymen is not forgotten among the modern Greeks. It is carried before the new married couple into the nuptial chamber, where it burns till it is consumed, and it would be an ill omen were it by any accident extinguished, wherefore it is watched with as much care as of old was the sacred fire of the vestals. Arrived at the church, the bride and bridegroom each wear a crown, which, during the ceremony, the priest changes, by giving the crown of the bridegroom to the bride, and that of the bride to the bridegroom, which custom is also derived from the ancients.

I must not forget an essential ceremony which the Greeks have preserved, which is the cup of wine given to the bridegroom as a token of adoption; it was the symbol of contract and alliance. The bride drank from the same cup, which afterwards passed round to the relations and guests. They dance and sing all night, but the companions of the bride are excluded—they feast among themselves in separate apartments, far from the tumult of the nuptials. The modern Greeks, like the ancient, on the nuptial day, decorate their doors with green branches and garlands of flowers. W. G. C.

THE KING'S COCK CROWER.

AMONG the customs which formerly prevailed in this country during the season of Lent, was the following:—An officer denominated the King's Cock Crower, crowed the hour each night, within the precincts of the palace, instead of proclaiming it in the manner of the late watchmen. This absurd ceremony did not fall into disuse till the reign of George I. C. J. T.

HERRINGS.

YARMOUTH is bound by its charter, to send to the Sheriffs of Norwich a tribute of one hundred herrings, baked in twenty-four pasties, which they ought to deliver to the Lord of the Manor of East Charlton, and he is obliged to present them to the King wherever he is. Is not this a dainty dish to set before the King?

CURING A SCOLD.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LINE was once famous for a peculiar method of taming shrews: this was by putting a bridle into the scold's mouth, in such a manner as quite to deprive her of speech for the time, and so leading her about the town till she made signs of her intention to keep her tongue in better discipline for the future.

HALBERT H.

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

PICTURE OF SHEFFIELD.

Sir Richard Phillips's Personal Tour, Part III.

OUR extracts from the previous portion of this work, have forcibly illustrated the striking originality of its style, and the interesting character of its information.

The present Part concludes Newstead, and includes Mansfield, Chesterfield, Dronfield, Sheffield, Rotherham, and Barnsley; and from it we extract the following facts, which almost form a *picture of Sheffield.**

"The drive from Dronfield to Sheffield is pleasant and picturesque. It is the dawn of a region of high hills, a fine range of which stretch westward into Derbyshire, while on every side there are lofty eminences and deep valleys. Sheffield opens magnificently on the right, and its villas and ornamented suburbs stretch full two miles on the eminences to the left. At two or three miles from Sheffield, the western suburbs display a rich and pleasing variety of villas and country-houses. On the left, the Dore-moors, a ridge of barren hills, stretch to an indefinite distance: and on the right, some high hills skreen from sight the town of Sheffield. At a mile distant, the view to the right opens, and from a rise in the road is beheld the fine amphitheatre of Sheffield; the sun displaying its entire extent, and the town being surmounted by fine hills in the rear. The wind carried the smoke to the east of the town, and the sun in the meridian presented as fine a *coup d'œil* as can be conceived. The approach was by a broad and well-built street, the population were in activity, and I entered a celebrated place with many agreeable expectations.

"Sheffield is within the bounds of Yorkshire, but on the verge of Derbyshire, and was the most remarkable place and society of human beings which I had yet seen. It stands in one of the most picturesque situations that can be imagined, originally at the south end of a valley surrounded by high hills, but now extended around the western hill; the first as a compact town, and the latter as scattered villas and houses on the same hill, to the distance of two miles from the ancient site. It is connected with London by Nottingham and Derby, and distant from Leeds 33 miles, and York 54 miles. Its foundation was at the junction of two rivers, the Sheaf and the Don; in the angle formed by which once stood the Castle, built by the Barons Furnival, Lords of Hallamshire; but subsequently in the tenure of the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury. Three or four miles from this Castle, on the western hill, stood the Saxon town of *Hallam*, said to have been destroyed by the Norman invaders, on account of their gallant opposition.

"The town was originally a mere village, dependant on the Castle; but its mineral and subterranean wealth led the early inhabitants to become manufacturers of edged tools, of which arrow heads, spear heads, &c. are presumed to have been a considerable part; a bundle of arrows being at this day in the town arms, and cross arrows the badge of the ancient Cutlers' Company of Sheffield.

"The exhaustless coal seams and ironstone beds in the vicinity, combined with the ingenuity of the people, conferred early fame on their products; for Chaucer, in alluding to a knife, calls it "a Sheffield thwittel," — whittle being among the manufacturers at this day the name of a common kind of knife.

* The utility of such a *Tour* as the present is greater than may appear at first sight. Londoners are so absorbed with the wealth and importance of their own city, as to form but very erroneous notions of the extent and consequence of the large towns of the empire—as Liverpool, Manchester, &c.; and those who live in small country towns are as far removed from opportunities of improvement. The *social economy* of different districts is therefore important to both parties.

The increasing demand for articles of cutlery, and their multiplied variety have gradually enlarged the population of Sheffield to 42,157 in 1821; since which it has considerably increased, and may, in 1829, be estimated at 50,000. In 1821, it contained 8,726 houses, and perhaps 500 have been built since, chiefly villas to the westward, while the compact town is about one mile by half a mile. The principal streets are well built, and there are three old churches, and two new ones lately finished, besides another now building.

"Sheffield presents at this time the extraordinary spectacle of an immense town expanded from a village, without any additional arrangements for its government beyond what it originally possessed as a village. There is no corporation, not even a resident magistrate, and yet all live in peace, decorum, and advantageous mutual intercourse."

Religion.

"Order is a moral result of religion in Sheffield. No town in the kingdom more universally exhibits the external forms of devotion, and in none are there perhaps a greater number of serious devotees. The largest erections in Sheffield are those for the service of religion, and they are numerous. Besides six old and new churches, adapted to accommodate from 10,000 to 12,000 persons, there are seventeen chapels for the various denominations of Dissenters, capable of affording sitting room for 12,000 or 15,000 more. Except the Unitarian Chapel, and perhaps the Catholic one, the doctrines preached in all the others, are what, in London, and at Oxford and Cambridge, would generally be called *Ultra*.

"A spectacle highly characteristic of Sheffield, and exemplifying, at the same time the harmony of the several sects, is the juxtaposition of four several chapels, observable on one side of a main street; while nearly adjoining is the church of St. Paul. There are thus every Sunday, in simultaneous local devotion, the ceremonial Catholics, the moral Unitarians, the metaphysical Calvinists, the serious disciples of John Wesley, and the spiritual members of the establishment.

"The whole of the places of worship afford accommodation for about 12,000 Methodists and Dissenters, and about 9,500 of the Church Establishment. So that, if half go twice a day, and half once, 30,000 of the 50,000 inhabitants attend places of worship every Sunday."

Public Institutions.

"There are the following institutions for the promotion of knowledge and science:—

"1. A Permanent Library supported by the subscriptions of 270 members at one guinea each, and four guineas admission. The books are numerous; but, contrary to the practice of other similar institutions, books of Theology, and the trash of modern Novels, are introduced.

"2. A Literary and Philosophical Society for lectures, and the purchase of apparatus, now very complete, supported by 80 proprietors, at two guineas, besides a still greater number of subscribers at one guinea per annum.

"3. Two News-rooms, in which the London and Provincial papers may be read.

"4. A Public Concert, supported by subscriptions, which amount to £700 per annum, and of which Mr. Fritch, from Derby, is the present leader.

"5. A Subscription Assembly held through the winter, but ill supported.

"6. A Shakspeare Club, for sustaining the drama, consisting of 80 members, who subscribe a guinea per annum, once a-year bespeak a play, and partake of a dinner, to which the sons of Thespis are invited.

"7. An Infirmary on a large scale, and munificently supported.

"8. Two Schools, in which sixty boys and sixty girls are clothed, fed, and educated.

"9. A Lancasterian and a National School well supported, and numerously attended.

"10. Sunday Schools attached to the twenty-three congregations, besides others.

"11. A Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor, in much activity.

"12. Dorcas' Societies, connected with the churches and chapels, to assist poor married women during child-birth.

"13. A Bible Society on the usual plan.

"14. Two Medical and Anatomical Schools.

"15. A thriving Mechanics' Library.

"Several of these institutions rendezvous in a spacious building called the Music Hall. The concerts are given in the upper room, a suitable saloon; and beneath are the Subscription Library, the Commercial News-room, and the Museum of the Literary and Philosophical Society."

Manufactures.

"The staple manufactures of Sheffield embrace the metallic arts in all their varieties. The chief articles are sharp instruments, as knives, scissors, razors, saws, and edge-tools of various kinds, and to these may be added, files and plated goods to a great extent, besides stove-grates and fenders of exquisite beauty. It is altogether performed by hand, therefore the fabrication may always be rendered correspondent with the demand, and may be arrested when the demand ceases. This confers a definite advantage on the manufactory, not enjoyed by other trades which operate in the large way. The result is mediocrity of wealth, and little ruinous speculation. At the same time, the sanguine expectations of manufacturers often lead them to overstock themselves, and as the demand has been, so they expect it always to be.

"Sheffield employs about 15,000 persons in its various branches, and of these full one-third are engaged on knives and forks, pocket-knives, razors, and scissors. The rest are engaged in the plated trades, in saws, files, and some fancy trades. The following is an exact enumeration of the hands employed in the various departments two or three years since:—

On table-knives	2,240
On spring-knives	2,190
On razors	478
On scissors	806
On files	1,284
On saws	400
On edge-tools	541
On forks	480
In the country	130
In the plated trade nearly	2,000
About ..	10,549

Besides those who are employed in Britannia-metal ware, smelting, optical instruments, grinding, polishing, &c. &c., making full 5,000 more.

"There are full 1,700 forges engaged in the various branches of the trades, and of course as many fires, fixing oxygen to make their heat, and evolving the undecomposed carbon in active volumes of steam and smoke.

"The place is usually described as smoky, but I thought it less so than the central parts of London. The manufactures, for the most part, are carried on in an unostentatious way, in small scattered shops, and no where make the noise and bustle of a single great iron works. Compared with them Sheffield is a seat of elegant arts, nevertheless compared with the cotton and silk trades, it must be regarded as dirty and smoky.

"The steel and plated manufactures require much taste, and in some cases make a great display. Hence there were exhibitions of elegant products, not exceeded in the *Palais Royal*, or any other place abroad, and superior to any of the cutlers' shops in London. All that the lustre of steel ware and silver plate can produce, is, in Sheffield, exhibited in splendid arrangement, in the warerooms of some of the principal manufacturers. In particular Messrs. J. Rodgers and Sons, cutlers to his Majesty, display in a magnificent saloon, all the multiplied elegant products of their own most ingenious manufactory.

"As proofs of their power of manufacturing, Messrs. Rodgers have, in their show-rooms the most extraordinary products of highly finished manufacture which are to be seen in the world. Among them are the following:—

"1. An arrangement in a Maltese cross about 18 inches high, and 10 inches broad, which developes 1,821 blades and different instruments; worthy of a royal cabinet, but in the best situation in the place which produced it.

"2. A knife which unfolds 200 blades for various purposes, matchless in workmanship, and a wonderful display of ingenuity. Its counterpart was presented to the King; and that in possession of Messrs. Rodgers, is offered at 200 guineas, and is worthy of some imperial cabinet.

"3. A knife containing 75 blades, not a mere curiosity, but a package of instruments of real utility in the compass of a knife 4 inches long, 3 inches high, and 1¼ inches broad. It is valued at 50 guineas.

"4. A miniature knife, enfolding 75 articles, which weigh but 7 dwts., exquisitely wrought and valued at 50 guineas.

"5. A common quill, containing 24 dozen of scissors, perfect in form, and made of polished steel.

"These are kept as trophies of skill, in the perfect execution of which, the manufacturer considers that he displays his power of producing any useful articles of which the Sheffield manufacture consists. Mr. Rodgers obligingly conducted me through his various workshops, and I discovered that the perfection of the Sheffield manufacture arises from the judicious division of labour. I saw knives, razors, &c. &c., produced in a few minutes from the raw material.

I saw dinner knives made from the steel bar and all the process of hammering it into form, welding the tang of the handle to the steel of the blade, hardening the metal by cooling it in water and tempering it by de-carbonizing it in the fire with a rapidity and facility that were astonishing.

"The number of hands through which a common table knife passes in its formation is worthy of being known to all who use them. The bar steel is heated in the forge by *the maker*, and he and *the striker* reduce it in a few minutes into the shape of a knife. He then heats a bar of iron and welds it to the steel so as to form the tang of the blade which goes into the handle. All this is done with the simplest tools and contrivances. A few strokes of the hammer in connexion with some trifling moulds and measures, attached to the anvil, perfect, in two or three minutes the blade and its tang or shank. Two men, the maker and striker, produce about nine blades in an hour, or seven dozen and a half per day.

"The rough blade thus produced then passes through the hands of *the filer*, who files the blade into form by means of a pattern in hard steel. It then goes to the hafters to be hafted in ivory, horn, &c. as may be required; it next proceeds to the finisher, to Mr. Rodgers for examination, and is then packed for sale or exportation. In this progression every table-knife, pocket-knife, or penknife, passes step by step, through no less than sixteen hands, involving in the language of Mr. Rodgers, at least 144 separate stages of workmanship in the production of a single pen-knife. The prices vary from 2*s.* 6*d.* per dozen knives and forks, to £10.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FUN.

MONOSYLLABLES are always expressive, but seldom more comprehensive than in this instance. A thousand recollections of urchin waggeries spring up at its repetition. Our present example is "*Skying a Copper*," from Mr. Hood's *Comic Annual*, of which a copious notice will be found in the SUPPLEMENT published with the present number.

A REPORT FROM BELOW!

"Blow high, blow low."—*Sea Song.*

As Mister B. and Mrs. B.
One night were sitting down to tea,
With toast and muffins hot—
They heard a loud and sudden bounce,
That made the very china flounce,
They could not for a time pronounce
If they were safe or shot—

For memory brought a deed to match
At Deptford done by night—
Before one eye appear'd a Patch
In t'other eye a Blight!

To be belabour'd out of life,
Without some small attempt at strife,
Our nature will not grovel;
One impulse mov'd both man and dame,
He seized the tongs—she did the same,
Leaving the ruffian, if he came,
The poker and the shovel.
Suppose the couple standing so,
When rushing footsteps from below
Made pulses fast and fervent;
And first burst in the frantic cat,
All steaming like a brewer's rat,
And then—as white as my cravat—
Poor Mary May, the servant!

Lord how the couple's teeth did chatter,
Master and Mistress both flew at her.
"Speak! Fire? or Murder? What's the matter?"
Till Mary getting breath,
Upon her tale began to touch
With rapid tongue, full trotting, such
As if she thought she had too much
To tell before her death:—
"We was both, Ma'am, in the wash-house,
Ma'am, a-standing at our tubs,
And Mrs. Round was seconding what little things I rubs;
'Mary,' says she to me, 'I say'—and there she stops for coughin.
'That dratted copper flue has took to smokin very often,
But please the pigs,'—for that's her way of swearing in a passion,
'I'll blow it up, and not be set a coughin in this fashion!'
Well down she takes my master's horn—I mean his horn for loading.
And empties every grain alive for to set the flue explo-ding.
'Lawk, Mrs. Round?' says I, and stares, 'that quantum is unproper,
I'm sartin sure it can't not take a pound to sky a copper;
You'll powder both our heads off, so I tells you, with its puff,
But she only dried her fingers, and she takes a pinch of snuff.'
Well, when the pinch is over—'Teach your Grandmother to suck.
A powder horn,' says she—Well, says I, I wish you luck.
Them words sets up her back, so with her hands upon her hips,
'Come,' says she, quite in a huff, 'come keep your tongue inside your lips;
Afore ever you was born, I was well used to things like these;
I shall put it in the grate, and let it burn up by degrees.'
So in it goes, and Bounce—O Lord! it gives us such a rattle,
I thought we both were cannonized, like Sogers in a battle!
Up goes the copper like a squib, and us on both our backs,
And bless the tubs, they bundled off, and split all into cracks
Well, there I fainted dead away, and might have been cut shorter,
But Providence was kind, and brought me to with scalding water
I first looks round for Mrs. Round, and sees her at a distance,
As stiff as starch, and looked as dead as any thing in existence;
All scorched and grimed, and more than that, I sees the copper slap
Right on her head, for all the world like a percussion copper cap.
Well, I crooks her little fingers, and crumps them well up together,
As humanity pints out, and burnt her nostrums with a feather;

But for all as I can do, to restore her to her mortality,
She never gives a sign of a return to sensuality.
Thinks I, well there she lies, as dead as my own late departed mother,
Well, she'll wash no more in this world, whatever she does in t'other.
So I gives myself to scramble up the linens for a minute,
Lawk, sich a shirt! thinks I, it's well my master wasn't in it;
Oh! I never, never, never, never, never, see a sight so shockin;
Here lays a leg, and there a leg—I mean, you know, a stockin—
Bodies all slit and torn to rags, and many a tattered skirt,
And arms burnt off and sides and backs all scotched and black with dirt;
But as nobody was in 'em—none but—nobody was hurt!
Well, there I am, a-scrambling up the things, all in a lump,
When, mercy on us! such a groan as makes my heart to jump.
And there she is, a-lying with a crazy sort of eye,
A-staring at the wash-house roof, laid open to the sky:
Then she beckons with a finger, and so down to her I reaches,
And puts my ear agin her mouth to hear her dying speeches,
For, poor soul! she has a husband and young orphans, as I knew:
Well, Ma'am, you won't believe it, but it's Gospel fact and true,
But these words is all she whispered—'Why, where *is* the powder blew?'"

The Naturalist.

MODE OF DESTROYING EAGLES.

In those parts of the Highlands of Scotland where eagles are numerous, and where they commit great ravages among the young lambs, the following methods are used for destroying them:—When the nest happens to be in a place situated in the direction of a perpendicular from the edge of a cliff above, a bundle of dry heath or grass inclosing a burning peat is let down into it. In other cases, a person is let down by means of a rope, which is held above by four or five men, and contrives to destroy the eggs or young. The person who thus descends takes a large stick with him, to beat off or intimidate the old eagles. The latter, however, always keep at a respectable distance, for powerful as they are, they possess little of the courage which has in all ages been attributed to them, being in this respect much inferior to the domestic cock, the raven, the sea-swallow, and a hundred other birds. Sometimes eagles have their nests in places accessible without a rope, and instances are known of persons frequenting these nests, for the purpose of carrying off the prey which the eagles carry to their young. A very prevalent method by which eagles are destroyed, is the following:—In a place not far from a nest, or a rock in which eagles repose at night, or on the face of a hill which they are frequently observed to scour in search of prey, a pit is dug to the depth of a few feet, of sufficient size to admit a man with ease. The pit is then covered over with sticks, and pieces of turf, the latter not cut from the vicinity, eagles, like other cowards, being extremely wary and suspicious. A small hole is formed at one end of this pit, through which projects the muzzle of a gun, while at the other is left an opening large enough to admit a featherless biped, who on getting in pulls after him a bundle of heath of sufficient size to close it. A carcass of a sheep or dog, or a fish or fowl, being previously without at the distance of from twelve to twenty yards, the lyer-in-wait watches patiently for the descent of the eagle, and, the moment it has fairly settled upon the carrion, fires. In this manner, multitudes of eagles are yearly destroyed in Scotland. The head, claws, and quills, are kept by the shepherds, to be presented to the factor at Martinmas or Whitsunday, for the premium of from half-a-crown to five shillings which is usually awarded on such occasions.—*Edinburgh Literary Gazette.*

THE PIED OYSTER CATCHER.

This separate and single genus of birds is seldom seen amongst the numerous descriptions of wild fowl, which, in the winter seasons, wing their flight to our marshes. The most striking part of the Oyster-catcher is its bill, the colour of which is scarlet, measuring in length nearly four inches, wide at the nostrils, and grooved beyond them nearly half its length: thence to the tip it is vertically compressed on the sides, and ends obtusely. With this instrument, which in its shape and structure is peculiar to this bird, it easily disengages the limpets from the rocks, and plucks out the oysters from their half-opened shells, on which it feeds, as well as on other shell-fish, sea-worms, and insects.

W. G. C.

BUTTERFLIES.

The splendid appearance of the plumage of tropical birds is not superior to what the curious observer may discover in a variety of Lepidóptera; and those many-coloured eyes, which deck so gorgeously the peacock's tail, are imitated with success in Vanéssa *Io*, one of our most common butterflies. "See," exclaims the illustrious Linnæus, "the large, elegant, painted wings of the but-

terfly, four in number, covered with small imbricated scales; with these it sustains itself in the air the whole day, rivalling the flight of birds, and the brilliancy of the peacock. Consider this insect through the wonderful progress of its life, how different is the first period of its being from the second, and both from the parent insect. Its changes are an inexplicable enigma to us: we see a green caterpillar, furnished with sixteen feet, creeping, hairy, and feeding upon the leaves of a plant; this is changed into chrysalis, smooth, of a golden lustre, hanging suspended to a fixed point, without feet, and subsisting without food; this insect again undergoes another transformation, acquires wings and six feet, and becomes a variegated white butterfly, living by suction upon the honey of plants. What has nature produced more worthy of our admiration? Such an animal coming upon the stage of the world, and playing its part there under so many different masks! In the egg of the *Papilio*, the epidermis or external integument falling off, a caterpillar is disclosed; the second epidermis drying, and being detached, it is a chrysalis; and the third, a butterfly. It should seem that the ancients were so struck with the transformations of the butterfly, and its revival from a seeming temporary death, as to have considered it an emblem of the soul, the Greek word *psyche* signifying both the soul and a butterfly. This is also confirmed by their allegorical sculptures, in which the butterfly occurs as an emblem of immortality." Swammerdam, speaking of the metamorphosis of insects, uses these strong words: "This process is formed in so remarkable a manner in butterflies, that we see therein the resurrection painted before our eyes, and exemplified so as to be examined by our hands." "There is no one," says Paley, "who does not possess some particular train of thought, to which the mind naturally directs itself, when left entirely to its own operations. It is certain too, that the choice of this train of thinking may be directed to different ends, and may appear to be more or less judiciously fixed, but in a *moral view*, if one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards phenomena of nature with a constant reference to a supreme intelligent Author. The works of nature want only to be contemplated. In every portion of them which we can decry, we find attention bestowed upon the minuter objects. Every organized natural body, in the provisions which it contains for its sustentation and propagation, testifies a care, on the part of the Creator, expressly directed to these purposes. We are on all sides surrounded by bodies wonderfully curious, and no less wonderfully diversified." Trifling, therefore, and, perhaps, contemptible, as to the unthinking may seem the study of a butterfly, yet, when we consider the art and mechanism displayed in so minute a structure, the fluids circulating in vessels so small as almost to escape the sight, the beauty of the wings and covering, and the manner in which each part is adapted for its peculiar functions, we cannot but be struck with wonder and admiration, and must feel convinced that the maker of all has bestowed equal skill in every class of animated beings; and also allow with Paley, that "the production of beauty was as much in the Creator's mind in painting a butterfly, as in giving symmetry to the human form."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LADY MORGAN'S EGOTISM.

We know, and posterity will say the same, that there was never such a paragon as her ladyship; that her house in Kildare-street, Dublin, will be to future ages, what Shakspeare's house in Henley-street, Stratford-upon-Avon, is now; that pilgrims from all corners of the civilized globe will pay their devotions at her shrine; and that the name of Morgan will be remembered long after the language in which she has immortalized it has ceased to be a living tongue. We are not the persons to deny this; for we are but too proud of being able to call ourselves her contemporary; but we do dislike (and her ladyship will, forgive us for saying so)—we do dislike the seeming vanity of proclaiming this herself. She *is* a very great woman; an extraordinary woman; an Irish prodigy; popes and emperors *have* trembled before her; all Europe, all Asia, all America, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, ring with her praises; there never has been such "a jewel of a woman," as her own countrymen would say. She knows this, and we know it; and "our husband" knows it; every body knows it; then why need she tell us so a hundred times over in her "Book of the Boudoir?"

There is another little circumstance which we would take the liberty of mentioning. It is, that she is much too scrupulous, much too delicate in naming

individuals, *unless they happen to be dead.* When she mentions a civil thing said to her by a prince, a duke, or a marquess, we never get at the *person.* It is always the Prince of A—, or the Duke of B—, or the Marquess of C—, or Count D—, or Lady E—, or the Marchioness of F—, or the Countess of G—, or Lord H—, or Sir George I—, and so on through the alphabet. Now we say again, that *we* have no doubt all these are the initials of real persons, and that her ladyship is as familiar with the blood royal and the aristocracy of Europe, as "maids of fifteen are with puppy-dogs;" but the world, my dear Lady Morgan—an ill-natured, sour, cynical, and suspicious world, envious of your glory, will be apt to call it all fudge, blarney, or *blatherum-skite,* as they say in your country; especially when it is observed that you *always* give the names of the illustrious *dead,* with whom you have been upon equally familiar terms of intimacy, at *full length;* as if you knew that dead people tell *no* tales; and that therefore you might tell *any* tales you like about dead people. We put it to your own good sense, my dear Lady Morgan, as the Duke of X— would call you, whether this remarkable difference in mentioning living characters, and those who are no longer living, does not look equivocal? For you know, my dear Lady Morgan, that Prince R— and Princess W—, by standing for any body, mean nobody.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

CURE FOR SUPERSTITION.

We find the following curious anecdote translated from a German work, in the last *Foreign Quarterly Review*:—

A poor protestant who had fallen from his horse and done himself some serious injury which had obviously ended in derangement, came to a Catholic priest, declaring that he was possessed, and telling a story of almost dramatic interest. In his sickness he had consulted a quack doctor, who told him that he could cure him by charms. He wrote strange signs on little fragments of paper, some of which were to be worn, some to be eaten in bread and drunk in wine. These the poor madman fancied afterwards were charms by which he had unknowingly sold himself to the devil. The doctor, he fancied, had done so before, and could only redeem his own soul by putting another in the power of Satan. "I know that this is my condition," said the poor madman, "by all I have seen and heard, by all I have suffered, by the change which has taken place in me, which has at length brought me to my present condition. All I cannot reveal; the little I can and dare tell must convince you. Often has my tormentor pent me up in the stove, and let me lie among the burning brands through the live long night. Then I hear him in my torment talking loud, I know not what, over my head. All prayer he forbids me, and he makes me tell whether I would give all I have or my soul for my cure. Then he speaks to me of the Bible; but he falsifies all he tells me of, or he tells me of some new-born king or queen in the kingdom of God. I cannot go to church; I cannot pray; I cannot think a good thought; I see sights of horror ever before me, which fill me with unutterable fear, and I know not what is rest; my one only thought is how soon the devil will come to claim his wretched victim and carry me to the place of torment." The poor creature had a belief that a Roman Catholic priest had the power of exorcism. The priest was most kind to the poor maniac, and tried to convince him of the power and goodness of God, and his love to his creatures. It need not be said that this was talking to the wind. In fine, he said, "Well, I will rid you of your tormentor. He shall have to do with me, and not with you, in future." This promise had the desired effect; and the priest followed it up by advising the maniac to go to a good physician, to avoid solitude, to work hard, to read his Bible, and remember the comfortable declarations of which he had been just reminded, and if he was in any doubt or anxiety, to go to his parish minister.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

ADDISON.

A CERTAIN author was introduced one day by a friend to Mr. Addison, who requested him at the same time to peruse and correct a copy of English verses. Addison took the verses and found them afterwards very stupid. Observing that above twelve lines from Homer were prefixed to them, by way of motto, he only erased the Greek lines, without making any amendment in the poem, and returned it. The author, seeing this, desired his friend who had introduced him to inquire of Mr. Addison the reason of his doing so. "Whilst the statues of Caligula," said he, "were all of a piece, they were litt regarded by

the people, but when he fixed the heads of gods upon unworthy shoulders, he profaned them, and made himself ridiculous. I, therefore, made no more conscience to separate Homer's verses from this poem, than the thief did who stole the silver head from the brazen body in Westminster Abbey.*

A FURIOUS wife, like a musket, may do a great deal of execution in her house, but then she makes a great noise in it at the same time. A mild wife, will, like an air-gun, act with as much power without being heard.

L—w—R M.

ST. MARTIN'S LITTLE SUMMER.

IN *Time's Telescope* for 1825, we are told that the few fine days which sometimes occur about the beginning of November have been denominated, "St. Martin's Little Summer." To this Shakspeare alludes in the first part of *King Henry the Fourth* (Act. 1, Scene 2), where *Prince Henry* says to *Falstaff*,

"Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallowen summer!" And in the first part of *King Henry the Sixth*, (Act 1, Scene 2), *Joan La Pucelle* says,

"Assign'd am I to be the English scourge—
"This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
"Expect St. Martin's Summer, halcyon days,
"Since I have entered into these wars." W. G. C.

SCRAPS.

(For the Mirror.)

M. F. CUVIER has found that all marshy countries are remarkable for the small number of births in autumn, or the period when the influence of the marshes is most dangerous. Consequently, the marshes do not diminish the population by adding to the number of deaths alone, but by attacking the *fecundity*.

IN Guiana balls are made of caoutchouc, for children to play with; and so elastic are they, that they will rebound several times between the ceiling and floor of a room, when thrown with some force.

IN turtles' eggs, the yolk soon becomes hard on boiling, whilst the white remains liquid: a fact in direct opposition to the changes in boiling the eggs of birds.

* In Henry the Seventh's chapel.

WHEAT.

THERE are 330 varieties and sub-varieties of wheat said to be growing in Britain, perhaps scarcely a dozen of which are generally known to farmers.

DUTCH BUTTER

Is made with cream alone, and is best preserved in casks or tubs, with a pickle made of salt, which is removed from time to time.

SIAMESE COMMANDMENTS.

THE moral precepts of the Siamese are comprised in the following Ten Commandments:—

1. Do not slay animals.
2. Do not steal.
3. Do not commit adultery.
4. Do not tell lies nor backbite.
5. Do not drink wine.*
6. Do not eat after twelve o'clock.
7. Do not frequent plays or public spectacles, nor listen to music.
8. Do not use perfumes, nor wear flowers, or other personal ornaments.
9. Do not sleep or recline upon a couch that is above one cubit high.
10. Do not borrow, nor be in debt.

KINGS AND CALIPHS.

DON SANCHO, second son of Alphonso, King of Castile, being at Rome, was proclaimed King of Egypt by the Pope. The air was instantly rent with applause, and Sancho, not knowing the language, asked what it meant of his interpreter. "Sire," said he, "the Pope has created you King of Egypt."—"Has he so?" replied Don Sancho, "well, I do not like to be ungrateful, rise and proclaim the holy father Caliph of Bagdad."

LEFT-HANDED.

A PRISONER in the bar of the Mayor's Court, on being called on to plead to an indictment for larceny, was told by the clerk to hold up his right hand. The man immediately held up his left hand; "hold up your right hand," said the clerk.—"Plase your honour," still keeping his left hand up, "plase your honour, I am left handed."

* The punishment for drinking wine is to have a stream of melted copper poured down the throat; but wine is drunk, and all classes feed upon flesh.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD 143, Strand, (near Somerset House, London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 426, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 404.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1829. [Price 2*d.*

The Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

In the present *abnanack season*, as it is technically called, the above illustration of our pages may not be inappropriate or ill-timed, inasmuch as it represents the spot whence all English astronomers make their calculations.

The Observatory was built by Charles II., in the year 1675—probably, observes a recent writer, "with no better motive than to imitate Louis XIV.," who had just completed the erection and endowment of an observatory at Paris. The English Observatory was fortunately placed under the direction of the celebrated Flamstead, whose name the hill, or site of the building, still retains. He was appointed astronomer-royal in 1676; but Charles (as in the case of the curious dial at Whitehall, described by us a few weeks since*), neglected to complete what he had so well begun: and Flamstead entered upon the duties of his appointment with instruments principally provided *at his own expense*, and that of a zealous patron of science, James Moore. It should seem that this species of parsimony is hereditary in the English Government, for, upon the authority of the *Quarterly Review*, we learn that "within the wide range of the British Islands *there is only one observatory* (Greenwich), *and scarcely one supported by the Government.* We say scarcely one, because we believe that some of the instruments in the observatory at Greenwich were purchased out of the private funds of the Royal Society of London."†

The first stone of this Observatory was laid by Flamstead, on the 10th of August, 1675. It stands 160 feet above low-water mark, and principally consists of two separate buildings: the first contains three rooms on the ground-floor —viz. the transit-room, towards the east, the quadrant-room, towards the west, and the assistant's sitting and calculating-room, in the middle; above which is his bed-room, the latter being furnished with sliding shutters in the roof. In

* For this very accurate Description with an Engraving, see Mirror, No. 400.

† For the remainder of the Extract, &c. see Mirror, vol. xii. p. 151. Only a few days since we saw recorded an instance of enthusiasm in the study of astronomy, which will never be forgotten. We allude to Mr. South's splendid purchase at Paris; yet all the aid he received was some trifling remission of duty!

the transit-room is an eight-feet transit-instrument, with an axis of three feet, resting on two piers of stone: this was made by Bird, but has been much improved by Dolland, Troughton, and others. Near it is a curious transit-clock, made by Graham, but greatly improved by Earnshaw, who so simplified the train as to exclude two or three wheels, and also added cross-braces to the gridiron-pendulum, by which an error of a second per day, arising from its sudden starts, was corrected. The quadrant-room has a stone pier in the middle, running north and south, having on its east face a mural-quadrant, of eight feet radius, made by Bird, in 1749, by which observations are made on the southern quarter of the meridian, through an opening in the roof three feet wide, produced by means of two sliding shutters; on its west face is another eight-feet mural quadrant, with an iron frame, and an arch of brass, made by Graham, in 1725: this is applied to the north quarter of the meridian. In the same apartment is the famous zenith-sector, twelve feet in length, with which Dr. Bradley, at Wanstead, and at Kew, made those observations which led to the discovery of the aberration and nutation: here also is Dr. Hooke's reflecting telescope, and three telescopes by Harrison. On the south side of this room is a small building, for observing the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, occultations, &c., with sliding shutters at the roof and sides, to view any portion of the hemisphere, from the prime vertical down to the southern horizon: this contains a forty-inch achromatic, by the inventor, Mr. John Dolland, with a triple object-glass, a most perfect instrument of its kind; and a five-feet achromatic, by John and Peter Dolland, his sons. Here, likewise, are a two-feet reflecting-telescope (the metals of which were ground by the Rev. Mr. Edwards), and a six-feet reflector, by Dr. Herschell.

The lower part of the house serves merely for a habitation; but above is a large octagonal room, which, being now seldom wanted for astronomical purposes, is used as a repository for such instruments as are too large to be generally employed in the apartments first described, or for old instruments, which modern improvements have superseded. Among the former is a most excellent ten-feet achromatic, by the present Mr. Dolland, and a six-feet reflector, by Short, with a clock to be used with them. In the latter class, besides many curious and original articles, which are deposited in boxes and cupboards, is the first transit instrument that was, probably, ever made, having the telescope near one end of the axis; and two long telescopes with square wooden tubes, of very ancient date. Here, likewise, is the library, which is stored with scarce and curious old astronomical works, including Dr. Halley's original observations, and Captain Cook's Journals. Good busts of Flamstead and Newton, on pedestals, ornament this apartment; and in one corner is a dark narrow staircase, leading to the leads above, whence the prospect is uncommonly grand; and to render the pleasure more complete, there is, in the western turret, a *camera obscura*, of unrivalled excellence, by which all the surrounding objects, both movable and immovable, are beautifully represented in their own natural colours, on a concave table of plaster of Paris, about three feet in diameter.

On the north side of the Observatory are two small buildings, covered with hemispherical sliding domes, in each of which is an equatorial sector, made by Sisson, and a clock, by Arnold, with a three-barred pendulum, which are seldom used but for observing comets. The celebrated *Dry-well*, which was made to observe the earth's annual parallax, and for seeing the stars in the day-time, is situated near the south-east corner of the garden, behind the Observatory, but has been arched over, the great improvements in telescopes having long rendered it unnecessary. It contains a stone staircase, winding from the top to the bottom.

The Rev. John Flamstead, Dr. Halley, Dr. Bradley, Dr. Bliss, Dr. Nev. Maskelyne, and John Pond, Esq. have been the successive astronomers-royal since the foundation of this edifice.

TWIN SISTERS.

(For the Mirror.)

The most extraordinary instance of this kind on record is that of the united twins, born at Saxony, in Hungary, in 1701; and publicly exhibited in many parts of Europe, among others in England, and living till 1723. They were joined at the back, below the loins, and had their faces and bodies placed half side-ways towards each other. They were not equally strong nor well made, and the most powerful, (for they had separate wills) dragged the other after her, when she wanted to go any where. At six years, one had

a paralytic affection of the left side, which left her much weaker than the other. There was a great difference in their functions and health. They had different temperaments; when one was asleep the other was often awake; one had a desire for food when the other had not, &c. They had the small pox and measles at one and the same time, but other disorders separately. Judith was often convulsed, while Helen remained free from indisposition; one of them had a catarrh and a cholic, while the other was well. Their intellectual powers were different; they were brisk, merry, and well bred; they could read, write, and sing, very prettily; could speak several languages, as Hungarian, German, French, and English. They died together, and were buried in the Convent of the Nuns of St. Ursula, at Presburgh.

P. T. W.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A SPARROW.

Catullus, Carmen 3.

(For the Mirror.)

Oh, mourn ye deities of love,
And ye whose minds distress can move,
Bewail a Sparrow's fate;
The Sparrow, favourite of my fair,
Fond object of her tend'rest care,
Her loss indeed how great.

For so affectionate it grew,
And its delighted mistress knew
As well as she her mother;
Nor would it e'er her lap forsake,
But hopping round about would make
Some sportive trick or other.

It now that gloomy road has pass'd,
That road which all must go at last,
From whence there's no retreat;
But evil to you, shades of death,
For having thus deprived of breath
A favourite so sweet.

Oh, shameful deed! oh, hapless bird!
My charmer, since its death occurr'd,
So many tears has shed,
That her dear eyes, through pain and grief,
And woe, admitting no relief,
Alas, are swoln and red.

T. C.

Fine Arts

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

(For the Mirror.)

The following explanation of a few of the terms employed to designate parts of Gothic architecture, may, perhaps, prove acceptable to some of your readers. Having felt the need of such assistance in the course of my own reading, &c. &c.—I extracted them from an expensive work on the subject, and have only to lament that my vocabulary should be so defective.

Buttresses.—Projections between the windows and at the corners.

Corbel.—An ornamental projection from the wall to support an arch, niche, beam, or other apparent weight. It is often a head or part of a figure.

Bands.—Either small strings around shafts, or horizontal lines of square, round, and other formed panels, used to ornament spires, towers, and similar works.

Cornice.—The tablet at the top of a wall, running under the battlement. It becomes a

Basement when at the bottom of it, and beneath this the wall is generally thicker.

Battlement.—It may be indented or plain; sunk, panelled, or pierced.

Crockets.—Small bunches of foliage, ornamenting canopies and pinnacles.

Canopies.—Adorned drip-stones.—*Vide* Dripstone.

Crypts.—Vaulted chapels under some large churches, and a few small ones.

Crisps.—Small arches; sometimes *double-feathered*, and according to the number of them in immediate connexion; they are termed *tre*-foils, *quatre*-foils, *cinque*-foils, &c.

Dripstone.—The tablet running round doors and windows.

Featherings or *Foliations.*—Parts of tracery ornamented with small arches and points, are termed *Feathered*, or *Foliated.*

Finials.—Large crockets surmounting canopies and pinnacles. This term is frequently applied to the whole pinnacle.

Machicolations.—Projecting battlements, with intervals for discharging missiles on the heads of assailants.

Mullions.—By these, windows are divided into lights.

Parapet.—When walls are crowned with a parapet, it is straight at the top.

Pinnacle.—A small spire, generally four-sided, and placed on the top of buttresses, &c., both exterior and interior.

Piers.—Spaces in the interior of a building between the arches.

Rood Loft.—In ancient churches, not collegiate, a screen between the nave and chancel was so called, which had on the top of it a large projection, whereon were placed certain images, especially those which composed the rood.

Set-offs.—The mouldings and slopes dividing buttresses into stages.

Spandrells.—Spaces, either plain or

ornamented, between an arch and the square formed round it.

Stoups.—The basins in niches, which held holy water. Near the altar in old churches, or where the altar has been, is sometimes found another niche, distinguished from the *stoup*, by having in it at the bottom, a small aperture for carrying off the water; it is often double with a place for bread.

Tabernacle-work.—Ornamented open work over stalls; and generally any minute ornamental open-work.

Tablets.—Small projecting mouldings or strings, mostly horizontal.

Tracery.—Ornaments of the division at the heads of windows. *Flowing*, when the lines branch out into flowers, leaves, arches, &c. *Perpendicular*, when the mullions are continued through the straight lines.

Transoms.—The horizontal divisions of windows and panelling.

Turrets.—Towers of great height in proportion to their diameter are so called. Large towers have often turrets at their corners; often one larger than the other, containing a staircase; and sometimes they have only that one.

BRITISH STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE, AND THEIR DURATION.

The Norman—Commenced before the conquest, and continued until the reign of Henry II. A. D., 1189. It is characterized by semicircular, and sometimes pointed, arches, rudely ornamented.

Early English.—This style lasted until the reign of Edward I., A. D. 1307. Its characteristics are, pointed arches, long narrow windows, and the jagged or toothed ornament.

Decorated English—Lasted to the end of Edward III., A. D. 1377. It is characterized by large windows with pointed arches divided into many lights by mullions. The tracery of this style is in flowing lines, forming figures. It has many ornaments, light and delicately wrought.

Perpendicular English.—This last style employed latterly only in additions, was in use, though much debased, even as late as 1630-40. The latest whole building in it, is not later than Henry VIII. Its characteristics are the mullions of the windows, and ornamental panelings, run in perpendicular lines; and many buildings in this style are so crowded with ornament, that the beauty of the style is destroyed. The carvings of it are delicately executed.

M. L. B.

The Novelist.

ABAD AND ADA.

A lost leaf from the Arabian Nights.

(For the Mirror.)

In the days of Caliph Haroun Alraschid, the neighbourhood of Bagdad was infested by a clan of banditti, known by the name of the "Ranger Band." Their rendezvous was known to be the forests and mountains; but their immediate retreat was a mystery time had not divulged.

That they were valiant, the intrepidity with which they attacked in the glare of noonday would demonstrate; that they were numerous, the many robberies carried on in the different parts of the Caliph's dominions would indicate; and that they were bloody, their invariable practice of killing their victim before they plundered him would argue. They had sworn by their Prophet never to betray one another, and by the Angel of Death to shed their blood in each other's defence. No wonder, then, that they were so difficult to be captured; and when taken, no tortures or promises of reward could extract from them any information as to the retreat of their comrades.

One day, as Giafar, the Vizier, and favourite of the Caliph, was walking alone in a public garden of the city, a stranger appeared, who, after prostrating himself before the second man in the empire, addressed him in these words: "High and mighty Vizier of Alraschid, Lord of the realms of Alla upon earth, whose delegate and vicegerent he is, hear the humblest of the sons of men—Vizier, hear me!"

"Speak, son," said the Vizier, "I am patient."

"And," continued the stranger, "what I have to communicate, be pleased to transmit to our gracious and well-beloved Caliph."

"Let me hear thy suit—it may be in my power to assist you," replied the Vizier.

"The beauteous Ada is in the clutches of ruffians," responded the stranger; "and"—

"Well," said the Vizier, "proceed."

"To be brief, the forest bandit snatched her from my arms—we were betrothed. I have applied to a mighty enchanter, the Genius of the Dale, who tells me she is still living, and in the cavern of the bandit—that her beauty and innocence melted the hearts of robbers, and that were they not afraid of

their haunt being discovered, they would have restored her to liberty; but where that cavern is was beyond his power to tell. However, he has informed me how I may demand and obtain the assistance of a much more powerful enchanter than himself; but that genius being the help of Muloch, the Spirit of the Mountain, I need the aid of the Caliph himself. May it please the highness of mighty Giafar to bend before the majesty of the Sovereign of the East, and supplicate in behalf of thy servant Abad."

"How," said the Vizier, "can the Caliph be of service to thee?"

"It is requisite," replied the stranger, "that my hand be stained with the blood of the Caliph, before I summon this most mighty fiend!"—

"How!" cried the astonished Vizier, "would'st thou shed the blood of our beloved master?—No, by Alla!"—

"Pardon me," rejoined the stranger, interrupting him, "and Heaven avert that any thought of harm against the father of his people should warm the breast of Abad; I wish only to anoint my finger with as much of his precious blood as would hide the point of the finest needle; and should this most inestimable favour be conferred upon me, I undertake, under pain of suffering all the tortures that human ingenuity can devise, or devilish vengeance inflict, to exterminate the hated race of banditti who now infest the forests of the East."

"Son," said the aged Vizier, "I will plead thy cause; meet me here on the morrow, and in the mean time consider thy request as granted."

"Father, I take my leave; and may the Guardian of the Good shower down a thousand blessings on thy head!"

Abad made a profound obeisance to the Vizier, and they separated: the latter to conduct the affairs of the state, and the former to toil through the more menial labours of the day.

Morning came; Abad was at the appointed spot before sunrise, and waited with impatience for the expected hour when the Vizier was to arrive. The Vizier was punctual; and with him, in a plain habit, was the Caliph himself, who underwent the operation of having blood drawn from him by the hand of Abad.

At midnight, Abad, as he had been directed by the Genius of the Dale, went to the cave of the Spirit of the Mountain. He was alone! It was pitchy dark; the winds howled through the thick foliage of the forest; the owls shrieked, and the wolves bayed; the loneliness of the place was calculated to inspire terror! and the idea of meeting such a personage, at such an hour, did not contribute to the removal of the terror! He trembled most violently. At length, summoning up courage he entered the mystic cell, and commenced challenging the assistance of the Spirit of the Mountain in the following words:

"In the name of the Genius of the Dale I conjure you! by our holy Prophet I command you! by the darkness of this murky night I entreat you! and by the blood of a Caliph, shed by this weak arm, I allure you, most potent Muloch, to appear! Muloch rise! help! appear!"

At this instant the monster appeared, in the form of a human being of gigantic stature and proportions, having a fierce aspect, large, dark, rolling eyes, bushy eyebrows, and a thick black beard—attired in the habit of a blacksmith! He bore a huge hammer in his right hand, and in his left he carried a pair of pincers, in which was grasped a piece of shapeless metal. His eyes flashed with indignation as he flourished the ponderous hammer over his head, as though it had been a small sword—when, striking the metal he held in the forceps, a round, well-formed shield fell from the stroke.

"Mortal!" vociferated the enchanter, in a voice of thunder, "there is thy weapon and defence!"—flinging the weighty hammer on the ample shield, the collision of which produced a sound in unison with the deep bass of Muloch's voice; nor did the reverberation that succeeded cease to ring in the ears of Abad until several minutes after the spectre had disappeared.

Abad rejoiced when the fearful visit was over, and, well pleased with his success, was preparing to depart; but his joy was damped on finding the hammer so heavy that he could not, without difficulty, remove it from off the shield. He left it in the cave, and returned with the shield only, comforting himself that however he might be at a loss for a weapon, he had a shield that would render him invincible.

His next care was to discover the retreat of the robbers, otherwise he was waging a war with shadows. After making every inquiry, and wandering in vain for several months in quest of them, he was not able to obtain a glimpse of the objects of his search. Still they seemed to possess ubiquity. Their depredations continued, murders multiplied, and their attacks became more open and formidable. Missions were sent daily to the royal city from the

emirs and governors of provinces residing at a distance with the most lamentable accounts, and soldiers were dispatched in large bodies to scour the country, but all was of no avail.

Abad had almost abandoned himself to despair, when, one lovely evening, as he wandered along the banks of the Tigris, he observed a boat, laden with armed men, sailing rapidly down the river. "These must be a party of the ranger band. Oh, Mahomet!" said he, prostrating himself on the earth, "be thou my guide!" At length the crew landed on the opposite shore, which was a continued series of crags, and fastening a chain attached to the boat to a staple driven into the rock, under the surface of the water, they suffered the vessel to float with the stream beneath the overhanging rocks, which afforded a convenient shelter and hiding place for it, as it was impossible for any one passing up or down the river to notice it.

Having landed, the party ascended the acclivity, when, suddenly halting and looking round, to ascertain that they were not observed, they removed a large rolling stone that blockaded the entrance, and went into what appeared a natural cavern, then closing the inlet. Not a vestige of them remained in sight, and nature seemed to reign alone amidst the sublimest of her works.

Hope again glowed in the breast of Abad; he soon found means for crossing the stream, and marched boldly to the very entrance of the robber's cave, and with all his might attempted to roll the stone from its axis. But here he was again doomed to disappointment: without the possession of the talisman, kept by the captain of the band, he might as well have attempted to roll the mountain on which he stood into the water beneath, as to have shifted the massy portal: the strength of ten thousand men, could their united efforts have been made available at one and the same time, would not have been sufficient even to stir it.

Abad was returning, disappointed and murmuring at his fate, when he bethought himself of the hammer which Muloch, the Spirit of the Mountain, had promised should be of such powerful aid. He hastened to the place where he had left the large instrument, and the next day brought it to the robbers' cave. He was in the act of lifting the massive weight, to have shattered the adamantine stoppage, when he was surprised by a noise behind him. He looked, and saw the banditti trooping up the ravine: they were returning, on horseback, from an expedition of plunder, laden with booty. Abad hastily, to avoid discovery, struck the large stone with the charmed hammer, when it receded from the blow and, admitting him into the cave, closed itself upon him. The bandit chief, on seeing a stranger enter, ordered his men to advance rapidly up the ravine, which leads from the waters of the Tigris to the very threshold of the cave, embosomed amidst gigantic and stately rocks.

The captain in vain applied the magic talisman to the charmed stone; the more potent shield of Muloch was within. Enraged at being thus thwarted, he demanded admittance. Abad made no reply, but, raising the enchanted hammer against the ponderous bulwark with his whole strength (and he felt as though gifted with more than mortal strength), he, at one tremendous blow, dislodged the stone which had stood at the entrance of the cave, amidst the shock of tempests and the convulsions of nature, from the creation of the world—as hard as adamant, heavy as gold, and as round as the balls on the cupolas of Bagdad. The bulk rolled down the ravine, bearing with it trees and fragments of rock; men and horses, and all meaner obstructions, were crushed to atoms beneath its weight, as it thundered down the sloping track, and occasionally fell over the steep precipices, which only served to increase its velocity! nor did it stop in its headlong career until it had annihilated the whole of the ranger band, and disappeared amidst the boiling foam of the angry Tigris!

Abad, wrapt in wonder, cast his eyes on the earth, to view the terrific instrument with which he had performed so wonderful an exploit; but, to add more to his astonishment, the hammer and shield had vanished!

Curiosity, and the hope of meeting his betrothed, now led him to explore the winding recesses of the mystic cavern, which consisted of numerous archways—some artificial, others, the natural formation of subterranean rocks, leading to a large apartment, in which were deposited the spoils which a century of plunder had contributed to accumulate. Whilst feasting his eyes on the rich piles of jewellery, and reviewing the bags of gold which everywhere presented themselves, his eyes met the features of a female. He could not be mistaken—he looked again as she advanced nearer the light—it was the beauteous Ada, still young and lovely! Bagdad did not possess such a maiden,

nor did poet ever paint a fairer form. Abad thought her nothing inferior to the Houris of Paradise. She fulfilled every expectation through a long and virtuous life, during which time they enjoyed the ill-gotten wealth of the ranger band; and although the splendour of their living was exceeded only by that of the Caliph's, they were bountiful to their dependents: they built an asylum for the destitute—were universally beloved and respected—and their magnificence was only surpassed by their benevolence! CYMBELINE.

Old Poets.

SHAME.

SHAME sticks ever close to the ribs of honour,
Great men are never found after it:
It leaves some ache or other in their names still,
Which their posterity feels at every weather.
MIDDLETON.

PARENTS.

FROM damned deeds abstain,
From lawless riots and from pleasure's vain;
If not regarding of thy own degree,
Yet in behalf of thy posterity.
For we are docible to imitate
Depraved pleasures, though degenerate.
Be careful therefore least thy son admit
By ear or eye things filthy or unfit. LODGE.

SIN.

SHAME follows sin, disgrace is daily given,
Impiety will out, never so closely done,
No walls can hide us from the eye of heaven,
For shame must end what wickedness begun,
Forth breaks reproach when we least think thereon. DANIELL.

WISDOM.

A wise man poor
Is like a sacred book that's never read,
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead.
This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
Than of thread-bare saint in Wisdom's school.
DEKKAR.

CHARITY.

SHE was a woman in the freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace, and comely personage,
That was on earth not easy to compare,
Full of great love; but Cupid's wanton snare
As hell she hated, chaste in work and will,
Her neck and breast were ever open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill,
The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still,
A multitude of babes about her hung,
Playing their sports that joyed her to behold,
Whom still she fed, while they were weak and young.
But thrust them forth still as they waxed old,
And on her head she wore a tire of gold;
Adorn'd with gems and ouches fair,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told,
And by her side there sat a gentle pair
Of turtle-doves, she sitting in an ivory chair.
SPENSER.

IT is a work of Charity God knows,
The reconcilement of two mortal foes.
MIDDLETON.

COURAGE.

WHEN the air is calm and still, as dead and dea.
And under heaven quakes not an aspen leaf;
When seas are calm and thousand vessels fleet
Upon the sleeping lead with passage sweet;
And when the variant wind is still and lene
The cunning pilot never can be known:
But when the cruel storm doth threat the bark
To drown in deeps of pits infernal dark,
While tossing tears both rudder, mast, and sail,
While mounting, seems the azure skies to scale,
While drives perforce upon some deadly shore,
There is the pilot known, and not before.
T. HUDSON.

ENVY.

THE knotty oak and wainscot old,
Within doth eat the silly worm:
Even so a mind in envy cold,
Always within itself doth burn.
FITZ JEFFRY.

OPINION.

OPINION is as various as light change,
Now speaking courtlike, friendly, straight as strange,
She's any humour's perfect parasite,
Displeas'd with her, and pleas'd with her delight.
She is the echo of inconstancy,
Soothing her no with nay, her ay with yea.
GUILPIN.

SLANDER.

HAPPY is he that lives in such a sort
That need not fear the tongues of false report.
EARL OF SURREY.

SLEEP.

BY care lay heavy Sleep the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone;
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath,
Small keep took he whom Fortune frown'd on,
Or whom she lifted up into a throne
Of high renown; but as a living death
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.
SACKVILLE.

WAR.

WAR the mistress of enormity,
Mother of mischief, monster of deformity,
Laws, manners, arts, she breaks, she mars, she chases,
Blood, tears, bowers, towers, she spills, smites, burns, and rases,
Her brazen teeth shake all the earth asunder;
Her mouth a fire brand, her voice is thunder;
Her looks are lightning, every glance a flash,
Her fingers guns, that all to powder plash,
Fear and despair, flight and disorder, coast
With hasty march before her murderous host,
As burning, rape, waste, wrong, impiety,
Rage, ruin, discord, horror, cruelty,
Sack, sacrilege, impunity, pride,
Are still stern consorts by her barbarous side;
And poverty, sorrow, and desolation,
Follow her army's bloody transmigration.
SYLVESTER.

EXCELLENCE.

OF all chaste birds the phœnix doth excel,
Of all strong beasts the lion bears the bell,
Of all sweet flowers the rose doth sweetest smell.
Of all pure metals gold is only purest,
Of all the trees the pine hath highest crest.
Of all proud birds the eagle pleaseth Jove,
Of pretty fowls kind Venus likes the dove,
Of trees Minerva doth the olive move.
LODGE.

The Naturalist.

COCHINEAL INSECT AND PLANT.

The frequent mention of the Cochineal Insect and Plant in our pages will, probably, render the annexed cut of more than ordinary interest to our readers.*

The plant on which the Cochineal Insect is found, is called the *Nopal*, a species of Opuntia, or Prickly Pear, which abounds on all the coasts of the Mediterranean; and is thus described by Mr. Thompson, in his work entitled, *Official Visit to Guatemala*; "The nopal is a plant consisting of little stems, but expanding itself into wide, thick leaves, more or less prickly according to its different kind: one or two of these leaves being set as one plant, at the distance of two or three feet square from each other, are inoculated with the cochineal, which, I scarcely need say, is an insect; it is the same as if you would take the blight off an apple or other common tree, and rub a small portion of it on another tree free from the contagion, when the consequence would be, that the tree so inoculated would become covered with the blight; a small quantity of the insects in question is sufficient for each plant, which in proportion as it increases its leaves, is sure to be covered with this costly parasite. When the plant is perfectly saturated, the cochineal is scraped off with great care. The plants are not very valuable for the first year, but they may be estimated as yielding after the second year, from a dollar and a half profit on each plant."

The insect is famous for the fine scarlet dye which it communicates to wool and silk. The females yield the best colour, and are in number to the males as three hundred to one. Cochineal was at first supposed to be a grain, which name it retains by way of eminence among dyers, but naturalists soon discovered it to be an insect. Its present importance in dyeing is an excellent illustration of chemistry applied to the arts; for long after its introduction, it gave but a dull kind of *crimson*, till a chemist named Kuster, who settled at Bow, near London, about the middle of the sixteenth century, discovered the use of the solution of tin, and the means of preparing with it and cochineal, a durable and beautiful scarlet.

Fine cochineal, which has been well dried and properly kept, ought to be of a grey colour inclining to purple. The grey is owing to a powder which covers it naturally, a part of which it still retains; the purple tinge proceeds from the colour extracted by the water in which it has been killed. Cochineal will keep a long time in a dry place. Hellot says, that he tried some one hundred and thirty years old, and found it produce the same effect as new.

* See the Propagation of the Insect in Spain, Mirror, vol. xii. and an attempt to naturalize the same at the Cambridge Botanical Garden, page 217, of the present volume.

LARGE CHESTNUT-TREE.

THERE is now in the neighbourhood of Dovercourt, in Essex, upon the estate of Sir T. Gaisford, a chestnut-tree fifty-six feet in circumference, which flourishes well, and has had a very good crop of chestnuts for many years.

J. T.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

I'D BE AN ALDERMAN.

I'd be an Alderman, born in the City,
Where haunches of venison and green turtles meet
Seeking in Leadenhall, reckless of pity,
Birds, beast, and fish, that the knowing ones eat.
I'd never languish for want of a luncheon,
I'd never grieve for the want of a treat;
I'd be an Alderman, constantly munching,
Where haunches of venison and green turtles meet,

Oh! could I wheedle the votes at the vestry,
I'd have a share of those good savory things;
Enchained by turkey, in love with the pastry,
And floating in Champagne, while Bow bells ring.

Those who are anything or nothing and for that,
Manager, alas! naught but ill humour brings;
I'd be an Alderman, rich with a net full,
Rolling in Guildhall, whilst old Bow bells ring.

What though you tell me that prompt apoplexy
Grins o'er the glories of Lord Mayor's Day,
'Tis better, my boy, than blue devils to vex ye,
Or ling'ring consumption to gnaw you away.
Some in their folly take black draught and blue pill,
And ask ABERNETHY their fate to delay;
I'd be an Alderman, WAITHMAN's apt pupil,
Failing when dinner things are clearing away.

Monthly Magazine.

A PROVINCIAL REPUTATION.

I ONCE resided in a country town; I will not specify whether that town was Devizes or Doncaster, Beverley or Brighton: I think it highly reprehensible in a writer to be *personal*, and scarcely more venial do I consider the fault of him who presumes to be *local*. I will, however, state, that my residence lay among the manufacturing districts; but lest any of my readers should be misled by that avowal, I must inform them, that in my estimation *all* country towns, from the elegant Bath, down to the laborious Bristol, are (whatever their respective polite or mercantile inhabitants may say to the contrary), positively, comparatively, and superlatively, manufacturing towns!

Club-rooms, ball-rooms, card-tables, and confectioners' shops, are the *factories*; and gossips, both male and female, are the *labouring classes*. Norwich boasts of the durability of her stuffs; the manufacturers I allude to weave a web more flimsy. The stuff of tomorrow will seldom be the same that is publicly worn to-day; and were it not for the zeal and assiduity of the labourers, we should want novelties to replace the stuff that is worn out hour by hour.

No man or woman who ever ventures to deviate from the beaten track should ever live in a country town. The gossips all turn from the task of nibbling one another, and the character of the *lusus naturæ* becomes public property. I am the mother of a family, and I am known to have written romances. My husband, in an evil hour, took a fancy to a house at a watering-place, which, by way of distinction, I shall designate by the appellation of *Pumpington Wells*: there we established ourselves in the year 1600.

The *manufacturers* received us with a great show of civility, exhibiting to us the most recent stuff, and discussing the merits of the newest fabrications. We, however, were not used to trouble ourselves about matters that did not concern us, and we soon offended them.

We turned a deaf ear to all evil communications. If we were told that Mr. A., "though fond of show, starved his servants," we replied, we did not wish to listen to the tale. If we heard that Mr. B. though notorious in public, was known to beat his wife in private, we cared not for the matrimonial anecdote. When maiden ladies assured us that Mrs. C. cheated at cards, we smiled, for we had no *dealings* with her; and when we were told that Mrs. D. never paid her bills, we repeated not the account to the next person we met; for as we were not her creditors, her accounts concerned us not.

We settled ourselves, much to our satisfaction, in our provincial abode: it was a watering-place, which my husband, as a bachelor, had frequented during its annual season.

As a watering-place he knew it well. Such places are vastly entertaining to visiters, having no "local habitation," and no "name"—caring not for the politics of the place, and where, if any thing displeases them, they may pay for their lodgings, order post-horses, and never suffer their names to appear in the arrival book again.

But with those who *live* at watering places, it is quite another affair. For the first six months we were deemed great acquisition. There were two or three *sets* in Pumpington Wells—the good, the bad, and the indifferent. The bad left their cards, and asked us to dances, the week we arrived; the indifferent knocked at our door in the first month; and even before the end of the second, we were on the visiting lists of the good.

We knew enough of society to be aware that it is impolitic to rush into the embraces of *all* the arms that are extended to receive strangers; but feeling no wish to affront any one in return for an intended civility, we gave card for card; and the doors of good, bad, and indifferent, received our names.

All seemed to infer, that the amicable gauntlet, which had been thrown down, having been courteously taken up, the ungloved hands were forthwith to be grasped in token of good fellowship; we had left our *names* for them, and by the invitations that poured in upon us, they seemed to say with Juliet—

"And *for* thy *name*, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself."

No man, not even a provincial, can visit every body; and it seems but fair, that if a selection is to be made, all should interchange the hospitalities of

life with those persons in whose society they feel the greatest enjoyment.

Many a dinner, therefore, did we decline—many a soirée did we reject; my husband's popularity tottered, and the invitees, though they no longer dined their dinners in our ears, and teazed us with their "teas," vowed secret vengeance, and muttered "curses, not loud, but deep."

I have hinted that we had no scandalous capabilities; and though slander flashed around us, we seldom admitted morning visitors, and our street-door was a non-conductor.

But our next door neighbours were maiden ladies, who *had been* younger, and, to use a common term of commiseration, had seen better days—by which, I mean, the days of bloom, natural hair, partners, and the probability of husbands.

Their vicinity to us was an infinite comfort to the town, for those who were unable to gain admittance at our door to disturb our business and desires,

"For every man has business and desires,
Such as they are,"

were certain of better success at our neighbours', where they at least could gain some information about us "from eye-witnesses who resided on the spot."

My sins were numbered, so were my new bonnets; and for a time my husband was pitied, because "he had an extravagant wife;" but when it was ascertained that his plate was handsome, his dinner satisfactory in its removes, and *comme il faut* in its courses, those whose feet had never been within our door, saw clearly "how it must all end, and really felt for our trades-people."

I have acknowledged that I had written romances; the occupation was to me a source of amusement; and as I had been successful, my husband saw no reason why he should discourage me. A scribbling fool, *in* or *out* of petticoats, should be forbidden the use of pen, ink, and paper; but my husband had too much sense to heed the vulgar cry of "blue-stocking." After a busy month passed in London, we saw my new novel sent forth to the public, and then returned to our mansion at Pumpington Wells.

As we drove up to our door, our virgin neighbours gazed on us, if possible, with more than their former interest. They wiped their spectacles; with glances of commiseration they saw us alight, and with unwearied scrutiny they witnessed the removal of our luggage from the carriage. We went out—every body stared at us—the people we *did* know touched the hands we extended, and hastened on as if fearful of infection; the people we *did not* know whispered as they passed us, and looked back afterwards; the men servants seemed full of mysterious flurry when we left our cards at the doors of acquaintances, and the maid-servants peeped at us up the areas; the shopkeepers came from their counters to watch us down the streets—and all was whispering and wonder.

I could not make it out; was it to see the authoress? No; I had been an authoress when they last saw me. Was it the brilliant success of my new work? It *could* be nothing else.

My husband met a maiden lady, and bowed to her; she passed on without deigning to notice him. I spoke to an insipid man who had always bored me with his unprofitable intimacy, and he looked another way! The next lady we noticed tossed her head, as if she longed to toss it *at* us; and the next man we met opened his eyes astonishingly wide, and said—

"Are *you* here! Dear me! I was told you could not show your—I mean, did not mean to return!"

There was evidently some mystery, and we determined to wait patiently for its developement. "If," said I, "it bodes us *good*, time will unravel it." "And if," said my husband, "it bodes us evil, some d—d good-natured friend will tell us all about it."

We had friends at Pumpington Wells, and good ones too, but no friend enlightened us; that task devolved upon an acquaintance, a little slim elderly man, so frivolous and so garrulous, that he only wanted a turban, some rouge, and a red satin gown, to become the most perfect of old women.

He shook his head simultaneously as he shook our hands, and his little grey eyes twinkled with delight, while he professed to feel for us both the deepest commiseration.

"You are cut," said he; "its all up with you in Pumpington Wells."

"Pray be explicit," said I faintly, and dreading some cruel calumny, or plot against my peace.

"You've done the most impolitic thing! the most hazardous"—

"Sir!" said my husband, grasping his cane.

"I lament it," said the little man, turning to me; "your book has done it for you."

I thought of the reviews, and trembled.

"How *could* you," continued our to-

mentor, "how could you put the Pumpington Wells people in your novel?"

"The Pumpington Wells people!—Nonsense; there are good and bad people in my novel, and there are good and bad people in Pumpington Wells; but you flatter the good, if you think that when I dipped my pen in praise, I limited my sketches to the virtuous of this place; and what is worse, *you* libel the bad if you assert that my sketches of vice were meant personally to apply to the vicious who reside here."

"*I* libel—*I* assert!" said the old lady-like little man; "not *I*!—every body says so!"

"You may laugh," replied my mentor and tormentor combined, "but personality can be proved against you; and all the friends and relations of Mr. Flaw declare you meant the bad man of your book for him."

"His friends and relations are too kind to him."

"Then you have an irregular character in your book, and Mrs. Blemish's extensive circle of intimates assert that nothing can be more pointed than your allusion to *her* conduct and *her* character."

"And pray what do these persons say about it themselves?"

"They are outrageous, and go about the town absolutely wild."

"Fitting the caps on themselves?"

The little scarecrow shook his head once more; and declaring we should see he had spoken too true, departed, and then lamented so fluently to every body the certainty of our being *cut*, that every body began to believe him.

I have hinted that *my* bonnets and my husband's plate occasioned heart-burnings: no—that is not a correct term, the *heart* has nothing to do with such exhalations—bile collects elsewhere.

Those who had conspired to pull my husband from the throne of his popularity, because their parties excited in us no *party spirit*, and we abstained from hopping at their hops, found, to their consternation, that when the novelty of my *novel* misdemeanour was at an end, we went on as if nothing had occurred. However, they still possessed heaven's best gift, the use of their tongues, and they said of us every thing bad which they knew to be false, and which they wished to see realized.

Their forlorn hope was our "extravagance." "Never mind," said one, "Christmas must come round, and *then* we shall see."

When once the match of insinuation is applied to the train of rumoured difficulties, the suspicion that has been smouldering for awhile bounces at once into a *report*, and very shortly its echo is bounced in every parlour in a provincial town.

Long bills, that had been accustomed to wait for payment till Christmas, now lay on my table at midsummer; and tradesmen, who drove demetts to cottages once every evening, sent short civil notes, regretting their utter inability to make up a sum of money by Saturday night, unless *I* favoured them, by the bearer, with the sum of ten pounds, "the amount of my little account."

Dennett-driving drapers actually threatened to fail for the want of ten pounds!—pastry-cooks, who took their families regularly "to summer at the sea," assisted the *counter*-plot, and prematurely dunned my husband!

It is not always convenient to pay sums at midsummer, which we had been in the habit of paying at Christmas; if, however, a single applicant was refused, a new rumour of inability was started, and hunted through the town before night. People walked by our house, looking up wistfully at the windows; others peeped down the area, to see what we had for dinner. One *gentleman* went to our butcher, to inquire how much we owed him; and one *lady* narrowly escaped a legal action, because when she saw a few pipkins lying on the counter of a crockery-ware man, directed to me, she incautiously said, in the hearing of one of my servants, "Are you paid for your pipkins?—ah, it's well if you ever get your money!"

Christmas came at last; bills were paid, and my husband did not owe a shilling in Pumpington Wells. Like the old ladies in the besieged city, the gossips looked at us, wondering when the havoc would begin.

He who mounts the ladder of life, treading step by step upon the identical footings marked out, *may* live in a provincial town. When we want to drink spa waters, or vary the scene, we now visit watering-places; but rather than force me to live at one again, "stick me up," as *Andrew Fairservice* says, in *Rob Roy*, "as a regimental target for ball-practice." We have long ceased to live at Pumpington.

Fleeting are the tints of the rainbow—perishable the leaf of the rose—variable the love of woman—uncertain the sunbeam of April; but naught on earth can be so fleeting, so perishable, so variable, or so uncertain, as the popularity of a provincial reputation!

Monthly Magazine.

LONDON LYRICS.

JACK JONES, THE RECRUIT.—A HINT FROM OVID.

Jack Jones was a toper: they say that some how
He'd a foot always ready to kick up a row;
And, when half-seas over, a quarrel he pick'd,
To keep up the row he had previously kick'd.

He spent all, then borrow'd at twenty per cent.
His mistress fought shy when his money was spent,
So he went for a soldier; he could not do less,
And scorn'd his fair Fanny for hugging brown Bess.

"Halt—Wheel into line!" and "Attention—Eyes right!"
Put Bacchus, and Venus, and Momus to flight:
But who can depict half the sorrows he felt
When he dyed his mustachios and pipe-clay'd his belt?

When Sergeant Rattan, at Aurora's red peep,
Awaken'd his tyros by bawling—"Two deep!"
Jack Jones would retort, with a half-suppress'd sigh,
"Ay! too deep by half for such ninnies as I."

Quoth Jones—"'Twas delightful the bushes to beat
With a gun in my hand and a dog at my feet,
But the game at the Horse-Guards is different, good lack!
'Tis a gun in my hand and a cat at my back."

To Bacchus, his saint, our dejected recruit
One morn, about drill time, thus proffer'd his suit—
"Oh make me a sparrow, a wasp, or an ape—
All one, so I get at the juice of the grape."

The God was propitious—he instantly found
His ten toes distend and take root in the ground;
His back was a stem, and his belly was bark,
And his hair in green leaves overshadow'd the Park.

Grapes clustering hang o'er his grenadier cap,
His blood became juice, and his marrow was sap:
Till nothing was left of the muscles and bones
That form'd the identical toper, Jack Jones.

Transform'd to a vine, he is still seen on guard,
At his former emporium in Great Scotland-yard;
And still, though a vine, like his fellow-recruits,
He is train'd, after listing, his ten-drills, and shoots.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

THE JUVENILE KEEPSAKE,

Edited by Mr. Thomas Roscoe, and dedicated to Professor Wilson, is no less attractive than its "Juvenile" rivals. Indeed, a few of the tales take a higher range than either of theirs,—as the Children's Island, an interesting Story, from the French of Madame Genlis; the Ball Dress; the Snow Storm; and the Deserted Village. The Heir of Newton Buzzard, a Tale in four cantos, by the late Mrs. John Hunter, is perhaps one of the prettiest juvenile novelties of the season. It is divided into Infancy—Childhood—Boyhood—and Youth—all which contain much amusement and moral point without dulness. We have not room for an entire story, but select one of Miss Mitford's village portraits:

"Dash was as beautiful a dog as eyes could be set on; one of the large old English Spaniels which are now so rare, with a superb head, like those which you see in Spanish pictures, and such ears! they more than met over his pretty spotted nose; and when he lapped his milk, dipped into the pan at least two inches. His hair was long and shiny and wavy, not curly, partly of a rich dark liver colour, partly of a silvery white, and beautifully feathered about the thighs and legs. He was extremely lively and intelligent, and had a sort of circular motion, a way of flinging himself quite round on his hind feet, something after the fashion in which the French dancers twist themselves round on one leg, which not only showed unusual agility in a dog of his size, but gave token of the same spirit and animation which sparkled in his bright hazel eye. Anything of eagerness or impatience was sure to excite this motion, and George Dinely gravely assured his sisters, when they at length joined him in the hall, that Dash had flung himself round six and twenty times whilst waiting the conclusion of their quarrel.

"Getting into the lawn and the open air did not tend to diminish Dash's glee or his capers, and the young party walked merrily on; George telling of school pranks and school misfortunes—the having lost or spoilt four hats since Easter, seemed rather to belong to the first class of adventures than the second—his sisters listening dutifully and wonderingly; and Dash, following his own devices, now turning up a mouse's nest from a water furrow in the park—now springing a covey of young partridges in a corn field—now plunging his whole hairy person in the brook; and now splashing Miss Helen from head to foot, by ungallantly jumping over her whilst crossing a stile, being thereunto prompted by a whistle from his young master, who had, with equal want of gallantry, leapt the stile first himself, and left his sisters to get over as they could; until at last the whole party, having passed the stile, and crossed the bridge, and turned the churchyard corner, found themselves in the shady recesses of the vicarage-lane, and in full view of the vine-covered cottage of Nurse Simmons."

Our closing extract is from "Anec-

dotes of South African Baboons," by Thomas Pringle, Esq.:

"It is the practice of these animals to descend from their rocky fastnesses in order to enjoy themselves on the banks of the mountain rivulets, and to feed on the nutritious bulbs which grow in the fertile valley ground. While thus occupied, they generally take care to be within reach of a steep crag, or precipice, to which they may fly for refuge on the appearance of an enemy; and one of their number is always placed as a sentinel on some large stone, or other prominent position, in order to give timely warning to the rest, of the approach of danger. It has frequently been my lot, when riding through the secluded valleys of that country, to come suddenly, on turning a corner of a wild glen, upon a troop of forty or fifty baboons thus quietly congregated. Instantly on my appearance, a loud cry of alarm being raised by the sentinel, the whole tribe would scamper off with precipitation; splashing through the stream, and then scrambling with most marvellous agility up the opposite cliffs, often several hundred feet in height, and where no other creature without wings, certainly, could attempt to follow them; the large males bringing up the rear-guard, ready to turn with fury upon the dogs, if any attempted to molest them; the females, with their young ones in their arms, or on their shoulders, clinging with arms clasped closely round the mothers' necks. And thus climbing, and chattering, and squalling, they would ascend the almost perpendicular crags, while I looked on and watched them—interested by the almost human affection which they evinced for their mates and their offspring; and sometimes not a little amused, also, by the angry vociferation with which the old ones would scold me when they had got fairly upon the rocks, and felt themselves secure from pursuit."

There are Seven Plates and a Vignette, and a glazed, ornamented cover which will withstand the wear and tear of the little play or book-room.

PICTURE OF SHEFFIELD.

(Concluded from page 396.)

In the manufacture of a razor, it proceeds through a dozen hands; but it is afterwards submitted to a process of grinding, by which the concavity is perfected, and the fine edge produced. They are made from 1*s.* per dozen, to 20*s.* per razor, in which last the handle is valued at 16*s.* 6*d.*

"Scissors, in like manner, are made by hand, and every pair passes through sixteen or seventeen hands, including fifty or sixty operations, before they are ready for sale. Common scissors are cast, and when riveted, are sold as low as 4*s.* 6*d.* per gross! Small pocket knives, too, are cast, both in blades and handles, and sold at 6*s.* per gross, or a halfpenny each! These low articles are exported in vast quantities in casks to all parts of the world.

"Snuffers and trays are also articles of extensive production, and the latter are ornamented with landscapes, etched by a Sheffield artist, on a resinous varnish, and finished by being dipped in diluted nitric acid for a few seconds or minutes.

"Messrs. Rodgers also introduced me to an extensive range of workshops for the manufacture of plated and silver ware, in which are produced the most superb breakfast and dinner services. The method of making the silver plate here and at Birmingham merits special notice, because the ancient method was by dissolving mercury in nitrous acid, dipping the copper, and depending on the affinity of the metals, by which a very slight article was produced. But at Sheffield and Birmingham, all plate is now produced by rolling ingots of copper and silver together. About the eighth of an inch in thickness of silver is united by heat to an inch of copper in ingots about the size of a brick. It is then flattened by steel rollers worked by an eighty horse power. The greater malleability of the silver occasions it to spread equally with the copper into a sheet of any required thickness, according to the nature of the article for which it is wanted. I saw some pieces of plated metal, the eighth of an inch thick, rolled by hand into ten times their surface, the silver spreading equally; and I was told that the plating would be perfect if the rolling had reduced it to the thinness of silver paper! This mode of plating secures to modern plate a durability not possessed by any plate silvered by immersion. Hence plated goods are now sought all over the world, and, if fairly used, are nearly as durable as silver itself. Of this material, dinner and dessert services have been manufactured from 50 to 300 guineas, and breakfast sets from 10 to 200 guineas, as sold on the spot.

"At Sheffield are actually cast and finished, most, if not all, the parts of grates sold as their own make by the London furnishing ironmongers. Their names are placed on them, but, in truth,

they merely put the parts together. I saw in Messrs. Pickley's rooms superior castings for backs of grates, little inferior in delicacy to plaster of Paris; and for grates connected with one of these patterns, I was told 100 guineas each was lately paid by a northern squire. Grates with folding doors are made here as well as at Chesterfield. The doors are in half heights, so as to serve two purposes, and grates so supplied sell for about two guineas extra. Mr. Pickley has brought the kitchen range to great perfection. With one fire he roasts, boils with water and steam, and bakes. Economy and completeness were never more usefully combined; and a public establishment in Sheffield is fitted with one which has cooked a dinner complete for above three hundred persons. It cost nearly £300, but such grates for small families may be had at ten guineas.

"The mercantile part of the Sheffield trade is performed chiefly by travellers, but the principal shops in London deal directly with the manufacturers here. To humour public prejudice in regard to "*Town make*," as it is called, and to serve as an advertisement for various retailers in London and other large towns, their connexions in Sheffield keep steel brands, with which their names are placed on the articles, and they thereby pass with the public as the real manufacturers. I saw in different workshops, in Sheffield, the steel brands of our famous *town makers*, and the articles in wholesale quantities packing up to meet the demand in London for "*real town made*." This is a standing joke at the expense of cockney credulity among the Sheffield cutlers.

"Sheffield is noted for the manufacture of superior files; and many anecdotes are told of the artifices which have been made use of to aggrandize or to repudiate the celebrity of the marks of some well-known makers.

"In Sheffield generally the workmen get from 20*s.* to 24*s.* per week. Dry grinders get £2, and some £5 or £6, and these high wages are paid as an equivalent for the shortness of life. Many women are employed as filers, burnishers, polishers, finishers, &c. &c.; and they get from 6*s.* to 12*s.* per week.

"*Very fine* cutlery is manufactured by Mr. Crawshaw. I saw in his warehouse all those elegant patterns of penknives which, in the best shops of London, Bath, &c. excite so much admiration. His lobster knives, with four or more blades, on slit springs, with pearl and tortoiseshell handles, are the most perfect productions of British manufacture. His pen-knives with rounded or beveled backs, to turn in the quill and shave the point, are simple and effective improvements. He showed me plain pocket-knives so highly finished, that the first cost is 38*s.*, yet so deceptive is cutlery, that I might have preferred others which I saw at only 7*s.* or 8*s.* It is the same in regard to the scissors of Champion and Son,—articles at two or three guineas did not appear to my uninstructed eye worth more than others at a few shillings; yet in all these high priced articles, nearly the whole cost is in workmanship, and there are but few workmen who can produce them. At the same time, Mr. Crawshaw deals in pen-knives at 5*s.* per dozen, and Mr. Champion in scissors at 2*s.* or 3*s.* per dozen.

"The novelties and curiosities in this way are extremely numerous, and the makers and inventers are as modest and communicative as they are original and ingenious. Thus a knife an inch long, weighing eight pennyweights six grains, containing seventy odd blades and instruments, cost £30 in making: scissors the eighth of an inch long, twenty-five of which weigh but a grain, sold at 3*s.* per pair: a knife, mounted in gold and pearl, containing thirty blades, is valued at £30; pocket-knives with twenty-six parts are sold at six guineas; the very best two blades mounted with pearl and gold, made by Crawshaw, are in common sale at two guineas in Sheffield. Messrs. Champion are esteemed the best makers of scissors; and ladies' working scissors, in general commerce, are finished and mounted as high as five or ten guineas. The best pocket-knives are made by Crawshaw, and fetch, in mounting, from two to five guineas. He is also the general maker of what are called the "best town made." I may here add, that Messrs. Champion can make a single set of table knives and forks, the fair market price of which would be 100 guineas.

"The mechanical ingenuity of Mr. Crawshaw has also been displayed in the construction of AN ORRERY consisting of at least 1,000 wheels, which, by a single winch, turns all the planets in their respective periods; and also the whole of the satellites, including those of Herschell. This orrery, perhaps the completest in the world, was made in all its details by this gentleman, and, in its wheel-work, is an astonishing production.

"One of the wonders of Sheffield is its Grinding Establishments. To all

the grinders, companies have erected large spacious buildings divided into small rooms, and provided the whole with steam engines. The rooms are then let out by the month to master grinders; and at properly adjusted grindstones in each room I saw every variety of grinding, sharpening, and polishing. The finest work is polished by hand, and in this slavery I saw the delicate hands of the superior sex solely employed. The payment is trifling; but I was told that the hand of woman is the softest, most pliable, and most accommodating tool which has yet been discovered for conferring the finest polish on the refractory substance of steel. Can we wonder at its effect in softening the ruggedness of the other sex, and how hard must be the heart of that man which does not yield to an influence which subdues even the hardness of steel.

"The manufacture of spectacles, telescopes, microscopes, &c. is carried on to a great extent in Sheffield. Above five gross per day are ground of convex and concave glasses in one shop. Concave basins cast in iron of the radii of curvature of proposed lenses are fixed in rows on a frame, and rubbed with water and emery. A concentric convex basin is then covered with round pieces of plate glass fixed with pitch; and the convex surface, with its glass pieces, is then turned and *wabbled* in the concave basin by steam power. In this manner from six to twelve dozen glasses are ground at once by one basin working within the other on an eccentric axle which *wabbles* the inner basin while it is revolved. Of course, in time, i. e. in eight or ten hours, the glasses are so abraded, that the outside of one basin exactly fits the other, and the lenses between are of the true curvature. They are then knocked off the pitch; turned and worked on the other side, on the second day; cleaned with spirit of tar, rounded or clipt with blunt scissors, and fitted in spectacle frames or tubes. In Mr. Cutt's factory I saw twenty-six of these basins for spectacles, and about eighteen for telescopes and microscopes; several being at work."

Fine Arts.

"The Sheffield trades require and promote the Fine Arts in many ways. Chantrey was a carver and gilder here; and many persons in Sheffield were his first patrons, when he began to model. He was a native of Norton, where his parents still reside, and his first youthful employment was that of bringing milk to the town on asses, as is the present custom. At present, Mr. Law is an exquisite medallion artist; and there are some ladies who copy the best pictures with a degree of taste and perfection which is astonishing. I allude particularly to those of Miss Green, of Westville House, and Miss Sambourne, at Highfield Green. Then this district possesses a treasure in Mr. Cowen, of Rotherham, whose merit as a landscape painter, has recommended him to the zealous patronage of Earl Fitzwilliam and the Duke of Devonshire. I confess I have never seen more exquisitely finished and more poetical productions."

Improvements, &c.

"The Shrewsbury Hospital, at Sheffield, has lately been rebuilt in an improved situation, by Messrs. Woodhead and Hurst, of Doncaster. It accommodates eighteen aged men and eighteen women in a very convenient manner. It has been liberally supported by the present Duke of Norfolk, and is managed by trustees of his nomination. The men are allowed 10*s.* per week, and the women 8*s.* There is also another hospital, founded by a Mr. Hollis, a Sheffield cutler; as a provision for sixteen cutlers' widows, who besides habitations, receive 7*s.* per week, coals, and a gown every two years.

"In conclusion I have assembled some *miscellaneous* facts. Sheffield parish is ten miles by three. The Park of 2,000 acres was inclosed in Queen Anne's time.

"The Duke of Norfolk is Lord of the Manor, from his ancestors the Lovetots, Furnivals, Nevilles, Talbots, and Howards.

"Roger de Busli had 46 manors in Yorkshire, and in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire 179.

"The Cutlers' Company was incorporated 21st James I.—The cutlers are 8,000 or 10,000 in number.

"In 1751, the first stage-wagon went from Sheffield to London. In 1762, the first stage-coach.

"In 1752, the plated manufacture began.

"In 1770, the first bank was opened.

"In 1786, the first steam-engine grinding-wheel was established.

"The casting or melting of steel began 60 years ago, till which time Swedish bar-steel was used.

"There are iron-forges near every Roman station, and Abbey Dale is full of cinders from smelting, with apertures to windward to serve as blasts.

"Beds of scoriæ found in the parish, on which trees grow, and in old plea-

sure parks.—Roman coins are also found in scoria.—A quarry of stone at Wincobank Hill, contains fossilized vegetables, chiefly calamites. They are succulent, and of the bamboo family. In the coal districts, branches and trunks of trees are found; and Mr. Rhodes took out of solid stone, a fossil post of walnut wood. South-east of Tickhill, is an accumulation of subterranean trees, in black earth, mixed with shells and rounded stones.

"It is believed at Sheffield, that the executioner of Charles I., was a person of the name of William Walker, a native of Darnall, near Sheffield. Such was the tradition at his native place. He died at Darnall in 1700 and was buried in Sheffield church, where there was a brass plate to his memory. It is certain that a Walker, was one of the masks, and that this Walker was an active partizan: but he was a man of learning, and wrote some tracts on mathematics and politics.

"Dr. Buchan, began his career as a Scotch physician at Sheffield, and actually wrote his famous 'Domestic Medicine,' in the house at the south corner of Hartshead, in which for many years has resided Mr. J. Montgomery."

The varied and attractive character of our extract is the best plea for its length; but reading like this never tires.—*Sir R. Phillips' Personal Tour.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

DARK DAY.

At St. Lawrence, October 13, 1828, wind S.W. the atmosphere was filled with smoke, which, with intervening clouds, intercepted the sun's light, so as to require the use of candles several times during the day. The water which fell in the afternoon and evening was so much affected by the smoke as to be bitter to the taste.

THE LIQUOR OF LIFE.

When the art of distilling spirits, generally attributed to Raymond Lully, was discovered, the secret of longevity was supposed to have been brought to light, the *mercurius volatilis* to be at length fixed, and the pernicious product received the name of *aqua vitæ*—liquor of life; "A discovery concerning which," says a learned physician, "it would be difficult to determine, whether it has tended most to diminish the happiness, or shorten the duration of life. In one sense it may be considered the elixir of life, for it speedily introduces a man to *immortality!*" C. J. T.

SOUP

Is manufactured in great abundance in Paris from the bones of butchers' meat. At one of the hospitals upwards of 1,000 basins of soup are furnished daily.

ABYSSINIAN CATTLE

Are remarkable for the extraordinary size of their horns, some of which are four feet long, seven inches in diameter near the head, and hold ten quarts.

ECCENTRIC INVITATION.

Paul Spencer exhibits the following distich on his door, in Glasgow:—

"Entertainment here for all that passes,
"Horses, mares, mules, and asses."
C. J. T.

CANALS.

According to a calculation recently made, there are 103 canals in Great Britain—extending 2,682 miles, and formed at an expense of thirty millions sterling. C. J. T.

"Do you know what made my voice so melodious?" said a celebrated vocal performer, of awkward manners, to Charles Bannister. "No," replied the other. "Why, then, I'll tell you: when I was about fifteen, I swallowed, by accident, some train oil." "I don't think," rejoined Bannister, "it would have done you any harm if, at the same time, you had swallowed a dancing-master!"

LIVING TOO LONG.

A person who had just two thousand a year, being unwilling to leave any thing to his heirs, resolved to spend, not only the annual income, but also the principal. He accordingly made a calculation, that he could not possibly live longer than fourscore years; but, happening to survive all, he found himself reduced to beggary during the last half-dozen years of his life; and actually begged charity from door to door, whining out, "Pray give something to a poor man, who has lived longer than he expected."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

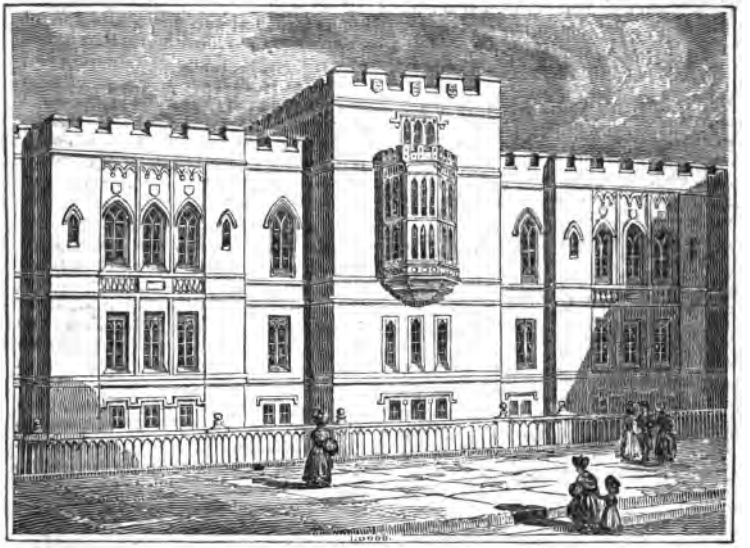
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 405.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1829. [Price 2*d*.

New Buildings, Inner Temple.



"The Temple," as our readers may be aware, is an immense range of buildings, stretching from Fleet-street to the River Thames, north and south; and from Lombard-street, Whitefriars, to Essex-street, in the Strand, east and west. It takes its name from having been the principal establishment, in England, of the Knights Templars; and here, in the thirteenth century they entertained King Henry III., the Pope's Nuncio, foreign ambassadors, and other great personages. The king's treasure was accustomed to be kept in the part now called the *Middle Temple*; and from the chief officer, who, as master of the Temple, was summoned to Parliament in the 47th of Henry III., the chief minister of the Temple Church is still called *Master of the Temple*. After the suppression of this once celebrated order,* the professors of the common law purchased the buildings, and they were then first converted into *Inns of Court*, called the *Inner* and *Middle Temple*, from their former relation to Essex House, which as a part of the buildings, and from its situation outside the division of the city from the suburbs formed by Temple Bar, was called the Outer Temple.

The principal part, or what we might almost call the nucleus of the Inner Temple, is the Hall and Chapel, which were substantially repaired in the year 1819. Thence a range of unsightly brick buildings extended along a broad paved terrace, to the south, descending to the Garden, or bank of the Thames. These buildings have lately been removed, and the above splendid range erected on their site, from the designs of Robert Smirke, Esq., R. A. They are in the Tudor, or to speak familiarly, the good Old English school of architecture, and combine all the picturesque beauty of ancient style with the comfort and elegance of modern art in the adaptation of the interior. Our succinct sketch of the origin of the Temple will sufficiently illustrate the appropriateness of Mr. Smirke's choice. Over the principal windows, on escutcheons, are the Pegasus, the Temple arms, and the re-

* In the *Temple Church*, lie the remains, marked out by their effigies, of numbers of the Templars. For a Description and Engraving of the Church, see Mirror, No. 274.

spective arms of Henry III. and George IV. At the end immediately adjoining the Chapel, is a Latin inscription with the date of the repairs, 1819, and at the eastern extremity of the present building is another inscription with the date of 1828, in which the last improvements were commenced. Viewed from the Terrace, the whole range has a handsome and substantial appearance, sufficiently decorated, yet not overloaded with ornament. From another point, Whitefriars Gate, the end of the building, with its fine oriel window, is seen to considerable advantage. Against the old brick house on this spot was a sundial, with the quaint conceit, "Begone about your business." The cast-iron railing of the area appears to us extremely elegant and appropriate.

The interior is not yet completed, but, by the courtesy of the architect we have obtained a view of its unfinished state. The principal apartments are the *Parliament Chamber* on the first, and the *Library* on the second floor. The Chamber adjoins the Hall, and is intended for a withdrawing-room, whither the Templars of our times, after dining in the Hall, may repair to exercise the *argumentum ad Bacculinum* in term time. The dimensions of this room are in height about 13 feet; length 37 feet; and width about 27 feet. Above is the Library, which is indeed a magnificent room. The height is about 20 feet; length 39 feet; and width in the centre about 37 feet. The fine window, of which we spoke in our description of the exterior, is not yet glazed; its height is 17 feet, and width 14 feet; and the mullions, &c. are very rich. The remainder of the buildings will be occupied by ante-rooms, and chambers for barristers. The whole will be fire-proof, the floors being divided by plate-iron archings upon cast-iron bearings.

The Inner Temple Hall is a fine room, though comparatively small. It is ornamented with the portraits of William III. and Mary, and the Judges Coke and Littleton; it is also embellished with a picture of Pegasus, painted by Sir James Thornhill. The Middle Temple has likewise a Hall, which is spacious and fine: here were given many of the feasts of old times, before mentioned. It contains a fine picture of Charles I. on horseback, by Vandyke, and portraits of Charles II. Queen Anne, George I. and George II.

There is a host of pleasing associations connected with the Temple, if we only instance the seasonable doings there at Christmas—as breakfasting in the hall "with brawn, mustard, and malmsey;" and at dinner, "a fair and large Bore's head upon a silver platter with minstralsaye."

SPRING TIDES.

(For the Mirror.)

At page 310 of the present volume of your miscellany, your correspondent *Vyvyan* states that the tide rises at Chepstow more than 60 feet, and that a mark in the rocks below the bridge there denotes its having risen to the height of 70 feet, which is, perhaps *(Vyvyan* states), the greatest altitude of the tides in the world. At Windsor, seated on the east bank of the *Avon* river, which falls into the Basin of Mines, at the head of the Bay of Fundy, the spring tides regularly rise 70 feet and upwards; and at Truro, at the eastern extremity of the Bay of Fundy, the spring tides rise to an altitude of 100 feet. There are some parts of the west coast of North America also where the tides rise to a very high altitude; but I do not at this moment remember the particulars. My attention having thus been directed to the Bay of Fundy, it induces me to inform you, that an inland water communication, at a minimum depth of eight feet, and proportionate expanse, is now forming from Halifax, *Nova Scotia*, by the Shubenacadie river, falling into the Bay of Fundy, near the abovementioned town of Truro.

The total length of this canal is 53 miles, 1,024 yards, the artificial portion of which is only 2,739 yards, the remainder being formed by a chain of deep lakes and the Shubenacadie river. The summit level is 95 feet 10 inches above the *high-water* surface of *medium tides* in Halifax harbour; and is attained by seven locks, each 87 feet long, and 22 feet six inches wide; and the tide locks nine feet in depth of water. The descent into the Bay of Fundy, at highwater surface medium tides, is by eight locks.

The estimated expense of this interesting work is £54,000.

J. M.

MINSTRELS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—Sometime ago a discussion arose in the public papers respecting the right of the King's Sergeant Trumpeter to grant licenses to minstrels for carrying on their calling in London and Westminster. I do not recollect whether

this officer succeeded in establishing the right; but the following account of a similar privilege in another part of the country is founded on fact, and may furnish amusement to some of your readers:—

About the latter end of the reign of Richard I., Randal Blundeville, Earl of Chester, was closely besieged by the Welsh in his Castle, in Flintshire. In this extremity, the earl sent to his constable, Roger Lacy, (who for his *fiery* qualities received the appropriate cognomen of *hell*), to hasten, with what force he could collect, to his relief. It happened to be Midsummer-day, when a great fair was held at Chester, the humours of which, it should seem, the worthy constable, witless of his lord's peril, was then enjoying. He immediately got together, in the words of my authority, "a great, lawless mob of fiddlers, players, cobblers, and such like," and marched towards the earl. The Welsh, although a musical people, not relishing this sort of chorus, thought it prudent to beat a retreat, and fled. The earl, by this well-timed presto-movement, being released from danger, returned with his constable to Chester, and in reward of his service, granted by deed to Roger and his heirs, authority "over all the fiddlers, minstrels, and cobblers in Chester."

About the end of the reign of John, or the beginning of that of Henry III., the fire of Roger being extinguished by death, his son John Lacy, granted this privilege by deed to his steward, one Hugh Dutton and his heirs, in the words following:—"Dedi et concessi, et per hac presenti charta mea, confirmavi Hugoni de Dutton, et heredibus suis, magistratum omnium lecatorum, *et meretriouu*, totius Cestershiriæ," &c.

Dugdale relates in his Monasticon, p. 860, that "under this grant, and by ancient custom, the heirs of Dutton claim and exercise authority over all the common fiddlers and minstrels in Chester and Cheshire; and in memory of it, keep a yearly court at Chester on Midsummer-day, being Chester Fair, and in a solemn manner ride attended through the city to St. John the Baptist's Church, with all the fiddlers of the county playing before the Lord of Dutton, and then at the court renew their licenses yearly; and that none ought to use the trade or employment of a minstrel, or fiddler, either within the city or county, but by an order and license of that court.' I find too that this privilege has received the sanction of the legislature; for by the Act of 17 George II., cap. 5., commonly called the Vagrant Act, which includes "minstrels" under that amiable class of independents, the rights of the family of Dutton in the county of Chester are expressly reserved. Perhaps some of your numerous Correspondents may be able to say whether this very singular *Court of Concert* is still kept up. ANTIQUARIUS.

ON GARDENS.*

(For the Mirror.)

THE hanging gardens, in antiquity called *Pensiles Horti*, were raised on arches by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, in order to gratify his wife, Amyctis, daughter of Astyages, King of Media. These gardens are supposed by Quintus Curtius to have been equal in height to the city, viz. 50 feet. They contained a square of 400 feet on every side, and were carried up into the air in several terraces laid one above another, and the ascent from terrace to terrace was by stairs 10 feet wide.

Among the Mexicans there are *floating gardens*, which are described by the Abbé Clavigero, as highly curious and interesting, so as to form a place of recreation and amusement. The abundant produce of these prolific gardens, are brought daily by the canal in numerous small vessels, at sun-rise, to the market-place of the capital to be sold. The plants thrive in these situations in an astonishing manner, the mud of the lake being extremely fertile and productive, without the aid of rain. Whenever the owners of these gardens are inclined to change their situations, they get into their little vessels, and by their own strength alone, or where that is not sufficient, by the assistance of others, they get them afloat, and tow them after them wherever they please.

Gardening was introduced into England from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables were imported till 1509. Fruits and flowers of sundry sorts before unknown, were brought into England in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII. from about 1500 to 1578. Grapes were first planted at Blaxhall, in Suffolk, 1552. The ingenuity and fostering care of the people of England, have brought under their tribute all the vegetable creation.

Lord Bacon has truly observed, "A garden is the purest of all human pleasures," and no doubt he felt its influence, when he returned from the tur-

* We would suggest "Gleanings on Gardens," were not that title forestalled by an interesting little work, lately published by Mr. S. Felton. —ED.

moil of a *court* and *courts*. Many of his writings were composed under the shade of the trees in Gray's Inn Gardens; he lived in a house facing the great gates, forming the entrance to the gardens, and Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brook,† frequently sent him "home-brewed beer." Epicurus, the patron of refined pleasure, fixed the seat of his enjoyment in a garden. Dr. Knox says, "In almost every description of the seats of the blessed, ideas of a garden seem to have predominated. The word paradise itself is synonymous with garden. The fields of Elysium, that sweet region of poesy, are adorned with all that imagination can conceive to be delightful. Some of the most pleasing passages of Milton are those in which he represents the happy pair engaged in cultivating their blissful abode. Poets have always been delighted with the beauties of a garden. Lucan is represented by Juvenal as reposing in his garden. Virgil's *Georgics* prove him to have been captivated with rural scenes; though to the surprise of his readers he has not assigned a book to the subject of a garden. But let not the rich suppose they have appropriated the pleasures of a garden. The possessor of an acre, or a smaller portion, may receive a real pleasure from observing the progress of vegetation, even in the plantation of culinary plants. A very limited tract properly attended to, will furnish ample employment for an individual, nor let it be thought a mean care; for the same hand that raised the cedar, formed the hyssop on the wall."

P. T. W.

GRECIAN FLIES—SPONGERS.

(For the Mirror.)

In modern days we should term *Grecian Flies, Spongers; alias Dinner Hunters*. Among the Grecians (according to Potter) "They who forced themselves into other men's entertainments, were called *flies*, which was a general name of reproach for such as insinuated themselves into any company where they were not welcome." In Plautus, an entertainment free from unwelcome guests is called *hospitium sine muscis*, an entertainment without flies; and in another place of the same author, an inquisitive and busy man, who pries and insinuates himself into the secrets of others, is termed *musca*. We are likewise informed by Horus Apollo, that in Egypt a fly was the hieroglyphic of an impudent man, because that insect being beaten away, still returns again; on which account it is that Homer makes it an emblem of courage.

P. T. W.

† In the street called Brook Street, was Brook House.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

MARSHAL NEY.

[No apology is requisite for our introduction of the following passage from the life of Marshal Ney, in a volume of the *Family Library*, entitled "*The Court and Camp of Buonaparte.*"]

In the campaign of 1813, Ney faithfully adhered to the falling emperor. At Bautzen, Lutzen, Dresden, he contributed powerfully to the success; but he and Oudinot received a severe check at Dennewitz from the Crown Prince of Sweden. From that hour defeat succeeded defeat; the allies invaded France; and, in spite of the most desperate resistance, triumphantly entered Paris in March, 1814. Ney was one of the three marshals chosen by Napoleon to negotiate with Alexander in behalf of the King of Rome, but the attempt was unsuccessful, and all he could do was to remain a passive spectator of the fall and exile of his chief.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, Ney was more fortunate than many of his brethren: he was entrusted with a high military command, and created a knight of St. Louis, and a peer of France.

But France was now at peace with all the world; and no one of these great military chiefs could be more unprepared for the change than the Prince of Moskwa. He was too old to acquire new habits. For domestic comforts he was little adapted: during the many years of his marriage, he had been unable to pass more than a very few months with his family. Too illiterate to find any resource in books, too rude to be a favourite in society, and too proud to desire that sort of distinction, he was condemned to a solitary and an inactive life. The habit of braving death, and of commanding vast bodies of men, had impressed his character with a species of moral grandeur, which raised him far above the puerile observances of the fashionable world. Plain in his manners, and still plainer in his words, he neither knew, nor wished to know, the art of pleasing courtiers. Of good na-

ture he had indeed a considerable fund, but he showed it, not so much by the endless little attentions of a gentleman, as by scattered acts of princely beneficence. For dissipation he had no taste; his professional cares and duties, which, during twenty-five years, had left him no respite, had engrossed his attention too much to allow room for the passions, vices, or follies of society to obtain any empire over him. The sobriety of his manners was extreme, even to austerity.

His wife had been reared in the court of Louis XVI., and had adorned that of the emperor. Cultivated in her mind, accomplished in her manners, and elegant in all she said or did, her society was courted on all sides. Her habits were expensive; luxury reigned throughout her apartments, and presided at her board; and to all this display of elegance and pomp of show, the military simplicity, not to say the coarseness, of the marshal, furnished a striking contrast. His good nature offered no other obstacle to the gratification of her wishes than the occasional expression of a fear that his circumstances might be deranged by them. But if he would not oppose, neither could he join in her extravagance. While she was presiding at a numerous and brilliant party of guests, he preferred to remain alone in a distant apartment, where the festive sounds could not reach him. On such occasions he almost always dined alone.

Ney seldom appeared at court. He could neither bow nor flatter, nor could he stoop to kiss even his sovereign's hand without something like self-humiliation. To his princess, on the other hand, the royal smile was as necessary as the light of the sun; and unfortunately for her, she was sometimes disappointed in her efforts to attract it. Her wounded vanity often beheld an insult in what was probably no more than an inadvertence. In a word she ere long fervently regretted the court in which the great captains had occupied the first rank, and their families shared the almost exclusive favour of the sovereign. She complained to her husband; and he, with a calm smile, advised her never again to expose herself to such mortifications if she really sustained them. But though he could thus rebuke a woman's vanity, the haughty soldier felt his own wounded through hers. To escape from these complaints, and from the monotony of his Parisian existence, he retired to his country-seat, in January, 1815, the very season when people of consideration are most engrossed by the busy scenes of the metropolis. There he led an unfettered life; he gave his mornings to field sports; and the guests he entertained in the evening were such as, from their humble condition, rendered formality useless, and placed him completely at his ease.

It was here that on the 6th of March he was surprised by the arrival of an aide-de-camp from the minister at war, who ordered him, with all possible despatch, to join the sixth division, of which he was the commander, and which was stationed at Besançon. In his anxiety to learn the extent of his instructions, Ney immediately rode to Paris; and there, for the first time, learned the disembarkation of Buonaparte from Elba.

Ney eagerly undertook the commission assigned him of hastening to oppose the invader. In his last interview with Louis his protestations of devotedness to the Bourbons, and his denunciations against Napoleon, were ardent—perhaps they were sincere. Whether he said that Buonaparte *deserved* to be confined in an iron cage, or that he would *bring* him to Paris in one, is not very clear, nor indeed very material.—We reluctantly approach the darker shades in the life of this great officer.

On his arrival at Besançon, March 10th, he learned the disaffection of all the troops hitherto sent against the invader, and perceived that those by whom he was surrounded were not more to be trusted. He was surrounded with loud and incessant cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* Already, at Lyons, two members of the royal family had found all opposition vain; the march of Napoleon was equally peaceful and triumphant. During the night of the 13th, Ney had a secret interview with a courier from his old master; and on the following morning he announced to his troops that the house of Bourbon had ceased to reign—that the emperor was the only ruler France would acknowledge! He then hastened to meet Napoleon, by whom he was received with open arms, and hailed by his indisputed title of Bravest of the Brave.

Ney was soon doomed to suffer the necessary consequence of his crime bitter and unceasing remorse. His inward reproaches became intolerable: he felt humbled, mortified, for he had lost that noble self-confidence, that inward sense of dignity, that unspeakable and exalted satisfaction, which integrity alone can bestow: the man who would have defied the world in arms, trembled before the new enemy within him; he saw that his virtue, his honour, his peace, and the esteem of the wise and

the good, were lost to him for ever. In the bitterness of his heart, he demanded and obtained permission to retire for a short time into the country. But there he could not regain his self-respect. Of his distress, and we hope of his repentance, no better proof need be required than the reply, which, on his return to Paris, he made to the emperor, who feigned to have believed that he had emigrated: "I *ought* to have done so long ago (said Ney); it is now too late."

The prospect of approaching hostilities soon roused once more the enthusiasm of this gallant soldier, and made him for awhile less sensible to the gloomy agitation within. From the day of his being ordered to join the army on the frontiers of Flanders, June 11, his temper was observed to be less unequal, and his eye to have regained its fiery glance.

The story of Waterloo need not be repeated here. We shall only observe, that on no occasion did the Bravest of the Brave exhibit more impetuous though hopeless valour. Five horses were shot under him; his garments were pierced with balls; his whole person was disfigured with blood and mud, yet he would have continued the contest on foot while life remained, had he not been forced from the field, by the dense and resistless columns of the fugitives. He returned to the capital, and there witnessed the second imperial abdication, and the capitulation of Paris, before he thought of consulting his safety by flight. Perhaps he hoped that by virtue of the twelfth article of that convention, he should not be disquieted; if so, however, the royal ordinance of July 24th, terribly undeceived him. He secreted himself with one of his relatives at the château of Bessaris, department of Lot, in the expectation that he should soon have an opportunity of escaping to the United States. But he was discovered, and in a very singular manner.

In former days Ney had received a rich Egyptian sabre from the hands of the First Consul. There was but another like it known to exist, and that was possessed by Murat. The marshal was carefully secluded both from visiters and domestics, but unluckily this splendid weapon was left on a sofa in the drawing-room. It was perceived, and not a little admired by a visiter, who afterwards described it to a party of friends at Aurillac. One present immediately observed, that, from the description, it must belong to either Ney or Murat. This came to the ears of the prefect, who instantly despatched fourteen gensdarmes, and some police agents, to arrest the owner. They surrounded the château; and Ney at once surrendered himself. Perhaps he did not foresee the fatal issue of his trial; some of his friends say that he even wished it to take place immediately, that he might have an opportunity to contradict a report that Louis had presented him with half a million of francs, on his departure for Besançon.

A council of war, composed of French marshals, was appointed to try him; but they had little inclination to pass sentence on an old companion in arms; and declared their incompetency to try one, who, when he consummated his treason, was a peer of France. Accordingly, by a royal ordinance of November 12th, the Chamber of Peers were directed to take cognizance of the affair. His defence was made to rest by his advocates—first, on the twelfth article of the capitulation, and when this was overruled, on the ground of his no longer being amenable to French laws, since Sarre-Louis, his native town, had recently been dissevered from France. This the prisoner himself overruled; "I *am* a Frenchman, (cried Ney), and I will die a Frenchman!" The result was that he was found guilty and condemned to death by an immense majority, one hundred and sixty-nine to seventeen. On hearing the sentence read according to usage, he interrupted the enumeration of his titles, by saying: "Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney—now a French soldier, and soon a heap of dust?" His last interview with his lady, who was sincerely attached to him, and with his children, whom he passionately loved, was far more bitter than the punishment he was about to undergo. This heavy trial being over, he was perfectly calm, and spoke of his approaching fate with the utmost unconcern. "Marshal," said one of his sentinels, a poor grenadier, "you should now think of God: I never faced danger without such preparation." "Do you suppose (answered Ney) that any one need teach me to die?" But he immediately gave way to better thoughts, and added, "Comrade, you are right. I will die as becomes a man of honour and a Christian. Send for the curate of St. Sulpice."

A little after eight o'clock on the morning of December 7th, the marshal, with a firm step and an air of perfect indifference, descended the steps leading to the court of the Luxembourg, and entered a carriage which conveyed him

to the place of execution, outside the garden gates. He alighted, and advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up to despatch him. To an officer, who proposed to blindfold him, he replied—"Are you ignorant that, for twenty-five years, I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He took off his hat, raised it above his head, and cried aloud—"I declare before God and man that I have never betrayed my country: may my death render her happy! *Vive la France!*" He then turned to the men, and, striking his other hand on his heart, gave the word, "Soldiers—fire!"

Thus, in his forty-seventh year, did the "Bravest of the Brave" expiate one great error, alien from his natural character, and unworthy of the general course of his life. If he was sometimes a stern, he was never an implacable, enemy. Ney was sincere, honest, blunt even: so far from flattering, he often contradicted him on whose nod his fortunes depended. He was, with rare exceptions, merciful to the vanquished; and while so many of his brother marshals dishonoured themselves by the most barefaced rapine and extortion, he lived and died poor.

Ney left four sons, two of whom are in the service of his old friend, Bernadotte.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

"Nay, chide me not; I cannot chase
The gloom that wraps my soul away,
Nor wear, as erst, the smiling face
That best beseems this hallow'd day
Fain would my yearning heart be gay,
Its wonted welcome breathe to thine;
But sighs come blended with my lay,
And tears of anguish blot the line.

I cannot sing as once, I sung,
Our bright and cheerful hearth beside;
When gladness sway'd my heart and tongue,
And looks of fondest love replied—
The meaner cares of earth defied,
We heeded not its outward din;
How loud soe'er the storm might chide,
So all was calm and fair within.

A blight upon our bliss hath come,
We are not what we were of yore;
The music of our hearts is dumb;
Our fireside mirth is heard no more!
The little chick, its chirp is o'er,
That fill'd our happy home with glee;
The dove hath fled, whose pinions bore
Healing and peace for thee and me.

Our youngest-born—our Autumn-flower,
The best beloved, because the last;
The star that shone above our bower,
When many a cherish'd dream had past,
The one sweet hope, that o'er us cast
Its rainbow'd form of life and light,
And smiled defiance on the blast,
Hath vanished from our eager sight.

Oh, sudden was the wrench that tore
Affection's firmest links apart;
And doubly barb'd the shaft we wore
Deep in each bleeding heart of heart;
For, who can bear from bliss to part
Without one sign—one warning token;
To sleep in peace—then wake and start
To find life's fairest promise broken,

When last this cherish'd day came round,
What aspirations sweet were ours!
Fate, long unkind, our hopes had crown'd,
And strewn, at length, our path with flowers.
How darkly now the prospect lowers;
How thorny is our homeward way;
How more than sad our evening hours,
That used to glide like thought away.

And half infected by our gloom,
Yon little mourner sits and sighs,
His playthings, scatter'd round the room,
No more attract his listless eyes.
Nutting, his infant task, he plies,
On moves with soft and stealthy tread,
And call'd, in tone subdued replies,
As if he fear'd to wake the dead.

Where is the blithe companion gone,
Whose sports he lov'd to guide and share?
Where is the merry eye that won
All hearts to fondness? Where, oh where?
The empty crib—the vacant chair—
The favourite toy—alone remain,
To whisper to our hearts' despair,
Of hopes we cannot feel again.

Ah, joyless is our 'ingle nook,'—
Its genial warmth we own no more;
Our fireside wears an alter'd look,—
A gloom it never knew before;
The converse sweet—the cherish'd lore—
That once could cheer our stormiest day,—
These revels of the soul are o'er;
Those simple pleasures past away.

Then chide me not, I cannot sing
A song befitting love and thee;—
My heart and harp have lost the string
On which hung all their melody;
Yet soothing sweet it is to me,
Since fled the smiles of happier years;
To know that still our hearts are free,
Betide what may, to mingle tears!"

Literary Souvenir for 1830.

Notes of a Reader.

CURIOSITIES OF FRANCE,

Noted by John Locke.

At Lyons, "they showed us, upon the top of the hill, a church, now dedicated to the Virgin, which was formerly a temple of Venus; near it dwelt Thomas a Becket, when banished from England. * * * * About half a league from St. Vallier, we saw a house, a little out of the way, where they say Pilate lived in banishment. We met with the owner, who seemed to doubt the truth of the story; but told us there was mosaic work very ancient in one of the floors." At Montpelier, "I walked, and found them gathering of olives—a black fruit, the bigness of an acorn, with which the trees were thickly hung. All the highways are filled with gamesters at mall, so that walkers are in some danger of knocks. * * * Parasols, a pretty sort of cover for women riding in the sun, made of straw, something like the fashion of tin covers for dishes. * * * Monsieur Renaie, a gentleman of the town, in whose

house Sir J. Rushworth lay, about four years ago, sacrificed a child to the devil—a child of a servant of his own, upon a design to get the devil to be his friend, and help him to get some money. Several murders committed here since I came, and more attempted; one by a brother on his sister, in the house where I lay." [This species of crime is therefore not so new in France as recent cases have induced the philosophical to imagine.]

"At Toulouse saw the charteraux, very large and fine; saw the relics at St. Sernin, where they have the greatest store of them that I have met with; besides others, there are six apostles, and the head of the seventh; viz. two Jameses, Philip, Simon, Jude, Barnabas, and the head of Barthelmy. We were told of the wonders these and other relics had done being carried in procession, but more especially the head of St. Edward, one of our Kings of England, which, carried in procession, delivered the town from a plague some years since. * * * *

"At Paris, the bills of mortality usually amount to 19 or 20,000; and they count in the town about 500,000 souls, 50,000 more than in London, where the bills are less. Quære, whether the Quakers, Anabaptists, and Jews, that die in London, are reckoned in the bills of mortality."—*Lord King's Life.*

ROYAL INCOMES.

THE income of the King of England is somewhat more than £400,000. per annum; but its amount does not perhaps exceed, in a duplicate ratio, the receipts of some opulent subjects; and may be advantageously compared with the French King's revenue, a civil list of about one million sterling, free from diplomatic, judicial, and, we believe, from all other extraneous charges. Our late excellent king's regard for economy led him, in the early part of his reign, to approve a new arrangement of the civil list expenditure, by which he accepted of a fixed revenue, in lieu of those improvable funds which had formerly been appropriated to the crown. On the revision of the civil list in 1816, it appeared, that had George III. conducted the entire branch of expenditure with those funds which had been provided for his predecessors. there would at that period have remained to the crown a total surplus of £6,300,000. which sum the public had gained by the change of provision.

Quarterly Review.

BRITISH ALMANAC AND COMPANION.

SWIFT, if our memory serves us aright, compares abstracts, abridgments, and summaries to burning-glasses, and has something about a full book resembling the tail of a lobster. The French too have a proverb—"as full as an egg"—but these home similes will hardly give the public an idea of the vast variety of useful matters which these two *Year Books* contain.

The *Almanac*, besides an excellent arrangement, astronomical, meteorological, and philosophical, contains a list of common indigenous field plants in flower, and even the taste of the epicure is consulted in a table of fish in season, at the foot of each month. The Miscellaneous Register includes nearly all the Court, Parliament, and other Lists of a Red Book; and a List of Mail Coach routes direct from London, with the hours of their arrival at the principal towns, is completeness itself: but how will these items be deranged by Steam Coaches? Among the Useful Tables, one of Excise Licenses is especially valuable.

The *Companion* is even more important in its contents than last year. An Explanation of the Eras of Ancient and Modern Times, and of various countries, with a view to the comparison of their respective dates,—stands first; next are "Facts pertaining to the course of the Seasons," under the "Observations of a Naturalist;" an excellent paper on the Tides; and a concise Natural History of the Weather—to be continued in the *Companion* for 1831; this is a delightful paper. The Comparative Scales of Thermometers are next, with a wood-cut of the Scales and Explanation. We have only room to particularize a Chronological Table of the principal Geographical Discoveries of Modern European Nations; a paper on French Measures; and a List of our Metropolitan Charitable Institutions, their officers, &c. The Parliamentary Register is as copious as usual; the Chronicle of the Session is neatly compiled; and a rapid Sketch of Public Improvements, and a Chronicle of Events of 1829 will be interesting to all readers. In short, we can scarcely conceive a work that is likely to be more extensively useful than the present: it concerns the business of all; it is perhaps less domestic than in previous years; but as "great wits have short memories," its scientific helps are not overrated.

PENITENT LETTER.

THE following letter occurs in Captain Beaver's *Memoirs*, said to be written by a runaway pirate :—

" To Mr. Beaver.—Sir, I hope that you will parden me for riteing to you, which I know I am not worthy of, but I hope you will forgive me for all things past, for I am going to try to get a passage to the Cape deverds, and then for America. Sir, if you will be so good as to let me go, I shall be grately ableaght to you. Sir, I hope you will parden me for running away. Sir, I am your most obedent umbld servant, PETER HAYLES.

" Sir, I do rite with tears in my eyes."

FRENCH TRAVELLERS IN ENGLAND.

A FRENCHMAN in London, without any knowledge of our language will cut but a sorry figure, and be more liable to ridicule than an Englishman in a similar condition in Paris: to wit, the waggish joke told of the Parisian inquiring for *Old Bailey*, or *Mr. Bailey, Scn.* It is, therefore, quite as requisite that a Frenchman should be provided with a good French and English phrase-book, as that an Englishman should have an English and French Manual. Of the former description is Mr. Leigh's *" Recueil de Phrases utiles aux étrangers voyageant en Angleterre,"* a new and improved edition of which is before us. It contains every description of information, from the embarkation at Calais to all the Lions of London—how to punish a roguish hackney-coachman —to criticise Miss Kemble at Covent Garden—to write an English letter, or to make out a washing-bill—which miscellaneous matters are very useful to know in a metropolis like ours, where, as the new Lord Mayor told a countryman the other day, we should consider every stranger a rogue. Glancing at the *fêtes* or holidays, there is a woeful falling off from the Parisian list—in ours only eleven are given—but " they manage these things better in France."

CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES.

IN the *Quarterly Review* (lately published) there is an excellent paper on these Societies.

Of the spread of these Societies we take this anecdote as an example :—" A lady, who became acquainted at Brighton with the Co-operative Society of that town, and carried away a knowledge of the scheme, has formed three similar societies, one at Tunbridge, one at Hastings, the third we know not where. that at Hastings was, at the end of July, just thirteen weeks old; it had made a clear profit of *£79. 5s. 4d.* and its returns for the last week of that month were *£*104. There are now upwards of seventy Co-operative Societies in different parts of England, and they are spreading so rapidly, that the probability is that by the time this number of our Review is published, there will be nearly one hundred." Upon the system of Co-operation the Editor forcibly remarks, " It is at present in its infancy—a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. Whether it is to dissipate in heat, or gradually spread over the land, and send down refreshing showers on this parched and withered portion of society, God only knows, and time only can reveal."

STANDARD OF THE JANISSARIES.

ODD as it may seem, a *soup-kettle* is the standard of the Janissaries, an emblem rather more appropriate for a Court of Aldermen. Dr. Walsh says that he saw in the streets of Constantinople, an extraordinary greasy-looking fellow dressed in a leather jacket, covered over with ornaments of tin, bearing in his hand a lash of several leather thoags; he was followed by two men, also fantastically dressed, supporting a pole on their shoulders, from which hung a large copper kettle. They walked through the main streets with an air of great authority, and all the people hastily got out of the way. This he found on inquiry was the soup-kettle of a corps of Janissaries, and always held in high respect; indeed, so distinguishing a characteristic of this body is their *soup*, that their colonel is called Tchorbadgé, or the distributor of soup. Their kettle, therefore, is in fact, their standard, and whenever that is brought forward, it is the signal of some desperate enterprize, and in a short time 20,000 men have been known to rally round their odd insignia of war. Apropos, have they not something to do with *kettle*-drums?

HOME COLONIES.

WORKHOUSES are moral pesthouses, for the encouragement of idleness and profligacy, where at a great charge to the public, a host of outcasts are reared and trained for a career of misery. For these costly and demoralizing establishments, which the English poor dread

even more than imprisonment or transportation—for

"That pauper-palace which they hate to see,"

we would fain see substituted *a district or county colony*, where every able-bodied human being out of employment might find work and subsistence.—*Quarterly Review.*

BEWICK, THE ENGRAVER.

THE Duke of Northumberland, when first he called to see Mr. Bewick's workshops at Newcastle, was not personally known to the engraver; yet he showed him his birds, blocks, and drawings, as he did to all, with the greatest liberality and cheerfulness; but on discovering the high rank of his visiter, exclaimed, "I beg pardon, my lord, I did not know your grace, and was unaware I had the honour of talking to so great a man." To which the duke good-humouredly replied, "You are a much greater man than I am, Mr. Bewick." To which Bewick, with his ready wit that never failed or offended, resumed, "No, my lord; but were *I* Duke of Northumberland, perhaps I could be."—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

FRENCH DRAMA.

VOLTAIRE, as a dramatic writer, studied only to complete what is called *stage effect;* and with him, moreover, originated the contemptible practice, now so prevalent in France, and once so much in this country, (and which the Irish triumvirate justly call '*blarneying John Bull,*') of flattering the passions, and pouring incense on the high altar of popular vanity."—*Foreign Review.*—Nearly all Colman's comedies have this glaring weakness, although some allowance should be made for the strong excitement amidst which they were first produced on our stage.

IT was a remark of Lord Chatham's, and equally so of Mr. Burke's, that the occasional use of low words does not detract from the dignity of true eloquence. Mr. Canning and some of his successors have, however, ventured to differ from these two great men.

THE people of England have, in the last year, consumed one half more of candles, soap, starch, bricks, sugar, brandy, and one-third more of tea, than they did only twelve years ago, a date which seems to most of us recent.—*Finance Article, in Quarterly Review.*

— — —

The Anecdote Gallery.

DR. SOUTHEY.

BALLADS *versus* BONNETS.

(For the Mirror.)

A MR. L———, a respectable straw-hat manufacturer, from the vicinity of Bond-street, who had dabbled considerably in the fine arts, in the way of sketches and outlines, taken at the different watering-places which he visited, determined on making a tour to the Lakes, "in search of the picturesque." Desirous of rendering his journey poetically interesting, he solicited from a friend of his in town, who was acquainted with Dr. Southey, a letter of introduction to the Laureate, which was accorded. But the epistle, instead of describing Mr. L —— as an artist, merely designated him "an honest bonnet-maker," who had a *penchant* for lionizing, and who desired to be introduced to Dr. Southey in "the way of business." With this vexatiously facetious and laconic scrawl, poor Mr. L. made his way to the Lakes, and in due time was ushered into the Parnassian presence of the author of "Thalaba." The address of one of Southey's celebrity might well perplex a "man of straw;" and it had somewhat of this effect on our tradesman-artist; who, however, according to his own account of the affair, bustled through pretty tolerably; adopting the *nonchalance* of Geoffrey Crayon's uncle on entering a superb drawing-room—looking around him with an air of indifference, which seemed to say, "he had seen *finer things* in his time." After some desultory conversation, regarding the heights of hills, the breadths of lakes, and the curative influence of the sentimental region on the smoke-dried citizens, mixed with some elaborate eulogies on the "*Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society,*" the "last new work" of the Doctor's, he began to evince a little uneasiness at so much ceremony with a mere tradesman; which was more than was called for towards even the modest and retiring "bard of Sheffield," on Mr. Southey's difficultly-acquired interview with the latter. Mr. L., however, before parting, thought it due to the poet, as a mark of an artist's respect for the "classic nine," to present him with a few sketches of the scenery, which he had already taken. Unrolling a bundle of drawing paper, Southey, who thought he had been talking to a bonnet-maker, come to solicit orders, remarked, "Your latest *spring patterns,* I suppose?".

"Sir!" faintly articulated the now-enlightened Mr. L., "I merely beg leave to present you ——" "Really, Sir," said the impatient poet, "I thank you sincerely; but I have no taste in selecting bonnets; had the ladies ——" a sentence which was interrupted by the abashed and confounded bonnet-maker grasping his hat and drawings, and hastily wishing the Laureate a good morning. * * H.

BEST'S MEMS.

DR. GEORGE HORNE was a man of unaffected piety, cheerful temper, great learning, and, notwithstanding his propensity to jesting, dignified manners. He was much beloved in Magdalen College, of which he was president; the chief complaint against him being, that he did not reside the whole of the time in every year that the statutes required. He resigned his headship on being promoted from the Deanery of Canterbury to the See of Norwich; the alleged reason was, the incompatibility of the duties; though other heads of houses, when made bishops, have retained their academical situations. He never manifested the least ill-humour himself, and repressed it, but with gentleness, in others. Having engaged in a party at whist, merely because he was wanted to make up the number, and playing indifferently ill, as he forewarned his partner would be the case, he replied to the angry question, "What reason could you possibly have, Mr. President, for playing that card?" "None upon earth, I assure you." On the morning when news was received in college of the death of one of the fellows, a good companion, a *bon vivant*, Horne met with another fellow, an especial friend of the defunct, and began to condole with him: "We have lost poor L——." "Ah! Mr. President, I may well say I could have better spared a better man." "Meaning *me*, I suppose?" said Horne, with an air that, by its pleasantry, put to flight the other's grief. I was talking with Henry James Pye, late poet-laureate, when he happened to mention the name of Mr. P. a gentleman of Berkshire, and M.P. I think, for Reading; "That is the man," said I, "who damned the king's wig in the very presence of his majesty; with great credit, however, to his own loyalty, and very much to the amusement of the king." "I do not well see how that could be." "You shall hear a story which our president (Pye had been a gentleman commoner of Magdalen College) told at his own table. The king was out a hunting; P—— was *in*, and *of*, the field; the king's horse fell; the king was thrown from the saddle, and his hat and wig were thrown to a little distance from him: he got on his feet again immediately, and began to look about for the hat and wig, which he did not readily see, being, as we all know, short-sighted. P——, very much alarmed by the accident, rides up in great haste and arrives at the moment when the king is peering about and saying to the attendants, "Where's my wig? where's my wig?" P—— cries out, "D—n your wig! is *your majesty safe?*"

CURIOUS CONCEITS.

WHILE the late Edmund Burke was making preparation for the indictment before the House of Lords, of Warren Hastings, Governor-general of India, he was told that a person who had long resided in the East Indies, but who was then an inmate of Bedlam, could supply him with much useful information. Burke went accordingly to Bedlam, was taken to the cell of the maniac, and received from him, in a long, rational, and well-conducted conversation, the results of much and various knowledge and experience in Indian affairs, and much instruction for the process then intended. On leaving the cell, Burke told the keeper who attended him, that the poor man whom he had just visited, was most iniquitously practised upon; for that he was as much in his senses as man could be. The keeper assured him that there was sufficient warranty and very good cause for his confinement. Burke, with what a man in office once called "Irish impetuosity," known to be one of Burke's characteristics, insisted that it was an infamous affair, threatened to make the matter public, or even bring it before parliament. The keeper then said, "Sir, I should be sorry for you to leave this house under a false impression: before you do so, be pleased to step back to the poor gentleman's cell, and ask him what he had for breakfast." Burke could not refuse compliance with a request so reasonable and easily performed. "Pray, Sir," says he to his Indian counsellor, "be so obliging as to tell me what you had for breakfast." The other, immediately putting on the wild stare of the maniac, cried out, "Hobnails, Sir! It is shameful to think how they treat us! They give us nothing but hobnails!" and went on with a "descant wild" on the horrors of the cookery of Bethlehem Hospital.

Burke staid no longer than that his departure might not seem abrupt; and, on the advantage of the first pause in the talk, was glad to make his escape. I was present when Paley was much interested and amused by an account given by one of the company, of a widow lady, who was of entirely sound mind, except that she believed herself made of glass. Given the vitrification, her conduct and discourse were consequent and rational, according to the particulars which Paley drew forth by numerous questions. Canes and parasols were deposited at the door of her drawing-room as at the Louvre or Florentine Gallery, and for the same reason. "You may be hurt by a blow," said she, to one of flesh and blood; "but I should be broken to pieces: and how could I be mended?"—*Best's Mems.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE FOREIGN REVIEW, NO. IX.

More than one acknowledgment is due from us to this excellent work, although the publishers may doubt our sincerity by our selecting the following interesting Ballad, from the German of Christian Count Stolberg; which, observes the reviewer, "is by some considered the poet's best effort, and a translation is therefore here attempted:"—

ELIZA VON MANSFIELD.

A BALLAD OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

"Still night! how many long'for thee!
Now while I wake to weep,
O thou to them hast comfort brought,
Repose and gentle sleep.

Wished too, thou comest to me; now I
Am lonely, and am free,
And with my many sighs profound
May ease my misery.

Alas! what evil have I done
They treat me so severely?
My father always called me his
Good child whom he loved dearly.

My dying mother on my head
Poured her best blessings forth:
It may in heaven be fulfill'd,
But surely not on earth!

Change not this blessing to a curse
For those who me offend;
O God! forgive them what they do,
And cause them to amend.

Ah, I with patience might bear all,
If, Love, thou wouldst not be,
Thou who consumest my troubled heart
With hopeless agony!

If now, while one sweet hope remains,
I cannot this endure;
Thou breakest then, poor heart. So, 'till
Thou breakest, hold it sure."

Meanwhile, sweeps on a knightly man,
Upon his gallant steed,
And reaches, guided by the path,
The castle bridge, with speed.

There deeply sank into his heart,
The plaint of the ladye,
He deems she pleads to him for help,
And will her saviour be.

Full of impatience and desire,
His glowing eyes ranged round,
Till high, within the window, they
The lovely lady found.

"Ah! lady, speak, why mournest thou?
Confide thy grief to me,
And to thy cause this sword, this arm,
This life, devoted be!"

"Ah! noble knight, nor sword, nor arm
I need, right well I wot,
But comfort for my sorrowing heart,
And, ah, that thou hast not!"

"Let me partake thy saddening woe,
That will divide thy grief.
My tear of pity will bestow
Both comfort and relief."

"Thou good kind youth, then hear my tale;
An orphan I, sir knight,
And with my parents did expire
My peace and my delight.

An uncle and an aunt are now
To me in parents' stead,
Who wound my heart, (God pardon it!)
As if they wished me dead.

My father was a wealthy Count:
The inheritance now mine—
Would I were poor! this wretched wealth
'Tis makes me to repine.

My uncle thirsteth, day and night,
For my possessions rare,
And therefore shuts me in this tower,
Hard-hearted and severe.

Here shall I bide, he threatens, choose
I not, in three days, whether
I wed his son, or leave the world,
For a cloister, altogether.

How quickly might the choice be made,
And I the veil assume,
Ah, had my youthful heart not loved
A youth in beauty's bloom.

The youngest at the tournament,
I saw him, and I loved,
So free, so noble, and so bold—
No one like him approved!"

"Be, noble lady, of good cheer,
No cloister shalt thou see,
For less of that bad cruel man
The daughter ever be.

I can, I will deliver thee,
I have resolved it too,
To yield thee to thy youngling's arms,
As I am a Stolberg true!"

"Thou? Stolberg? O my grief is gone?
Mine angel led thee, sure;
Thou art the dear, dear youth for whom
These sorrows I endure.

Now say I free and openly,
What then my looks confest,
When I, my love, thy earliest lance
With oaken garland drest."

"O God! thou? my beloved child,
Eliza Mansfield Dove,
I loved thee, too, with the first look,
As none did ever love.

See on my lance the garland yet,
It ever carries there:
O could'st thou see thy image too,
Imprinted deeply here!

And now, why loiter we? Ere shine
The sun, I'll bring thee home,
And nothing more shall our chaste loves
Divide, whatever come."

"With all my soul I love thee, youth,
Yet still my virgin shame
Struggles against thy rash design,
And trembles for my fame."

* * * *

"We'll seek my sister first, and there
Our wedding shall precede,
And then into my castle I
My noble bride will lead.—

Eliza! let us hasten, come—
It is the mid of night,
The moon will soon conclude her course,
That shineth now so bright."

Now softly by a secret way
The lady lightly trod,
Till she beneath the window—pale
As deadly marble, stood.

Yet soon she felt her heart again,
And sprung unto her knight,
Who press'd her speechless to his heart
That throbb'd with chaste delight.

Then lifts her gladly on his steed,
And her before sits he;
She winds about him her white arms,
Forth go they, valiantly.

Now, wakened by the prancing steed,
And that true griffin's neigh,
The damsel from the window spied
Her lady borne away.

She wildly shrieks, and plains to all
Of her calamity:
The old man foams, and cursing, swears
His niece in shame shall die.

He summon'd all his people up,
And ere the day began,
They left the castle ready armed,
Led by that wicked man.

Meanwhile, cheered by the friendly moon,
Through common, field, and mead,
Far over hill, and vale, and wood,
That knightly pair proceed.

What torrent now with dashing foam
Roars loud before them so?
"Fear not, my love," the Stolberg said,
"This stream full well I know."

The gallant roan makes head, his feet
Approve the flood with care,
Then dashes, neighing, through, as if
A tiny brook it were.

Now come they to the castle wet,
Yet wrapt in heavenly bliss;
Let them describe who such have felt,
The intensity of this.

Now sate they at the early meal;
The cup careered about . . .
But entering soon—"Up noble Count!
The Mansfield!" cried a scout.

The bride and sister fearfully
Their hair in sorrow tore;
The Count already had to horse,
And his full armour wore.

Forth went he out to meet the strife,
And called to Mansfield loud,
"In vain your anger is, for she
My wife is, wed and vow'd.

And am I not of noble stem,
Whose fame is bruited wide,
Who princes to our nation gave,
E'en in the heathen tide?"

With lance in rest, upon him springs
That uncle bad and old,
His people follow—but the knight
Awaits him calm and bold.

And draws his sword. As Mansfield nears,
His fury stoppage found—
He lays about, and cleaves his scull,
And smites him to the ground.

The rest disperse, and Stolberg hastes
Into the house again,
And him throughout the long sweet night
Her gentle arms enchain.

A FEARFUL PROSPECT.

(From the "Noctes" of Blackwood.)

Shepherd.—I look to the mountains, Mr. North, and stern they staun' in a glorious gloom, for the sun is strugglin' wi' a thunder-cloud, and facing him a faint but fast-brightenin' rainbow. The ancient spirit o' Scotland comes on me frae the sky; and the sowl within me reswears in silence the oath o' the Covenant. There they are—the Covenanters a' gather'd thegither, no in fear and tremblin', but wi' Bibles in their bosoms, and swords by their sides, in a glen deep as the sea, and still as death, but for the soun' o' a stream and the cry o' an eagle. "Let us sing, to the praise and glory o' God, the hundred psalm," quoth a loud clear voice, though it be the voice o' an auld man; and up to Heaven hauds he his strang wither'd hauns, and in the gracious wunds o' heaven are flying abroad his gray hairs, or say rather, white as the silver or the snaw.

North.—Oh, for Wilkie!

Shepherd.—The eagle and the stream are silent, and the heavens and the earth are brocht close thegither by that triumphin' psalm. Ay, the clouds cease their sailing and lie still; the mountains bow their heads; and the crags, do they not seem to listen, as in that remote place the hour o' the delighted day is filled with a holy hymn to the Lord God o' Israel!

North.—My dear Shepherd!

Shepherd.—Oh! if there should be sittin' there—even in that congregation on which, like God's own eye, looketh down the meridian sun, now shinin' in the blue region—an Apostate!

North.—The thought is terrible.

Shepherd.—But na, na, na! See that bonny blue-e'ed, rosy-cheek'd, gowden-haired lassie,—only a thought paler than usual, sweet lily that she is,—half sittin' half lyin' on the greensward, as she leans on the knee o' her stalwart grandfather—for the sermon's begun, and all eyes are fastened on the preacher—look at her till your heart melts, as if she were your ain, and God had given you that beautifu' wee image o' her sainted mother, and tell me if you think that a' the tortures that cruelty could devise to inflict, would ever ring frae thae sweet innocent lips ae word o' abjuration o' the faith in which the flower is growing

up amang the dew-draps o' her native hills?

North.—Never—never—never!

Shepherd.—She proved it, sir, in death. Tied to a stake on the seasands she stood; and first she heard, and then she saw, the white rourin' o' the tide. But the smile forsook not her face; it brichten'd in her een when the water reach'd her knee; calmer and calmer was her voice of prayer, as it beat again' her bonny breast; nae shriek when a wave closed her lips for ever; and methinks, sir,—for ages on ages hae lapsed awa' sin' that martyrdom, and therefore Imagination may withouten blame dally wi' grief—methinks, sir, that as her golden head disappear'd, 'twas like a star sinkin' in the sea!

North.—God bless you, my dearest James! shake hands.

Spirit of Discovery.

POPULAR PHILOSOPHY.

Dr. Arnott's Elements of Physics, Vol. ii. Part 1.

We are warm friends to the diffusion of knowledge, and accordingly receive the present portion of Dr. Arnott's work with much satisfaction. We believe the sale of the first volume to have been almost unprecedentedly rapid, (a *fourth* edition being called for within two years) in comparison with the usual slow sale of *scientific* works. This success may easily be traced. The title of the work is not extraordinarily inviting, illustration, not embellishment, is attempted in a few outline diagrams, and the only external inducement to read, is a plain, legible type, to suit all sights. Looking further, we find the great cause in the manner as well as the matter of the volume, which is throughout a text-book of *plain-spoken philosophy*, or as the author says in his title-page, "independently of technical mathematics." Again, in his introductory chapter on "Imponderable Substances," he says, "To understand the subjects as far as men yet usefully understand them, and sufficiently for a vast number of most useful purposes, it is only necessary to classify important phenomena, so that their nature and resemblances may be clearly perceived." The main error of most people who write on philosophical subjects, or the stumbling-block of all students, has been that of the writer presuming too much upon the cultivated understanding of his reader. Thus, in the midst of very familiar explanations we have often seen technicalities which must operate as a wet blanket on the enthusiasm of the reader; and break up the charm which the subject had hitherto created. Upon this principle, treatise upon treatise has been published without effecting the primary object. The matter of Dr. Arnott's work, however, appears to us to be in strict accordance with its title—elementary; but it is accompanied with a variety of explanations of familiar facts on philosophical principles, which possess attractions of a most amusive character.

The present portion of Dr. Arnott's work comprehends the subjects of *Light* and *Heat*, which admit of more familiar illustration than any other branches of Natural Philosophy. Of this advantage the author has fully availed himself in a variety of familiar exemplars, which, to speak seriously are brought home to our very firesides. A few of these facts will form a recreative page or two for another Mirror: in the meantime we quote a few illustrative observations on the most interesting exhibitions of the day:—

"Common paintings and prints may be considered as parts of a panoramic representation, showing as much of that general field of view which always surrounds a spectator, as can be seen by the eye turned in one direction, and looking through a window or other opening. The pleasure from contemplating these is much increased by using a lens. There is such a lens fitted up in the shops, with the title of *optical pillar machine*, or *diagonal mirror*, and the print to be viewed is laid upon a table beyond the stand of the lens, and its reflection in a mirror supported diagonally over it, is viewed through the lens. The illusion is rendered more complete in such a case by having a box to receive the painting on its bottom, and where the lens and mirror, fixed in a smaller box above, are made to slide up and down in their place to allow of readily adjusting the focal distance. This box used in a reverse way becomes a perfect camera obscura. The common show-stalls seen in the streets are boxes made somewhat on this principle, but without the mirror; and although the drawings or prints in them are generally very coarse, they are not uninteresting. To children whose eyes are not yet very critical, some of these show boxes afford an exceeding great treat.

Cosmoramas and Dioramas.

"A still more perfect contrivance of the same kind has been exhibited for some time in London and Paris under the title of *Cosmorama* (from Greek

words signifying *views* of the *world*, because of the great variety of views.) Pictures of moderate size are placed beyond what have the appearance of common windows, but of which the panes are really large convex lenses fitted to correct the errors of appearance which the nearness of the pictures would else produce. Then by farther using various subordinate contrivances, calculated to aid and heighten the effects, even shrewd judges have been led to suppose the small pictures behind the glasses to be very large pictures, while all others have let their eyes dwell upon them with admiration, as magical realizations of the natural scenes and objects. Because this contrivance is cheap and simple, many persons affect to despise it; but they do not thereby show their wisdom; for to have made so perfect a representation of objects, is one of the most sublime triumphs of art, whether we regard the pictures drawn in such true perspective and colouring, or the lenses which assist the eye in examining them.

"It has already been stated, that the effect of such glasses in looking at near pictures, is obtainable in a considerable degree without a glass, by making the pictures very large and placing them at a corresponding distance. The rule of proportion in such a case is, that a picture of one foot square at one foot distance from the eye, appears as large as a picture of sixty feet square at sixty feet distance. The exhibition called the Diorama is merely a large painting prepared in accordance with the principle now explained. In principle it has no advantage over the cosmorama or the show box, to compensate for the great expense incurred, but that many persons may stand before it at a time, all very near the true point of sight, and deriving the pleasure of sympathy in their admiration of it, while no slight motion of the spectator can make the eye lose its point of view.

The Colosseum.

"A round building of prodigious magnitude has lately been erected in the Regent's Park, in London, on the walls of which is painted a representation of London and the country around, as seen from the cross on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. The scene taken altogether is unquestionably one of the most extraordinary which the whole world affords, and this representation combines the advantages of the circular view of the panorama, the size and distance of the great diorama, and of the details being so minutely painted, that distant objects may be examined by a telescope or opera-glass.

"From what has now been said, it may be understood, that for the purpose of representing still-nature, or mere momentary states of objects in motion, a picture truly drawn, truly coloured, and which is either very large to correct the divergence of light and convergence of visual axes, or if small, as viewed through a glass, would affect the retina exactly as the realities. But the desideratum still remained of being able to paint motion. Now this too has been recently accomplished, and in many cases with singular felicity, by making the picture transparent, and throwing lights and shadows upon it from behind. in the exhibitions of the diorama and cosmorama there have been represented with admirable truth and beauty such phenomena as—the sun-beams occasionally interrupted bypassing clouds, and occasionally darting through the windows of a cathedral and illuminating the objects in its venerable interior—the rising and disappearing of mist over a beautiful landscape, running water, as for instance the cascades among the sublime precipices of Mount St. Gothard in Switzerland;—and most surprising of all, a fire or conflagration. In the cosmorama of Regent-street, the great fire of Edinburgh was admirably represented:—first that fine city was seen sleeping in darkness while the fire began, then the conflagration grew and lighted up the sky, and soon at short intervals, as the wind increased, or as roofs fell in, there were bursts of flame towering to heaven, and vividly reflected from every wall or spire which caught the direct light—then the clouds of smoke were seen rising in rapid succession and sailing northward upon the wind, until they disappeared in the womb of distant darkness. No one can have viewed that appalling scene with indifference, and the impression left by the representation, on those who knew the city, can scarcely have been weaker than that left on those who saw the reality. The mechanism for producing such effects is very simple; but spectators, that they may fully enjoy them, need not particularly inquire about it."

Even for the present we cannot omit mention of the delight with which we have read several of the more playful portions of the present work; we allude to such passages as the Influence of Heat on Animated Beings, in which Dr. Arnott has really blended the pencil of the artist with the pen of the philosopher, and thus produced many sketches of extreme picturesque beauty.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

A GERMAN having been shown Mount Edgcumbe, and magnificently entertained with sea-fish, exclaimed—"For my part, I like flat countries, and fresh-water fish."

POETICAL SCRAP.

Inscription over a chimney-sweeper's door, at the entrance to Hastings, from the London Road:—

W. FREELOVE liveth here,
Is willing to serve both far and near:
He'll sweep your chimneys cheap and clean,
And hopes your custom to obtain;
And, if your chimney should catch fire,
He'll put it out at your desire.

THE following article appeared, some years since, in a Valenciennes journal:—Six merchants crossing the Coast of Guinea, with seventy-five large monkeys, were attacked by upwards of a hundred negroes. Being at a loss how to defend themselves against such odds, one of the merchants proposed arming the prisoners: accordingly, swords, poniards, and pistols, were distributed amongst them, and, by imitating their masters, these grotesque auxiliaries succeeded in putting their aggressors to flight.

W. G. C.

SWIFT'S EPIGRAM,

On the dispute which occurred betwixt Bononcini and Handel.

BONONCINI swears that Handel
Cannot to him hold a candle;
And Handel swears that Bononcini,
Compared to him is a mere ninny.
'Tis strange there should such difference be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

"AT what time does a lady lose all susceptibility of the tender passion?" said his lordship to the Duchess of C———, then close upon a century of years.* The reply was brisk and animated—"Your lordship must apply to some one older than me, for I am incapable of answering the question."

BOW-STREET WIT.

OVER the fire-place at the public office, Bow-street is a likeness of the celebrated Sir John Fielding *Knight*, who was at the head of this establishment after *losing his sight*. A gentleman, a few days ago, observed that Fielding was a great encourager of *thieving*. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why don't you know he was a *dark-knight*." P. T. W.

* Ninety.

THE following epitaph is on the tomb of David Birkenhead, in Davenham churchyard, Cheshire:

"A tailor by profession,
And in the practice, a plain and honest man:
He was a useful member of society;
For, though he picked holes in no man's coat,
He was ever ready to repair
The mischief that others did;
And whatever *breaches* broke out in *families*,
He was the man to mend *all*,
And make matters up again:
He lived and died respected.
Forty years' service in Lord Penryhn's family induced Lady Penryhn to bestow this stone to his memory."

AXIOM.

NAUGHT but love can answer love,
And render bliss secure;
But virtue naught can virtue prove
To make that bliss secure.

FOR A WATCH-CASE.

LIFE's but a transient span:
Then, with a fervent prayer each night,
Wind up the days, and set 'em right,
Vain mortal man!

POLITE FORBEARANCE.

A NOBLEMAN being seated with a party of ladies in a stage-box, a sprig of fashion came in booted and spurred. At the end of the act, the peer rose, and making the young man a low bow, said, "I beg leave, Sir, in the name of these ladies, and for myself, to offer you our thanks for your forbearance."—"I don't understand you; what do you mean?" said the stranger. "I mean," repeated the other, "as you have come with your boots and spurs, to thank you that you have not brought your horse."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

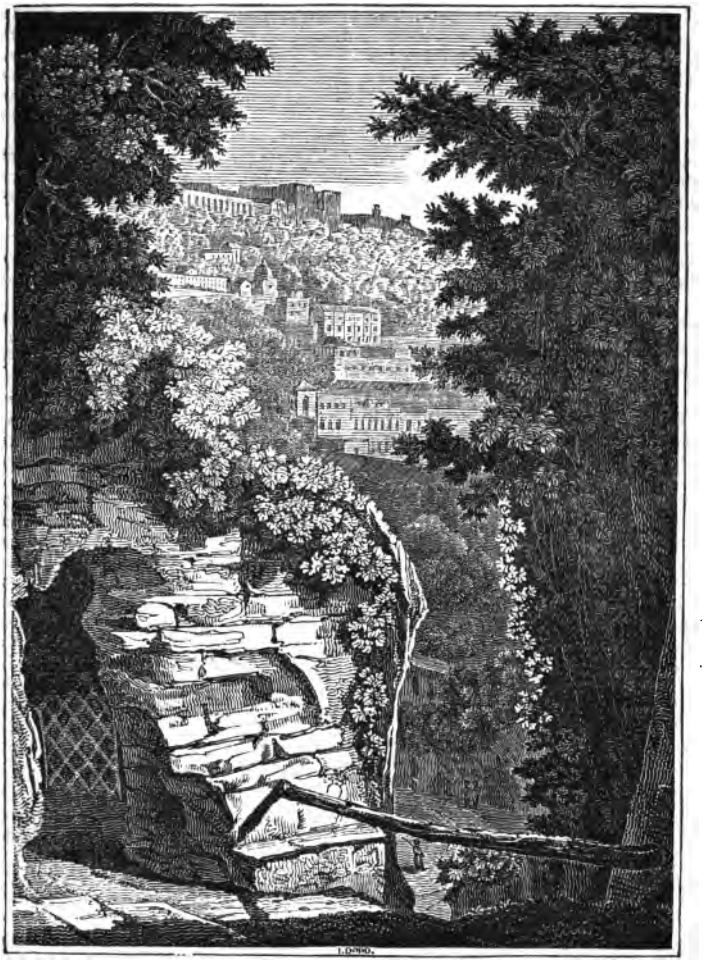
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 406.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1829. [Price 2*d*.

Virgil's Tomb.



This consecrated relic of genius stands on the hill of Posilipo, in the environs of Naples. Its recent state is so beautifully described by Eustace, that we shall not, like gipsys do stolen children, disfigure it to prevent recognition.

Proceeding westward along the Chiaia and keeping towards the beach, says Eustace, we came to the quarter called Mergyllina. To ascend the hill of Posilipo we turned to the right, and followed a street winding as a staircase up the steep, and terminating at a garden gate. Having entered, we pursued a path through a vineyard and descending a little, came to a small square building, flat-roofed, placed on a sort of platform on the brow of a precipice on one side,

and on the other sheltered by a super-incumbent rock. An aged ilex, spreading from the sides of the rock, and bending over the edifice, covers the roof with its ever verdant foliage. Numberless shrubs spring around, and interwoven with ivy clothe the walls and hang in festoons over the precipice. The edifice before us was an ancient tomb—the tomb of VIRGIL! We entered; a vaulted cell and two modern windows alone presented themselves to view: the poet's name is the only ornament of the place. No sarcophagus, no urn, and even no inscription to feed the devotion of the classical pilgrim. The epitaph which though not genuine is yet ancient, was inscribed by the order of the Duke of Pescolangiano, then proprietor of the place, on a marble slab placed in the side of the rock opposite the entrance of the tomb, where it still remains. Every body is acquainted with it—

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura, duces.

But there are authors who venture to assert, that the tomb of which we are now speaking, is not the sepulchre of Virgil. Of this number are the classic Addison and the laborious and accurate Cluverius. The authority of two such eminent persons, without doubt, carries great weight with it, but that weight is upon this occasion considerably lessened by the weakness of the arguments on which their opinion is grounded. These arguments may be found in Cluverius, and Addison merely expresses his opinion without entering into any discussion. They are drawn from a few verses of Statius.

In opposition to these arguments, or rather conjectures founded upon the vague expressions of a single poet (a poet often censured for his obscurity), we have the constant and uninterrupted tradition of the country supported by the authority of a numerous host of learned and ingenious antiquaries; and upon such grounds we may still continue to cherish the conviction, that we have visited the tomb of Virgil, and hailed his sacred shade on the spot where his ashes ong reposed.

The laurel which was once said to have sprung up at its base, and covered it with its luxuriant branches, now flourishes only in the verses of youthful bards, or in the descriptions of early travellers; myrtle, ivy and ilex, all plants equally agreeable to the genius of the place, and the subjects of the poet, now perform the office of the long-withered bays, and encircle the tomb with verdure and perfume.

The sepulchre of Virgil, it may be imagined, must have long remained an object of interest and veneration, especially as his works had excited universal admiration even in his life-time, and were very soon after his death put into the hands of children, and made a part of the rudiments of early education. Yet Martial declares that it had been neglected in his time, and that Silius Italicus alone restored its long forgotten honours.

The reader will learn with regret that Virgil's tomb, consecrated as it ought to be to genius and meditation, is sometimes converted into the retreat of assassins, or the lurking place of Sbirri. Such at least it was the last time we visited it, when wandering that way about sun-set we found it filled with armed men. We were surprised on both sides, and on ours not very agreeably at the unexpected rencounter; so lonely the place and so threatening the aspects of these strangers. Their manners however were courteous; and on inquiry we were informed that they were Sbirri, and then lying in wait for a murderer, who was supposed to make that spot his nightly asylum. It would be unjust to accuse the Neapolitans of culpable indifference towards this or any other monument of antiquity; but it is incumbent on the proprietor or the public, to secure them against such profanation. On the whole, few places are in themselves more picturesque, and from the recollection inseparably interwoven with it, no spot is more interesting than the tomb of Virgil.

LAST CHRISTMAS DAY.

(For the Mirror.)

"Say, if such blandishments did ever greet
Thy charmed soul; hast thou not crav'd to die?
Hast not thine immaterial seem'd but air
Verging to sigh itself from thee, and share
Beatitude? hast thou not watch'd thy breath
In meek, faint hope, that soon 'twould sink in death?" *MS. Poem.*

LAST Christmas Day! my heart leaps with joy at its very memory; it was a mental *Noel*, a Christmas of the soul, (if I may thus express myself.) That which I am about to relate of it is strictly true, and I do relate it because that day is one of the very few in our brief existence which form a moral epoch in, and influence subsequent, life. Last Christmas Day, I well remember, my spirit revelled in an Eden blessedness—a bliss which the unholy

world did not, could not, give, and consequently could not take away. Reader! I will hope, I will believe, that thou hast experienced feelings and emotions, like those high and holy ones of which I would endeavour now to preserve a faint transcript. Come then, let us unite our ideas, let us speak together, but let us yet mention as present, those beatific thoughts and imaginings which are indeed past. Let us ever remember and cherish in our heart of hearts those golden fore-tastes of future eternity, or (according to Platonism) those rapturous reminiscences of past, which prove beyond logical demonstration, the existence of some vital principle in man, godlike in faculties, in essence immaterial, in duration, immortal! It is Christmas Day, a deep, unearthly calm possesses our minds; all passions are slumbering, save the beautiful and holy ones of adoring love, mingled with overwhelming gratitude towards our maker, and philanthropic love, universal benevolence, to man. It is winter, but one of those delicious days in which closing our eyes, so that we behold not sad hosts of bare stems and branches, we may well deem that summer reigns! And a summer indeed reigns in our bosoms! Now nature seems new and fascinating, as it did to Adam when he wakened into life. Now, as for the first time, we discern with unspeakable emotions, that divine affection as well as unlimited power, which actuates and supports creation. Now we comprehend that the universe was designed to minister happiness to myriads of intelligent beings; but that man, by sin, frustrates the gracious intent, and produces misery. Now the glorious golden sun seems in its gladdening lustre, like a smile from its creator; a smile beaming ineffable love, and joy, and peace. Now the sky, the pale, delicate, sapphire sky, the soft, tender, inviting, enfolding, and immeasurable sky, appears to image the mercy of its maker. Let us yet gaze upon the sky, for it also admonishes us of other delightful things; it is silent—it is awful—it is holy; but its silence is beautiful, and with wordless eloquence it speaks unto our enraptured bosoms of deep, eternal, unimaginable repose! it infuses into our breasts undefinable ideas and sensations; it appears to our enchanted imaginations an emblem meet of the grand dream of eternity, and our spirits seem on the verge of quitting earth, in thrilling contemplations on the islands of that infinite abyss, and their immortal inhabitants! We gaze in hope, adoration, and rapture on the blue expanse, varied by delicate vapours, sailing calmly, wondrously through it; and then occur to our memories spontaneously, the exquisite lines translated from a *morceau*, by Gluck, (a German poet;) and our hearts respond as each of us sighs:

"There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquillity.
Those clouds are living things!
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings!

These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day
Life's tedious nothing o'er,
Where neither passions come, nor woes
To vex the genius of repose
On death's majestic shore!"

Then do our delighted eyes wander downward; then doth earth appear a glorious, though but a temporary palace, the gift of a gracious God to man! then do we feel an unaccountable assurance that angels visit the beautiful domain; then that (though viewlessly) they rejoice with, they sorrow for, (if angels can sorrow) and they minister unto "the heirs of salvation," as they did in the days of old, and as they will do, to the end of time. Were we not assured of this blessed fact in the book of books, reason would assert, that for a thankless, graceless generation alone, earth should not have been formed so divinely fair; but it is heavenly, that the immortal servitors of man may even here find records of the divinity, and themes for undying thanksgiving. Are we indeed visited, watched, and ministered unto, by beatific essences? Oh, reason and revelation, both loudly proclaim the fact; those beneficent beings may be with us then, when we deem ourselves alone; they may be our society in the solitude of our chambers; they may pass us in the breeze, and they may wander beside us in our loneliest walks. Such meditations are calculated to inspire our bosoms with new life; to brighten all nature around us, and to unite us to the invisible world by ties, of the existence of which we were never previously sensible; ties, at once so sweet and so sacred, that we almost crave the blessing of death, in order more surely to strengthen them! Then doth the beauty of "the vale of tears" confound us; then doth it infuse into our bosoms such unalterable fore-tastes; such mysterious and undefinable sensations of the blessedness of "the isles of joy," that our very souls seem to have become but one prayer, one fervent, wordless, agonizing prayer, for divine repose, and unimaginable blessedness; and then doth the mere suggestion of

final reprobation amount to insufferable torture! Oh, that such heavenly imaginings, such divine intimations of a transcendent futurity, were more frequently vouchsafed to us, and were less evanescent. They are glimpses of everlasting day, shining on wanderers in "the valley of the shadow of death;" they are droppings from the overflowing and ineffable cup of mercy; they are presciences of eternity, inestimable, unutterable! and the pen that would describe indescribable perceptions, droops in shame and sorrow at its own imbecility. Such perceptions have visited, do visit us, on this most rapturous of Christmas Days? Is it not a golden day? does it not remove us for a little space from earth, into the society of the holiest sentient beings, and to the beauty of a celestial, surpassing, world? Does it not bestow on our souls their long-lost ethereal wings? and do not the delighted strangers soar for a little while above the grossest realms of matter? Alas! even but for a little while; now do they drop, for now flag and droop those angelic pinions which are too humid and heavy with that atmosphere, from whence they could not wholly disengage themselves; the golden harps of heaven murmur in their entranced ears no longer; the smiles of the Sons of Peace fade from their enchanted sight; and the clouds of this nether world retain from their enamoured gaze, the treasures of infinity!

Perhaps we have enjoyed a very enthusiastic, a very poetical, Christmas Day! we pretend not to deny it, though steadfastly believing it was neither an anti-Christian, nor an utterly unprofitable one; nay, we even venture to hope, that the beatitude of spirit just feebly portrayed was not unpleasing in His sight, unto whom, for His gift of immortal life, we upon Christmas Day render our peculiar thanksgivings! M. L. B.

THE FALL OF ZARAGOZA.

(For the Mirror.)

AWAKE, awake, the trumpet hath sung its lay to the sunny sky,
And the glorious shout from Spanish lips gives forth its wild reply.
Awake, awake, how the chargers foam, as to battle they dash on,
Oh, Zaragoza, on this proud day, must thy walls be lost or won!

His hand—the hand of the youthful chief was on his flashing sword,
And his plume gleam'd white thro' the smoke and flame o'er the lofty city pour'd—
And the banners around him darkly swept like the waves of a stormy sea,
But Zaragoza, amid this strife, his heart was firm to thee.

"Away, away, tread her walls to dust!"—the Gallic warriors cried
'Defend, my bands, your hearth and home," the youthful chief replied.
They caught the sound of this spirit-voice as they stay'd their foes' career,
And many a thrilling cry was heard, when the bayonet met the spear.

In vain, ye heroes, do you breathe your latest vows to heaven,
In vain is your devoted blood in the cause of Freedom given,
For when the morn awakes again, your city shall not be
The haunt of maids who warbled deep, their sweetest songs for ye!

But the story of your hallow'd death shall not remain unsung,
Oh, its record shall be glorified by many a minstrel tongue!
For Freedom's holy light hath touch'd each rain'd shrine and wall,
That sadly speak unto the heart of Zaragoza's fall.

Deal. REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

THE BANQUETTING HOUSE, WHITEHALL.*

(For the Mirror.)

MANY persons who have visited this chapel may not have noticed or been aware of the splendid painted ceiling by Sir Peter Paul Rubens, which was executed by him when ambassador at the court of James I. This beautiful performance represents the apotheosis of that peaceful monarch, he being seated on his throne, and turning towards the deities of peace and commerce, having rejected the gods of war and discord. It is painted on canvass, and is in excellent preservation; the original painter had £3,000. for his labour; it has been retouched more than once, and the last time was by Cipriani, who had £2,000. for his repairs.

Ralph, in his *Critical Review of Public Buildings*, observes, "that this picture is not so generally known as one could wish, but needs only to be known to be esteemed according to its merits;" and he further adds, "it is but an ill decoration for a place of religious worship, for in the first place, its contents are nowise akin to devotion, and in the next, the workmanship is so very extraordinary that a man must have abundance of zeal or no taste, that can attend to anything besides."

It is almost needless to remark, that it was from a passage broken for the oc-

* For a general description of this magnificent edifice, see MIRROR, No. 247.

sion through the wall of this building, that the unfortunate Charles was conducted by the regicides to his death; this passage still remains, and now serves as a doorway to an additional building in Scotland Yard: and nearly facing this doorway stood the ingenious Dial, engraved and described in No. 400, of the MIRROR. The next important and public event connected with this building occurred in 1811, when a very different and far more gratifying spectacle took place, being that of the ceremony of placing in the chapel, the eagles and other colours taken by our gallant troops during the war. There were six standards and the like number of regimental colours, which after having been presented at the altar were affixed to the places they now occupy. There is a singular circumstance attached to the history of one of the eagles which may be well introduced in this place; it may be distinguished from the others by its having a wreath placed round its neck, the flag itself being destroyed. It was the usual custom for the eagles to be attached to the staves on which they are borne by a screw, so that in the event of any imminent danger, they might be taken off and secured; but Napoleon on his presenting this standard to his 8th regiment, observed, it was impossible that it should be taken from so brave a body of men as they had always proved themselves to be, and desired it might be rivetted to the staff, which was accordingly done; and probably had it not been for this order the eagle might have escaped our valiant 87th, by whom it was taken on the heights of Barossa.

On Maundy Thursday another gratifying ceremony takes place, viz. the distribution of the Maundy Money to as many poor people as the years of his majesty's age. This money consists of the smaller silver coins, being each in value from 1*d.* to 4*d.*; these are enclosed in a small, white kid bag, which is again enveloped in another of crimson leather.

A. P. D.

Retrospective Gleanings.

TOUCHING FOR THE KING'S EVIL.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

HAVING read an interesting paper from your ingenious correspondent *P. T. W.* in your number of the 14th of November, respecting "Touching for the Cure of the King's Evil," it occurred to me that some farther information relative to the origin of that "hereditary miracle," as Mr. Collier is pleased to term it, might not be uninteresting to some of your readers: I therefore send you the following:—

Stowe, in his *Annals*, accounts for the origin of touching for the evil, in the following manner:—"A young woman who was afflicted with this disorder in a very alarming manner, and to a most disgusting degree, feeling uneasiness and pain consequent upon it in her sleep, dreamt that she should be cured by the simple operation of having the part washed with the king's hand. Application was consequently made to Edward, by her friends, who very humanely consented to perform the unpleasant request. A basin of water was brought, with which he carefully softened the humours, till they broke, and the contents discharged; the sign of the cross wound up the charm; and the female retired, with the assurance of his protection during the remainder of the cure, which was effected within a week." This is somewhat differently related in *Ailred's History of the Life and Miracles of Edward the Confessor*, an extract from which may be found in a note to the first volume of Rapin's *History of England*.

The following curious advertisement was issued by the order of King Charles II. for healing the people, on the 18th of May, 1664.

"Notice.

"His sacred majesty having declared it to be his royal will and purpose to continue the healing of his people for the evil during the month of May, and then give over till Michaelmas next; I am commanded to give notice thereof, that the people may not come up to the town in the interim, and lose their labour."

Thomas Mousewell was tried for high treason in 1684, for having spoken with contempt of King Charles's pretensions to cure the scrofula.

In a manuscript account of the Restoration, writen by Thomas Gumble, D.D. Chaplain to General Monck, in the year 1662, is the following description of the ceremony:—"There was a great chair placed for the king, in a place somewhat distant from the people. As soon as the king was sate, one of the clerks of the closet stood at the right side of his chair, holding on his arm as many gold angels (every one tied in a ribbon of white silk) as there were sick to be touched, which were in number, forty-eight. Dr. Brown, the chaplain of the Princess of Aurange, performed the place of the king's chaplain. The chap-

lain then read the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark, from the fourteenth verse to the end; and then the chirurgeon presented the sick, (having examined them to see that it was the evil) after three reverences on their knees, before the king, who, whilst the chaplain said these words in that gospel: 'They shall lay their hands upon the sick, and they shall be healed,' layed his hands on the two cheeks of the sick, saying, 'I touch thee, but *God* healeth thee!' The chaplain then began another gospel; and whilst these words were pronounced out of the first chapter of St. John: 'This was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' his majesty took the pieces of gold, and put them on the necks of the diseased, the chaplain repeating the words as many times as there were persons to receive them, concluding with a prayer, 'That Almighty God would bless the ceremony;' then, after the reverences as before, they retired. The Earls of Middlesex and St. Albans held the bason, ewer, and towel, whilst the king washed."

Shakspeare, in his *Macbeth*, thus describes this royal, but now exploded gift:—

> "Strangely visited people,
> All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
> The mere despair of surgery, he cures—
> Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
> Put on with holy prayers."

In Nicholls's *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 495, 505, many curious particulars relating to this ceremony are to be found.

As the custom has now for some time been discontinued, and the credulity of those who believed in its efficacy, laughed at, I hope it will not be long ere that disgusting custom of allowing persons (of whom women in general form by far the greater number) afflicted with the king's evil, and different other disorders, to come on the scaffold immediately after the execution of a criminal, for the purpose of touching the part affected, with the hand of the *but just dead* malefactor, will be put a stop to; it being the very height of absurdity to imagine that it can be productive of any good effect; but on the contrary, tending to divest the minds of the surrounding multitude of that awe with which the ignominious spectacle should impress them. Z. Γ.

In the trifling paper I sent you respecting "Cats," which you deemed worthy of insertion in No. 398, you have it "by some merchants from the Island of Cyprus, who came hither for *fur*," it should be *tin*—Fur being an article of importation.

BOOKSELLERS' MARKS OR SIGNS.

(For the Mirror.)

MANY books, especially those printed in the 17th century, have no other designation either of printer, bookseller, or even city, but merely marks or signs. The *anchor* is the mark of Raphelengius, at Leyden; and the same with a *dolphin* twisted round it, of the Mantuii, at Venice and Rome; the *Arion* denotes a book printed by Oporrinus, at Basil; the *caduceus*, or *pegasus*, by the Wechelliuses, at Paris and Frankfort; the *cranes*, by Cramoisy; the *compass*, by Plantin, at Antwerp; the *fountain*, by Vascosan, at Paris; the *sphere* in a balance, by Janson, or Blaew, at Amsterdam; the *lily*, by the Juntas, at Venice, Florence, Lyons, and Rome; the *mulberry-tree*, by Morel, at Paris; the *olive-tree*, by the Stephenses, at Paris and Geneva, and the Elzevirs, at Amsterdam and Leyden; the *bird between two serpents*, by the Frobeniuses, at Basil; the *truth*, by the Commelins, at Heidelberg and Paris; the *Saturn*, by Collinæus; the *printing press*, by Badius Ascensius, &c.

P. T. W.

The Naturalist.

DIFFERENT COLOURS OF THE EGGS OF BIRDS.

IT is a remarkable fact in the economy of nature, that of those birds whose nests are the most liable to discovery, and whose eggs are most exposed to observation from the form of the nests, the eggs are of that colour which is the least different from the surrounding objects; whilst those birds whose eggs are of a bright and positive colour, hide their nests in the hollows of trees, or never quit them, excepting in the night, or sit immediately that they have laid one or two eggs. It is also to be observed that of those species which build an exposed nest, and the females of which alone perform the duty of incubation, the colour of the female is much less bright than that of the male, and more in harmony with the objects by which she is surrounded during the period in which she sits upon her eggs. It would seem, therefore, that those birds which lay a brightly-coloured egg have the instinct to make a close nest, or to place it in the least exposed situ-

ations; while those which lay a sober-coloured egg are less solicitous to conceal it from the notice of their enemies. M. Gloger, a German naturalist, has paid great attention to this curious circumstance, and has very recently published an elaborate memoir, in a work printed at Berlin, in which he notices the habits of all the species of birds indigenous to Germany, in confirmation of the theory. Our limits will not allow us to notice the particular species which he enumerates; but it may be sufficient to excite attention to this subject, to mention, that the birds which lay an egg perfectly white (the most attractive of colours) make their nests in holes of the earth, and cavities of trees; such as the kingfisher and the woodpecker, or construct them with a very narrow opening, as the domestic swallow; that the same coloured egg is found amongst the birds which scarcely quit their nests in the day, as hawks and owls; and that such birds as doves, which only lay one or two eggs, and sit immediately after, have their eggs white. The bright blue or bright green egg belongs to birds which make their nests in holes, as the starling, or construct them of green moss, or place them in the midst of grass, but always well covered. The eggs of many gallinaceous birds, that make their nests carelessly in the grass, are of a pale and less decided green, such as those of the partridge and pheasant. Of the mixed-coloured eggs, those of which white forms the ground belong to birds that make very close nests. Speckled eggs, with a dark or dirty ground, belong to the largest number of species. Almost all the song birds lay such eggs; and building open nests, they almost invariably line the inside of them with materials of a harmonious colour with the eggs, so that no evident contrast is presented which would lead to their destruction.—*Companion to the Almanac.*

EFFECTS OF SEA AIR.

Those who frequent the sea-coast are not long in discovering that their best dyed black hats become of a rusty brown; and similar effects are produced on some other colours. The brown is, in fact, *rust*. Most, if not all, the usual black colours have iron for a basis, the black oxide of which is developed by galls, logwood, or other substances containing gallic acid. Now the sea-air contains a proportion of the muriates over which it is wafted; and these coming in contact with any thing dyed black, part with their hydrochloric (*muriatic*) acid, and form brown hydrochlorate of iron, or contribute to form the brown or red oxide, called rust. The gallic acid, indeed, from its superior affinity, has the strongest hold of the iron; but the incessant action of the sea-air, loaded with muriates, partially overcomes this, in the same way as any acid, even of inferior affinity to the gallic, when put upon black stuff, will turn it brown.—*Ibid.*

THE DUGONG, THE MERMAID OF EARLY WRITERS.

Of all the cetacea, that which approaches the nearest in form to man is undoubtedly the dugong, which, when its head and breast are raised above the water, and its pectoral fins, resembling hands, are visible, might easily be taken by superstitious seamen for a semi-human being.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

SPIDERS

Live and grow without food. Out of fifty spiders produced on the last day of August, and which were kept entirely without food, three lived to the 8th of February following, and even visibly increased in bulk. Was it from the effluvia arising from the dead bodies of their companions that they lived so long? Other spiders were kept in glass vessels without food, from the 15th of July till the end of January. During that time they cast their skins more than once, as if they had been well fed.—*Redi, Generat. Insect.*

Spiders are excellent barometers: if the ends of their webs are found branching out to any length, it is a sure sign of favourable weather: if, on the contrary, they are found short, and the spider does not attend to repairing it properly, bad weather may be expected. —*Times.*

SWARMING OF BEES.

The ingenious President of the Horticultural Society, Mr. T. A. Knight, has been led from repeated observation to infer, that, in the swarming of bees, not a single labourer emigrates without previously inspecting its proposed future habitation, as well as the temporary stations of rest where their numbers collect soon after swarming. — *Philosophical Magazine.*

THE CHAMELEON'S ANTIPATHY TO BLACK.

Whatever may be the cause, the fact seems to be certain, that the chameleon

has an antipathy to things of a black colour. One, which Forbes kept, uniformly avoided a black board which was hung up in the chamber; and, what is most remarkable, when it was forcibly brought before the black board, it trembled violently, and assumed a black colour.—*Oriental Mem.*

RULES FOR THE WEATHER.

A WET summer is always followed by a frosty winter; but it happens occasionally that the cold extends no farther. Two remarkable instances of this occurred in 1807-8 and 1813-14. With these exceptions, every frosty winter has been followed by a cold summer.

The true cause of cold, or rather the direct cause, is to be found in the winter excess of west wind, every winter with excess of west wind being followed by a cold summer; and if there is no cold before, or during a first excess, then a second excess of west wind in winter occasions a still colder summer than the first. It also appears, by repeated experience, that cold does not extend to more than two years at a time.

Again, if the winter excess of east wind be great, in the first instance, the winters will be mild, and followed by mild summers; while the summer excess of east wind is itself, in the first instance, always mild; but uniformly followed by cold winters and cold summers, which continue, more or less, for one or two years, according to circumstances. —*Mackenzie, Syst. of the Weather.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

PERIODICAL Literature—how sweet is the name! 'Tis a type of many of the most beautiful things and events in nature; or say, rather, that *they* are types of *it*—both the flowers and the stars. As to flowers, they are the prettiest periodicals ever published in folio—the leaves are wire-wove and hot-pressed by Nature's self; their circulation is wide over all the land; from castle to cottage they are regularly taken in; as old age bends over them, his youth is renewed; and you see childhood poring upon them, prest close to its very bosom. Some of them are ephemeral, and their contents are exhaled between the rising and the setting sun. Once a-week others break through their green, pink, or crimson cover; and how delightful, on the seventh day, smiles in the sunshine the Sabbath flower—the only Sunday publication perused without blame by the most religious—even before morning prayer. Each month, indeed, throughout the whole year, has its own flower-periodical. Some are annual, some biennial, some triennial, and there are perennials that seem to live for ever—and yet are still periodical—though our love will not allow us to know when they die, and phœnix-like re-appear from their own ashes. So much for flowers—typifying or typified;—leaves emblematical of pages—buds of binding dew-veils of covers—and the wafting away of bloom and fragrance like the dissemination of fine feelings, bright fancies, and winged thoughts!

The flowers are the periodicals of the earth—the stars are those of heaven. With what unfailing regularity do the Numbers issue forth! Hesperus and Lucifer! ye are one concern! The pole-star is studied by all nations. How beautiful the poetry of the moon! On what subject does not the sun throw light! No fear of hurting your eyes by reading that fine, clear, large type on that softened page. Lo! as you turn over, one blue, another yellow, and another green, all, all alike delightful to the pupil, and dear to him as the very apple of his eye! Yes, the great Periodical Press of heaven is unceasingly at work—night and day; and though even it has been taxed, and its emanations confined, still their circulation is incalculable; nor have we yet heard that Ministers intend instituting any prosecution against it. It is yet Free, the only free Power all over the world. 'Tis indeed like the air we breathe—if we have it not, we die!

Look, then, at all our paper Periodicals with pleasure, for sake of the flowers and the stars. Suppose them all extinct, and life would be like a flowerless earth, a starless heaven. We should soon forget the seasons themselves—the days of the week—and the weeks of the month—and the months of the year—and the years of the century—and the centuries of all Time—and all Time itself flowing away on into eternity. The Periodicals of external nature would soon all lose their meaning, were there no longer any Periodicals of the soul. These are the lights and shadows of life, merrily dancing or gravely stealing over the dial; remembrancers of the past—teachers of the present—prophets of the future hours. Were they all dead, spring would in vain renew her promise—wearisome would be the long, long, interminable summer-

days—the fruits of autumn would taste fushionless—and the winter's ingle blink mournfully round the hearth. What are the blessed Seasons themselves, in nature and in Thomson, but Periodicals of a larger growth? They are the parents, or publishers, or editors, of all the others—principal contributors—nay, subscribers too—and may their pretty family live for ever, still dying, yet ever renewed, and on the increase every year. We should suspect him of a bad, black heart, who loved not the Periodical Literature of earth and sky—who would weep not to see one of its flowers wither—one of its stars fall—one beauty to die on its humble bed—one glory to drop from its lofty sphere. Let them bloom and burn on—flowers in which there is no poison, stars in which there is no disease—whose blossoms are all sweet, and whose rays are all sanative—both alike steeped in dew, and both, to the fine ear of nature's worshipper, bathed in music.

Only look at Maga! One hundred and forty-eight months old! and yet lovely as maiden between frock and gown—even as sweet sixteen! Not a wrinkle on cheek or forehead! No crow-foot has touched her eyes—

"Her eye's blue languish, and her golden hair!"

Like an antelope in the wilderness—or swan on the river—or eagle in the sky. Dream that she is dead, and oh! what a world! Yet die she must some day—so must the moon and stars. Meanwhile there is a blessing in prayers—and hark! how the nations cry, "Oh! Maga, live for ever!"

We often pity our poor ancestors. How they contrived to make the ends meet, surpasses our conjectural powers. What a weary waste must have seemed expanding before their eyes, between morning and night! Don't tell us that the human female never longs for other pastime than

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

True, ladies sighed not then for periodicals—but there, in the depths of their ignorance, lay their utter wretchedness. What! keep pickling and preserving during the whole mortal life of an immortal being! Except when at jelly, everlastingly at jam! The soul sickens at the monotonous sweetness of such a wersh existence. True that many sat all life-long at needlework; but is not that a very sew-sew sort of life? Then oh! the miserable males! We speak of times after the invention, it is true, of printing—but who read what were called books then? Books! no more like our periodicals, than dry, rotten, worm-eaten, fungous logs are like green living leafy trees, laden with dews, bees, and birds, in the musical sunshine. What could males do then but yawn, sleep, snore, guzzle, guttle, and drink till they grew dead and got buried? Fox-hunting won't always do—and often it is not to be had; who can be happy with his gun through good report and bad report in an a' day's rain? Small amusement in fishing in muddy water; palls upon the sense quarrelling with neighbours on points of etiquette and the disputed property of hedgerow trees; a fever in the family ceases to raise the pulse of any inmate, except the patient; death itself is no relief to the dulness; a funeral is little better; the yawn of the grave seems a sort of unhallowed mockery; the scutcheon hung out on the front of the old dismal hall, is like a sign on a deserted Spittal; along with sables is worn a suitable stupidity by all the sad survivors.—And such, before the era of Periodicals, such was the life in—merry England. Oh! dear!—oh! dear me!

We shall not enter into any historical details—for this is not a Monologue for the Quarterly—but we simply assert, that in the times we allude to (don' mention dates) there was little or no reading in England. There was neither the Reading Fly nor the Reading Public. What could this be owing to, but the non-existence of Periodicals? What elderly-young lady could be expected to turn from house affairs, for example, to Spenser's Fairy Queen? It is a long, long, long poem, that Fairy Queen of Spenser's; nobody, of course, ever dreamt of getting through it; but though you may have given up all hope of getting through a poem or a wood, you expect to be able to find your way back again to the spot where you unluckily got in; not so, however, with the Fairy Queen. Beautiful it is indeed, most exquisitely and unapproachably beautiful in many passages, especially about ladies and ladies' love more than celestial, for Venus loses in comparison her lustre in the sky; but still people were afraid to get into it then as now; and "heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb," lay buried in dust. As to Shakspeare, we cannot find many traces of him in the domestic occupations of the English gentry during the times alluded to; nor do we believe that the character of Hamlet was at all relished in their halls, though perhaps an occasional squire chuckled at the hu-

mours of Sir John Falstaff. We have Mr. Wordsworth's authority for believing that Paradise Lost was a dead letter, and John Milton virtually anonymous. We need say no more. Books like these, huge heavy vols. lay with other lumber in the garrets and libraries. As yet, Periodical Literature was not; and the art of printing seems long to have preceded the art of reading. It did not occur to those generations that books were intended to be read by people in general, but only by the select few. Whereas now, reading is not only one of the luxuries, but absolutely one of the necessaries of life, and we now no more think of going without our book than without our breakfast; lunch consists now of veal-pies and Venetian Bracelets—we still dine on Roast-beef, but with it, instead of Yorkshire pudding, a Scotch novel—Thomas Campbell and Thomas Moore sweeten tea for us—and in "Course of Time" we sup on a Welsh rabbit and a Religious Poem.

We have not time—how can we?—to trace the history of the great revolution. But a great revolution there has been, from nobody's reading any thing, to every body's reading all things; and perhaps it began with that good old proser Richardson, the father of Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison. He seems to have been a sort of idiot, who had a strange insight into some parts of human nature, and a tolerable acquaintance with most parts of speech. He set the public a-reading, and Fielding and Smollett shoved her on—till the Minerva Press took her in hand—and then—the Periodicals. But such Periodicals! The Gentleman's Magazine—God bless it then, now, and for ever!—the Monthly Review, the Critical and the British Critic! The age had been for some years literary, and was now fast becoming periodical. Magazines multiplied. Arose in glory the Edinburgh, and then the Quarterly Review—Maga, like a new sun, looked out from heaven—from her golden urn a hundred satellites drew light—and last of all, "the Planetary Five," the Annuals, hung their lamps on high; other similar luminous bodies emerged from the clouds, till the whole circumference was bespangled, and astronomy became the favourite study with all ranks of people, from the King upon the throne to the meanest of his subjects. Now, will any one presume to deny, that this has been a great change to the better, and that there is now something worth living for in the world? Look at our literature now, and it is all periodical together. A thousand daily, thrice-a-week, twice-a-week, weekly newspapers, a hundred monthlies, fifty quarterlies, and twenty-five annuals! No mouth looks up now and is not fed; on the contrary, we are in danger of being crammed; an empty head is as rare as an empty stomach; the whole day is one meal, one physical, moral, and intellectual feast; the Public goes to bed with a Periodical in her hand, and falls asleep with it beneath her pillow.

What blockhead thinks now of reading Milton, or Pope, or Gray? Paradise Lost is lost; it has gone to the devil. Pope's Epistles are returned to the dead-letter office; the age is too loyal for "ruin seize thee, ruthless king," and the oldest inhabitant has forgotten "the curfew tolls."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Selector,

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF *NEW WORKS.*

DR. LARDNER'S CYCLOPÆDIA.

History of Scotland. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Vol. I.

THE rapid and sketchy page just quoted from *Blackwood's Magazine* will illustrate the high ground which periodical literature is daily attaining in this country. Of this ascendancy, the volume before us is indeed a fine specimen, and one of which we have reason to entertain a national pride. We know it to be a common practice with publishers on the continent to produce long works volume by volume, so that Dr. Lardner's plan is by no means novel; but we should also bear in mind that, compared with our family and cabinet libraries, the majority of similar foreign works are mere flimsy productions; and the *Encyclopedie Methodique*, published in monthly volumes, in Paris, both in quantity and execution, will not reach our literary standards of 1829. As Dr. Lardner's plan is well known, it need not here be repeated; neither need we remark upon the high qualifications of Sir Walter Scott, as an historian of Scotland. An extract shall speak for itself; and perhaps we cannot do better than select one of the battle-pieces, which has all the vividness of the finest historical painting: say

BANNOCKBURN.

"Robert Bruce summoned the array of his kingdom to rendezvous in the

Tor-wood, about four miles from Stirling, and by degrees prepared the field of battle which he had selected for the contest. It was a space of ground then called the New Park—perhaps reserved for the chase, since Stirling was frequently a royal residence. This ground was partly open, partly encumbered with trees, in groups or separate. It was occupied by the Scottish line of battle, extending from south to north, and fronting to the east. In this position, Bruce's left flank and rear might have been exposed to a sally from the castle of Stirling; but Mowbray the governor's faith was beyond suspicion, and the king was not in apprehension that he would violate the tenour of the treaty, by which he was bound to remain in passive expectation of his fate. The direct approach to the Scottish front was protected in a great measure by a morass called the New-miln Bog. A brook, called Bannockburn, running to the eastward, between rocky and precipitous banks, effectually covered the Scottish right wing, which rested upon it, and was totally inaccessible. Their left flank was apparently bare, but was, in fact, formidably protected in front by a peculiar kind of field-works. As the ground in that part of the field was adapted for the manœuvres of cavalry Bruce caused many rows of pits, three feet deep, to be dug in it, so close together, as to suggest the appearance of a honeycomb, with its ranges of cells. In these pits sharp stakes were strongly pitched, and the apertures covered with sod so carefully, as that the condition of the ground might escape observation. Calthrops, or spikes contrived to lame the horses, were also scattered in different directions.

"Having led his troops into the field of combat, on the tidings of the English approach, the 23d of June, 1314, the King of Scotland ordered his soldiers to arm themselves, and making proclamation that those who were not prepared to conquer or die with their sovereign were at liberty to depart, he was answered by a cheerful and general expression of their determination to take their fate with him. The King proceeded to draw up the army in the following order: Three oblong columns or masses of infantry, armed with lances, arranged on the same front, with intervals betwixt them, formed his first line. Of these Edward Bruce had the guidance of the right wing, James Douglas and Walter, the Steward of Scotland, of the left, and Thomas Randolph of the central division. These three commanders had their orders to permit no English troops to pass their front, in order to gain Stirling. The second line, forming one column or mass, consisted of the men of the isles, under Bruce's faithful friend and ally, the insular prince Angus, his own men of Carrick, and those of Argyle and Cantire. With these the king posted himself in order to carry support and assistance wherever it might be required. With himself also he kept in the rear a select body of horse, the greater part of whom he designed for executing a particular service. The followers of the camp were dismissed with the baggage, to station themselves behind an eminence to the rear of the Scottish army, still called the Gillies' (that is, the servants') hill. * * *

"On the morning of St. Barnaby, called the Bright, being the 24th of June, 1314, Edward advanced in full form to the attack of the Scots, whom he found in their position of the preceding evening. The Vanguard of the English, consisting of the archers and bill-men, or lancers, comprehending almost all the infantry of the army, advanced, under the command of the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, who also had a fine body of men at arms to support their column. All the remainder of the English troops, consisting of nine battles, or separate divisions, were so straitened by the narrowness of the ground, that, to the eye of the Scots, they seemed to form one very large body, gleaming with flashes of armour, and dark with the number of banners which floated over them. Edward himself commanded this tremendous array, and, in order to guard his person, was attended by four hundred chosen men at arms. Immediately around the King waited Sir Aymer de Valence, that Earl of Pembroke who defeated Bruce at Methven Wood, but was now to see a very different day; Sir Giles de Argentine, a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who was accounted, for his deeds in Palestine and elsewhere, one of the best Knights that lived; and Sir Ingram Umfraville, an Anglicised Scottishman, also famed for his skill in arms.

"As the Scottish saw the immense display of their enemies rolling towards them like a surging ocean, they were called on to join in an appeal to Heaven against the strength of human foes. —Maurice, the Abbot of Inchaffray, bare-headed and bare-footed, walked along the Scottish line, and conferred his benediction on the soldiers, who knelt to receive it, and to worship the power in whose name it was bestowed.

"During this time the King of England was questioning Umfraville about the purpose of his opponents. "Will they," said Edward, "abide battle?"—"They assuredly will," replied Umfraville; "and to engage them with advantage, your Highness were best order a seeming retreat, and draw them out of their strong ground." Edward rejected this counsel, and observing the Scottish soldiers kneel down, joyfully exclaimed, "They crave mercy."—"It is from Heaven, not from your Highness," answered Umfraville: "on that field they will win or die." The King then commanded the charge to be sounded, and the attack to take place.

"The Earls of Gloucester and Hereford charged the Scots left wing, under Edward Bruce, with their men at arms; but some rivalry between these two great Lords induced them to hurry to the charge with more of emulation than of discretion, and arriving at the shock disordered and out of breath, they were unable to force the deep ranks of the spearmen: many horses were thrown down, and their masters left at the mercy of the enemy. The other three divisions of the Scottish army attacked the mass of the English infantry, who resisted courageously. The English archers, as at the battle of Falkirk, now began to show their formidable skill, at the expense of the Scottish spearmen; but for this Bruce was prepared. He commanded Sir Robert Keith, the Marshal of Scotland, with those four hundred men at arms whom he had kept in reserve for the purpose, to make a circuit, and charge the English bowmen in the flank. This was done with a celerity and precision which dispersed the whole archery, who, having neither stakes nor other barrier to keep off the horse, nor long weapons to repel them, were cut down at pleasure, and almost without resistance.

"The battle continued to rage, but with disadvantage to the English. The Scottish archers had now an opportunity of galling their infantry without opposition; and it would appear that King Edward could find no means of bringing any part of his numerous centre or rear-guard to the support of those in the front, who were engaged at disadvantage.

"Bruce, seeing the confusion thicken, now placed himself at the head of the reserve, and addressing Angus of the Isles in the words, "My hope is constant in thee," rushed into the engagement followed by all the troops he had hitherto kept in reserve. The effect of such an effort, reserved for a favourable moment, failed not to be decisive. Those of the English who had been staggered were now constrained to retreat; those who were already in retreat took to actual flight. At this critical moment, the camp-followers of the Scottish army, seized with curiosity to see how the day went, or perhaps desirous to have a share of the plunder, suddenly showed themselves on the ridge of the Gillies'-hill, in the rear of the Scottish line of battle; and as they displayed cloths and horse-coverings upon poles for ensigns, they bore in the eyes of the English the terrors of an army with banners. The belief that they beheld the rise of an ambuscade, or the arrival of a new army of Scots, gave the last impulse of terror, and all fled now, even those who had before resisted. The slaughter was immense; the deep ravine of Bannockburn, to the south of the field of battle, lying in the direction taken by most of the fugitives, was almost choked and bridged over with the slain, the difficulty of the ground retarding the fugitive horsemen till the lancers were upon them. Others, and in great numbers, rushed into the river Forth, in the blindness of terror, and perished there. No less than twenty-seven Barons fell in the field; the Earl of Gloucester was at the head of the fatal list: young, brave, and high-born, when he saw the day was lost, he rode headlong on the Scottish spears, and was slain. Sir Robert Clifford, renowned in the Scottish wars, was also killed. Two hundred Knights and seven hundred Esquires, of high birth and blood, graced the list of slaughter with the noblest names of England; and thirty thousand of the common file filled up the fatal roll.

"Edward, among whose weaknesses we cannot number cowardice, was reluctantly forced from the bloody field by the Earl of Pembroke. The noble Sir Giles de Argentine considered it as his duty to attend the King until he saw him in personal safety, then observing that "it was not his own wont to fly," turned back, rushed again into the battle, cried his war-cry, galloped boldly against the victorious Scots, and was slain, according to his wish, with his face to the enemy. Edward must have been bewildered in the confusion of the field, for instead of directing his course southerly to Linlithgow, from which he came, he rode northward to Stirling, and demanded admittance. Philip de Mowbray, the governor, remonstrated against this rash step, reminding the unfortunate Prince that he was obliged by his treaty to surrender

the castle next day, as not having been relieved according to the conditions.

"Edward was therefore obliged to take the southern road; and he must have made a considerable circuit to avoid the Scottish army. He was, however, discovered on his retreat, and pursued by Douglas with sixty horse, who were all that could be mustered for the service. The King, by a rapid and continued flight through a country in which his misfortunes must have changed many friends into enemies, at length gained the castle of Dunbar, where he was hospitably received by the Earl of March. From Dunbar Edward escaped almost alone to Berwick in a fishing skiff, having left behind him the finest army a King of England ever commanded.

"The quantity of spoil gained by the victors at the battle of Bannockburn was inestimable, and the ransoms paid by the prisoners largely added to the mass of treasure. Five near relations to the Bruce — namely, his wife, her sister Christian, his daughter Marjory, the Bishop of Glasgow (Wishart), and the young Earl of Mar, the King's nephew, were exchanged against the Earl of Hereford, High Constable of England.

"The Scottish loss was very small: Sir William Vipont and Sir Walter Ross were the only persons of consideration slain. Sir Edward Bruce is said to have been so much attached to the last of these knights as to have expressed his wish that the battle had remained unfought, so Ross had not died."

The present volume contains 350 pages, in a very pleasing type, and a vignette title; and the style in which it is produced is uniformly worthy of the very responsible quarter whence it emanates.

THE YOUNG LADY'S BOOK.

This is indeed a *golden gift* for any *demoiselle* of our readers' acquaintance, for it blends the unusual qualities of elegance and usefulness of the highest order. It is described in the title as "A Manual of Elegant Recreations, Exercises and Pursuits," and numbers in its contents, Moral deportment — the Florist—Mineralogy, Conchology, Entomology, the Aviary, the Toilet, Embroidery, the Escrutoire, Painting, Music, Dancing, Archery, Riding, and the Ornamental Artist. Each of these subjects is treated of in separate chapters, in a neat style, slightly scientific, and highly amusive; and the whole are illustrated with upwards of *Six Hundred Engravings*, which are appropriately chosen and admirably executed. Botany, Conchology, Entomology, and the Aviary thus admit of scores of little cuts worked in with the type; the female accomplishments of Embroidery, ornamental card and basket work, contain many beautiful devices; and the "elegant recreations" of Dancing, Riding, &c. are equally well illustrated by the various forms, positions, &c.— Each subject has been treated of by a master or mistress of the respective art, but the uniformity with which the editor has marshalled them in his work, almost makes them resemble the productions of one hand. We need not point out the merit of this individual contribution; for the lady-pen must be omnipotent indeed which could write equally well on every branch of female accomplishment. By way of a seasonable extract we take part of a brief historical sketch prefixed to the Dancing instructions, and a few of the hints:—

"From the death of Elizabeth, until after the restoration of Charles II., the turbulence of the times, and the peculiar character of the age, prevented this art, which flourishes only in 'the bowers of peace and joy,' from making much progress; but in the days of the merry monarch it began to revive, and advanced more, or less, in all the succeeding reigns. The celebrated Beau Nash, who was, for a long time, M. C. at Bath, may be considered the founder of modern ball-room dancing; which, however, has been divested of much of its cold formality, and improved in various other respects since the time of that singular person. It is, nevertheless, a matter of regret, that the graceful and stately Minuet has been entirely abandoned in favour of the more recently-invented dances.

"The French country dances, or Contre-Danses (from the parties being placed opposite to each other,) since called Quadrilles (from their having four sides) which approximate nearly to the Cotillon, were first introduced to France about the middle of Lewis the Fifteenth's reign. Previously to this period, the dances most in vogue were La Perigourdine, La Matelotte, La Pavane, Les Forlanes, Minuets, &c. Quadrilles when first introduced, were danced by four persons only: four more were soon added, and thus the complete square was formed; but the figures were materially different from those of the present period. The gentlemen advanced with the opposite ladies, menaced each other with the fore-finger, and retired clapping their hands three times; they then turned hands of four, turned their

own partners, and grand rond of all concluded the figure. The Vauxhall d'Hiver was, at that time, the most fashionable place of resort: the pupils of the Royal Academy were engaged to execute new dances; a full and effective band performed the most fashionable airs, and new figures were at length introduced and announced as a source of attraction; but this place was soon pulled down, and re-built on the ground now occupied by the Theatre du Vaudeville. The establishment failed, and the proprietor became a bankrupt. A short time after, it was re-opened by another speculator; but on such a scale, as merely to attract the working classes of the community. The band was now composed of a set of miserable scrapers, who played in unison, and continually in the key of G sharp; amid the sounds which emanated from their instruments, the jangling of a tambourin, and the shrill notes of a fife were occasionally heard. Thus did things continue until the French Revolution; when, about the time the Executive Directory was formed, the splendid apartments of the Hotel de Richelieu were opened for the reception of the higher classes, who had then but few opportunities of meeting to 'trip it on the light fantastic toe.' Monsieur Hullin, then of the Opera, was selected to form a band of twenty-four musicians, from among those of the highest talent in the various theatres: he found no difficulty in this, as they were paid in paper-money, then of little or no value; whereas, the administrators of the Richelieu establishment paid in specie. The tunes were composed in different keys, with full orchestral accompaniments, by Monsieur Hullin; and the contrast thus produced to the abominable style which had so long existed, commenced a new era in dancing: the old figures were abolished, and stage-steps were adopted;—Pas de Zephyrs, Pas de Bourrés, Ballotés, Jetés Battus, &c. were among the most popular. Minuets and Forlanes were still continued; but Monsieur Vestris displaced the latter by the Gavotte, which he taught to Monsieur Trenis and Madame de Choiseul, who first danced it at a fête given by a lady of celebrity, at the Hotel de Valentinois, Rue St. Lazar, on the 16th of August, 1797; at this fête, Monsieur Hullin introduced an entirely new set of figures of his own composition.—These elicited general approbation: they were danced at all parties, and still retain pre-eminence. The names of Pantalon, L'Eté, La Poule, La Trenis, &c. which were given to the tunes, have been applied to the figures. The figure of La Trenis, was introduced by Monsieur Trenis's desire, it being part of the figure from a Gavotte, danced in the then favourite ballet of Nina.

"To the French we are indebted for rather an ingenious, but in the opinion of many professional dancers, an useless invention, by which it was proposed, that as the steps in dancing are not very numerous, although they may be infinitely combined, that characters might be made use of to express the various steps and figures of a dance, in the same manner as words and sentences are expressed by letters; or what is more closely analogous, as the musical characters are employed to represent to the eye the sounds of an air. The well-known Monsieur Beauchamp, and a French dancing-master, each laid claim to be the original inventer of this art; and the consequence was a law suit, in which, however, judgment was pronounced in favour of the former. The art has been introduced into this country, but without success. An English dancing-master has also, we believe, with considerable labour and ingenuity, devised a plan somewhat similar to that of the French author: diagrams being proposed to represent the figures, or steps, instead of characters.

"There are a variety of dances to which the term National may, with some propriety, be applied. Among the most celebrated of these are,—the Italian Tarantula, the German Waltz, and the Spanish Bolero. To dwell on their peculiarities would, however, as it appears to us, be useless: the first is rarely exhibited, even on the stage: the second, although it still retains much of its original character, has, in this country, been modified into the Waltz Country Dance, and all the objections which it encountered, on its first introduction, seem to have been gradually overcome, since it assumed its present popular form; and the graceful Bolero is restricted to the theatre only, being never introduced to the English ball-room.

"The manner of walking well is an object which all young ladies should be anxious to acquire; but, unfortunately, it is a point too much neglected. In the drawing-room, the ball-room, or during the promenade, an elegant deportment, a 'poetry of motion,'—is, and ever will be, appreciated. The step ought not to exceed the length of the foot; the leg should be put forward, without stiffness, in about the fourth position; but

without any effort to turn the foot out, as it will tend to throw the body awry, and give the person an appearance of being a professional dancer. The head should be kept up and the chest open: the body will then attain an advantageous position, and that steadiness so much required in good walking. The arms should fall in their natural position, and all their movements and oppositions to the feet be easy and unconstrained. The employment of soldiers to teach young ladies how to walk, which, we are sorry to say, is a practice adopted by many parents and heads of seminaries, is much to be deprecated. The stiffness acquired under regimental tuition, is adverse to all the principles of grace, and annihilates that buoyant lightness which is so conducive to ease and elegance in the young."

Besides the host of cuts incorporated with the text, each art has a whole page embellishment exquisitely engraved on wood; the designs of which are the very acme of taste. The head and tail, and letter pieces of the chapters are in equally good taste; and taken altogether, the "Young Lady's Book," either as a production of usefulness or illustration of art, is the finest production of its day. It has been erroneously noticed, from its publication at this season, as an "Annual," but it displays infinitely more pains-taking than either of those elaborate productions—and is, we should judge, neither the labour of one or two years.

We had almost overlooked the imitative Mechlin lace-facings, which would deceive any Nottingham factor.

THE ZOOLOGICAL KEEPSAKE.

THE design of this "Annual" is good, we may say, very good; but we are alike bound to confess that the execution falls short of the idea. It contains an account of the Gardens and Museum of the Zoological Society, but this is too much interlarded with digressions. All the introductory matter might have been omitted with advantage to the author as well as the public. The descriptions are divided by poetical pieces, which serve as *reliefs*, one of which we extract:—

THE LOST LAMB; OR, THE CHILD SAVED.

BY H. C. DEAKIN, ESQ.

Author of "Portraits of the Dead."

MORN rose upon the purple hills,
In all his pomp display'd;
Flash'd forth like stars a hundred rills,
In valley, plain, and glade.

The foaming mist, day's chilly shrine,
Into the clouds upcurl'd,
Forth broke in majesty divine
The Grampians' giant world.

It was a glorious sight to view
Those mountain forms unfold,—
The Heavens above intensely blue,
The plains beneath like gold.
Day woke, a thousand songs arose,
Morn's orisons on high,
Earth's universal heart o'erflows
To Him beyond the sky.

The shepherd roused him from his sleep,
And down the vale he hied,
Like guardian good, to count his sheep,
His *firstling* by his side.
His firstling! 'twas his only child—
A boy of three years old,
The father's weary hours beguiled
Whilst watching o'er his fold.

And many an hour the child and he
Joy'd o'er the vale together;
It was a lovely thing to see
That child among the heather.
The vale is pass'd, the mountains rear
Their rugged cliffs in air,
He must ascend to view more near
His distant fleecy care.

"My child! the flowers are bright for thee,
The daisy's pearl'd with dew;
Go, share them with the honey-bee,
Till I return for you.
Thy dog and mine with thee shall stay
Whilst I the flock am counting,"—
He said, and took his tedious way,
The hilly green-sward mounting.

O'er crag and cliff the father toil'd,
Unconscious pass'd the hours:
He for a time forgot the child
He'd left among the flowers.
The boiling clouds come down and veil
Valley, and wood, and plain;
Then fears the father's heart assail,
He will descend again.

Morn melted into noon, and night
Dark on the shepherd shone.
Terror in vain impels his flight,
His child!—his child is gone!
He calls upon his darling's name,
His dog in vain he calls;
He hears naught but the eagle's scream,
Or roar of waterfalls.

He rushes home—he is not there—
With agony and woe;
He hunts him in the cold night air,
O'er hill and vale below.
Morn rose—the faithful dog appears,
He whines for food so mild,
The father hied him through his tears,
And said, "Tray, where's my child?"

Thrice rose the morn—the father's heart
With grief was almost dead;
But every morn the dog appeared,
And whined and begged for bread.
Yet through the night and through the day,
The dog was never seen—
"He is not wont to stay away,
Where can the dog have been?"

On the fourth morn this faithful friend,
As usual whined for meat—
They mark the way his footsteps tend,
And follow his retreat.
They watch him to a cave beside
The Grampians' craggy base—
Behold! the shepherd's wandering child
Within the dog's embrace.

He springs—he weeps away his cares,
He cries aloud with joy—
He kneels, he sobs to heaven his prayers,
For his redeemed boy.

Then, turning, hugs his favourite hound,
The trusty, true, and bold,
By whom was saved, through whom was found
The *firstling* of his fold!

The Engravings, which are very numerous, are exclusively on wood. A few of them are views in the Regent's Park Gardens; but in point of execution, we think the best is a Portrait of the Satyr, or "*Happy* Jerry," at Cross's Menagerie. Though by no means one of nature's favourites, he appears to possess the companionable qualities of "sitting in a chair, smoking a pipe, and drinking spirits and water, and appearing to understand every look, word, and action of his keeper; indeed, so thoroughly contented is the creature, that he has obtained the name of "Happy Jerry."

To speak *zoologically*, next year we hope the artist and editor will put their best feet foremost, and improve upon the present volume. The design is one of the best for a Juvenile Annual—for who does not recollect the very amusing game of "Birds, Beasts, and Fishes, and sometimes Insects and Reptiles." What a menagerie of guessing novelties would have been a *Zoological Keepsake* in our school days.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKSPEARE.

SPILLING THE SALT.

IT is a curious fact, though not generally known, that the popular superstition of overturning the salt at table being unlucky, originated in a picture of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, in which Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the salt.

KANGAROOS.

"I have been much entertained during my wanderings through the country adjoining this town, in observing the singular habits and extreme sagacity of the kangaroos. I have noticed several who carried in their fore paws a sort of umbrella, or fan, which they held so as to protect their head and shoulders from the violence of the sun. One day I slipped a brace of large greyhounds at a female who carried one of these useful appendages, which she soon dropped and escaped: it was formed of a large bough, over which some large leaves were spread, and fastened on simply by the shoots of the bough sticking into the leaf." — *From a letter dated Hobart's Town, February*, 1829.

THE EARL OF MANSFIELD.

"WHEN he was at Westminster School, Lady Kinnoul, in one of the vacations, invited him to her home, where, observing him with a pen in his hand, and seemingly thoughtful, she asked him if he was writing his theme, and what in plain English the theme was? The school-boy's smart answer rather surprised her Ladyship—'What is that to you?' She replied—'How can you be so rude? I asked you very civilly a plain question, and did not expect from a school-boy such a pert answer.' The reply was, 'Indeed, my Lady, I can only answer once more, 'What is that to you?' In reality the theme was—*Quid ad te pertinet!*"—*From Holliday's Life of the Earl of Mansfield.*

"IN SPITE OF HIS TEETH."

KING JOHN once demanded of a certain Jew ten thousand marks, on refusal of which, he ordered one of the Israelite's teeth to be drawn every day till he should consent. The Jew lost seven, and then paid the required sum. Hence the phrase—"In spite of his teeth."

SWAN RIVER.

A GENTLEMAN who had just arrived in town met an Hibernian friend, and with anxious solicitude asked him "where the best bed was to be got?" "By my soul," said the Emeralder, with a Kilmainham look, "I'm tould at the *Swan River*, where there's nothing but *down*."
W. C. R. R.

SIAMESE YOUTHS.

QUERY.—Would not the *law* be the most profitable profession for the Siamese Youths? They might plead *pro* and *con*, and take *fees* from *plaintiff* and *defendant*. If raised to the Bench, they might receive the salary of *one* Judge, but act as *two*, thereby saving the nation some money in these *hard* times of *cash* payments, and please all parties, *one* summing up for plaintiff, and the *other* for defendant. P. T. W.

N.B. They appear very good natured, although they *huffed* me *twice* at draughts.

SIR THOMAS MOORE examining a protestant on the charge of heresy, whose name was Silver, told him, in his jesting way, "that silver must be tried in the fire." "Ay," said Silver, "but quicksilver will not abide it."

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

INDEX TO VOL. XIV.

Abad and Ada, a Tale, 404.
Abydos, Siege of, 58.
Æolipile, The, 102.
Agreeableness, 155.
Alexander the Great, 22.
American Aloe, 296.
Poetess, Memoir of, 340.
Amulet, The, 331.
Anecdote Gallery, The, 123—158—191—254—427.
Anniversary, by A. A. Watts, 423.
Annuals for 1830, 221—275—322 to 336 369 to 384.
Antwerp Cathedral, Visit to, 286.
Apsley House, 33—50.
Argonaut, or Nautilus, 40.
Arnott's Elements of Physics, 430.
Autobiography of a Landaulet, 300—350.

Bachelor's Revenge, 245.
Bagley Wood Gipsies, 19.
Battle of Bannockburn, 442.
Bees, 439.
Bees' Nests, 217.
Best's Personal Memorials, 427.
Bewick, the Engraver, 39—173—426.
Birds, Colours of the Eggs of, 438.
Bishops' Sleeves, 205.
Bittern, American, 297.
Black Lady of Altenötting, 251.
Blarney Castle described, 273.
Boileau to his Gardener, 51.
Bologna, Leaning Towers of, 369.
Brimham Rocks, Lines on, 196.
British Sea Songs, 297.
British Artists, Lives of, 52.
Institution, The, 277—358
Brussels in 1829, 303.
Burleigh House, Northampton, 290.
Burmese Boat Races, 269.
Butterflies, Changes of, 381.
Byron, Lord, and Sir W. Scott, 109.

Calculating Child at Palermo, 290.
Camelopard, or Giraffe, 264.
Campbell, T., Lines by, 154.
Canterbury Cathedral, 20.
Card, The, 339.
Castle in the Air, 331.
Cats and Kittens, 243—307—360
Chameleons, antipathy to black, 439
Charles II., Escape of, 100.
Chestnut-tree, Large, 408.
Christmas Day last, 433.
City, a new one, 104.
feast, 164.
Clifton described, 177—309.
Coast Blockade Men, 84.
Cobbett's Corn, 77—87.
Cochineal Insect, 217—408.
Coffee-room Character, 219.
Colosseum, The, 431.
Comic Annual, The, 374.
Constantinople, 130—245.
Contemporary Traveller, 134—149 260—278.
Co-operative Societies, and Home Colonies, 425.
Cosmopolite, The, 20—36—69—214.
Cosmoramas and Dioramas, 430.
Confession, The, a Sketch, 335.
Cruise of H. M. S. Torch, 366.
Cuckoo, The, 39.
Curtius, a Dramatic Sketch, 357.

Dan Dann'ly, Sir, 189.
Davy, Sir H., Lines on, 69—116.
Derwentwater, 152.
Devereux, Sir William, 15.
Dial, curious one at Whitehall, described, 345.
Diet of various nations, 20—36.
Drama, Notes on the, 201.
Dress, Note on, 223.
Driving Deer in Cheshire, 101.
Drury Lane, ancient, 291.

Duke's Theatre, Dorset Gardens, 209.
Durham House, Strand, 82.
Dugong, The, 439.

Eagles, mode of destroying, 381.
"Eating Mutton cold," 19.
Eddystone Lighthouse, 123.
Edie Ochiltree, 294.
Egyptian Justice, 309.
Eliza von Mansfield, a Ballad, 428.
Emigrants, Lines to, 154.
Emigration to New South Wales, 362.
Emmanuel, the, 377.
Epitaph in Butleigh Church, 12.
Equanimity (from Horace), 259.
Ettrick Shepherd and Sir W. Scott, 74.
Etymological Curiosities, 357.
Exercise, Air, and Sleep, Notes on, 211.

Fair Fanariote, a Tale, 9.
Fashionable Novels, 302.
Favourite, Recollections of a, 236.
Fearful Prospect, 429.
Fine Arts, 277—358—403.
Flying Dragon, the, 217.
Forget-me-not, the, 379.
Franklin's Grave, 7.
Friends of the Dead, 35.
Friendship's Offering, 325.
Fruits, English, described, 197.

Gardens, Gleanings on, 419.
Gas Lights, 248.
Gatherer, the, in each No.
Gem, the, 321.
Genoese Customs, 178.
Geographical Discoveries, 313.
Germans and Germany, 311.
Glammis Castle, Scotland, 225.
Goose, eating the, 221.
Gothic Architecture, Notes on, 403.
Graysteil, a Ballad, 68.
Grecian Flies, or Spongers, 420.
Greece, Lines on, 99.
Greeks, the Modern, 376.
Grosvenor Gallery, Park Lane, 242.
Guineas and Sovereigns, 304.
Gurney's Steam Carriage, 194.
Guy Mannering, 89.

Hackney Coaches, 6.
Hampton Court Palace, 97—116.
Heads, English, 263.
Head Wager, 89.
Healths, pledging, 197.
Hearthstone, the, a Tale, 118.
Heathen Mythology, Lines on, 30.
Hebrew Poets, 107.
Hood's Comic Annual, 374.
Hood's Epping Hunt, 232.
Hopkinsonian Joke, 31.

I'd be an Alderman, 408.
I'd be a Parody, 191.
Idiot, the, an Anecdote, 263.
Illustrious Follies, 124.
Incident at Fondi, 213.
Incledon, Recollections of, 236.
Indian Sultana in Paris, 7.
Indigo, Cultivation of, 56.
Ingratitude, Lines on, 51.
Insects, History of, 347.
Insect, Lines to an, 149.
Iris, the, 384.
Irish Independence, 136.
Iron Plate, new, 13.
Isabel, a Story, 358.
Ivy, Varieties of, 120.

Jack Jones, the Recruit, 412.
Jenkins, Henry, 242.
Jersey, recent Tour in, 260—278.
Jews, History of the, 105.
Juvenile Forget-me-not, 269. 383.
Keepsake, 412.
Poetess, Memoir of, 343.

Keepsake, the, 372.
Kemble, John, and Miss Owenson, 93.
King's Evil, Touching for, 437.

Landon, Miss, Poetry by, 267.
Landscape Annual, the, 370.
La Perouse, Note on, 207.
Laing, Major, Death of, 219.
Lardner's Cyclopedia, 442.
Lay from Home, 115.
Libertine's Confession, 59.
Liberty, on, 214.
Life, Duration of, 174.
Limoeiro, at Lisbon, described, 337.
Lines in an Album, 100.
—— by Miss Mitford, 124.
—— to ——————, 308.
Lion-eating and Hanging, 8.
Lion's Roar, the, 290.
Literary Problem, 178.
——— Souvenir, 334—371.
Living, good and bad, 89.
Lost Lamb, 447.
Localities, chapter on, 146—226.
Locke, Lord King's Life of, 12.
Lone Graves, the, 18.
London, Lines on, 154.
——— View of, 249.
Lord Mayor's Day, Lines on, 350.
Love, a Ballad, 12—68.
Lucifer, a Tale, 325.
Lucretia Davidson, Memoir of, 340.

Mahomet and his Mistress, 339.
Major's Love Adventure, 285.
Manners and Customs, 38—101—178—197—231—311—375.
Mantis, or Walking Leaf, 306.
Margate described, 141.
Maria Gray, a Ballad, 173.
Masaniello, character of, 153.

Mercer's Hall and Old Cheapside, 17.
Milan Cathedral described, 2.
Minstrel Ballad, 100.
Minstrels and Music Licenses, 418.
Mocha Coffee, 47.
Mole, the, 281—297—360.
Moncrieff's Poems, 23.
Monkish Verses translated, 163.
Mont Blanc, ascent of, 71.
Months, Saxon Names for, 232.
Morgan, Lady, 382.
Mozart, Youth of, 254—265.
Murat, death of, 83.

NATURALIST, The, 4—39—86—120—174—217—281—297—306—381—438.
Nautilus. Lines on, 180.
New York, 249.
New Year's Gift, 293.
Ney, Marshal, Memoir of, 420.
Night in a Sedan Chair. 183.
NOTES OF A READER, 6—46—61—71—93—120—152—186—220—247—297—347—360—423.
NOVELIST, The, 9—58—89—118—213—244—358—404.

Oaks, Superstition against felling, 375.
Observatory at Greenwich, 401.
Old Man's Story, The, 283.
OLD POETS, 4—140—271—407
Once Ancient, 85.
Opium-eating in Turkey, 270.
Out of Season, a Lament, 291.
Oyster catching Mice, &c., 87.

Palestine described, 107
Paley, Recollections of, 158.
Paraphrase on Heber, 181.
Pendrills, Family of, 35.
Periodical Literature, 440.
Peru, Adventure in, 230.
Phillips, Sir R., Personal Tour, 377.
Physiognomy of Houses, 100.
Plantagenets, Last of the, 46.
Planters, Royal, 73.
Pool's Hole, Derbyshire, 19.
Poor, Laws for the, 299.
Pope's Temple at Hagley, 49.
Popular Philosophy, 430.
Proverbs, Old, illustrated, 133.
Provincial Reputation, 409.
Psalmody Improved. 114—370.
Punch, How to Make, 8.
Pursuit of Knowledge, 105—138.

Quadrupeds and Birds feeding Shellfish, 4.

Red Indians, Journey in search of, 134—149.
Regent's Park, 12.
RETROSPECTIVE GLEANINGS, 11—76—163—246—308—437.
River, Lines to a, 254.
Rosamond, Fair, Portrait of, 86.
Royal Exchange, The original, 257.
Ruined Well, Stanzas, 372.
Rustic Amusements, 3.

St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street, 145—243.
St. Peter's Church, Pimlico, 113.
St. Sepulchre's Bell, 269.
Saline Lake in India, 13.
Sea-side Mayor, 231.
Sea Pens, Cuts of, 281.
Seasons, Sonnets on, 210.
Season in Town, 30.
Select Biography, 340.
Shakspeare's Brooch, 201—372.
Sheffield, Picture of, 377—413.
Sighmon Dumps, 169—420.
SELECTOR, The, 13—22—40—52—105—136—156—197—232—267—223—442.
Shumla described, 186.
Siamese Twins, Account of, 353.
Singing Psalms, 375.
Sion House, Isleworth, 161.
Sisters of Charity, 69.
SKETCH BOOK, The, 24—74—100—169
Skimington Riding, 183—231—235—375.
Skying a Copper, by Hood, 380.
Sleep, Curious facts on, 229.
Soda Water, Dr. Paris, on, 69.
Southern African Letter, 315.
Southey, Dr., 61—426.
Sparrow, Address of 148—403.
Spiders, 439.
SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY, 12—56—108—185—206—282—313.
SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS, 12—29—45—59—77—87—109—124—141—155—173—189—219—237—251—263—300—315—366—382—408—428—440.
Spirit of the Storm, 235.
Splendid Annual, The, 24.
Spring Tides, 418.
Staubbach, Falls of the, 369.
Starfish, Branched, 307.
Stone, Ancient, at Carmarthen, 20.
Crosses and Pillars, 247.
Storm raising, 38.
Sussex Cottages, 6.
Southwell Church, 168.
Strafford, Lord, Letter of, 246.
Superstition, Cure for, 383.

Taylor Bird, Nest of, 120.
Temple New Buildings, 417.
Theatres, Ancient and modern. 22.
Thief, The general, 372.
Time, Lines on, 214.

Tomb, Enigma on, 214—292.
Topographer, The, 309.
Touching for the Evil, 308.
Toyman is abroad, 45—60.
Tunbridge Wells in 1748, 65.
Turkey, Note on, 222.
Twin Sisters, 402.
Tyre, Ancient, 15—115.

Unicorn, The, 142.

Veil, Origin of the, 103—181.
Verona described, 321.
Vidocq, Memoirs of, 13—40—156 -164
Vine, Lines on, 214.
Virgil's Tomb, Description of, 432.
Voltaire at Ferney, 81—191.

Watchman's Lament, 88.
Waterloo, Battle of, 268.
Watling Street, Ancient, 34.
Whitehall, Curious Dial at, 345.
, Paintings at the Banqueting House, 436.
Winchester, Sonnet on, 258.
Wreck on a Coral Reef, 373.

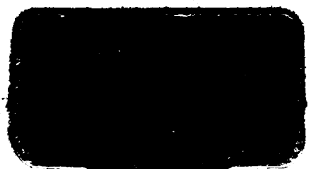
Young Lady's Book, 445.

Zaragoza, Fall of, 436.
Zoological Gardens, 264.
Keepsake, 447.
Society, 13—57.
Work, New, 86.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. XIV.

PORTRAIT OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

Milan Cathedral.
Mercers' Hall, Cheapside.
Apsley House.
Argonaut, or Paper Nautilus.
Pope's Temple, at Hagley.
Tunbridge Wells in 1748.
Voltaire's Chateau, at Ferney
Hampton Court.
Plan for a New City.
St. Peter's Church, Pimlico.
Nest of the Taylor Bird.
Constantinople.
St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street.
Sion House.
Southwell Church.
Clifton.
Gurney's Steam Carriage.
Shakspeare's Brooch.
Duke's Theatre, Dorset Gardens.
Flying Dragon.
Glamnis Castle.
Grosvenor Gallery, Park-lane.
Royal Exchange (the Original).
Blarney Castle, Cork.
Sea Pens.
Burleigh, Northamptonshire.
Mantis, or Walking Leaf.
Branched Star-fish.
Verona.
The Limoeiro, at Lisbon.
Curious Dial.
Siamese Twins.
Fall of the Staubbach.
Leaning Towers at Bologna.
Meeting a Settler.
Breaking-up no Holiday.
Royal Observatory, Greenwich.
Cochineal Insect and Plant.
New Buildings, Inner Temple.
Virgil's Tomb.